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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXIII.

JANUARY, 1846.

VOL. LIX.

SIR WILLIAM FOLLETT.

THE disappearance from the legal hemisphere of so bright a star as the late Sir William Follett, cast a gloom, not yet dissipated, over the legal profession, and all classes of society capable of appreciating great intellectual eminence. He died in his forty-seventh year; filling the great office of her Majesty's Attorney-general; the head and pride of the British Bar; a bright ornament of the senate; in the prime of manhood, and the plenitude of his extraordinary intellectual vigour; in the full noontide of success, just as he had reached the dazzling pinnacle of professional and official distinction. The tones of his low mellow voice were echoing sadly in the ears, his dignified and graceful figure and gesture were present to the eyes, of the bench and bar—when, at the commencement of last Michaelmas term, they re-assembled, with recruited energies, in the ancient inns of court, for the purpose of resuming their laborious and responsible professional exertions in Westminster Hall. It was impossible not to think, at such a time, of Sir William Follett, that being conscious of having sustained a grievous, if not an irreparable, loss. Where was he whose name was so lately a tower of strength to suitors; whose consummate logical skill—whose wonderful resources—taxed to the uttermost those of judicial intellect, and baffled and overthrew the

strongest who could be opposed to him in forensic warfare? Where, alas, was Sir William Follett? His eloquent lips were stilled in death, his remains were mouldering in the tomb—yes, almost within the very walls of that sacred structure, hallowed with the recollections and associations of centuries, in which his surviving brethren were assembled for worship on Sunday the 2d day of November 1845—the commencement of the present legal year—at that period of it when *his* was erewhile ever the most conspicuous and shining figure, *his* exertions were the most interesting, the most important, *his* success was at once the most easy, decisive, and dazzling. Yes, there were assembled his brethren, who, with saddened faces and beating hearts, had attended his solemn obsequies in that very temple where was “committed his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” where all, including the greatest and noblest in the land, acknowledged, humbly and mournfully, at the mouth of his grave, *that man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them!* Surely these are solemnizing and instructive reflections; and many a heart will acknowledge them to be such, amidst all the din, and glare, and bustle of worldly affairs, in the awful presence

of Him who turneth man to destruction, and sayeth, Come again, ye children of men!

Sir William Follett has now lain in his grave for six months. During this interval, the excitement which his death created amongst those who had been in constant intercourse with him for years, has subsided; leaving them better able to take a calm and candid view of his character, acquirements, and position, and form a sober estimate of the nature and extent of his reputation while living, and the probability of its permanently surviving him.

When summoned from the scene of his splendid and successful exertions, he was unquestionably the brightest ornament of the British bar. Immediately afterwards the press teemed with tributes to his memory: some of them characterised by great acuteness and discrimination, several by exaggerated eulogy, and one or two by a harsh disingenuousness amounting to misrepresentation and malevolence. Nothing excited more astonishment among those who had thoroughly known Sir William Follett, than the appearance of these attacks upon his memory, and the bad taste and feeling which alone could have prompted the perpetration of them, at a moment when the hearts of his surviving relatives and friends were quivering with the first agonies of their severe bereavement; when they had just lost one who had been the pride of their family, the pillar of their hopes,—and who was universally supposed to have left behind him not a single enemy—who had been distinguished for his courteous, mild, and inoffensive character, and its unblemished purity in all the relations of private life. Certain of the strictures here alluded to, were petty, coarse, and uncandid; and with this observation they are dismissed from further notice. Sir William Follett had undoubtedly his shortcomings, in common with every one of his fellow men; and, as a small set-off against his many excellences of temper and character, one or two must be glanced at by any one essaying to present to the public, however imperfectly, a just account of this very eminent person. The failing in question formed the chief subject of vituperation—

vituperation of the dead!—by the ungracious parties to whom brief reference has just been made; and consists, in short, in the excessive eagerness to accumulate money, by which it was alleged that the late Sir William Follett was characterised. This charge is certainly not without foundation; but while this frank admission is made, an important consideration ought to accompany it in guiding the judgment of every person of just and generous feeling; and will relieve the memory of the departed from much of the discredit sought to be attached to it.

The life of Sir William Follett appears to have been, from the first, of frail tenure. Could he have foreseen the terrible tax upon his scanty physical resources which would be exacted by the profession which he was about to adopt, he would probably have abandoned his intentions, justly conscious though he might have been of his superior mental fitness for the Bar, and would have betaken himself to some more tranquil walk of life, which he might have been at this moment brightly adorning. He devoted himself, however, to the law, with intense and undivided energy; and, at a very early period of his professional career, was compelled to retire for a time from practice, by one of the most serious mischances which can befall humanity—it is believed, the bursting of a bloodvessel in the lungs. Was not this a very fearful occurrence—was it not almost conclusive evidence of the unwise choice which he had made of a profession requiring special strength in that organ—was it not justly calculated to alarm him for his future safety? And yet, what was he to have done? To have abandoned a profession for which alone he had qualified himself by years of profound and exclusive thought and labour? What Office would, under such circumstances, have insured the life of young Mr Follett, who, with such a fatal flaw in his constitution, was nevertheless following a profession which would hourly attack his most vulnerable part? Poor Follett! who can tell the apprehensions and agonies concerning his safety, to which he was doomed, from the moment of his first solemn summons to the grave, on the occasion

alluded to? What had happened, he too well knew, might happen again at any moment, and hurry him out of life, leaving, in that case, comparatively destitute those whom he tenderly loved—for whom he was bound to provide—his widow and children. And for the widow and children of such a man as he knew that he had become, he felt that he ought to make a suitable provision: that those who, after he was gone, were to bear his distinguished name, might be enabled to occupy the position in which he had placed them with dignity and comfort. Was such an illegitimate source of anxiety to one so circumstanced, and capable of Sir William Follett's superior aspirations? Was it not abundantly justified by his splendid qualifications and expectations? Why, then, should he not toil severely—exert himself even desperately—to provide against the direful contingency to which his life was subject? Alas! how many ambitious, honourable, high-minded, and fond husbands and fathers are echoing such questions with a sigh of agony! Poor Follett! 'twas for such reasons that he lived with an honourable economy, eschewing that extravagance and ostentation which too often, to men in his dazzling position, prove irresistible; it was for such reasons that he *rose up early, and went to bed late, and ate the bread of carefulness*. Had he been alone in the world—had he had none to provide for but himself, and yet had manifested the same feverish eagerness to acquire and accumulate money—had he loved money for money's sake, and accumulated it from the love of accumulation, the case would have been totally different. He might then have been justly despised, and characterized as being of *the earth, earthy*—incapable of high and generous sentiments and aspirations—sordid, grovelling, and utterly despicable. Sir William Follett had, during twenty years of intense and self-denying toil, succeeded in acquiring an ample fortune, which he disposed of, at his death, justly and generously; and how many hours of exhaustion, both of mind and body, must have been

cheered, from time to time, by reflecting upon the satisfactory provision which he was making—which he was daily augmenting—for those who were to survive him! Who can tell how much of the bitterness of death was assuaged by such considerations! When his fading eyes bent their aching glances upon those who wept around his deathbed, the retrospect of a life of labour and privation spent in providing for their comfort, must indeed have been sweet and consolatory! Surely this is but fair towards the distinguished dead. It is but just towards the memory of the departed, to believe his conduct to have been principally influenced by such considerations. All men have many faults—most men have grave faults. Is parsimony intrinsically more culpable than prodigality? Have not most of mankind a tendency towards one or the other? for how few are ennobled by the ability to steer evenly between the two! And even granting that Sir William Follett had a *tendency* towards the former failing, it was surely exhibited under circumstances which warrant us in saying, that “even his failings leaned to virtue's side.”

Connected with and immediately dependent upon this imputation upon the late Sir William Follett, is another which cannot be overlooked. He is charged with having made a profit of his prodigious popularity and reputation, by discreditably and unconscientiously receiving fees from clients for services which he well knew at the time that he could not possibly render to them; in short, with taking briefs in cases to which he had no reasonable hope of being able to attend. This is a very grave accusation, and requires a deliberate and honest examination. It is a long-established rule of English law, that barristers have no legal means of recovering their fees, even in cases of most arduous and successful exertion, except in the very few instances where a barrister may consider it consistent with the dignity of his position to enter beforehand into an express agreement with his client for the payment of his fees.* A barrister's fee is regarded, in the eye of the law, as

* This has been recently the subject of a decision of the Court of Queen's VOL. LIX. NO. CCCLXIII.

quiddam honorarium; and is usually—and ought to be invariably—paid beforehand, on the brief being delivered. A fee thus paid, a rule at the bar forbids being returned, except under very special circumstances; and the rule in question is a very reasonable one. As counsel have no legal title to remuneration, however laborious their exertions, what would be their position if they were expected or required to return their fees at the instance of unreasonable and disappointed clients? Where ought the line to be drawn? Who is to be the judge in such a case? A client may have derived little or no benefit from his counsel's exertions, which may yet have been very great; an accident, an oversight may have intervened, and prevented his completing those exertions by attending at the trial either at all, or during the whole of the trial; he may have become unable to provide an efficient substitute; through the sudden pressure of other engagements, he may be unable to bestow upon the case the deliberate and thorough consideration which it requires—an unexpected and formidable difficulty may prove too great for his means of overcoming it, as might have been the case with men of superior skill and experience;—in these and many other instances which might be put, an angry and defeated client would rarely be without some pretext for requiring the return of his fees, and counsel would be subject to a pressure perfectly intolerable, most unreasonable, most unfair to themselves, leading to results seriously prejudicial to the interests of their clients; and a practice would be introduced entailing great evils and inconveniences, affecting the credit and honour of both branches of the legal profession. The rule in question rests upon the above, among many other valid reasons, and is generally acted upon. No one, however, can have any practical knowledge of the bar, without being aware of very many instances of counsel disregarding that rule, and evincing a noble disinterestedness in the matter of fees, either returning or declining to accept

them, at a severe sacrifice of time and labour, after great anxiety and exertion have been bestowed, and successfully bestowed. The rule in question is rigidly adhered to, subject to these exceptions, by eminent counsel, on another ground; viz. for the protection of junior counsel, who would be subject to incessant importunities if confronted by the examples of their seniors. Take, now, the case of a counsel who has eclipsed most, if not every one, of his competitors, in reputation, for the skill and success of his advocacy—who is acute, ready, dexterous, sagacious, eloquent, and of accurate and profound legal knowledge: that is the man whose name instantly occurs to any one involved, or likely to be involved, in litigation—such an one must be instantly secured—at all events, taken from the enemy—at any cost. The pressure upon such a counsel's time and energies then becomes really enormous, and all but insupportable. As it is of the last importance either to secure his splendid services, or deprive the enemy of them, such a counsel—and such, it need hardly be said, was Sir William Follett—is continually made the subject of mere speculation by clients who are content to take the *chance* of obtaining his attendance, with the *certainty* of securing his absence as an opponent. When, however, the hour of battle has arrived, and, with a compact array visible upon the opposite side, the great captain is *not* where it had been hoped—or thought possible that he might have been—when, moreover, no adequate provision has been made against such a serious contingency—when the battle has been fought and lost, and great interests are seriously compromised, or for ever sacrificed—*then* the client is apt, in the first smarting agony of defeat, to forget the *chance* which he had been content to run, and to persuade himself that he had from the first calculated as a matter of *certainty* on the great man's attendance—and intense is that client's chagrin, and loud are his complaints. Can it be supposed that this eminent counsel is not sufficiently aware of the

Bench, in the case of *Egan v. The Guardians of the Kensington Union*, 3 Queen's Bench Reports, p. 935, note (a). The same rule applies to physicians. *Veitch v. Russell*, *ib.* 928.

true state of the case? It is but fair to give him credit for being under the impression, that all which is expected from him, in many cases, is his best exertions to attend the trial or hearing—to provide an effective substitute, if unable to attend—and give due attention to the case at consultation. For counsel to act otherwise, deliberately to receive a brief and fee, in a case which he *knows* that he cannot possibly attend, without in the first instance fairly intimating as much to the client—to do so, in cases of importance, and habitually—is surely most foully dishonourable, dishonest, and cruel; and conduct which there is no pretence for imputing to the members of the bar. It cannot, however, be denied, that very serious misunderstandings occasionally arise on such occasions; but there are many ways of accounting for them, without having recourse to a supposition involving such serious imputations upon the honour of counsel—arising out of *bonâ fide* accident and mistake—the unavoidable hurry and sudden emergencies of business—misunderstandings between a counsel and his clerks; * between either or both, and the client—and the perplexity and confusion almost necessarily attending the movements of very eminent counsel. On such occasions every thing is usually done which can be dictated by liberality and honour, and fees are returned without hesitation. If, however, the case can be looked at from another point of view—if the eager client be fairly apprised by the clerk, that Sir ——— or Mr ——— “may not be able to attend”—or, “there is a *chance* of his attending”—or “he is

very likely to be elsewhere”—and, aware of the multifarious and conflicting calls upon the time of Sir ——— or Mr ———, will be content to take his “chance,” and deliver his brief, and pay his fee; in such a case the client will have had all which he had a right to expect,—viz. the chance, not the certainty; there will be no pretence for alleging careless misunderstanding or deception.

If ever there were a member of the English bar who may be said to have been overwhelmed by the distracting importunities of clients to secure his services, at all hazards and at any cost, it was the late Sir William Follett; and how he contrived to satisfy the calls upon him, to the extent which he did, is truly wonderful. How can one head, and one tongue, do so much, so admirably? is a question which has a thousand times occurred to those of his brethren at the bar, who knew most of his movements, and were least likely to form an exaggerated estimate of his exertions. The litigant public seemed to feel that every moment of this accomplished and distinguished advocate's waking hours was their own, and they were restricting his sleeping hours within the very narrowest limits. Every one would have had Sir William every where, in every thing, at once! Whenever, during the last fifteen years of his life, there was a cause of magnitude and difficulty, there was Sir William Follett. What vast interests have been by turns perilled and protected, according as Sir William Follett acted upon the offensive or defensive! Misty and intricate claims to dormant peerages, before committees of privileges, in the House of

* Leading counsel, indeed all counsel much engaged in business, necessarily place their time almost altogether at the disposal of their clerks, whose duty it is to keep an exact record of their employer's engagements, and see that no incompatible ones are made for him. Counsel find quite enough to do, in adequately attending to the matters actually put before them by their clerks, without being harassed by adjusting the very troublesome arrangements and appointments, for time and place, where their duties are to be performed—or, at all events, doing more than keeping a general superintendence over their arrangements thus made. To all this must be added those innumerable contingencies in the arrangements of the courts, and the course of business, which no one can possibly foresee; and which often derange a whole series of arrangements, however cautiously and prudently made, and render counsel unable, after having carefully mastered their cases, to attend at the trial or argument.

Lords; appeals to the High Court of Parliament, from all the superior courts, both of law and equity, in the United Kingdom, involving questions of the greatest possible nicety and complexity—and that, too, in the law of Scotland, both mercantile and conveyancing, so dissimilar to that prevailing in other parts of the kingdom; appeals before the Privy Council, from the judicial decisions of courts in every quarter of the globe where British possessions exist, and administering varying systems of law, all different from that of England; the most important cases in the courts of equity, in courts of error, and the common law courts in *banc*; all the great cases depending before parliamentary committees, till he entered the House of Commons; every special jury cause of consequence in London and Middlesex, and in any of the other counties in England, whither he went upon special retainers; compensation cases, involving property to a very large amount;—in all these cases, the first point was—to secure Sir William Follett; and, for that purpose, run a desperate race with an opponent. Every morning that Sir William Follett rose from his bed, he had to contemplate a long series of important and pressing engagements filling up almost every minute of his time—not knowing where or before what tribunal he might be at any given moment of the day—and often wholly ignorant of what might be the nature of the case he would have to conduct, against the most able and astute opponents who could be pitted against him, and before the greatest judicial intellects of the kingdom: aware of the boundless confidence in his powers reposed by his clients, the great interests entrusted to him, and the heavy pecuniary sacrifices by which his exertions had been secured. Relying with a just confidence on his extraordinary rapidity in mastering all kinds of cases almost as soon as they could be brought under his notice, and also

on the desire universally manifested by both the bench and the bar to consult the convenience and facilitate the business arrangements of one, himself so courteous and obliging to all, and whom they knew to be entrusted, at a heavy expense to his clients, with the greatest interests involved in litigation; relying upon these considerations, and also upon those others which have been already alluded to, Sir William Follett undoubtedly permitted briefs to be delivered to him, *all* of which he must have suspected himself to be incapable of personally attending to. It must be owned that on many such occasions he may not—distracted with the multiplicity of his exhausting labours—have given that full consideration to those matters which it was his bounden duty to have given to them; and his conduct in this respect has been justly censured by both branches of the high and honourable profession to whom the public entrusts such mighty interests. Still he turned away business from his chambers which would have made the fortunes of two or three even eminent barristers, and has been known to act with spirit and liberality in cases where his imprudence on the score alluded to had been attended with inconvenience and loss to his clients. Nor was he *always* so fortunate, as latterly, with respect to his clerks; who had, equally with himself, a direct pecuniary interest* on every brief which he accepted, and consequently a strong motive for listening with a too favourable ear to the importunities of clients. The necessary consequence of all this was occasionally the bitter upbraiding of Sir William Follett's desperately disappointed and defeated clients. Still, however, he did make most extraordinary efforts to satisfy all the claims upon his time and energies, and at length sacrificed himself in doing so; to a very great extent foregoing domestic and social enjoyments—sparing himself neither by night nor by day, neither in mind nor body. Crowded with consultations

* The clerk of a barrister has a fee on every fee of his employer, in a long-settled proportion of 2s. 6d. on all fees under five guineas; from, and inclusive of five guineas, up to ten guineas, 5s.; from ten guineas, 10s., and so on for higher fees.

as was almost every hour of the day not actually spent in open business in court—from the earliest period in the morning till the latest at night—it was really amazing that he contrived to obtain that perfect mastery of his ponderous and intricate briefs, which secured him his repeated and splendid triumphs in court. Till within even the last eighteen months, or two years, if you had gone down one morning at half-past nine to Westminster, you might have heard him opening with masterly ease, clearness, and skill, a patent case, or some other important matter, before a special jury; and immediately after resuming his seat, you would see him go perhaps into an adjoining court of *Nisi Prius*, in which also he was engaged as leading counsel, and where he would quickly ascertain the exact position of the case—and effectively cross-examine or re-examine a witness, or object to or support the admissibility of evidence;—then if you followed his footsteps, you would find him in the Lord Chancellor's Court, engaged in some equity case of great magnitude and difficulty. Some time afterwards he might be seen hastening to the Privy Council—and by about two or three o'clock at the bar of the House of Lords, in the midst of an admirable reply in some great appeal or peerage case. When the House broke up, Sir William Follett would doff the full-bottomed wig in which alone Queen's counsel are allowed to appear before the House of Lords, and, resuming his short wig, re-appear in either—or by turns in both—the Courts of *Nisi Prius*, where he had left trials pending, having directed himself to be sent for if there should arise any necessity for it. Then he would in a very few moments calmly possess himself of the exact state of the cause, and resume his personal conduct of it, as effectively as if he had never quitted the Court. If he could be spared for a quarter of an hour, he would glide out, followed by one or two counsel and attorneys, to hold one, or perhaps two consultations, in cases fixed for the next day. On the court's rising—perhaps about six or seven o'clock, he would go home to swallow a hasty dinner; then hold one, two, or even

three consultations at his own house; read over—as none but he could read—some briefs; and about eleven or twelve o'clock make his appearance in the House of Commons, and perhaps take a leading part in some very critical debate—listened to with uninterrupted silence, and with the admiration of both friends and foes. The above, with the exception of taking part in the debate of the House of Commons, was an average day's work of the late Sir William Follett! And was it not the life of a galley-slave chained to the oar? He had, however, chosen it, and would not quit his seat but at the icy touch of death. Such appears to be a fair and temperate account of the real state of the case, with reference to Sir William Follett's great anxiety to acquire money, and his over-eagerness in accepting briefs. Great allowances ought undoubtedly to be made for him, on the grounds above suggested; and, with reference to the former case, another consideration occurs, which ought to have been already more distinctly adverted to. Sir William Follett had a right to regard his elevation to the peerage as a matter almost of course. Had he lived possibly only a few months longer, he would, in all probability, have become a peer of the realm; and he ought to be given credit for an honourable ambition to avoid the imputation of having inflicted a pauper peerage upon the country. Frail he knew his health to be; and doubtlessly contemplated the necessity of providing suitably for the family whom he was to leave behind him, and which he had ennobled. But what was involved in providing, under such circumstances, "*suitably*" for a noble family? What ample means would have to be secured by one who had inherited no fortune himself, but was, on the contrary, the sole architect of his fortunes? What prodigious efforts are necessary for a lawyer to realise, by his own individual exertions, an amount which would produce an income of five, four, or even three thousand a-year? And let any one of common sense, and ordinary knowledge of the world, ask himself—whether the highest of those amounts

is more than barely sufficient, without undue economy, to provide for a dowager peeress and a young family! That such considerations were not lost sight of by Sir William Follett, but, on the contrary, were stimulants to his intense, unremitting, and exhausting labours, it is easy to understand; and they sprang out of a high, and honourable, and a legitimate ambition. But whatever weight may be attached to these considerations—and generosity and forbearance towards the dead will attach great weight to them—they are no answer to much of the charge brought against the late Sir William Follett, and which ought not to be glossed over and explained away—that, in his excessive eagerness to accomplish his object, he was hurried into an occasional forgetfulness of that nice and high sense of moral principle which ought to regulate every one's conduct—especially those in eminent positions—for the sake of illustrious example, and, in a man's own case, with reference to the awful realities of *HEREAFTER*: for a man should strive so to pass through things temporal, as not to lose sight of things eternal.

Let us now, however, endeavour to point out some of the excellences of Sir William Follett's character; and perhaps the most prominent of them was his admirable temper. Continually in collision with others, on behalf of important interests entrusted to him, and exposed to a thousand trials and provocations—that temper, nevertheless, scarce ever failed him. Serene and unruffled on the most exciting occasions, his manners were perfectly fascinating to all those who came in contact with him. A rude or unkind expression may be said never to have fallen from his lips towards an opponent—or, indeed, any one; towards juniors and inferiors he was always good-natured and considerate; and towards the judicial bench he exhibited uniformly a demeanour of dignified courtesy and deference. He was very tenacious of his own opinions—confident in the propriety of his view of a case—*apparently so, always*, for he could assume a confidence though he had it not—and would persevere in his efforts to overcome the adverse

humour of judges and juries, to an extent never exceeded; yet withal so blandly, so unassumingly, so mildly, that he never irritated or provoked any one. His temper and self-possession were unequalled, and approached, as nearly as possible, to perfection. Amidst all the distracting multiplicity of his engagements—the sudden and harassing emergencies arising incessantly out of his prodigious practice—he preserved an urbane tranquillity which gave him on all occasions the full possession of his extraordinary faculties, enabled him to concentrate them instantly upon whatever was submitted to his attention, however suddenly—and to conquer without irritating or mortifying even the most eager and sensitive opponent. He never suffered himself to be in a *hurry*, or *fidgeted*; however sudden and serious the emergency which frightened others from their propriety, he retained and exhibited complete composure; surveying his position with lightning rapidity, and taking his measures with consummate caution—with prompt and bold decision. His guiding energies kept frequently half a dozen important causes all going on at once in their proper course. He would glide in at a critical moment—paying, in his agitated client's view, “an angel's visit”—and with smiling ease seize advantages seen by none but himself, repair disasters appearing to others irreparable, and with a single blow demolish the entire fabric which in his absence had been laboriously and skilfully raised by his opponent. No impetuosity or irritability, on the part of others, could provoke him to retaliate, or sufficed to disturb that marvellous equanimity of his, which enabled him the rather good-naturedly to convert impetuosity and loss of temper in others, into an instrument of victory for himself. When others, not similarly blessed, would, in like manner, essay to rush to the rescue, their hurried and confused movements served only to place them more completely prostrate before him. The instant after the issue had been—perhaps suddenly—decided in Sir William's favour—through some unexpected masterstroke of his—he would turn with an arch smile to his opponent,

and whisper—"How did you come to let me do it?" If his advance were met sulkily, he would add, with unaffected good-humour, "Come, don't be angry; I dare say you will serve me in the same way to-morrow!" Towards adverse and frequently interrupting judges—towards petulant counsel—towards impudent, equivocating, dishonest witnesses, Sir William Follett exhibited unwavering calmness and self-possession; and withal a dignity of demeanour by which he was remarkably distinguished, and which lent importance to even the most trivial cases which could be intrusted to his advocacy. Perhaps no man ever defeated a greater number of important cases, by unexpected objections of the very extremest technical character, than Sir William Follett; but he would do it with an air and manner so courteous and imposing, as to lead the uninitiated into the belief that there were doubtless good reasons by which such a course, having been reluctantly adopted, was morally justified. This topic naturally leads to some observations upon the consummate skill, the wonderful rapidity of perception, precision of movement, and unfaltering vigilance, which characterized Sir William Follett's conduct of business. Doubtless his own consciousness of possessing powers and resources far beyond those of the majority of counsel opposed to him, as evidenced in his extraordinary successes, contributed, in no small degree, to his maintenance of that composed self-reliance, and forbearance towards others, by which he was so peculiarly distinguished, and which was aided by a naturally tranquil temperament. What advantage could escape one so uniformly and surprisingly calm, vigilant, and guarded as Sir William Follett? It might have been supposed that a man so overwhelmed with all but incompatible professional engagements, could not give to each case that full and undivided attention which were requisite to secure success, especially against the ablest members of the bar, who were constantly opposed to him. It was, however, very far otherwise. No one ever ventured to calculate upon Sir William Follett's overlooking a slip or failing to seize an advantage.

Totus teres atque rotundus must indeed have been the case which was to withstand his onslaughts. So accurate and extensive was his legal knowledge, so acute his discrimination, so dexterous were all his movements, so lynx-eyed was his vigilant attention to what was going on, that the most learned and able of his opponents were never at their ease till after victory had been definitively announced from the bench—from a Court of Error—or even the House of Lords. They were necessarily on the *qui vive* to the very latest moment. Some short time before he was compelled to relinquish practice, a certain counsel was engaged with him as junior in a case before the Privy Council, which it was deemed of great moment that Sir William Follett should be able to attend to.

"I don't exactly know how I stand in the Queen's Bench to-morrow morning," said he, at the consultation late over-night—"but I fear that that long troublesome case of the — Railway will be brought on by — at the sitting of the court. I'm afraid I can't get him to put it off—but I'll try; and if he won't, I may yet be able to *settle* the case before he has got far into it—for it will be very strange if all their proceedings are right."

On this slender chance rested the likelihood of Sir William's attendance at the Privy Council. The next morning at ten o'clock, beheld all the counsel on both sides ready for action.

"You're not going to bring on the — case this morning, are you?" whispered Sir William Follett, as soon as he had taken his seat, to his opponent, who was arranging his papers.

"I am indeed, and no mistake whatever about it."

"Can't we bring it on to-morrow, or some day next week? It would greatly oblige me—I really have scarcely read my papers, and, besides, want to be elsewhere."

"I'll see what my clients say,"—and then he consulted them, and resumed—"No—my people are peremptory."

"Very well. Then keep your eyes wide open. I must bring you down as soon as possible, for I want to be elsewhere."

"Ah—I must take my chance about that"—then, turning round to an experienced and learned junior, he whispered—"You hear what Follett says?—Are we really all right?"

"Oh, pho! never mind him—we are as right as possible."

A few moments afterwards, up rose —, and soon got into his case, and very soon, also, to the end of it. The case had not been heard more than half an hour, Sir William Follett at once attentively listening to his opponent, and hastily glancing over his own papers, when he rose very quietly, and said—"If my learned friend will pardon me, I think, my Lord, I can save the court a very long and useless enquiry—for there is clearly a fatal objection *in limine* to these proceedings."

"Let us hear what it is," said the court.

Sir William had completely checked his opponent! A statutory requisition had not been complied with; and in less than ten minutes' time the enemy were all prostrate—their expensive and elaborate proceedings all defeated—and that, too, permanently, unless on acceding to the terms which Sir William Follett dictated to them, and which, it need hardly be observed, were somewhat advantageous to his own client!

"Really this is too bad, Follett," might have been heard whispered by his opponent, as the next case was called in.

"Not at all—why didn't you let it stand over as I asked you?"

"Oh—you would have done just the same then as you have now."

"I don't know that," replied Sir William Follett with a significant smile. "But why won't your people be more careful?" And then turning to his junior, said—"Now for the Privy Council!" And all this with such provoking, easy, smiling *non-chalance*!

Heaven forbid that any thing here said should favour the attempt to defeat justice by technical objections; but there is, at the same time, much vulgar error on that subject, grounded on reasons which would tend to subvert all rules of law and legal procedure whatever. In the case above mentioned, the legislature had thought

fit to impose on applicants for redress under the statute in question, a duty, which through haste or negligence had been overlooked, and which Sir William Follett's clients had a perfect right to take advantage of, as soon as his acuteness had detected it. To return, however. No member of the bar, let his experience and skill have been what they might, was ever opposed to Sir William Follett without feeling, as has been already intimated, the necessity of the greatest possible vigilance and research to encounter his boundless resources; his dangerous subtlety and acuteness in detecting flaws, and raising objections; his matchless art in concealing defects in his own case; and building up, with easy grace, a superstructure equally unsubstantial and imposing, and defeating all attempts to assail or overthrow it. Even very strong heads would be often at fault, conscious that they were the victim of some subtle fallacy, which yet they could not *then and there* detect and expose; and by their hazy and inconsistent efforts to do so, only supplied additional materials for the use of their astute and skilful enemy, to whom nothing ever seemed to come amiss; who converted every thing into ingredients of success; whom scarce any surprise or mischance could defeat or overthrow. A very short time before he withdrew from practice, he was engaged at Liverpool, whither he had gone upon a special retainer, in a very intricate and important ejectment case.

Unexpectedly he discovered, when about half-way through the case, that his client (the plaintiff) had omitted to serve a notice upon the defendant's attorney to produce a certain critical document, at the contents of which it was necessary to get, in order to make out the plaintiff's case. The objection was promptly taken by his opponent—and to the dismay of Sir William's clients. Not so with him, however.

"You have not given a notice to produce them, eh?" he calmly whispered to his client, and was answered with a disturbed air in the negative; and all the court saw that Sir William was in the very jaws of a non-suit.

"You ought to have done so, but it does not much signify," said he, very quietly—"what's the name of the defendant's attorney?" and, on being told it, that gentleman, doubtless chuckling with delight in his anticipated triumph, was somewhat astounded by being suddenly called as a witness by Sir William Follett; who coolly asked him to produce the document in question—and on his refusal, with one or two artful questions, which completely concealed his real object, elicited the fact that he had no such document, had searched every where for it, both in his own office, and among his clients' papers, and elsewhere, but in vain.

"Now, then, my lord," said Sir William Follett, "I am entitled to give secondary evidence of its contents!"

The Judge assented.

Sir William extracted from his own witness all that was necessary—and out of the nettle danger plucking the flower *safety*, won the verdict. Every one, however, who has had opportunities of observing, can give many instances of Sir William Follett's extraordinary tact and readiness in encountering unexpected difficulty, and defeating an opponent by interposing successive unthought-of obstacles. In the most desperate emergencies, when the full tide of success was arrested by some totally unlooked-for impediment, Sir William Follett's vast practical knowledge, quickness of perception, unerring sagacity, and immovable self-possession, enabled him, without any apparent effort or uneasiness, to remove that impediment almost as soon as it was discovered, and conduct his case to a triumphant issue. He was, indeed, the very perfection of a practical lawyer. Whatever he did, he did as well as even his most exacting client could have wished—he won the battle, won it with little apparent effort, and won it with grace and dignity of demeanour. A gentleman felt proud of being represented by such an advocate—who never descended into any thin approaching even the confines of vulgarity, coarseness, or personality—who lent even to the flimsiest case a semblance of substance and strength—whose consummate and watchful

adroitness placed weak places quite out of the sight and reach of the shrewdest opponent, and never perilled a good case by a single act of incaution, negligence, rashness, or supererogation. When necessary, he would prove a case barely up to the point which would suffice to secure a decision in his favour, and then leave it—equally before the court, and a jury—the result afterwards showing with what consummate judgment he had acted in running the risk—the latent difficulties to have been afterwards encountered which he had avoided, the collateral interests which he had shielded from danger. He possessed that sort of intuitive sagacity which enabled him to see *safety* at the first instant of its existence—to be confident of having the judgment of the court, or the verdict of the jury, when others deeply interested and concerned in the cause imagined that they were making no way whatever. "Now, I've knocked him," his opponent, "down"—he would say at such a moment to his junior—"don't let him get up again! I must go off to the House of Lords—and will come back if you want me! But mind, if he attempt to do so or so—to put in such and such a paper, on no account allow it; send for me, and fight till I come." He possessed, to an extraordinary degree, the power of rapidly transferring his undivided and undisturbed attention to every thing, great and small, which could be brought before it. A single glance of his eye penetrated the most obscure and perplexing parts of a case—a touch of his master-hand disentangled apparently inextricable complexities. He could apply, with beautiful promptitude and precision, some maxim or principle which had not occurred to those who had devoted long and anxious attention to the case, and which at once dissolved the difficulty. Whether acting on the offensive or defensive, he was equally characterised by the great qualities essential to successful advocacy; but perhaps, when acting on the offensive, he displayed more formidable powers. He tripped up the heels of the most wary and experienced antagonists, just when they imagined themselves in the very act of throwing him. It was almost use-

less to quote a "case" against him. Though the party doing so deemed it precisely in point in his favour, and on that ground was stopped by the court from proceeding further, Sir William Follett would ask for the case; and rising up, after a momentary glance at it, show that it was perfectly distinguishable from that before the court, and, in a few minutes' time, would be interrupted by the court, with—"We think, Mr —, that you had better resume your argument!" If, on such occasions, Sir William's opponent were not a ready and dextrous legal logician, his client would wish that he had secured Sir William Follett. His power of drawing distinctions and detecting analogies—and that, too, on the spur of the moment—was almost unequalled. It was in vain for an opponent to *feel* that the suggested distinction was without a difference—he could not *prove* it to be so—he could not demonstrate the fallacy which had been imposed on even a strong court by that exquisite astuteness which, however sinister, was carried off by a charming air of frankness and confidence in the validity of the distinction. On such an occasion, directly the cause was over, he would turn round and say, laughingly, to his discomfited opponent, "You haven't your wits about you this morning—why didn't you quote such and such a case?" or "say so and so?" Such things were never said in an unpleasant manner—never truculently—never triumphantly—but simply with a good-humoured, cheerful air of *badinage*, which, so far from irritating you, took off the edge of vexation, and set you almost laughing at yourself for having suffered yourself to be so completely circumvented.

While thus paying a just tribute to the skill and wonderful resources of this eminent advocate, another of his great merits, which shall be noticed, will afford an opportunity for doing justice to the junior bar, with reference to the invaluable, and—to the public—often totally unperceived, assistance which they afford to their leaders. Sir William Follett was pre-eminently characterised by the rapidity with which he availed himself of the suggestions and labours of others. A whisper—a line or two—would suffice to suggest to him a truly

admirable and conclusive argument, which he instantly elaborated as if he had prepared it deliberately beforehand in his chamber; and he would put the point with infinitely greater cogency than could have been exhibited by him who suggested it, and defend it from the assaults of his opponents and the bench with truly admirable readiness and ingenuity. He exhibited great judgment and discrimination, however, on these occasions. A false or doubtful point he quietly rejected *in limine*, and would afterwards point out to him who had suggested it, the impolicy of adopting it. Sir William Follett, as is the case with all eminent leaders, was under very great obligations, in his successful displays, to the learning and skill of his juniors, and of the gentlemen who practise under the bar as special pleaders. It is to them that is intrusted the responsible and critical duty of preparing and advising upon pleadings, and shaping them in the way in which they ought to be presented in court. Their "opinions" and "arguments" are often of the greatest possible value—often very masterly; and no one more highly estimated, or was more frequently and largely indebted to them, than Sir William Follett; but who could do such complete justice to them and so suddenly—as he? A hasty glance over, in court, such an analysis of pleadings, or affidavits, or legal documents of any kind, as has been spoken of—in a cause to which he had been, up to that moment, entirely a stranger—would suffice to put him in full possession of the true bearings of the most complicated case; and his own great learning, surpassing power of arrangement, and masterly argumentation, would do the rest. If he were taken quite unawares in such a case, and could not possibly procure its postponement, an instant's whisper with a junior—a moment's glance at his papers—would make him apparently master of the case; and, by some unexpected adroit manœuvre, he would often contrive to throw the labouring oar upon his opponent—and then, *from him*, would acquire that knowledge of the facts of the case which Sir William Follett rarely failed to turn to his own advantage, so as

to secure him success. Great as were his natural endowments, how could incessant exercise, during twenty years' hourly conflict with the ablest of his brethren and of the bench, fail of developing his splendid energies to the uttermost, even up to a point of which we may conceive as little short of perfection? The strength of his reasoning faculties was equalled, if not exceeded, by that of his memory, which was equally susceptible, tenacious, and ready; qualities these, which, as Dugald Stewart has observed, are rarely united in the same person,* and which, in the case of an advocate, give him immense advantages; while he possessed that accurate practical knowledge which enabled him to detect the minutest errors in the conduct of a cause, his comprehensive grasp of mind enabled him to take in the whole of the greatest cause, with all its dependencies; and while he fixed his own eye, with unwavering steadfastness, on the object which he had in view, he could lead his opponent and keep him far away from *his*; and address himself to every passing humour of the judicial mind, supporting favourable, and repelling adverse intimations, with reasons so plausible as to appear absolutely conclusive. Whoever might forget facts, or lose the drift of the argument, Sir William Follett never did; and when he had the *last word*, he was almost always irresistible. He required, for the purposes of justice, to be followed by a watchful and strong-headed judge, who could detect the cunning fallacy, or series of fallacies, which had led the jury quite astray from the real points—the true merits of the case; and even such a person was often unable to remove the impression which had been produced by the subtle and persuasive advocate whose voice had preceded his. That voice was one indeed lovely to listen to. It was not loud, but low and mellow, insinuating its faintest tones into the ear, and filling it with gentle harmony. His utterance was very distinct—a capital requisite in a speaker—and he had the art of varying his tones, so as to sustain the attention

of both judges and juries for almost any length of time. His person and attitudes, also, were most prepossessing. Their chief characteristics were a calmness and dignity which never disappeared in even the most exciting moments of contest, and of irritability, and provoking interruption. Woe, indeed, to one who ventured to *interrupt* him! However plausible, cogent, or even just, might be the suggestion thrown in by his adversary, Sir William Follett contrived to make it tell terribly against him, either harmonising it with his own case, or showing it to be utterly inconsistent with that of the interrupting party.—Sir William Follett, who was above the middle size, always stood straight upright, as every one ought to do while addressing either judge or juries. He seldom used his left hand in speaking, but the play of his right hand was very graceful, easy, and natural. His countenance was by no means handsome, yet of very striking expression—decisively indicative of great intellectual power, particularly about the forehead, which was very strongly developed. His eyes were grey, rather small, and deep-set; but they had a power of riveting the attention of any one whom he was addressing, particularly in public. You felt him to be a man whom you could neither neglect nor trifle with; who was addressing your intellect in weighty words, fathoming your intentions, and detecting your inclinations and prepossessions, and leading you in some given direction with gentle but irresistible force. He would often startle you with the boldness of his propositions, but never till he had contrived, somehow or other, to predispose you in favour of that view of the case which he was presenting. He had a most seductive smile; truth, candour, and gentleness seemed to beam from it upon you; and you were convinced that he felt perfect confidence in the goodness of his cause. He evinced a sort of intuitive sagacity, in adapting himself to the character and mode of thinking of those whom he addressed. If he were standing before four judges,

* *Phil. c. vi. sec. 7.*

all of different but decided characters—and all continually interrupting him with questions and suggestions, a close experienced observer could detect, in full play, in this wily advocate, the quality which has just been mentioned. He was never irritable, or disrespectful to the bench, however trying their interruptions; but calm determination was always accompanied with courteous deference for judicial authority. It is believed that no one ever heard a sharp expression fall on Sir William Follett from the bench. Foreigners coming to our courts, have frequently expressed admiration at his tone and bearing, as calm, graceful, and dignified, even though what he said could not be understood by them. His language was chaste, simple, and vigorous, but never ornate. He always came direct to the point; and the severest critics could find no fault in his diction. If he had read extensively, his speeches never bore witness of that fact; for he was, perhaps, never heard to use a quotation, either in verse or prose—except, of course, in the latter instance, books of legal authority, treatises, and reports of cases. Of fancy, of imagination, he appeared quite destitute. If originally possessed of any, it must for many years have been overpowered and extinguished, by the incessant and exclusive exercise of his memory and reasoning powers, for the purposes of business. Yet was he capable, on great and interesting occasions, when addressing either the full court or a jury, of riveting the attention and exciting the emotions of his hearers. Trickery, however compact and strong its meshes, he tore to pieces contemptuously, and with scarce an effort; nothing could escape his penetrating eye; it detected those faint vanishing traces of fraud, which were invisible to all other eyes. If there be genius in advocacy, Sir William Follett was undoubtedly a man of genius; and genius may perhaps be taken to signify great natural powers, accidentally directed—or, a disposition of nature, by which any one is qualified for some peculiar employment. What intellectual qualifications and resources are not requisite to constitute a

first-rate advocate? If the Duke of Wellington has a genius for military affairs, so had Sir William Follett for advocacy—and genius of a very high order, as will be testified by all those before whom, or on whose behalf, he exhibited it—alike by clients or judges—as by opponents. If he were a very subtle sophist himself, he was himself one on whom no sophistry could impose. It fled before the penetrating glance of his aquiline eye. Faculties such as his must have secured him eminence in any pursuit or walk in life to which he might have devoted himself; particularly to the military profession, to which it is believed he always had a strong inclination. Who can doubt that if his lot had been placed from the first in political life, he would quickly have become pre-eminent in the senate, and as a statesman? Who that knew him, but would pronounce him to have been pre-eminently fit for political life, to govern men of intellect, to deal with great affairs and mighty interests—to detect and discomfit the adversaries of peace and order, to vindicate the laws, and uphold the best interests of society? All this he might have been; *sed dis aliter visum*—he devoted himself, heart and soul, throughout life, to the labours of the bar, and the acquisition by them of a rapid and large fortune, and official distinction. In all these aims he must have succeeded to his heart's content; for he was for many years the most distinguished and popular of advocates; he became the Queen's Attorney-general, and died in the prime of life, leaving behind him a fortune of some two hundred thousand pounds. That great class of persons who constituted his clients, will always remember his brilliant and successful exertions with gratitude. His brethren who were opposed to him, heartily acknowledge the pre-eminence of his abilities and professional acquirements; and they, as well as the junior bar, who for years watched his brilliant exertions, must acknowledge that the one in struggling with him, and the other in witnessing those struggles, have witnessed an instructive exhibition of forensic excellence—a model of advocacy. To prepare for a contest with Sir William

Follett, and to contend with him, called forth all a man's energies, and formed a severe and salutary discipline for the strongest. "Their antagonist was their helper: they that wrestled with him, strengthened their nerves, and sharpened their skill: that conflict with difficulty obliged them to an intimate acquaintance with their object, and compelled them to consider it in all its relations, and would not suffer them to be superficial."* In him they saw daily in exercise, many of the greatest qualities of advocacy—and beheld it triumphing over every imaginable kind and degree of obstacle and difficulty. He showed them how to maintain the bearing of gentlemen, in the moments of hottest exasperation and provocation which can arise in forensic warfare. He taught them how to look on success undazzled—to bear it with modesty of demeanour, and subordination of spirit. He exhibited to them the inestimable value of early acquiring accurate and extensive local knowledge—of being thoroughly imbued with the *principles* of jurisprudence, and habituating the mind to close and correct reasoning. The traces of his surpassing excellence in these matters, are now to be found nowhere but in the volumes of Law Reports, where the essence of his innumerable masterly arguments will be found collected and preserved by gentlemen of patient attention and learning competent for the task, and on whose modest but valuable labours will hereafter depend all that posterity will know of Sir William Follett. These are the legitimate records of his intellectual triumph; as are the prosperous circumstances in which he has left his family, *to them* a solid and noble testimonial of his affectionate devotion to their interests. Their fortune was the purchase of his life's blood. The acquisition of that fortune absorbed the whole of his time, and of his energies; it deprived him of thousands of opportunities for relaxation and enjoyment, and also—it must be added—for the exercise of virtues which probably he possessed, but gave himself little or no time for calling into

action—of those virtues which elevate and adorn the individual, while they benefit our fellow-creatures and society—for performing the duties which God Almighty has imposed upon his creatures, proportionately to their endowments and opportunities, himself telling us, that *to whom much is given, of him shall much be required*. To the young, eager, and ambitious lawyer, the contemplation of Sir William Follett's career is fraught with instruction. It will teach him the necessity of *moderation*, in the pursuit of the distinctions and emoluments of his profession. By grasping at too much often every thing is lost. Was not Sir William Follett's life one uninterrupted scene of splendid slavery, the pressure of which at length broke him down in the meridian of his days? Had he been able to resist the very strong temptations by which he was assailed—temptations, too, appealing powerfully to his love of family and offspring—a long life's evening of tranquillity, of unspeakable enjoyment, might have rewarded a day of great, yet not excessive, labour. He might also have devoted his powerful talents to the public benefit, in such a way as to secure the lasting gratitude and admiration of posterity, by remedying some great existing defect in his country's jurisprudence, by making some solid contribution to the safeguards of the constitution. But did he ever do so? All his great experience, talents, and learning, might never have existed, for any trace of them remaining in the records of his country's constitution. What page in the statute-book attests his handiwork? And what did he ever do to advance the interests of the profession to which he belonged? These are questions asked with sorrowful sincerity and reluctance, and with every disposition to make the amplest allowances for those failings of Sir William Follett, which undoubtedly detracted somewhat from his excellence and eminence. He was a man of modest, mild, inoffensive character, who spoke ill of, and did harm to, no one; but, at the same time, was not distinguished by that active and ener-

* Adapted from Edmund Burke.

getic benevolence, liberality, and generosity, which secure for the memory of their exhibitant, ardent, enduring gratitude and reverence. His excellence was of a negative, rather than a positive kind. He did harm to no one, when he might have done so with impunity, and was possibly sometimes tempted to do so; but then he did not do good, at all events, to the extent which might have been expected from him. He was, however, by no means of a mean or selfish nature; but in his excessive, and to a certain extent pardonable, eagerness to make what he deemed a suitable provision for himself and his family, gave himself the appearance of being comparatively indifferent to the interests or welfare of others. It is, however, only fair to his memory to acknowledge, that legal eminence is too often liable to the same imputations—that professional pursuits have certainly a strong tendency to warp amiable and generous natures—to keep the eye of ambition, amidst the intense fires of rivalry and opposition, fixed exclusively upon one object—the interest and advancement of the individual. Nothing can effectually control or counteract this tendency, but a lively and constant sense of religious principle; which enlarges the heart till it can *love our neighbour as ourself*, which brightens the present with the hopes of the future, which purifies our corrupt nature, and elevates its grovelling earthward tendencies by the contemplation of an eternal state of being dependent upon our conduct in this transient state of trial. Who can tell the extent to which these and similar considerations are present to the minds of the dying great ones of the earth, who, suddenly plucked from amidst the dazzling scenes of successful ambition, are laid prostrate upon the bed of death—their *pale faces turned to the wall*, with *HEREAFTER* alone in view, and under an aspect equally *new* and awful? Let us, therefore, be wise, and be wise in time, nor haughtily disregard the earnest voice of warning, however humble and obscure may be the quarter whence it comes.

Sir William Follett belonged to a respectable family in Devonshire, and

was born on the 2d December 1798. In 1814 he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and took the degree of B.A. in 1818, without any attempt to obtain *honours*; quitting college in this latter year, and entering the Inner Temple, he prosecuted the study of the law in the chambers of eminent practitioners, where he continued for three years—and then practised for about three years as a special pleader. He was called to the bar in 1824, and went the western circuit, but for one or two years was much disheartened by his want of success. He expressed, on one occasion, his readiness to accept of the place of police magistrate, if it were offered! His progress was, soon afterwards, signal, and all but unprecedentedly rapid. He was appointed Solicitor-general in 1834, while yet behind the bar; and in 1835 was returned for Exeter, for which place he sat till his death. He quitted office with Sir Robert Peel in 1835, but returned with him to it in 1841, and became Attorney-general in 1844, on the promotion of Sir Frederick Pollock to the chief seat in the Court of Exchequer. For several years before Sir William Follett's decease, his constitution, never of the strongest, was broken by his incessant and severe labours; and in 1844, having been obliged to give up practice altogether, he went to Italy at the close of the session—having attended at the bar of the House of Lords, to lead for the Crown in the O'Connell case. He was, however, quite unfit for the task. His spine was then so seriously affected, that he was obliged to sit upon a raised chair while addressing the House, the Chancellor and the other Lords, out of great consideration for the distinguished and enfeebled speaker, moving down to the lower end of the House, close to the bar, in order to occasion him as little exertion and fatigue as possible. He did not speak long, and the effort greatly exhausted him; and it was not without difficulty, owing to something like partial paralysis of the lower extremities, that he could walk from the House. He returned from the Continent in March 1845, a little better than when he had gone, and

endeavoured to resume the discharge of such of his less onerous, professional, and official duties as admitted of their being attended to at his own house. He continued to listen to patent cases, attended by counsel, till within a short period of his being finally disabled; but every one saw with pain the total exhaustion under which he was suffering. Finding himself rapidly declining, in May 1845, he wrote a letter to the Prime Minister, proffering the resignation of his office of Attorney-general.

He soon afterwards retired, for the advantage of some little change of air, to the house of a relative in the Regent's Park, where he enjoyed the soothing attentions of his family, and reverently received the consolations of religion. The public manifested great anxiety to have the state of his health, and the morning and evening newspapers contained regular announcements on the subject, as in the case of persons of the highest distinction. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, also, with numbers of the nobility, sent daily to enquire concerning him. For the last day, or possibly two days of his life, he became unconscious, and slightly delirious—and expired, without apparent pain, on Saturday afternoon, the 28th June 1845. For a long series of years, the death of no member of the legal profession had excited a tithe of the public concern which followed that of Sir William Follett, the Attorney-general. The bar felt that its brightest light had been almost suddenly extinguished. Its most gifted members, and those of the judicial bench, heartily acknowledged the transcendence of his professional qualifications, and the unassuming peacefulness with which he had passed through life. Had he lived to occupy the highest judicial seat—the woolsack—few doubted that, when relieved from the crushing pressure of private practice, he would have displayed qualities befitting so splendid a station, and earned a name worthy of ranking with those of his great predecessors.

His funeral took place on Friday, the 4th of July, at the Temple church. He was a benchler of the Inner Temple, and his remains repose in the vault at the south-eastern ex-

tremity of the church. For nearly two hours before the funeral took place, the church—a chaste and splendid structure—had been filled with members of the bar, and a few others, all in mourning, and awaiting, in solemn silence, the commencement of the mournful ceremony. At length the pealing of the organ announced the arrival of the affecting moment when the body of Sir William Follett—himself having been not very long before a worshipper in the church—was being borne within its walls, preceded by the surpliced choir, chanting the service, in tones which still echo in the ears of those who heard them. All rose silently, with moistened eyes, and beating hearts, as they beheld, slowly borne through the aisle, the coffin which contained the prematurely dead—him whose figure, erect and graceful in forensic robes, and dignified in gesture, had so recently stood among them, their cheerful and gifted associate in the anxious business of life—from whose lips, now closed for ever, had but lately issued that rich, harmonious voice, whose tones had scarce, even then, died away! They were bearing him to his long home, with all the solemn pomp and circumstance which testify the reverence paid to departed eminence: and when the coffin was placed beside the altar, at the mouth of the vault, no language can adequately describe the affecting and imposing scene which presented itself. The pall had been borne by the Prime Minister, (Sir Robert Peel,) the Lord Chancellor, one of the Secretaries of State, (Sir James Graham,) and the Vice-Chancellor of England; and amongst those who followed, were Lord Brougham, Lord Langdale, the Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, and many of the judges, (almost all the courts, both of law and equity, having suspended their sittings on account of the funeral;) while in the body of the church were to be seen nearly all the distinguished members of the bar, who had been, up to a very recent period, opposed to, or associated with, him whose dust was now on the point of being committed to its kindred dust. Nearest to the body sat the three great ministers of the Crown, who had come to pay their tribute of

respect to the remains of their gifted and confidential adviser ; and their solemn countenances told the deep impression which the scene was making upon them, so illustrative of the fleeting shadowiness of earthly greatness ! and their reflections must have been akin to those which—as may have occurred to them—their own obsequies might, at some future period, excite in the spectators—reflections such as those with which a great one, departed,* closed his grandest labours.

“ Oh, eloquent, just, and mighty death ! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded ; what none hath dared, thou hast done : and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words—*HIC JACET !* ”

LET NEVER CRUELTY DISHONOUR BEAUTY.

THE words chosen as the subject of the following verses, form the first line of an antiquated song, of which the remainder seems not to have been preserved.—See Mr Dauney's “ *Ancient Scottish Melodies*,” p. 227.

“ Let never Cruelty dishonour Beauty”—

Be no such war between thy face and mind.
Heaven with each blessing sends an answering duty :
It made thee fair, and meant thee to be kind.

Resemble not the panther's treacherous seeming,
That looks so lovely to beguile its prey ;
Seek not to match the basilisk's false gleaming,
That charms the fancy only to betray.

See the great Sun ! God's best and brightest creature—
Alike on good and ill his gifts he showers :
Look at the Earth, whose large and liberal nature
To all who court her offers fruits or flowers.

Then, lady, lay aside that haughty scorning—
A robe unmeet to deck a mortal frame ;
Mild be thy light, and innocent as morning,
And shine on high and humble still the same.

Bid thy good-will, in bright abundance flowing,
To all around its kindly stream impart ;
Thy love the while on One alone bestowing,
The fittest found, the husband of thy heart !

* Sir Walter Raleigh—*History of the World*, last paragraph.

THE LAST HOURS OF A REIGN.

A TALE IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

CHAPTER III.

"A deep and mighty shadow
Across my heart is thrown,
Like a cloud on a summer meadow,
Where the thunder wind hath blown!"

BARRY CORNWALL.

AT this period of French history, and even up to a period much later, the bridges which crossed the Seine, and connected the two separate parts of the city of Paris, were built over with houses, and formed narrow streets across the stream. These houses, constructed almost entirely of wood, the beams of which were disposed in various directions, so as to form a sort of pattern, and ornamented with carved window-sills and main-beams, were jammed together like figs in a cask, and presented one gable to the confined gangway, the other to the water, which, in many cases, their upper story overhung with a seemingly hazardous spring outward. Towards the river, also, many were adorned with wooden balconies, sheltered by the far-advancing angles of the roofs; whilst beneath, upon the water, the piles of the bridge were encumbered by many water-mills, to the incessant noise of which, habit probably reconciled the inhabitants of the houses above.

In an upper room in one of the houses which, after this fashion, lined the *Pont au Change*, sat, on the evening of the day on which Philip de la Mole had escaped from the Louvre, three persons, the listlessness of whose attitudes showed that they were all more or less pre-occupied by painful reflections.

The principal personage of this group—a woman between fifty and sixty years of age—lay back on a large wooden chair, her eyes fixed on vacancy. Her dress was of simple dark stuff, very full upon the sleeves and below the waist, and relieved by a small white standing collar; a dark coil, of the fashion of the period, covered the grizzled hair, which was drawn back from the forehead and temples, leaving fully exposed a face, the rude features and heavy eyebrows of which gave it a stern character.

But in spite of this severity of aspect, there naturally lurked an expression of goodness about the mouth and eyes, which spoke of a kindliness of disposition and tenderness of heart, combined with firmness and almost obstinacy of character. Those eyes, however, were now vacant and haggard in expression; and that mouth was contracted as if by some painful thought.

By her side, upon a low stool, was seated a fair girl, whose attire was as plain as that of the more aged woman; but that lovely form needed no aids of the toilet to enhance its beauty. The fair brown hair brushed off from the white brow, in the graceless mode of the day, hid nothing of a face which had all the purity of some beautiful Madonna; although the cheek was pale, and the lines of the physiognomy were already more sharpened than is usual at years so young. Her head, however, was now bent down over a large book which lay upon her knees, and from which she appeared to have been reading aloud to the elder woman; and, as she sat, a tear dropped into its pages, which she hastily brushed away with her fair hand.

The third person, who completed the group, was a young man scarcely beyond the years of boyhood. His good-looking round face was bronzed and ruddy with fresh colour, and his dark eyes and full mouth were expressive of natural gaiety and vivacity. But he, too, sat leaning his elbows upon his knees, and gazing intently, and with a look of anxiety, upon the fair girl before him; until, as he saw the tear fall from her eye, he turned impatiently upon his stool, and proceeded to polish, with an animation which was not that of industry, the barrel of a gun which lay between his knees.

The room which formed the ground-

work to the picture composed of these three personages, was dark and gloomy, as was generally the interior of the houses of the time; a large wardrobe of black carved wood filled a great space of one of the walls; presses and chests of the same dark and heavy workmanship occupied considerable portions of the rest of the room. The low casement window, left open to admit the air of a bright May evening, looked out upon the course of the rapid Seine, and gave a cheering relief to the dark scene. The hazy rays from the setting sun streamed into the room; and from below rose up the sound of the rushing waters, and the wheels of the mills, mixed with occasional cries of men upon the river, and the more distant murmur of the city. The scene was one of calmness; and yet the calmness of those within that room was not the calmness of repose and peace.

It was the youth who first spoke.

"Jocelyne," he said in a low tone, approaching his stool nearer to that of the fair girl, and then continuing to polish his gun-barrel without looking her in the face—"if you knew how it grieves me to see you thus! You sit and droop like a bird upon the wintry branch, when I would fain see you lift your head and chirp, as in days gone by, now that summer begins to gladden around us."

The maiden thus addressed looked at him with a languid smile, and then faintly shook her head.

"How would you have me gay, Alayn," she said softly, "when our grandmother continues thus?"

Alayn made a gesture of doubt, as if he would have said, that solicitude for her grandmother was not the only cause of Jocelyne's sadness; but he made no observation to that effect, and, nodding his head towards the older woman, asked in a low tone—

"How is Dame Perrotte to-day? She did not answer my greeting on my entrance; and during your reading from that forbidden book of Scripture, she has uttered not a word."

"You may speak aloud," replied Jocelyne. "When she is in this state, she does not hear us. She is fully absorbed in her sad thoughts. I have seldom seen her more troubled than she has been for some few days

past. One would suppose that the return of sunny summer days recalls more fearfully to her mind that epoch of carnage and destruction at the fête of St Bartholomew, when the heavens above were so joyous and bright, whilst below the earth was reeking with blood, and your poor father perished, Alayn, for his religion's sake. I have ever remarked, when the sun shines the cheeriest, her spirit is the darkest."

"Will she not speak to me?" enquired Alayn.

"No," replied his cousin. "When in these deepest moods of melancholy, she will not speak but upon the subject of those fatal days, or if her attention be aroused by the mention of her slaughtered kindred; and Heaven forbid that an unguarded word from me should excite so terrible a crisis as would ensue!"

"And she remains always thus now?" asked the youth.

"Not always," answered Jocelyne. "There are times when she is as of old, and speaks to me with calmness. But at these better hours she makes no mention of the past."

"She never talks, then, of returning to the palace?" continued Alayn, with an evident air of satisfaction upon his round ruddy face.

"Never," replied the girl, with an involuntary sigh.

"And yet her foster-son, the king, has often sent for her."

"Hush!" interrupted Jocelyne. "Let not that name strike upon her ear. Although she hears us not, the very word might, perchance, call up within her recollections I would were banished from her mind for ever. The name of her nursling, whom she once loved as were she his own mother, and he had not worn a crown, is now a sound of horror to her. Often has she cursed him in the bitterness of her heart," she continued in a low tone of mystery, as if fearful lest the very walls should hear her confidence, "as the slayer of the righteous. She never can forgive him the treacherous order given for that murderous deed of slaughter and destruction."

"But he protected her from all harm in that general massacre of our party in religion, from which so few of us escaped," said Alayn.

"She would rather have died, I verily believe," pursued the fair girl shuddering, "than have lived to see her own son fall, so cruelly murdered by the son of her fostering care."

"And she never will return to him again?" enquired the young man with another gleam of satisfaction.

Jocelyne shook her head.

"So much the better. So much the better," pursued Alayn stoutly. "For then I can see you when I will, fair cousin Jocelyne, and come and sit by your side as I do now, to continue my work with the permission of my master the armourer, who, whatever he may say, is as good a Calvinist at heart as ourselves, I am sure. And you will return no more with my grandmother among those villanous popinjays about the court, who are ever for telling you soft tales of love, and swearing that your eyes are the brightest in creation—as, to be sure, they are; and that never such an angel walked the earth—as, to be sure, there never did; but who mean it not well with you, cousin Jocelyne, and would but have their will to desert you and leave you to sorrow, and who, with all their gilded finery, are not worth one inch of the coarse stuff of a stout-hearted honest artisan who loves you, and would see you happy; although I say it, who should not say it."

Jocelyne drew up her head proudly as if about to speak; but, as her melancholy pale hazel eyes met those of her cousin, sparkling with animation and good-humour, she only turned herself away, whilst a bright flush of colour overspread that cheek but a moment before so pale.

"Why, look ye, cousin Jocelyne," continued the youth once more, after a moment's pause; "it will out, in spite of me, all that I have got to say. I cannot see your pale cheek and tearful eye, and hear the sigh that ever and anon breaks so painfully from your bosom, but that, all simple as I be, I can tell it is not only for our poor grandmother your sorrow. Mayhap I have heard what I have heard, and seen what I have seen besides; but never mind that. Believe me, you sorrow for those who love you not truly as there are others who

love you—you pain your heart until you will break it, for those who play you false."

"Alayn, I can hear no more of this! You know not what you say!" cried the fair girl hastily; and, laying down upon the table her book, she arose and walked away from him to lean out of the window.

"Nay, pardon me, cousin Jocelyne," exclaimed the youth in a pained tone, also rising and advancing towards the window. "I do but speak as I should and must speak, being your well-wisher—I mean you well, God knows. And the time will come when you too will know *how well*!"

Jocelyne turned her eyes, which were moist with tears, to her cousin; and, stretching out her hand to him, she said, with all that romantic fervour of the ingenuous girl which almost wears the semblance of inspiration—

"Alayn, I know you love me, and that you mean it well with me. You are a kind and sincere brother to me. But, oh! you cannot read the deep deep feelings of the heart, or judge how little words have the power, like the charms we read of, to heal its wounds and wrench asunder the chains that bind it for ever and ever! The ivy, when torn from the stem to which it clings, may wither and die, but it cannot be attached to another trunk, however skilful the hand of the gardener who would attach it."

The youth took her hand, and, as she again turned to the window to hide her increasing emotion, shook his head sadly and doubtfully; then, returning to his stool, he took the gun-barrel between his knees with a movement of impatience, and continued his occupation of polishing it, although his eyes were constantly fixed askance upon the graceful form of the girl as she leant upon the window sill.

Presently the old woman moved uneasily in her chair, and, placing her hands firmly upon its arms, as if about to rise from her seat, she exclaimed aloud—

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will avenge the blood of the righteous!"

Both Jocelyne and Alayn turned; but, before the fair girl could hurry to

her grandmother's side, she had sunk down again into her chair, murmuring—

"No, no! enough of blood! enough of vengeance! God pardon him, and turn the hearts of those who counselled him to this deed."

"Give me my Bible, Jocelyne my girl," said again the old woman after a pause. "It seems I have not read it for many a long hour. God forgive me! But my poor head wanders strangely. Ah! is it you Alayn? Good-day to you," she continued, as if she had then first become aware of the presence of her grandson.

Jocelyne hastily gave her grandmother the volume which she had laid down upon the table; and whispering in her cousin's ear, as she passed, "She has spoken, she will be better now," sat down once more by her side.

A silence again pervaded that still room, when suddenly a noise of steps resounded upon a wooden stair. They approached the door, upon which a hurried knocking was now heard. Before Jocelyne, who, at the sound of these steps, had clasped her hands before her, with an expression of surprise and almost of alarm, had fully risen from her seat, the door was flung open, and a man enveloped in a cloak, and with a jewelled hat sunk low upon his brow, entered hastily.

He closed the door, and then gazed with a rapid glance around him.

Jocelyne had sprung up with a suppressed cry.

"Ah! I am not mistaken," said the man advancing, and removing his hat. "Jocelyne! Dame Perrotte! I am a fugitive, and I seek a shelter at your hands. I could not trust myself to those who call themselves my friends; others who might have protected me, I know not where to find, but I bethought myself of you—of you, Jocelyne—and"—

"Philip! Monseigneur," stammered the astonished girl. "You—here—and a fugitive!"

"Do you not know me?" said the fugitive to Dame Perrotte, who had risen from her chair, and stood staring at him as if with a return of troubled intellect.

"Not know you?" exclaimed the old woman rising. "I know you well, Philip de la Mole! And is it you, the Catholic, who seek a shelter beneath the roof of the proscribed and outlawed Huguenot?"

"But it is in the cause of your religion that I have conspired, my good woman, and that I am now compelled to fly," replied La Mole; "it was for one, who, as chief of your party, would have espoused your quarrel, and re-established your influence in the land."

"Ay, for your master, the shallow Duke of Alençon," responded Perrotte coldly. "False, hollow ambition all! And ye call that the cause of religion—Mockery! Yes, I know you well, Philip de la Mole, who in the hour of bloodshed," she continued, growing more and more excited, "could approve the hellish deed, and who now can babble of sacrifice and self-offering in the cause of our religion."

"You belie me, woman," said La Mole proudly.

"Yes, I know you, Philip de la Mole," pursued the old woman with knitted brows and flashing eyes; "you, who, to amuse your hours of idleness, could talk of love to a poor trusting girl, heedless how you destroyed her peace of mind, had you but your pastime and your jest of it."

"Grandmother!" cried Jocelyne in the bitterest distress.

"It was he, then!" exclaimed Alayn, advancing upon the fugitive nobleman, with the gun-barrel raised in his arm.

"If you love me, forbear!" screamed his cousin, flinging herself before him.

"I had hoped to have found shelter among honest hearts, whom misfortune should have taught pity," said the fugitive proudly, and unmoved; "and I have erred—unjust hate, prejudice, inhospitality, are the only virtues practised beneath this roof. I will again brave the danger, and seek elsewhere that kindly feeling I find not here. Jocelyne, my sweet pretty Jocelyne, farewell!"

With these words La Mole moved towards the door. The old woman regarded him motionless, and with the same cloud of irritation on her brow. Alayn seemed equally inclined to pro-

secute his first hostile intention ; but Jocelyne sprang after the retreating nobleman and caught him by the arm.

"Grandmother," she said, drawing herself up to her full height, and leaning fondly against La Mole—"if any one have erred, it is I, and I alone. It was I chose him *forth* as the noblest, the brightest, the best among those who glittered about the court, in which we humbly lived. I had given him my heart ere he had deigned to cast a look upon me. If I have loved him—if I love him still—it is because I alone have sought it should be so."

"Jocelyne! be still, sweet girl," said La Mole, affected, and moving towards the door.

"And were he our bitterest enemy," continued the excited girl, still clinging to his arm, "he is now a proscribed fugitive—no matter why—God sends him to us—and it is ours to save, not to condemn him."

"But it is said, that the enemy of the righteous shall perish from the earth," said her grandmother sternly ; "it is not I condemn or kill him. If it be the will of God that his cause of error cease, let him go forth and die."

"If he die, mother," exclaimed Jocelyne with energy, "I shall die too. I have given him my heart, my life, my soul—punish me as you will—trample me at your feet. But I love him, mother ; and, if you drive him forth to be hunted by his enemies to the death, your child will not survive it."

Alayn had turned away in bitterness of heart, and the old Huguenot woman, although giving way more and more to that excitement, which, at times, fully troubled her reason, only wrung her hands, as if moved by the address of the agitated girl.

"Stay! stay, Monseigneur," continued Jocelyne, as La Mole again pressed her hand and turned to depart. "She relents—she has a kind heart ; and she would not, surely, deliver up the guest who begs shelter at her threshold, into the hands of those who seek to capture and to kill him."

"Let me go forth, Jocelyne! farewell!" repeated La Mole.

"Mother!" again commenced the unhappy girl, throwing herself down to clasp the knees of her grandmother, who, overcome by the violence of her

feelings, had sunk back again into her chair. "Mother! would your husband, or your son, have driven even their deadliest enemy from their door?"

"Speak not of my son, girl ; or you will drive me mad!" cried Perrotte, clasping her hands before her face.

Jocelyne sprang up with a look of despair, and returned to detain once more La Mole.

As they thus stood, and before the old woman had again stirred, or Alayn interfered, a rumour from the street formed by the bridge, caught the ear of the excited girl.

"What is that?" she exclaimed, starting in alarm.

"The agents of the Queen-mother sent in my pursuit, probably," replied La Mole coolly, and disengaging himself from the convulsive embrace of Jocelyne. "How they have tracked me, I know not. So be it, then. I had hoped for the sake of others to avoid their hands ; but I am prepared to meet my fate."

"No, no," screamed Jocelyne. "It cannot be! Mother—mother, would you see him made a prisoner in your own house—murdered, perhaps, before your very face!"

Alayn moved towards the door ; and the girl sprang to intercept him.

"Would you be so base? Would you have me hate you?" cried the poor girl in despair, to her cousin.

Many steps were now heard ascending the lower stair. The old woman, who trembled in every limb, stirred not from her chair ; but, removing one hand from her face, she stretched it out towards a corner of the room.

"Ah! I understand you, mother," exclaimed Jocelyne. "That secret closet, where our books of religion are deposited, where our old priest, during the massacre, was hid!"

"Whilst my son perished—a victim—a martyr!" groaned the old woman, fearfully agitated.

"Come, come, Monseigneur," pursued the excited girl ; and, in spite of the unwillingness of La Mole to profit by a hospitality thus bestowed, she dragged him to one corner of the room, and pushing back the spring of one of those secret recesses then so commonly constructed in all houses, as well of the bourgeois as the nobles,

on account of the troubles and dangers of the times, she compelled him by her entreaties to enter a dark nook—then hastily closing the aperture, she exclaimed, "God shield him!" and sank down into the stool by her grandmother's side.

"Alayn!" she said, in a low hurried tone, as the heavy steps still mounted the stairs, "you will be silent, will you not? You will not betray him, and see the poor girl, whom you profess to love, die at your feet!"

The youth shook his head with a gesture of resignation, although the frown upon his brow showed how painful were the feelings that he suppressed.

"Mother!" whispered Jocelyne once more to the old woman. "Calm your agitation—oh! let not a word, a gesture, betray our secret! Stay! I will read to you!" And she seized the Bible, then a dangerous book to produce thus openly before Catholic agents of the court, and took it on her lap.

Perrotte answered not a word, but continued to rock herself with much agitation from side to side in her chair.

The noise of the arquebuses of soldiery was now, in truth, heard on the landing-place. A heavy blow was given on the panels of the door; and, without waiting for permission to enter, a man in the military accoutrements of the period, whose head was crowned with a high hat, adorned with a short red feather, advanced into the room with an air which betrayed at once a strange mixture of effrontery and hypocrisy.

"Landry!" exclaimed together both Jocelyne and Alayn.

"Captain Landry, at your service," said the man; "or, if you will, at the service of her majesty the Queen-mother. Good-day, my gentle cousins both. Good-day to you, my good aunt Perrotte. How goes it with her now? Her head was somewhat ailing as I heard, since she had left the court." And he touched his forehead significantly with his finger.

"She is well!" answered Jocelyne hastily, trembling in spite of her efforts to be calm.

"But this is no visit of ceremony,

my good friends," continued Captain Landry, with some haughtiness of manner. "I come upon state affairs. A criminal of rank, who has conspired against the life and person of the king, has escaped; and we are sent in his pursuit. We have contrived to track him of a surety to this neighbourhood; and, as I bethought me that this same delinquent was a friend of my fair cousin Jocelyne, who, although she has received my offers of affection with disdain, could look upon another with more favour, I doubted not that I should find news of him in her company. Know you of none such here, sweet cousin?"

"I know not of whom you speak," said Jocelyne, her colour varying from the flush of emotion to the deadly paleness of fear.

"And you, Alayn, boy, since our fair cousin's memory is so short, can doubtless tell me. Has no one entered here within the last half hour?"

"No one!" answered Alayn sturdily; but he then turned and moved to the window to hide his confusion.

The Queen's agent shrugged his shoulders.

"And my good aunt has had no visitors?" he resumed, advancing towards the old woman.

Perrotte lifted her head, and regarded the captain fixedly, and with a look of scorn, but said not a word.

"Search!" said the officer, turning to the soldiers, who had waited without.

The men entered; and in a few instants the scanty and small rooms attached to the principal apartment were examined. The captain was informed that no one could be found. For a moment he looked disappointed, and paused to reflect.

"Their trouble is evident," he murmured to himself. "He may still be here. The reward for his capture is too great to be given up lightly; and, besides, I hate the fellow for the love she bears him—I will leave no stone unturned."

"Dame Perrotte!" he said returning to the old woman, and speaking to her in a low tone of voice—"A criminal of state has escaped from the king's justice. In spite of the protestations of your grandchildren, I cannot doubt that he is concealed

hereabouts; and you must know where. You will not fail, I am sure, to indicate the place of his retreat, when you know that, as the friend of those who have proved the bitterest enemies of your religion, he must also be your deadly enemy."

"And is it Landry, the recreant, the apostate, the only seceder of our family from the just cause, who speaks thus?" said the old woman lifting her head with a haggard expression.

"The necessary policy of the times," whispered the captain, sitting down on the stool by her side, and approaching himself confidentially nearer, "has compelled me, like many others, to be that in seeming which we are not in heart. Has not our chief, Henry of Navarre, yielded also to the pressure of the circumstances in which he lives? Judge me not so harshly, good aunt. But this criminal—he is one of those who have hunted and destroyed, who have cried—'Down with them; down with the Huguenots—pursue and kill;' and you would withdraw him from the punishment he merits?"

"He! he! Was it so?" muttered Perrotte, with eyes staring at the vacancy before her.

"Do you not fear to pass for the accomplice of his crimes?" continued Captain Landry in her ear. "Know you not that he has attained the life of your nursling by deeds of sorcery, and that Charles IX., our king, now lies upon his death-bed?"

"Who speaks of Charles?" exclaimed the old woman with increasing wildness and excitement. "Charles and death! Yes, they go hand in hand!"

"Landry! You shall not torture our poor mother thus," cried Jocelyne springing towards them, in order to interrupt a conversation which she had been witnessing in agony, although she could not hear it, and the effect of which upon her grandmother's unsettled mind became every moment more visible.

"Fair cousin, with your leave!" replied the captain. "I am bound to do the duties of my office. I shall be grieved to use constraint." And, waving his hand to her to withdraw, he made a sign to the soldiers to approach both Jocelyne and Alayn, and prevent their interference.

Jocelyne wrung her hands.

"Do you not fear the reproaches of your murdered son?" continued Captain Landry, turning to Perrotte, with an expression of perfidious hypocrisy in his eyes, and again pouring his words lowly, but distinctly, into her ear. "Do you not fear that he should rise from his tomb, and, showing the bloody wounds of that fatal night, cry for vengeance on his murderers, and curse the weakness of that mother who would screen and shelter them? Do you not fear that Heaven should condemn you as a friend to the destroyers of the righteous? Think on your slaughtered kindred, woman!"

"Mercy! mercy! my son!" cried the old woman, springing up with her hands outstretched, as if to repel a spectre. "Oh! hide that streaming blood! Look not so angry on me! Blood shall have blood, thou say'st; so be it. Vengeance is the Lord's! and He shall avenge his people!"

"Where is he?" enquired Landry, also rising, and watching her every movement.

"There! there!" exclaimed the excited woman, pointing to the corner of the room.

In spite of the attempt of Jocelyne, who was now restrained by the soldiers, to interrupt him, Captain Landry walked to the corner indicated, and after a few attempts succeeded in discovering the secret of the concealed recess.

"Count Philip de la Mole, you are my prisoner, under warrant of his majesty the King, and by order of the Queen-mother," he said, as the young nobleman appeared to view.

Jocelyne uttered a cry of despair.

"Conduct me where you are bidding, sir," said La Mole, offering his sword. "My sweet Jocelyne, farewell!—your kindly interest in my fate I shall never forget. But we shall meet again. Fear nothing for me; I will prove my innocence."

The unhappy girl fell at the feet of the captured nobleman, and wetted his outstretched hand with her tears, as she pressed it to her lips.

"My strict orders," said Captain Landry, "were to arrest all those who should be convicted of harbouring the criminal. Forget not, then,

cousin Jocelyne, that I spare you so hard a lot. But my duty compels me to adopt other measures. Come, sir!"

When Philip de la Mole had been conducted from the room by the agents of the Queen-mother, Jocelyne turned to her grandmother, without rising from the ground, and exclaimed in the bitterest despair—

"Mother—mother—you have killed me!"

"Who spoke of Charles? Who said he lay upon his death-bed?" cried Perrotte, walking up and down with the uncertain step of the deranged of mind, and unheeding her unhappy grandchild; "Charles dying! and I shall see him no more—shall he die without a warning word from her who loved and cherished him so long—die without repentance? What was that voice that tortured my very soul? Who said he was about to die, and that I should see him no more?"

Jocelyne sprung up from the ground, as if a sudden thought had crossed her mind.

"Yes, mother, yes," she cried, "the king is dying. Come to him.

See him once more. He will hear your words upon his death-bed, and extend his pardon to the innocent—for Philip de la Mole is innocent, my mother. He will save him who is unjustly condemned; and you will save his repentant soul. Come, mother, come—come," she continued, as if speaking to a child, "the king is waiting for you!"

"Charlot—my nursling—dying!" murmured the old woman—"Yes—let us go."

"Alayn will accompany us," said Jocelyne, turning to the youth, who stood at the window unhappy and confused.

Without waiting for any addition to their dress, the eager girl seized her grandmother's hand, and led her to the door.

When it was opened, two soldiers appeared upon the threshold, stationed to prevent all egress of the inhabitants; and one of them, placing his arquebuse across the door-stall, cried, in a rude voice—

"*On ne passe pas.*"

The two women drew back in alarm.

CHAPTER IV.

"Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to do you service."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say."

IDEM.

AGAIN the scene changes to the palace of the Louvre, where so many dark intrigues surrounded the rich chamber of the dying king; where, instead of the sympathy of friends, and the tears of relations, jarring ambition, and rivalry, and hatred, between brethren and kindred, between mother and children, escorted him on his passage to the tomb, and darkened the *last hours of his reign*. Such might have been supposed by a moralist to be the punishment, inflicted, even upon this earth, on him, who, if he did not instigate, ordained and prosecuted the horrible massacre of St Bartholomew.

The state of the miserable Charles grew hourly worse, and he rapidly approached his last moments. None knew better than his heartless mother, as she had herself admitted, that he

must die; but yet, with so much artifice and intrigue did she envelope in mystery his lost condition, that, even in the Palace of the Louvre, his own nearest relations were ignorant how near approached the hour, which, by leaving the crown as heirloom to a successor far away in a distant country, opened a field to the ambitious designs of so many struggling parties in the state.

Unconscious, as many others, of the rapid advance of that fatal event, sat in her chamber Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, the sister of the dying king. Her beautiful head was reclined languidly against the tapestry of the wall, the dark colours of which formed an admirable background to that brilliant and bejewelled portrait. A lute, of the fashion of the day, lay upon her lap; music,

dressess, scraps of poetry in her own handwriting, caskets with jewellery, manuscripts, and illuminated volumes, were littered in various parts of the room. A handsome spaniel slumbered at her feet; whilst two of her ladies sat on chests at a respectful distance, occupied in embroidery. A look of soft pensiveness pervaded the delicate and highly expressive features of the young Queen; but her thoughts were not bent, at that moment, either on her suffering brother, or on those ambitious views for her husband, which, spite of her little affection for him, she entertained, partly out of a sort of friendship for the man she esteemed, although her hand had been so unwillingly bestowed upon him; partly out of that innate ambition and love of intrigue, which formed, more or less one ingredient in the character of all the children of the crafty Catherine de Medicis. No! they rambled unrestrained upon the souvenir of an object of woman's preference and princess's caprice, who for some time past had no more crossed her path. It was on that account her brow was clouded, and that a trait of sadness shaded her smiling mouth.

As she still lay thus languidly, one of the ladies was called by an officer from the room, and shortly returned to announce that there was a young girl without, who besought, with earnest supplication, to see her Majesty.

Although astonished at this request, Margaret, eager for any subject of passing occupation that might enliven, even for a moment, an hour's ennui, desired that she might be admitted; and shortly after a simply dressed girl, whose sunken head could not conceal her exquisite beauty, was ushered in. Her step was ill-assured and trembling; her face was deadly pale.

"What would you, maiden, with the Queen of Navarre?" said Margaret kindly. "How came you here?"

The girl raised her head, but still struggled with her emotion before she could speak.

"Ah! I remember me," pursued the princess with a smile. "You are the pretty Jocelyne, the fair grand-daughter of my brother Charles's favourite old nurse, Dame Perrotte; you are she of whom all our gallants spake

with so much praise, to the great detriment and neglect of all our ladies of the court. Nay, blush not—or rather blush—blush, it becomes your pale face well, my dainty one. But I thought that you had left the court with Dame Perrotte, the sturdy Huguenot, ever since. Oh yes! I recall it all now," she continued, checking herself with a sort of shudder. "But what brings you hither? Speak. Have you any favour to ask that the Queen of Navarre can grant?"

"I would speak with you, madam, and alone, upon a matter of urgency and importance," stammered Jocelyne.

The thought, that as the fair girl before her belonged to a Huguenot family, she might have been used by the Calvinist party as a secret agent to convey her some intelligence connected with the various plots ripe at that period to place Henry of Navarre in a post of influence about the crown, if not upon the throne, crossed the mind of Margaret, and she gave instant orders that her ladies should retire. To her surprise, as soon as they were left alone, the lovely girl threw herself sobbing at her feet.

"Save him! save him!" cried Jocelyne, with outstretched arms. "You have influence—you can approach the king—you can save him if you will. And you will save him—will you not?"

"Of whom do you speak, my pretty maiden?" said the princess in surprise.

"Of Monseigneur the Count Philip de la Mole!" sobbed Jocelyne.

"Philip de la Mole!" exclaimed Margaret aghast. "What ails him, girl? You bid me save him—Why? What mean you?"

"Oh! madam, know you not," pursued the sobbing girl, "that he has been arrested for treason—for a conspiracy against the life of the king? that he is at this moment a prisoner, and that his life is threatened?"

"La Mole! arrested! accused of attempting the life of Charles!" cried the Queen of Navarre in the highest agitation. "And I knew naught of this? Is it true? How did you learn the story? Do you come from him? Speak, girl, speak, I say!"

"He was arrested, madam, in our

very house," stammered Jocelyne, wringing her hands. "He had sought a refuge there—and he there lay concealed. But, alas! my poor grandmother, her wits are at times unsettled. Oh! she knew not what she did. Believe me she did not know. A treacherous villain worked upon her wavering mind—she betrayed him. They took him from the room a prisoner. I would have led my grandmother to seek his pardon at the feet of the king, who loved her so well that he would refuse her nothing; but soldiers guarded our doors; they would not let us pass. Then I bethought myself of the window. Our house is on the bridge, and looks upon the river. Below was a mill and the miller's boat. He is a good man, and kind of heart. I knew that he would row me to the shore. Alayn, my cousin, would have prevented me; but I would not hear him. What was the rushing stream, or the whirling mill-wheel to me? I saw not danger when I thought I could save the noble Count."

"Brave girl! brave girl!" interrupted Margaret, in palpitating excitement.

"There were beams and posts that descended to the water's edge," pursued Jocelyne, her eyes sparkling and her cheek now flushed with the animation of her tale. "Alayn aided me, although unwillingly, with cord and linen. I reached the mill—the boat. The miller rowed me to the shore. I knew I could not approach the king; but I bethought me of you, madam—for they say—they say, you love him well." At these words Jocelyne hesitated, with a mixture of feelings, in which bashful timidity struggled with her jealousy of the great lady before whom she knelt.

"Pursue, girl, pursue," said Margaret, an instantaneous blush again colouring that cheek, from which alarm had driven all colour.

"Yes; and I knew that you would save him," continued the excited girl, stretching out her hands in anguish. "He is your own brother—he—the king, the dispenser of life and death; and he will listen to you. And you will save the Count, will you not?"

"Yes—yes, girl! I will do all I can!" said the princess walking up

and down in agitation. "Rise, rise—your tale is confused. I know not what all this may mean; but the truth is there. He is a prisoner! Oh, La Mole! La Mole! Whether has your imprudence driven you? And were it for me that he has done thus. Yes—yes I will to my brother Charles—I will learn all—supplicate—save him!"

With these words, half murmured to herself, half addressed to Jocelyne, the Queen of Navarre paced her room. Then making another sign to the unhappy girl to rise and remain, she took a whistle lying on a table, and whistled to call those without.

The hangings of the door were parted. But instead of one of her attendant ladies, it was the calm imposing form of Catherine de Medicis that entered the apartment.

Margaret started back as if she had seen a spectre.

"My mother!" burst involuntarily from her lips in a tone of alarm; for she divined, by rapid instinct, that such a visit could bode naught but evil.

The Queen-mother cast a searching glance over the two agitated females, and smiled as if, with that quickness of intelligence which characterised her cunning mind, she had discovered at once the meaning of the scene before her. With an imperious wave of the hand she signified her desire that the damsel should leave the room, since she would speak with her daughter. In spite of her agitation and distress, Margaret of Valois, with that implicit obedience to her mother's will which, in common with all the children of Catherine de Medicis, (except the unhappy Charles in the latter years of his hardly wrought and dearly paid emancipation from her authority,) she never ventured to refuse. She bid Jocelyne leave them; and the fair girl retired with trembling steps and sinking heart. The apparition of the Queen-mother had appalled her.

Catherine motioned to her daughter to be seated on a low stool, and taking herself a high-backed chair, smiled with her usual bland and treacherous smile.

"You seem agitated, Margaret, *ma mie*," commenced the Queen-mother, after a due pause. "I have come to condole and sympathise with

you in your distress. Much as I may have blamed your misplaced and unbecoming attachment to an obscure courtier, almost an adventurer in this palace, I cannot but feel that you must suffer from the discovery of the utter baseness of this man. Look not thus surprised. I see you have already learned his arrest—your whole manner betrays it.”

“You speak of —,” stammered Margaret, trembling.

“I speak of Philip de la Mole,” said the Queen coldly.

“It is true, then?” pursued her daughter. “He is arrested on a charge of treason. Oh, no! It cannot be! He is innocent!”

“He is guilty!” said Catherine coldly. “I have evidence the most incontrovertible, that he has conspired against the life of the king, your brother, by the foulest acts of sorcery. A wax figure, fashioned as a king, pierced to the heart by his very hand, has been laid before me. Your brother’s illness, his mortal pains, his malady so incomprehensible, all declare that the hellish deed has but too much succeeded up to this hour.”

Margaret shook her head with a smile of contempt and doubt.

“But for what purpose was designed this murderous act?” pursued the Queen-mother. “In despite of the rights of Henry of Anjou, to place his master, your brother, the Duke of Alençon, upon the throne upon the death of Charles. We have every proof that so it was.”

“For Alençon!” stammered the princess.

“It was for him,” continued Catherine, unheeding this interruption, but with an increasing smile of satisfaction, “that these treasonable plots were designed, and partly executed. The ambitious favourite thought, by his master’s hand, to rule the destinies of France. But the traitor will now reap the fruits of his black treachery.”

“For Alençon!” repeated Margaret in a tone of regret.

“Doubt not that I sympathise in all your sorrow at this discovery, my child,” resumed the Queen-mother. “Bitterly indeed must you feel how the base traitor has betrayed and forgotten the woman who loved him so fondly, so imprudently.”

“For Alençon!” again muttered Margaret with sunken head.

“Be this the punishment of your folly, and its reparation,” pursued Catherine, after a pause. “Long ago should you have ceased to cherish an attachment for one so unworthy. But you have too soft a heart, Margaret, my girl; you are too kind. I wonder and admire the sacrifice of your own feelings, and the woman’s weakness with which you could hear and compassionate the supplications of his mistress.”

“Madam!” said the princess lifting her head in surprise.

“But even now I saw her at your feet,” continued her mother, with a slight sneer, “begging you to intercede to obtain his pardon.”

“His mistress! speak you of La Mole, madam?” exclaimed Margaret.

“What! you knew not, child, what all the court can tell you,” replied Catherine, “that of this chit-faced grandchild of that old Huguenot, whom Charles so favoured, Philip de la Mole had made his light o’ love? Ay, so it was. It was the talk and scandal of the palace. Where was he discovered on his arrest? In the girl’s chamber, as I hear. And now she dares to come and tear her hair, and whine out for mercy for her paramour, at your feet—at yours! Effrontery could go no further!”

“Philip! could he be so base?” murmured Margaret to herself. “But yes—her tears—her agony! Oh! it is true! And he must love her well, that she should thus, at the hazard of her life —”

The Queen-mother smiled with satisfaction, as she saw that mistrust had entered Margaret’s mind; but to make her purpose sure, she remained long, to comfort and console her daughter, as she said, with words of false sympathy, and hypocritical advice.

When at last she saw Margaret thus convinced of La Mole’s utter unworthiness, and knew that injured pride and offended dignity had usurped in her heart the place, where, so shortly before, love alone had throned, Catherine de Medicis rose and retired.

Margaret did not weep. She was one lightly moved by the more violent as the tenderer feelings of a woman’s

heart, and she was proud. She sat still, unmoved, with her hands clenched before her, when a slight movement in the apartment startled her. Upon raising her head she saw Jocelyne before her.

"You here, my mistress?" she exclaimed in anger.

"They would have bid me be gone," said Jocelyne timidly; "but I concealed myself; and when her majesty the Queen-mother had gone forth, I returned unperceived."

"And you again dare to affront my presence?" said Margaret rising. "This is unheard of insolence."

"Alas, madam!" replied Jocelyne trembling, "I did but seek a last assurance that you would save him."

"Away with you, mistress," continued the princess, her eyes flashing with anger. "La Mole is but a traitor, as are men all. Let him meet his deserts. But I wonder at myself that I should bandy words with you. Go to your lover, girl, and comfort him as best you may."

"My lover! he!" murmured Jocelyne; "alas! he never loved me!"

Overwhelmed with the rude reception she had so unexpectedly received from the princess, who, but a short time before, had listened to her with so much eager interest, the poor girl moved with unsteady step towards the door.

"He loved you not, say you?" burst forth Margaret as to recall her. "Speak! He loved you not—this—young Count?"

"Madam," said Jocelyne, turning her head, but with downcast eyes, "in this dreadful moment, when he lies a prisoner, his life in danger, I can avow, what I could scarcely dare avow even to myself, that I loved him with a passionate and unrequited love. I loved him with an eager and devoted affection, although his heart was not mine—poor simple uncourtly girl as I am—although it was another's. He too loved, I know—but it was a great and noble lady, more worthy of him than was I. Pardon me, madam, if I dared to think she loved him too."

"Come hither, maiden, once again," said the princess in agitation. "He loved another, you say—this Count de la Mole—and who was she?"

"Madam," replied Jocelyne in embarrassment, "I have already craved your pardon that I should have ventured even to surmise it!"

"Ah!" sighed forth Margaret, with a gleam of satisfaction in her face. "Come back, my girl, come back!" she resumed. "I have treated you harshly. I knew not what I did. Hear me—this Count has proved a traitor to his king; perhaps, I may fancy, a traitor to others also; he has conspired to turn away the rightful succession of the crown. But I believe him not guilty of all the black arts of which he is accused. I would save him from the unhappy consequences of his error, if I could. But what can I do? My mother is fearfully incensed against him!"

"Oh, madam, you have access to the king!" cried Jocelyne imploringly. "He is your brother—and the power to save or to destroy is his. He will not refuse you, if you entreat his pardon and mercy for the Count."

Margaret shook her head doubtfully.

"Alas!" she said, with a look of distress, "other influences are at work which mine cannot resist. I knew not all—but now I tremble."

Jocelyne still entreated, in all the agony of despair; and the young Princess, again calling to her ladies, and learning that the Queen-mother had returned to her own apartment, at last departed from her chamber, bidding her fair suppliant await her return.

Long, eternally long, appeared those minutes, as the unhappy girl still waited for that return which she imagined was to bring her the news of life or death. To calm the agitation of her mind, she prayed. But her thoughts were far too disturbed for prayer; and the prayer brought her no comfort.

At length the Queen of Navarre came back to her apartment—as Jocelyne looked in her face, she could scarcely repress a scream; that face was one of sorrow, and disappointment—the poor girl trembled in every limb, and did not dare to speak.

"I have done all I could," said Margaret—"His door was obstinately

closed to me—I could not see him—it was she—it was my mother, who has done this. I know it well.”

“What is to be done? whether turn for help?” cried Jocelyne in despair. “Oh! would that I could lay down my life to save his.”

“Noble girl!” exclaimed the princess. “Thus devoted, whilst he loves another! How far more generous than was I; ay, I believe thee—couldst thou lay down thy life for him, thou wouldst do it.”

“And is there no hope of seeking pardon at his hands?” resumed the afflicted girl.

“In time, perhaps—at another opportunity,” replied Margaret; “but now my mother’s influence triumphs.”

“Another opportunity!” sobbed Jocelyne. “In time! Alas! such words are words of mockery—the king is dying—at his death the Queen-mother will command; and what have we then to hope?”

“Dying? the king—my brother!” exclaimed the Queen of Navarre—“you rave, girl! he is ill—I know, but”——

“Know you not, madam,” interrupted Jocelyne, “what all the city of Paris knows—that the king cannot live long—not many hours, perhaps—that he lies upon his death-bed?”

“Charles—dying! And my mother has concealed it from me!” cried Margaret. “I see through all her designs! she would keep us from his presence, that he bestow not upon my husband, whom he loves, the reins of power at his death. Charles—dying! Then there lies our only hope. If he die, let Henry of Navarre be Regent—he will listen to my prayer—and La Mole is saved. Yes, there lies the only chance. I will to my husband. We may have still time to effect our purpose, and secure the Regency, in these few *last hours of the reign.*”

CHAPTER V.

“O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye;
The tackle of my heart is crack’d and burn’d;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair;
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by—

“All this thou see’st is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.”

“But now a king—now thus—
This was now a king, and now is clay.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE miserable king lay, indeed, upon his bed of death. He had refused to quit the room which he usually occupied, all encumbered as it was with his favourite hounds, his hunting accoutrements, and these horns, the winding of which had been his favourite amusement, and had contributed so powerfully to affect his lungs, and undermine his constitution. A sort of couch had been prepared for him of mattresses and cushions upon the floor; and upon that rude bed was the emaciated form of the dying monarch extended. To his customary attacks of blood-spitting, had succeeded a strange, and, until then, unknown symptom of malady, from which the very physicians recoiled with horror. Drops of red moisture, which bore all the appearance of blood, had burst, like perspiration, from the pores of the body; and

there were moments when the wretched man writhed on his couch in the double anguish of body and mind, that, in spite of the efforts of the physicians to remove this extraordinary appearance, he might have been thought to be bathed in gore.

It was indeed an agony, and a bloody sweat!

The physicians had long since declared that there was no hope. In one of those fitful bursts of anger, in which Charles from time to time indulged, even in his state of exhaustion and in his dying moments, he had desired to be left by his doctors and attendants, and he slumbered his last slumber in this world, before closing his eyes for ever in the great sleep of death, to wake upon another. One person alone sat by the side of his couch; and that person was one, whom the incessant intriguing efforts

of his mother would have taught him was his bitterest enemy.

That ivory paleness which had been so characteristic a trait of Charles, and had added at once to the melancholy and majesty of his face, was now of a yellow waxen colour, which might be said to increase from minute to minute in lividness of hue. His large nose stood frightfully prominent from those hollow sunken cheeks; his lips, in life, red almost to bleeding, were now ashy pale. Beneath his thin lids, the eyeballs, sunken into the deep cavities of his eyes, might be seen to roll and palpitate; whilst from his open and distorted mouth burst forth, even in his troubled sleep, moans, and then words of anguish.

The man who sat by his side, listened with varying feelings. Sometimes he started back with a movement of horror; sometimes he again bent forward in compassion, and with a kerchief lightly wiped away that fearful perspiration which burst from the hollow temples of the young man. The aspect of this personage was noble; his forehead was bold; his nose formed with that eagle curve which seems fashioned for command. The expression of his grey eyes denoted both resolution and wariness; whilst a general look of good temper and openness, which amounted almost to *insouciance*, pervaded the whole face. He was clothed in black. It was Henry of Navarre, the ill-used and betrayed victim of Catherine's policy.

During the whole reign of Charles IX., the Queen-mother had used every effort to instil into his mind suspicions of the loyalty of the man, who, were the Valois to die childless, would be heir to the throne of France; and whom the decrees of Providence finally led, through the wiles and plots set to snare his liberty and his life, and in the midst of the clashing of contending parties, to rule the destinies of the country, as Henry the Fourth. Henry of Navarre, whom the artifice and calumny of a Medicis had done their best to separate and estrange from his king and brother-in-law during life, was now the only attendant upon his last moments—the only friend to press his dying hand and close his eyes. By a last exercise of his authority, Charles had declared

that it was his will that Henry of Navarre, and he alone, should be permitted to approach his couch, and receive his last instructions; and in spite of all the manœuvres of the crafty Catherine, who no longer ventured openly to oppose her son's commands, the two princes were united in this supreme and awful hour.

And now Henry of Navarre sat and watched his dying relation with oppressed and anxious heart, aware that, were the king to die without providing for his safety by a last exercise of his power, his liberty, and even his life, would be in danger from the manœuvres of the revengeful Catherine; that his only chance of escape was in flight before the death of the expiring king; and yet, too noble and generous to leave the man who, at such a time, had called him to his side, he sat and watched.

Presently the king rolled convulsively upon his couch; his parted lips quivered horribly; and with a mutter, which increased at last into a distinct and piercing scream, he let fall the words—

"Away—away—torment me not! Why do you haunt me thus? Fire—fire! Kill—kill! No—spare them—spare them, and spare me a hopeless misery. Ah! they fly—they bleed—they fall. And the poor old Admiral—his grey hairs are dabbled with blood. Away—away—it was not I—not I! Ah!"—

With a sudden start of horror, the king lifted his head from his pillow, and for a time gazed with staring and glassy eyes, as if the hideous vision which had tortured his sleep were still before him. Then with a bitter groan, he again fell back upon his couch. Again he raised his head, and, looking upon Henry, said, with a faint and plaintive voice, that contrasted strangely with these brusque and harsh tones which were natural to him,

"Why do they ever pursue me thus—those Huguenots, who perished with the Admiral? It was not I—it was my mother who was the cause of all. And yet, I myself, arquebuse in hand, I hunted them to the death. Oh! but my remorse has been long and bitter, Henry. What I have suffered none on earth can tell. Since that fatal night, I have never enjoy-

ed a moment's peace of mind. Do kings ever enjoy peace of mind, Henry? Oh, be glad that thou art not a reigning king! Peace of mind is not for them. If there be a purgatory, Henry, in another world, I have already endured all its tortures on this earth. Is not remorse the worst purgatory? ay—the most damning hell. But why, then, do they pursue me thus in hideous visions still?”

The wretched king buried his head in his pillow.

“Strive to be calm,” said Henry of Navarre, bending over him to lift up his head, and arrange his cushions. “Those visions will leave you.”

“Yes! in the grave—perhaps!” replied Charles, again looking up with a shudder.

“Let us hope better things,” continued Henry. “With more tranquillity of mind, you will regain your strength, and”——

“No—all is past,” murmured the king. “I feel that I am dying. Know you not that there is one accused of practising sorcery upon me. Folly! madness! An evil deed *has* been practised upon me. Yes—the thought will not leave me. I would drive it away, but it still rankles in my heart. Evil *has* been done me, but not by sorcery. And yet the sorcerer must die. The world must believe that it was he who worked my death: but it was another. Come here, Henry; bend your ear to me, for I can no longer rise. Wouldst thou know who it was?”

A noise in the further part of the room startled the young King of Navarre at this moment, and he turned his head. The only living creature present was the favourite green ape of the king, that sat and grinned and moaned, as if in mockery of his dying master.

“Come nearer, Henry,” pursued the king, “for I would speak that to thee, that not the very walls may hear. Know you what has caused my death—who has been my murderer?”

Henry bent his head over the dying man, more to satisfy a caprice of the sufferer, than in the expectation of any serious revelation; and, as Charles whispered in his ear, he started back in horror.

“Oh, sire, think not so! Drive

away so miserable a suspicion!” he said. “It were too horrible. It is impossible!”

“Impossible!” repeated the king, with a faint ironical laugh. “To some hearts all things are possible.”

“You had a mother once,” continued Charles, after a painful pause. “But she was good and kind; and she is dead. Know you how she died?—Mine still lives—and now it is I who die.”

“Speak not thus, I entreat you, sire!” interrupted Henry. “This is horrible!”

“Horrible! is it not?” repeated the wretched king with the same harrowing laugh. “Henry! trust not yourself to the tender mercies of my mother!”

Again the same strange noise struck upon the ear of Henry of Navarre.

“Nor shall my people, my poor suffering people, be trusted to her care,” continued the king with more energy. “Henry, thou art the only one, in this my palace of the Louvre, who loves me. In spite of all that has been said and done, thou alone hast left me in repose, hast never troubled my last days by conspiracies against my crown, and against my life—ay, my life! Brother has been set against Brother in bitter hatred. Thou alone hast not hated me, Henry. Thou alone, in spite of all the wrongs I have done thee—thou hast loved me. To thee I commend my poor patient wife—to thee I commend my people!”

“But, sire, should it please Heaven to take you from us—and may you live long, I pray”—resumed Henry of Navarre, whilst the king shook his head—“it will be your mother who will claim the regency, until the return from Poland of your brother, Henry of Anjou. It will be hers probably to command!”

“When I bid you not trust yourself to her tender mercies,” replied Charles, “think not I spoke as a child. My life is ebbing fast, I know, but my mind is clear. Give me that paper!” He pointed to a paper laid upon a table close by his side. “This is my last and binding command, which I shall now sign with my own hand,” he continued, as Henry brought him the desired paper, and laid it upon his couch. “This declares, that, by

my last will, I appoint you as Regent of this realm until the return of the King of Poland. The name is still in blank; for I would not that those who drew it up should know my purpose, and bring my mother clamouring to my side, to thwart my last wish by her reproaches. Give me a pen, Henry. Now, support me—so—in your arms. Where is now the paper? My sight is troubled; but I shall find strength to see and strength to trace that name.”

Raised up in the arms of the King of Navarre, Charles took the pen placed in his hand, and laid it on the paper.

“When you are regent, Henry,” he paused to say, “remove my mother from your court. It is I who bid you do it. She would hate you with a mortal hatred; for power is her only aim in this world, and for that she would forfeit her salvation in the next. Not a moment would your life be in safety. She would poison you, as she has poisoned her miserable son.”

“Sire! retract those words!” said a voice close by the dying king.

Before the couch of her son stood Catherine de Medicis. Her face was cold and passionless as ever, although her dark eyes gleamed with unusual fire, and her pallid face was still more pale.

“What would you have with me, madam?” said Charles, shuddering, as she approached. “Have I not desired to be alone with my good brother Henry upon affairs of state?”

“Retract those words, sire!” pursued his mother, unheeding him. “You have brought against me the most awful accusation that malice can lay to the charge of a human being. Would you leave this world, if so it please the saints above, with so hideous a lie upon your lips? Sire! retract those words!”

“Leave me, woman! Leave me to die in peace!” said Charles, with an effort of energy, struggling with his weakness and the violence of his emotions. “Be you guilty of this deed, or be you not, may Heaven forgive you your misdeeds, as I pray it may forgive me mine.”

“My son! my son!” cried Catherine, kneeling down by his side, whilst the tears, which were ever ready at her command, and might now have

been natural tears of rage, rolled down her cheeks, “I cannot leave you thus, a victim to the most horrible suspicion. I may have erred against you, but it has been unconsciously. I have ever sought your honour and your glory, perhaps by means you now condemn; but I have acted, like a weak, fallible mortal, for the best. No—no—you really cannot entertain thoughts so terrible. It cannot be. This is the suggestion of my enemies—and my enemies are yours, my son.” And, as she said these words, Catherine darted a cold, sharp look of rage at Henry of Navarre, who had risen, and now remained an unwilling spectator of so terrible a scene—a scene of the most fearful passions of the human heart between mother and son, and upon the bed of death. “No—no—you will retract your words. You will say you did not entertain that frightful thought.”

As the Queen-mother spoke, her eyes were fixed upon the paper, which was to consign the regency to Henry of Navarre; and, in spite of the animation with which she addressed her son, it was evident that upon that paper her chief thoughts were directed.

“Madam!” said Charles faintly, raising himself with difficulty on one elbow, and struggling with internal pain—“you have received my last words of pardon. Let my last moments be undisturbed.”

“Charles, Charles!” exclaimed his mother, wringing her hands. “Let me remove these horrible ideas from your mind. What shall I say? What shall I do? Can a son think thus of a mother who has ever loved him? Oh, no!—it is impossible. Your mind wandered. You did not think it.”

“Enough, madam!—enough!” replied the King. “It was the passing fancy of a wandering brain, if you will have it so. It is gone now. I think of it no more. Now leave me.”

“But, my son,” persisted Catherine, “I have such secrets to reveal to you, as you alone may hear. They are necessary to the safety of the state—necessary to the salvation of your soul hereafter. I cannot, must not, leave you. It is my bounded duty to remain.”

“The time is past, madam,” gasped her son, “when I can listen to

such matters. My moments are counted—and I have that to do that can brook no delay.”

Catherine sprung up with a feeling of despair, and turned away for a moment.

“It is near noon,” she muttered to herself. “And it was to be at noon, said the astrologer. Oh! a few minutes—but a few minutes”—

“My son,” she continued aloud, again approaching the bed of the king, and having recourse once more to that importunity, which, in the latter days of his reign, was the only weapon with which she could contrive to work upon the mind of Charles, “but I have that to reveal which deeply affects the honour of our family. Would you that other ears should listen to our shame?”

“Aye, ever shame—ever blood—ever remorse!” murmured Charles, turning his head upon his pillow.

“Would you refuse the last request of her who is, after all, your mother?” exclaimed Catherine, with the well acted accent of extreme despair.

The king uttered not a word.

“Leave us, sir,” said the Queen-mother, with an imperious sign of her hand to Henry of Navarre, upon seeing these symptoms of the wavering resolution of her son.

The young prince remained unmoved, to await the will of the dying king.

“Leave us, Henry,” said the Monarch; “you will return to me anon. This is her last request—these are her last words. When she is gone, let me see you instantly.”

Henry of Navarre shook his head with a look of mournful resignation, and then bowed and left the apartment.

“Now speak, madam,” said the king, “and quickly. What would you reveal to me?”

“That Henry of Navarre conspires against your throne,” commenced Catherine, rapidly; that he has been proved to be in connexion with that sorcerer who has aimed at your life; that the chiefs of the accursed Huguenot party are concealed in Paris, awaiting but your death to place the crown upon his brow; that he also looks to this event to abjure once more the true Catholic faith, and return into

the bosom of heresy; that by giving power into his hands, you endanger the safety of the state; that by committing the rule of the country to a Heretic and a Seceder, you endanger the safety of your own soul; that, by such a step, the honour of our House will be eternally lost; that in all the countries of Catholic Christendom, we shall be pointed at with the finger of scorn and shame.”

“Madam, you have deceived me with words of equivocation to gain my ear,” replied the king, mustering all the strength that still remained to him, “and you deceive me now.”

“I deceive you not, my son,” pursued Catherine, eagerly. “Each word that I pronounce is God’s own truth. Could you then confide into the power of a base and lying Heretic, one who seeks your death, but to grasp himself the Crown, the government of a Catholic and a Christian country? Hear you not already the anathema of our holy father, the Pope, that curses even in the tomb that soul lost by a step so rash? See you not already our blessed Virgin, and all the saints of Heaven, turn from you their glorious faces, and refuse to look on one who has despised them, and set them at nought by a deed so unholy? Feel you not already the torture of that punishment to which the Heretic, and the aider and abettor of the Heretic, are eternally condemned? Have I deceived you when I said that you endanger the welfare of your own immortal soul?”

“But you err, madam,” said her miserable son, shuddering at the picture thus placed before him, to work upon his mind in these last moments. “Henry is become a good and fervent Catholic.”

“All is ready for his abjuration at the moment of your death,” continued the Queen-mother. “To resume a powerful party among the Huguenots, he will renounce our religion. My son—my son—pause, reflect, before you thus sacrifice your own salvation, and throw your unhappy country beneath the Papal ban.”

“Heaven aid me!” cried the miserable Charles. “On all sides darkness and despair, in this world and the next.”

“Heaven shall aid you, my son,”

pursued his wily mother, "if you but trust the guidance of your kingdom to such hands as shall maintain it in the true religion. The paper that resigns your country to the hands of a regent, lies, I see, before you. Can you hesitate? Can you a moment doubt? Whose name should fill that space, where but just now you would have written the traitorous name of Henry of Navarre?"

"God guide my unhappy France!" sighed the king, turning his face away and closing his eyes. "In His hands I leave it."

Catherine smiled with a look of scorn, and then picking up the pen, which had fallen by the bedside, calmly fetched some ink from the table, and attempted to place the pen in her son's hand.

Before her purpose could be fulfilled, a noise was heard in the outer room. The voice of a woman clamoured loudly for admittance. Charles heard that voice, opened his eyes, and attempted to raise his head.

"Ah, it is she!" he cried, with choking voice. "At last!—at last! Let her come in."

Catherine de Medicis rose, for the purpose, probably, of opposing the order of her son; but before she could reach the door, an old woman, simply attired, and of a strange appearance and expression, had entered the room.

"What means this intrusion, and at such a moment?" exclaimed the Queen-mother.

"Perrotte!" stammered Charles. "Ah! thou art come at last to console and to forgive me."

Catherine clenched her teeth tightly together with rage; but she no longer attempted to oppose the entrance of the old woman.

The old Huguenot nurse advanced with solemn step into the room, and with a stern and troubled brow; but, on a sudden, a host of recollections seemed to crowd upon her mind at the sight of that emaciated form, and, hurrying to the side of the king, she flung herself down upon the couch and sobbed bitterly.

"Perrotte—my darling old Perrotte!" sobbed forth the dying king. "Art thou come then at last to thy poor nursling? Thou wast a mother to me, and yet thou couldst desert

thy poor boy; but he deserved his lot. Perrotte! Perrotte! Thou knowest not what I have suffered since thou hast left me."

"My son," said Catherine, advancing, "is this a moment to bestow your tenderness upon a miserable woman like this? Greet her if you will, but bid her leave us."

"She was a mother to me—she"—continued Charles unheeding her, and, drawing forth his emaciated hand from beneath the coverlid, he held it forth towards the old woman, who lay stretched across his feet.

"Charlot," said the old woman, raising up her head with a haggard look, "they told me that thou wast dying; and I forgot all—all that thou hast done of evil—to see thee once more—to hear the words of repentance from thy own lips—to console and guide. They would have opposed my coming. They had placed guards about my door; but my Jocelyne, my grandchild, found means to lure them from their post, and I escaped them. I had promised her—what had I promised her? Oh, my poor Charlot! my brain wanders strangely at times. No matter. Here, in your palace of the Louvre, too, they would have shut the doors to me; but they knew you loved me, Charlot, and they dared not refuse my supplications. Oh my boy, my boy, that I should see you thus!"

"Perrotte! hast thou forgiven me?" said the king with a violent effort, for his breath was now fast failing him. His mother watched the scene with folded arms and haughty mien. Each ebbing of the breath brought her nearer to her much-desired power.

"Hast thou forgiven me?" sobbed the king.

"May God forgive the injuries thou hast done to others, as I now forgive thee on thy bed of suffering, those thou hast done to mine," said the old woman solemnly; and rising from her recumbent position, she advanced to the head of the couch, and took the dying man in her arms, as it were an infant she clasped to her bosom.

"And how can I repay thee, mother?" said Charles to his nurse; "speak quickly, for my moments are but few!"

"By thy repentance, my poor son," replied the Huguenot woman earnestly. "There is still time to repair thy errors. If thy remorse has reconciled thee to thy God, let thy last act reconcile thee to thy injured fellow-creatures. Ay! it is of that I would have spoken. That was my promise. Let thy last act of government as King, depute thy power into the hands of him who alone can pacify the unhappy religious discords of thy state, and thus thou mayst still save the life of the innocent and unjustly condemned."

"Woman! do you dare even in my presence?" said Catherine advancing.

"Silence, madam. I have heard you," interrupted her son: "let me now hear her who has been my real mother."

"My son, can you listen to the vile insinuations of an accursed heretic? Think on your soul," cried Catherine.

"Yea, think on thy soul, my son," said Perrotte solemnly, "and earn its salvation by thy repentance."

"Let that woman be dragged from our presence, who thus dares to utter treason and blasphemy in our face," exclaimed the Queen-mother, forgetting her forbearance in her wrath.

"My son, my son! Let peace and pardon await thee," urged the old Huguenot nurse, her face growing more wild with the excitement of the moment.

"Madam," said Charles faintly to the Queen-mother, "would you shorten the few moments still accorded to me of life? Perrotte, give me that pen, guide my hand to that paper. Quickly, as thou lovedst me, woman!"

"Never," exclaimed Catherine, violently grasping the arm of her dying son, as it approached the paper.

Charles raised his head to speak to her; but his emotions were too violent for his feeble frame. His lips quivered; the blood rose to his mouth, and choked his utterance. He fell back on his pillow, whilst a hollow rattling sounded in his throat; the pen remained between his powerless fingers.

"Ah! he is no more! he is dead!" screamed the nurse in despair, and she flung herself upon the bed.

"No—no," said the Queen-mother to herself. "There is still life. My

son! Son," she continued aloud, "give me thy hand. If thou wilt sign that paper—be it signed." And grasping his hand, she conducted it to the place of signature on the paper. Mechanically the fingers followed the impulse she bestowed upon them. But four letters only of the name of Charles had been traced, when Catherine uttered a fearful scream. A rough hand had grasped her own, and lacerated its skin. The first thought of her superstitious mind was, that the arch-fiend himself had risen up in bodily form before her. On to the bed had sprung the ape; with a movement of detestation to the Queen-mother, which the animal had always evinced, when she approached its master; it bit the hand that held that of the dying king.

Catherine drew back with another cry, but after a moment she again advanced her hand to grasp that of her son. When she took it within her own it was utterly motionless; but, nothing daunted in her purpose, she again fixed the pen between the dead fingers, and thus guiding them, contrived to trace the three remaining letters, regardless of the stream of blood, which, trickling from her wounded hand, besmeared that fatal signature. Then letting fall the dead man's hand, she wrote her own name firmly into the blank space.

The Huguenot woman, aroused by her scream, had gazed upon the daring deed with horror.

For a moment not a sound was heard.

On one side of the corpse knelt the nurse, who had loved so well that erring man. On the other stood the Queen-mother, trembling in spite of her cold and dauntless nature. At the bed's head sat the hideous ape, grinning a fearful grin, as it were the evil spirit that had arisen to claim the lost soul of him who had thus passed away.

"Charles the King is dead," exclaimed the Queen-mother, "and Catherine de Medicis is Regent of the Realm!"

"It is false! That signature is a forgery," cried Perrotte, starting up, her eyes staring before her with all the expression of the deranged in mind. "I saw it done. To the world

I will proclaim that—that Catherine de Medicis is a false Queen, and a usurping Regent.”

Catherine smiled a smile of scorn ; and advancing to the door of the outer room, she flung it open with the words.

“The King is dead !”

“The King is dead !” was repeated along the corridors of the Louvre.

A pause ensued.

“The King is dead ! Long live the King, Henry the Third of France !” again said Catherine.

“Long live the King !” was once more shouted from mouth to mouth.

“Gentlemen, his Majesty has been pleased, before his death, to sign a warrant appointing his mother Regent

of France,” announced Catherine once more to those assembled without.

“Long live the Queen Regent,” was the cry which announced to many an anxious heart of the various parties in the State, that the reign of the dreaded Queen-mother had commenced.

“Let some of those without advance and seize that woman !” was the first order of the Regent. “Heed not her words ! She is mad !”

Catherine of Medicis spoke with greater truth than she herself believed. The shock of that scene of death, and strife, and evil passions, had again turned the old woman’s brain.

CONCLUSION.

ONE of the first acts of the Regency of Catherine de Medicis, was to give directions for the hastening the trial of La Mole, upon the charge of sorcery against the life of the late King. Although, with the Regency in her power, and in daily expectation of the return from Poland of her favourite son, whose weak and pliant mind she was aware she could bend to her own will in every thing, and thus have the whole power of the government within her own grasp, yet she still pursued her vengeance against the man who, in conspiring to place another of her sons upon the throne, had thwarted her designs. The wax figure formed by Ruggieri, who himself was fully screened by the Queen-mother, was made to form a prominent feature in this celebrated trial ; and it is well known that the unfortunate La Mole fell a victim to an ambition, which, in the confused and distracted state of affairs at the time, could scarcely have been looked upon as a crime.

Among those who thronged to witness his execution was one, whose thread of life was nearly torn asunder by the blow of that axe which severed the beloved head from the trunk. Poor Jocelyne only recovered from the state of insensibility into which she fell, to linger on a few months of a wretched existence, during which she never spoke. Her heart was broken. The King’s nurse was conveyed by

the order of the Queen Regent to a place of security ; but as soon as it was known that her senses were really lost, she was allowed to be taken back to her own home. Jocelyne’s only thought for the living before her own death, was concentrated in her grand-mother ; when her bright spirit fled, it was Alayn who performed the mournful task of care for the welfare of the miserable old woman.

Henry of Anjou returned from Poland to claim his Crown ; and, as Henry the Third of France, he filled the country with the scandals of that folly, licentiousness, and weakness of mind, which were fostered by his mother, Catherine de Medicis, in order to retain the power she coveted, completely within her own grasp.

Upon the assumption of the Regency, Henry of Navarre contrived to fly, in spite of the plans laid to entrap him by the Queen-mother, to his own country ; his wife Margaret accompanied him to his solitude ; and paid the penalty of her lightness of conduct at the court of France, in sorrow and ennui.

Despised and rejected by all parties, the weak Duke of Alençon, after a vain and abortive attempt to raise himself into a position of greater distinction, as the husband of Elizabeth of England, in whose eyes he found no grace or favour, died early, unlamented, and speedily forgotten.

A CAMPAIGN IN TEXAS.

"A MEETING of citizens"—so ran the announcement that, on the morning of the 11th October 1835, was seen posted, in letters a foot high, at the corner of every street in New Orleans—"a meeting of citizens this evening, at eight o'clock, in the Arcade Coffeehouse. It concerns the freedom and sovereignty of a people in whose veins the blood of the Anglo-Saxon flows. Texas, the prairie-land, has risen in arms against the tyrant Santa Anna, and the greedy despotism of the Romish priesthood, and implores the assistance of the citizens of the Union. We have therefore convoked an assembly of the inhabitants of this city, and trust to see it numerously attended.

"*The Committee for Texas.*"

The extensive and fertile province of Texas had, up to the period of Mexico's separation from Spain, been utterly neglected. Situated at the north-eastern extremity of the vast Mexican empire, and exposed to the incursions of the Comanches, and other warlike tribes, it contained but a scanty population of six thousand souls, who, for safety's sake, collected together in a few towns, and fortified mission-houses, and even there were compelled to purchase security by tribute to the Indians. It was but a very short time before the outbreak of the Mexican revolution, that the Spaniards began to turn their attention to Texas, and to encourage emigration from the United States. The rich soil, the abundance of game, the excellence of the climate, were irresistible inducements; and soon hundreds of hardy backwoodsmen crossed the Sabine, with their families and worldly goods, and commenced the work of colonization. Between the iron-fisted Yankees and the indolent cowardly Mexicans, the Indian marauders speedily discovered the difference; instead of tribute and unlimited submission, they were now

received with rifle-bullets and stern resistance; gradually they ceased their aggressions, and Texas became comparatively a secure residence.

The Mexican revolution broke out and triumphed, and at first the policy of the new government was favourable to the Americans in Texas, whose numbers each day increased. But after a time several laws, odious and onerous to the settlers, were passed; and various disputes and partial combats with the Mexican garrisons occurred. When Santa Anna put himself at the head of the liberal party in Mexico, the Texians gladly raised his banner; but they soon discovered that the change was to prove of little advantage to them. Santa Anna's government showed a greater jealousy of the American settlers than any previous one had done; their prayer, that the province they had colonized might be erected into a state of the Mexican union, was utterly disregarded, and its bearer, Stephen F. Austin, detained in prison at Mexico; various citizens were causelessly arrested, and numerous other acts of injustice committed. At last, in the summer of 1835, Austin procured his release, and returned to Texas, where he was joyfully received by the aggrieved colonists. Presently arrived large bodies of troops, under the Mexican general, Cos, destined to strengthen the Texian garrisons; and at the same time came a number of ordinances, as ridiculous as they were unjust. One of these ordered the Texians to give up their arms, only retaining one gun for every five plantations; another forbade the building of churches. The tyranny of such edicts, and the positive cruelty of the first-named, in a country surrounded by tribes of Indian robbers, are too evident to require comment. The Texians, although they were but twenty-seven thousand against eight millions, at once resolved to resist; and to do so with greater effect, they sent deputies to the United States, to

crave assistance in the struggle about to commence.

The summons of the Texian committee of New Orleans to their fellow-citizens was enthusiastically responded to. At the appointed hour, the immense Arcade Coffeehouse was thronged to the roof; speeches in favour of Texian liberty were made and applauded to the echo; and two lists were opened—one for subscriptions, the other for the names of those who were willing to lend the aid of their arms to their oppressed fellow-countrymen. Before the meeting separated, ten thousand dollars were subscribed; and on the following afternoon, the steamer Washita ascended the Mississippi with the first company of volunteers. These had ransacked the tailors' shops for grey clothing, such being the colour best suited to the prairie, and thence they received the name of "The Greys;" their arms were rifles, pistols, and the far-famed bowie-knife. The day after their departure, a second company of Greys set sail, but went round by sea to the Texian coast; and the third instalment of these ready volunteers was the company of Tampico Blues, who took ship for the port of Tampico. The three companies consisted of Americans, English, French, and several Germans. Six of the latter nation were to be found in the ranks of the Greys; and one of them, a Prussian, of the name of Ehrenberg, who appears to have been for some time an inhabitant of the United States, and to be well acquainted with the country, its people, their language and peculiarities, survived, in one instance by a seeming miracle, the many desperate fights and bloody massacres that occurred during the short but severe conflict for Texian independence, in which nearly the whole of his comrades were slain. He has recently published an account of the campaign; and his narrative, highly characteristic and circumstantial, derives a peculiar interest from his details of the defeats suffered by the Texans, before they could succeed in shaking off the Mexican yoke. Of their victories, and especially of the crowning one at San Jacinto, various accounts have already appeared; but the history of their reverses, although

not less interesting, is far less known; for the simple reason, that the Mexicans gave no quarter to those whom they styled rebels, and that the defeat of a body of Texans was almost invariably followed by its extermination.

Great was the enthusiasm, and joyful the welcome, with which the Texian colonists received the first company of volunteers, when, under the command of Captain Breece, they landed from their steamboat upon the southern bank of the river Sabine. No sooner had they set foot on shore, than a flag of blue silk, embroidered with the words, "To the first company of Texian volunteers from New Orleans," was presented to them in the name of the women of Texas; the qualification of Texian citizens was conferred upon them; every house was placed at their disposal for quarters; and banquets innumerable were prepared in their honour. But the moment was critical—time was too precious to be expended in feasts and merry-making, and they pressed onwards. A two days' march brought them to San Augustin, two more to Nacoydoches, and thence, after a short pause, they set out on their journey of five hundred miles to St Antonio, where they expected first to burn powder. Nor were they deceived in their expectations. They found the Texian militia encamped before the town, which, as well as its adjacent fort of the Alamo, was held by the Mexicans, the Texans were besieging it in the best manner their imperfect means and small numbers would permit. An amusing account is given by Mr Ehrenberg of the camp and proceedings of the besieging force:—

We had arrived late in the night, and at sunrise a spectacle offered itself to us, totally different from any thing we had ever before beheld. To our left flowed the river St Antonio, which, although it rises but a few miles from the town of the same name, is already, on reaching the latter, six or eight feet deep, and eighteen or twenty yards broad. It here describes a curve, enclosing a sort of promontory or peninsula, at the commencement of which, upstream, the Texian camp was pitched. At the opposite or lower extre-

mity, but also on the right bank of the river, was the ancient town of St Antonio, hidden from the camp by the thick wood that fringes the banks of all Texian streams. Between us and the town was a maize-field, a mile long, and at that time lying fallow; opposite to the field, on the left bank, and only separated from the town by the river, stood the Alamo, the principal fortress of the province of Texas. The camp itself extended over a space half a mile in length, surrounded by maize-fields and prairie, the latter sprinkled with muskeet thickets, and with groups of gigantic cactuses; in the high grass between which the horses and oxen of our troops were peaceably grazing. On entering the adjacent fields, the air was instantly darkened by millions of blackbirds, which rose like a cloud from the ground, described a few circles, and then again settled, to seek their food upon the earth. In one field, which had been used as a place of slaughter for the cattle, whole troops of vultures, of various kinds, were stalking about amongst the offal, or sitting, with open beaks and wings outspread, upon the dry branches of the neighbouring pecan-trees, warming themselves in the sunbeams, no bad type of the Mexicans; whilst here and there, a solitary wolf or prairie dog prowled amongst the heads, hides, and entrails of the slaughtered beasts, taking his breakfast as deliberately as his human neighbours. The *revellé* had sounded, and the morning gun been fired from the Alamo, when presently the drum beat to summon the various companies to roll-call; and the men were seen emerging from their tents and huts. It will give some idea of the internal organization of the Texian army, if I record the proceedings of the company that lay opposite to us, the soldiers composing which were disturbed by the tap of the drum in the agreeable occupation of cooking their breakfast. This consisted of pieces of beef, which they roasted at the fire on small wooden spits. Soon a row of these warriors, some only half-dressed, stood before the sergeant, who, with the roll of the company in his hand, was waiting their appearance; they were without their rifles,

instead of which, most of them carried a bowie-knife in one hand, and a skewer, transfixing a lump of smoking meat, in the other. Several did not think proper to obey the summons at all, their roast not being yet in a state that permitted them to leave it. At last the sergeant began to call the names, which were answered to alternately from the ranks or from some neighbouring fire, and once a sleepy "here!" proceeding from under the canvass of a tent, caused a hearty laugh amongst the men, and made the sergeant look sulky, although he passed it over as if it were no unusual occurrence. When all the names had been called, he had no occasion to dismiss his men, for each of them, after answering, had returned to the fire and his breakfast.

We Greys, particularly the Europeans, looked at each other, greatly amused by this specimen of Texian military discipline. We ourselves, it is true, up to this time, had never even had the roll called, but had been accustomed, as soon as the *revellé* sounded, to get our breakfast, and then set forward in a body, or by twos and threes, trotting, walking, or galloping, as best pleased us. Only in one respect were we very particular; namely, that the quartermaster and two or three men, should start an hour before us, to warn the inhabitants of our approach, and get food and quarters ready for our arrival. If we did not find every thing prepared, and that it was the quartermaster's fault, he was reduced to the ranks, as were also any of the other officers who misbehaved themselves. I must observe, however, that we were never obliged to break either of our captains; for both Breece of ours, and Captain Cook of the other company of Greys, made themselves invariably beloved and respected. Cook has since risen to the rank of major-general, and is, or was the other day, quartermaster-general of the republic of Texas.

Towards nine o'clock, a party crossed the field between our camp and the town, to reinforce a small redoubt erected by Cook's Greys, and provided with two cannon, which were continually thundering against the Alamo, and from time to

time knocking down a fragment of wall. The whole affair seemed like a party of pleasure, and every telling shot was hailed with shouts of applause. Meanwhile, the enemy were not idle, but kept up a fire from eight or nine pieces, directed against the redoubt, the balls and canister ploughing up the ground in every direction, and driving clouds of dust towards the camp. It was no joke to get over the six or eight hundred yards that intervened between the latter and the redoubt, for there was scarcely any cover, and the Mexican artillery was far better served than ours. Nevertheless, the desire to obtain a full view of the Alamo, which, from the redoubt, presented an imposing appearance, induced eight men, including myself, to take a start across the field. It seemed as if the enemy had pointed at us every gun in the fort; the bullets fell around us like hail, and for a moment the blasting tempest compelled us to take refuge behind a pecan-tree. Here we stared at each other, and laughed heartily at the absurd figure we cut, standing, eight men deep, behind a nut-tree, whilst our comrades, both in the camp and the redoubt, shouted with laughter at every discharge that rattled amongst the branches over our heads.

"This is what you call making war," said one of our party, Thomas Camp by name.

"And that," said another, as a whole swarm of iron musquitos buzzed by him, "is what we Americans call variations on Yankee Doodle."

Just then there was a tremendous crash amongst the branches, and we dashed out from our cover, and across to the redoubt, only just in time; for the next moment the ground on which we had been standing was strewn with the heavy boughs of the pecan-tree.

All was life and bustle in the little redoubt; the men were standing round the guns, talking and joking, and taking it by turns to have a shot at the old walls. Before firing, each man was compelled to name his mark, and say what part of the Alamo he meant to demolish, and then bets were made as to his success or failure.

"A hundred rifle-bullets to twenty," cried one man, "that I hit between the third and fourth window of the barracks."

"Done!" cried half a dozen voices. The shot was fired, and the clumsy artilleryman had to cast bullets all next day.

"My pistols—the best in camp, by the by"—exclaimed another aspirant, "against the worst in the redoubt."

"Well, sir, I reckon I may venture," said a hard-featured backwoodsman in a green hunting-shirt, whose pistols, if not quite so good as those wagered, were at any rate the next best. Away flew the ball, and the pistols of the unlucky marksman were transferred to Green-shirt, who generously drew forth his own, and handed them to the loser.

"Well, comrade, s'pose I must give you yer revenge. If I don't hit, you'll have your pistols back again."

The cannon was reloaded, and the backwoodsman squinted along it, as if it had been his own rifle, his features twisted up into a mathematical calculation, and his right hand describing in the air all manner of geometrical figures. At last he was ready; one more squint along the gun, the match was applied, and the explosion took place. The rattle of the stones warned us that the ball had taken effect. When the smoke cleared away, we looked in vain for the third and fourth windows, and a tremendous hurra burst forth for old Deaf Smith, as he was called, for the bravest Texian who ever hunted across a prairie, and who subsequently, with a small corps of observation, did such good service on the Mexican frontier between Nueces and the Rio Grande.

The restless and impetuous Yankee volunteers were not long in finding opportunities of distinction. Some Mexican sharpshooters having come down to the opposite side of the river, whence they fired into the redoubt, were repelled by a handful of the Greys, who then, carried away by their enthusiasm, drove in the enemy's outposts, and entered the suburbs of the town. They got too far, and were in imminent risk of being overpowered by superior numbers, when Deaf Smith came to their rescue with

a party of their comrades. Several days passed away in skirmishing, without any decisive assault being made upon the town or fort. The majority of the men were for attacking; but some of the leaders opposed it, and wished to retire into winter quarters in rear of the Guadalupe river, wait for further reinforcements from the States, and then, in the spring, again advance, and carry St Antonio by a *coup de main*. To an army, in whose ranks subordination and discipline were scarcely known, and where every man thought his opinion as worthy to be listened to as that of the general, a difference of opinion was destruction. The Texian militia, disgusted with their leader, Barleson, retreated in straggling parties across the Guadalupe; about four hundred men, consisting chiefly of the volunteers from New Orleans and the Mississippi, remained behind, besieging St Antonio, of which the garrison was nearly two thousand strong. The four hundred melted away, little by little, to two hundred and ten; but these held good, and resolved to attack the town. They did so, and took it, house by house, with small loss to themselves, and a heavy one to the Mexicans. On the sixth day, the garrison of the Alamo, which was commanded by General Cos, and which the deadly Texian rifles had reduced to little more than half its original numbers, capitulated. After laying down their arms, they were allowed to retire beyond the Rio Grande. Forty-eight pieces of cannon, four thousand muskets, and a quantity of military stores, fell into the hands of the Texians, whose total loss amounted to six men dead, and twenty-nine wounded.

After two or three weeks' sojourn at St Antonio, it was determined to advance upon Matamoras; and on the 30th December the volunteers set out, leaving a small detachment to garrison the Alamo. The advancing column was commanded by Colonel Johnson; but its real leader, although he declined accepting a definite command, was Colonel Grant, a Scotchman, who had formerly held a commission in a Highland regiment, but had now been for many years resident in Mexico. On reaching the little fort

of Goliad, near the town of La Bahia, which had a short time previously been taken by a few Texians under Demmit, they halted, intending to wait for reinforcements. A company of Kentuckians, and some other small parties, joined them, making up their strength to about six hundred men; but they were still obliged to wait for ammunition, and as the troops began to get impatient, their leaders marched them to Refugio, a small town and ruinous fort, about thirty miles further on. Here, in the latter days of January 1836, General Houston, commander-in-chief of the Texian forces, suddenly and unexpectedly appeared amongst them. He assembled the troops, harangued them, and deprecated the proposed expedition to Matamoras as useless, that town being without the proposed limits of the republic. Nevertheless, so great was the impatience of inaction, that two detachments, together about seventy men, marched by different roads towards the Rio Grande, under command of Grant and Johnson. Their example might probably have been followed by others, had not the arrival of some strong reinforcements from the United States caused various changes in the plan of campaign. The fresh troops consisted of Colonel Fanning's free corps, the Georgia battalion under Major Ward, and the Red Rovers, from Alabama, under Doctor Shackelford. Fanning's and Ward's men, and the Greys, retired to Goliad, and set actively to work to improve and strengthen the fortifications; whilst Colonel Grant, whose chief failing appears to have been over-confidence, continued with a handful of followers his advance to the Rio Grande, promising at least to bring back a supply of horses for the use of the army.

On the 5th of March, the garrison of Goliad received intelligence of the declaration of Texian independence, and of the appointment of a government, with Burnet as president, and Lorenzo de Zavala, a Mexican, as vice-president. At the same time, came orders from General Houston to destroy the forts of Goliad and the Alamo, and retreat immediately behind the Guadalupe. Santa Anna, with twelve thousand men, was ad-

vancing, by rapid marches, towards Texas. The order reached the Alamo too late, for the little garrison of a hundred and eighty men was already hemmed in, on all sides, by several thousand Mexicans, and had sent messengers, imploring assistance, to Fanning at Goliad, and to Houston, who was then stationed with five hundred militia at Gonzales, high up on the Guadalupe. A second despatch from General Houston gave Fanning the option of retiring behind the Guadalupe; or, if his men wished it, of marching to the relief of the Alamo, in which latter case he was to join Houston and his troops at Seguin's Rancho, about forty miles from St Antonio. Fanning, however, who, although a man of brilliant and distinguished courage, seems to have been an undecided and wrongheaded officer, did neither, but preferred to wait for the enemy within the walls of Goliad. In vain did a majority of his men, and especially the Greys, urge him to march to the rescue of their comrades; he positively refused to do so, although each day witnessed the arrival of fresh couriers from St Antonio, imploring succour.

One morning three men belonging to the small detachment which, under Colonel Grant, had gone upon the mad expedition to the Rio Grande, arrived at Goliad with news of the destruction of their companions. Only thirty in number, they had collected four hundred fine horses, and were driving them northward to rejoin their friends, when, in a narrow pass between thickets, they were suddenly surrounded by several hundred of the enemy's lancers, whose attack, however, seemed directed rather against the horses than the escort. Grant, whose courage was blind, and who had already witnessed many instances of the almost incredible poltroonery of those half-Indians, drew his sword, and charged the Mexicans, who were at least ten times his strength. A discharge of rifles and pistols stretched scores of the lancers upon the ground; but that discharge made, there was no time to reload, and the Texians had to defend themselves as best they might, with their bowie-knives and rifle-buts, against the lances of the foe, with the certainty that any of

them who fell wounded from their saddles, would instantly be crushed and mangled under the feet of the wild horses, which, terrified by the firing and conflict, tore madly about the narrow field. Each moment the numbers of the Texians diminished, one after the other disappeared, transfixed by the lances, trampled by the hoofs. Colonel Grant and three men—those who brought the news to Goliad—had reached the outskirts of the *mêlée*, and might at once have taken to flight; but Grant perceived some others of his men still fighting heroically amongst the mass of Mexicans, and once more he charged in to rescue them. Every thing gave way before him, his broadsword whistled around him, and man after man fell beneath its stroke. His three followers having reloaded, were rushing forward to his support, when suddenly the fatal lasso flew through the air, its coils surrounded the body of the gallant Scot, and the next instant he lay upon the ground beneath the feet of the foaming and furious horses. In horrorstruck silence, the three survivors turned their horses' heads north-east, and fled from the scene of slaughter.

Besides this disaster, numerous detachments of Texians were cut off by the Mexicans, who now swarmed over the southern part of the province. Colonel Johnson and his party were surprised in the town of San Patricio and cut to pieces, Johnson and four of his followers being all that escaped. Thirty men under Captain King, who had been sent by Fanning to escort some settlers on their way northwards, were attacked by overpowering numbers, and, after a most desperate defence, utterly exterminated. The Georgia battalion under Major Ward, which had marched from Goliad to the assistance of King and his party, fell in with a large body of Mexican cavalry and infantry, and although, during the darkness, they managed to escape, they lost their way in the prairie, were unable to return to Goliad, and subsequently, as will hereafter be seen, fell into the hands of the enemy. The Alamo itself was taken, not a man surviving of the one hundred and eighty who had so valiantly defended it. On the other hand, we have Mr Ehrenberg's

assurance that its capture cost Santa Anna two thousand two hundred men. In the ranks of the besieging army were between two and three thousand convicts, who, on all occasions, were put in the post of danger. At the attack on the Alamo they were promised a free pardon if they took the place. Nevertheless, they advanced reluctantly enough to the attack, and twice, when they saw their ranks mown down by the fire of the Texians, they turned to fly, but each time they were driven back to the charge by the bayonets and artillery of their countrymen. At last, when the greater part of these unfortunates had fallen, Santa Anna caused his fresh troops to advance, and the place was taken. The two last of the garrison fell by the Mexican bullets as they were rushing, torch in hand, to fire the powder magazine. The fall of the Alamo was announced to Colonel Fanning in a letter from Houston.

"The next point of the enemy's operations," said the old general, "will be Goliad, and let the garrison reflect on the immensity of the force that within a very few days will surround its walls. I conjure them to make a speedy retreat, and to join the militia behind the Guadalupe. Only by a concentration of our forces can we hope to achieve any thing; and if Goliad is besieged, it will be impossible for me to succour it, or to stake the fate of the republic upon a battle in the prairie, where the ground is so unfavourable to our troops. Once more, therefore, Colonel Fanning—in rear of the Guadalupe!"

At last, but unfortunately too late, Fanning decided to obey the orders of his general. The affairs of the republic of Texas were indeed in a most critical and unfavourable state. St Antonio taken, the army of volunteers nearly annihilated, eight or ten thousand Mexican troops in the country, for the garrison of Goliad no chance of relief in case of a siege, and, moreover, a scanty store of provisions. These were the weighty grounds which finally induced Fanning to evacuate and destroy Goliad. The history of the retreat will be best given in a condensed translation of the interesting narrative now before us.

On the 18th April 1836, says Mr Ehrenberg, at eight in the morning, we commenced our retreat from the demolished and still burning fort of Goliad. The fortifications, at which we had all worked with so much zeal, a heap of dried beef, to prepare which nearly seven hundred oxen had been slaughtered, and the remainder of our wheat and maize flour, had been set on fire, and were sending up black columns of smoke towards the clouded heavens. Nothing was to be seen of the enemy, although their scouts had for some days previously been observed in the west, towards St Antonio. All the artillery, with the exception of two long four-pounders and a couple of mortars, were spiked and left behind us. But the number of store and ammunition waggons with which we started was too great, and our means of drawing them inadequate, so that, before we had gone half a mile, our track was marked by objects of various kinds scattered about the road, and several carts had broken down or been left behind. At a mile from Goliad, on the picturesque banks of the St Antonio, the remainder of the baggage was abandoned or hastily thrown into the river; chests full of cartridges, the soldiers' effects, every thing, in short, was committed to the transparent waters; and having harnessed the oxen and draught horses to the artillery and to two ammunition waggons, we slowly continued the march, our foes still remaining invisible.

Our road lay through one of those enchanting landscapes, composed of small prairies, intersected by strips of oak and underwood. On all sides droves of oxen were feeding in the high grass, herds of wild-eyed deer gazed wonderingly at the army that thus intruded upon the solitary prairies of the west, and troops of horses dashed madly away upon our approach, the thunder of their hoofs continuing to be audible long after their disappearance. At eight miles from Goliad begins an extensive and treeless prairie, known as the Nine-mile Prairie; and across this, towards three in the afternoon, we had advanced about four or five miles. Myself and some of my comrades, who acted as rearguard, were about two miles

behind, and had received orders to keep a sharp eye upon the forest, which lay at a considerable distance to our left; but as up to this time no signs of an enemy had been visible, we were riding along in full security, when, upon casually turning our heads, we perceived, about four miles off, at the edge of the wood, a something that resembled a man on horseback. But as the thing, whatever it was, did not appear to move, we decided that it must be a tree or some other inanimate object, and we rode on without taking further notice. We proceeded in this way for about a quarter of an hour, and then, the main body being only about a quarter of a mile before us, marching at a snail's pace, we halted to rest a little, and let our horses feed. Now, for the first time, as we gazed out over the seemingly boundless prairie, we perceived in our rear, and close to the wood, a long black line. At first we took it to be a herd of oxen which the settlers were driving eastward, to rescue them from the Mexicans; but the dark mass drew rapidly nearer, became each moment more plainly discernible, and soon we could no longer doubt that a strong body of Mexican cavalry was following us at full gallop. We sprang upon our horses, and, at the top of their speed, hurried after our friends, to warn them of the approaching danger. Its intimation was received with a loud hurra; all was made ready for the fight, a square was formed, and in this manner we marched on, as fast as possible certainly, but that was slowly enough. Fanning, our commander, was unquestionably a brave and daring soldier, but unfortunately he was by no means fitted for the post he held, or indeed for any undivided command. As a proof of this, instead of endeavouring to reach the nearest wood, hardly a mile off, and sheltered in which our Texian and American riflemen would have been found invincible, he resolved to give battle upon the open and unfavourable ground that we now occupied.

The Mexicans came up at a furious gallop to a distance of five or six hundred paces, and thence gave us a volley from their carbines, of which we took no notice, seeing that the bullets flew at a respectful height above

our heads, or else fell whistling upon the earth before us, without even raising the dust. One only of the harmless things passed between me and my right hand man, and tore off part of the cap of my friend, Thomas Camp, who, after myself, was the youngest man in the army. We remained perfectly quiet, and waited for the enemy to come nearer, which he did, firing volley after volley. Our artillery officers, for the most part Poles, tall, handsome men, calmly waited the opportune moment to return the fire. It came; the ranks opened, and the artillery vomited death and destruction amongst the Mexicans, whose ill-broken horses recoiled in dismay and confusion from the flash and thunders of the guns. The effect of our fire was frightful, steeds and riders lay convulsed and dying upon the ground, and for a time the advance of the enemy was checked. We profited by this to continue our retreat, but had marched a very short distance before we were again threatened with a charge, and Fanning commanded a halt. It was pointed out to him that another body of the enemy was advancing upon our left, to cut us off from the wood, and that those who had already attacked us were merely sent to divert our attention whilst the manœuvre was executed. But Fanning either did not see the danger, or he was vexed that another should be more quicksighted than himself, for he would not retract his order. At last, after much vain discussion, and after representing to him how necessary it was to gain the wood, the Greys declared that they would march thither alone. But it was too late. The enemy had already cut us off from it, and there was nothing left but to fight our way through them, or give battle where we stood. Fanning was for the latter course; and before the captains, who had formed a council of war, could come to a decision, the Mexican trumpets sounded the charge, and with shout and shot the cavalry bore down upon us, their wild ories, intended to frighten us, contrasting oddly with the silence and phlegm of our people, who stood waiting the opportunity to make the best use of their rifles. Again and again our artillery played havoc amongst

the enemy, who, finding his cavalry so unsuccessful in its assaults, now brought up the infantry, in order to make a combined attack on all sides at once. Besides the Mexicans, three hundred of their Indian allies, Lipans and Caranchuas, approached us on the left, stealing through the long grass, and, contemptible themselves, but formidable by their position, wounded several of our people almost before we perceived their proximity. A few discharges of canister soon rid us of these troublesome assailants.

Meanwhile the hostile infantry, who had now joined the cavalry, slowly advanced, keeping up a constant but irregular fire, which we replied to with our rifles. In a very short time we were surrounded by so dense a smoke that we were often compelled to pause and advance a little towards the enemy, before we could distinguish an object at which to aim. The whole prairie was covered with clouds of smoke, through which were seen the rapid flashes of the musketry, accompanied by the thunder of the artillery, the sharp clear crack of our rifles, and the occasional blare of the Mexican trumpets, encouraging to the fight. At that moment, I believe there was not a coward in the field; in the midst of such a tumult there was no time to think of self. We rushed on to meet the advancing foe, and many of us found ourselves standing firing in the very middle of his ranks. I myself was one of these. In the smoke and confusion I had got too far forward, and was too busy loading and firing, to perceive that I was in the midst of the Mexicans. As soon as I discovered my mistake, I hurried back to our own position, in all the greater haste, because the touchhole of my rifle had got stopped.

But things went badly with us; many of our people were killed, more, severely wounded; all our artillerymen, with the exception of one Pole, had fallen, and formed a wall of dead bodies round the guns; the battlefield was covered with dead and dying men and horses, with rifles and other weapons. Fanning himself had been thrice wounded. The third bullet had gone through two coats and through the pocket of his overalls, in which he had a silk handkerchief, and had en-

tered the flesh, but, strange to say, without cutting through all the folds of the silk; so that when he drew out the handkerchief, the ball fell out of it, and he then for the first time felt the pain of the wound.

It was between five and six o'clock. In vain had the cavalry endeavoured to bring their horses against our ranks; each attempt had been rendered fruitless by the steady fire of our artillery and rifles, and at last they were obliged to retreat. The infantry also retired without waiting for orders, and our guns, which were now served by the Greys, sent a last greeting after them. Seven hundred Mexicans lay dead upon the field; but we also had lost a fifth part of our men, more than had ever fallen on the side of the Texans in any contest since the war began, always excepting the massacre at the Alamo. The enemy still kept near us, apparently disposed to wait till the next day, and then renew their attacks. Night came on, but brought us no repose; a fine rain began to fall, and spoiled the few rifles that were still in serviceable order. Each moment we expected an assault from the Mexicans, who had divided themselves into three detachments, of which one was posted in the direction of Goliad, another upon the road to Victoria, which was our road, and the third upon our left, equidistant from the other two, so as to form a triangle. Their signals showed us their position through the darkness. We saw that it was impossible to retreat unperceived, and that our only plan was to spike the guns, abandon the wounded and artillery, put our rifles in as good order as might be, and cut our way through that body of Mexicans which held the road to Victoria. Once in the wood, we were safe, and all Santa Anna's regiments would have been insufficient to dislodge us. The Greys were of opinion that it was better to sacrifice a part than the whole, and to abandon the wounded, rather than place ourselves at the mercy of a foe in whose honour and humanity no trust could be reposed. But Fanning was of a different opinion. Whether his wounds—none of them, it is true, very severe—and the groans and complaints of the

dying, had rendered him irresolute, and shaken his well-tried courage, or whether it was the hope that our vanguard, which had reached the wood before the Mexicans surrounded us, would return with a reinforcement from Victoria, only ten miles distant, and where, as it was falsely reported, six hundred militiamen were stationed, I cannot say; but he remained obstinate, and we vainly implored him to take advantage of the pitch-dark night, and retreat to the wood. He insisted upon waiting till eight o'clock the next morning, and if no assistance came to us by that time, we could cut our way, he said, in open day, through the ranks of our contemptible foe, and if we did not conquer, we could at least bravely die.

"Give way to my wishes, comrades," said he; "listen to the groans of our wounded brethren, whose lives may yet be saved by medical skill. Will the New Orleans' Greys, the first company who shouldered the rifle for Texian liberty, abandon their unfortunate comrades to a cruel death at the hands of our barbarous foes? Once more, friends, I implore you, wait till daybreak, and if no help is then at hand, it shall be as you please, and I will follow you."

In order to unstiffen my limbs, which were numbed by the wet and cold, I walked to and fro in our little camp, gazing out into the darkness. Not a star was visible, the night was gloomy and dismal, well calculated to crush all hope in our hearts. I stepped out of the encampment, and walked in the direction of the enemy. From time to time dark figures glided swiftly by within a short distance of me. They were the Indians, carrying away the bodies of the dead Mexicans, in order to conceal from us the extent of their loss. For hours I mournfully wandered about, and day was breaking when I returned to the camp. All were already astir. In silent expectation, we strained our eyes in the direction of the neighbouring wood, hoping each moment to see our friends burst out from its shelter; but as the light became stronger, all our hopes fled, and our previous doubts as to whether there really were any troops at Victoria,

became confirmed. The Mexican artillery had come up during the night, and now appeared stationed with the detachment which cut us off from the wood.

It was seven o'clock; we had given up all hopes of succour, and had assembled together to deliberate on the best mode of attacking the Mexicans, when their artillery suddenly bellowed forth a morning salutation, and the balls came roaring over and around us. These messengers hastened our decision, and we resolved at once to attack the troops upon the road with rifle and bowie-knife, and at all hazards and any loss to gain the wood. All were ready; even the wounded, those at least who were able to stand, made ready to accompany us, determined to die fighting, rather than be unresistingly butchered. Suddenly, and at the very moment that we were about to advance, the white flag, the symbol of peace, was raised upon the side of the Mexicans. Mistrusting their intentions, however, we were going to press forward, when Fanning's command checked us. He had conceived hopes of rescuing himself and his comrades, by means of an honourable capitulation, from the perilous position into which he could not but feel that his own obstinacy had brought them.

Three of the enemy's officers now approached our camp, two of them Mexican cavalry-men, the third a German who had got into favour with Santa Anna, and had risen to be colonel of artillery. He was, if I am not mistaken, a native of Mayence, and originally a carpenter, but having some talent for mathematics and architecture, he had entered the service of an English mining company, and been sent to Mexico. There Santa Anna employed him to build his well-known country-house of Mango do Clavo, and conceiving, from the manner in which the work was executed, a high opinion of the talent of the builder, he gave him a commission in the engineers, and in time made him colonel of artillery. This man, whose name was Holzinger, was the only one who spoke English of the three officers who came with the flag of truce; and as he spoke it very badly, a great deal of our con-

ference took place in German, and was then retranslated into Spanish. After a long discussion, Fanning agreed to the following conditions: namely, that we should deliver up our arms, that our private property should be respected, and we ourselves sent to Corpano or Matamora, there to embark for New Orleans. So long as we were prisoners of war, we were to receive the same rations as the Mexican soldiers. On the other hand, we gave our word of honour not again to bear arms against the existing government of Mexico.

Whilst the three officers returned to General Urrea, who commanded the Mexican army, to procure the ratification of these conditions, we, the volunteers from New Orleans and Mobile, surrounded Fanning, highly dissatisfied at the course that had been adopted. "What!" was the cry, "is this the way that Fanning keeps his promise—this his boasted courage? Has he forgotten the fate of our brothers, massacred at St Antonio? Does he not yet know our treacherous foes? In the Mexican tongue, to capitulate, means to die. Let us die then, but fighting for Texas and for liberty; and let the blood of hundreds of Mexicans mingle with our own. Perhaps, even though they be ten times as numerous, we may succeed in breaking through their ranks. Think of St Antonio, where we were two hundred and ten against two thousand, and yet we conquered. Why not again risk the combat?" But all our expostulations and reproaches were in vain. The majority were for a surrender, and we were compelled to give way and deliver up our weapons. Some of the Greys strode sullenly up and down the camp, casting furious glances at Fanning and those who had voted for the capitulation; others sat motionless, their eyes fixed upon the ground, envying the fate of those who had fallen in the fight. Despair was legibly written on the faces of many who but too well foresaw our fate. One man in particular, an American, of the name of Johnson, exhibited the most ungovernable fury. He sat grinding his teeth, and stamping upon the ground, and puffing forth volumes of smoke from his cigar, whilst he

meditated, as presently appeared, a frightful plan of vengeance.

Stimulated by curiosity, a number of Mexicans now strolled over to our camp, and gazed shyly at the gloomy grey marksmen, as if they still feared them, even though unarmed. The beauty of the rifles which our people had given up, was also a subject of great wonder and admiration; and soon the camp became crowded with unwelcome visitors—their joy and astonishment at their triumph, contrasting with the despair and despondency of the prisoners. Suddenly a broad bright flame flashed though the morning fog, a tremendous explosion followed, and then all was again still, and the prairie strewn with wounded men. A cloud of smoke was crushed down by the heavy atmosphere upon the dark green plain; the horses of the Mexican officers reared wildly in the air, or, with bristling main and streaming tail, galloped furiously away with their half-deafened riders. Numbers of persons had been thrown down by the shock, others had flung themselves upon the ground in consternation, and some moments elapsed before the cause of the explosion was ascertained. The powder magazine had disappeared—all but a small part of the carriage, around which lay a number of wounded, and, at about fifteen paces from it, a black object, in which the form of a human being was scarcely recognisable, but which was still living, although unable to speak. Coal-black as a negro, and frightfully disfigured, it was impossible to distinguish the features of this unhappy wretch. Inquiry was made, the roll was called, and Johnson was found missing. Nobody had observed his proceedings, and the explosion may have been the result of an accident; but we entertained little doubt that he had formed a deliberate plan to kill himself and as many Mexicans as he could, and had chosen what he considered a favourable moment to set fire to the ammunition-waggon. As it happened, the cover was not fastened down, so that the principal force of the powder went upwards, and his terrible project was rendered in a great measure abortive.

Scarcely had the confusion caused

by this incident subsided, and the fury of our foes been appeased, when the alarm was sounded in the opposite camp, and the Mexicans ran to their arms. The cause of this was soon explained. In the wood, which, could we have reached it, would have been our salvation, appeared our faithful vanguard, accompanied by all the militia they had been able to collect in so short a time—the whole commanded by Colonel Horton. False indeed had been the report, that six or eight hundred men were stationed at Victoria; including our vanguard, the gallant fellows who thus came to our assistance were but sixty in number.

"With what horror," said the brave Horton, subsequently, "did we perceive that we had arrived too late! We stood thunderstruck and uncertain what to do, when we were suddenly roused from our bewilderment by the sound of the Mexican trumpets. There was no time to lose, and our minds were speedily made up. Although Fanning had so far forgotten his duty as to surrender, ours was to save ourselves, for the sake of the republic. Now, more than ever, since all the volunteers were either killed or prisoners, had Texas need of our arms and rifles. We turned our horses, and galloped back to Victoria, whence we marched to join Houston at Gonzales."

The Mexicans lost no time in pursuing Horton and his people, but without success. The fugitives reached the thickly-wooded banks of the Guadalupe, and disappeared amongst intricacies through which the foe did not dare to follow them. Had the reinforcement arrived one half hour sooner, the bloody tragedy soon to be enacted would never have taken place.

The unfortunate Texian prisoners were now marched back to Goliad, and shut up in the church, which was thereby so crowded that scarcely a fourth of them were able to sit or crouch upon the ground. Luckily the interior of the building was thirty-five to forty feet high, or they would inevitably have been suffocated. Here they remained all night, parched with thirst; and it was not till eight in the morning that six of their number were permitted to fetch water from the

river. In the evening they were again allowed water, but for two nights and days no other refreshment passed their lips. Strong pickets of troops, and guns loaded with grape, were stationed round their prison, ready to massacre them in case of an outbreak, which it seemed the intention of the Mexicans to provoke. At last, on the evening of the second day, six ounces of raw beef were distributed to each man. This they had no means of cooking, save at two small fires, which they made of the wood-work of the church; and as the heat caused by these was unendurable to the closely packed multitude, the majority devoured their scanty ration raw. One more night was passed in this wretched state, and then the prisoners were removed to an open court within the walls of the fortress. This was a great improvement of their situation, but all that day no rations were given to them, and they began to buy food of the soldiers, giving for it what money they possessed; and when that was all gone, bartering their clothes, even to their shirts and trousers. So enormous, however, were the prices charged by the Mexicans, Mr Ehrenberg tells us, that one hungry man could easily eat at a meal ten dollars' worth of *tortillas* or maize-cakes. Not satisfied with this mode of extortion, the Mexican soldiers, who are born thieves, were constantly on the lookout to rob the unhappy prisoners of whatever clothing or property they had left.

On the fourth morning, three quarters of a pound of beef were given to each man; and whilst they were engaged in roasting it, there appeared to their great surprise a hundred and twenty fresh prisoners, being Major Ward's detachment, which had lost its way in the prairie, and, after wandering about for eight days, had heard of Fanning's capitulation, and surrendered on the same terms. Twenty-six of them, carpenters by trade, had been detained at Victoria by order of Colonel Holzinger, to assist in building bridges for the transport of the artillery across the river. On the seventh day came a hundred more prisoners, who had just landed at Copano from New York, under command of Colonel Miller, and had been

captured by the Mexican cavalry. The rations were still scanty, and given but at long intervals; and the starving Texans continued their system of barter, urged to it by the pangs of hunger, and by the Mexican soldiers, who told them that they were to be shot in a day or two, and might as well part with whatever they had left, in order to render their last hours more endurable. This cruel assurance, however, the prisoners did not believe. They were sanguine of a speedy return to the States, and impatiently waited the arrival of an order for their shipment from Santa Anna, who was then at St Antonio, and to whom news of the capitulation had been sent. General Urrea had marched from Goliad immediately after their surrender, only leaving sufficient troops to guard them, and had crossed the Guadalupe without opposition. Santa Anna's order at last came, but its purport was far different from the anticipated one. We resume our extracts from Mr Ehrenberg's narrative:—

The eighth morning of our captivity dawned, and so great were our sufferings, that we had resolved, if some change were not made in our condition, to free ourselves by force, or die in the attempt, when a rumour spread that a courier from Santa Anna had arrived during the night. This inspired us with fresh hopes, and we trusted that the hour of our deliverance at last approached. At eight o'clock in the morning an officer entered our place of confinement, carrying Santa Anna's order in his hand, of the contents of which, however, he told us nothing, except that we were immediately to march away from Goliad. Whether we were to go to Copano or Matamoras, we were not informed. We saw several pieces of cannon standing pointed against our enclosure, the artillerymen standing by them with lighted matches, and near them was drawn up a battalion of infantry, in parade uniform, but coarse and ragged enough. The infantry had no knapsacks or baggage of any kind; but at the time I do not believe that one of us remarked the circumstance, as the Mexican soldiers in general carry little or nothing. For our part, we required but a very

short time to get ready for the march, and in a few minutes we were all drawn up, two deep, with the exception of Colonel Miller's detachment, which was quartered outside the fort. Fanning and the other wounded men, the doctor, his assistants, and the interpreters, were also absent. They were to be sent later to New Orleans, it was believed, by a nearer road.

After the names had been called over, the order to march was given, and we filed out through the gate of the fortress, the Greys taking the lead. Outside the gate we were received by two detachments of Mexican infantry, who marched along on either side of us, in the same order as ourselves. We were about four hundred in number, and the enemy about seven hundred, not including the cavalry, of which numerous small groups were scattered about the prairie. We marched on in silence, not however, in the direction we had anticipated, but along the road to Victoria. This surprised us; but upon reflection we concluded that they were conducting us to some eastern port, thence to be shipped to New Orleans, which, upon the whole, was perhaps the best and shortest plan. There was something, however, in the profound silence of the Mexican soldiers, who are usually unceasing chatters, that inspired me with a feeling of uneasiness and anxiety. It was like a funeral march, and truly might it so be called. Presently I turned my head to see if Miller's people had joined, and were marching with us. But, to my extreme astonishment, neither they nor Fanning's men, nor the Georgia battalion, were to be seen. They had separated us without our observing it, and the detachment with which I was marching consisted only of the Greys and a few Texian colonists. Glancing at the escort, their full dress uniform and the absence of all baggage, now for the first time struck me. I thought of the bloody scenes that had occurred at Tampico, San Patricio, and the Alamo, of the false and cruel character of those in whose power we were, and I was seized with a presentiment of evil. For a moment I was about to communicate my apprehensions to my comrades; but hope, which never dies,

again caused me to take a more cheering view of our situation. Nevertheless, in order to be prepared for the worst, and, in case of need, to be unencumbered in my movements, I watched my opportunity, and threw away amongst the grass of the prairie a bundle containing the few things that the thievish Mexicans had allowed me to retain.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed since our departure from the fort, when suddenly the command was given in Spanish to wheel to the left, leaving the road; and, as we did not understand the order, the officer himself went in front to show us the way, and my companions followed without taking any particular notice of the change of direction. To our left ran a muskeet hedge, five or six feet in height, at right angles with the river St Antonio, which flowed at about a thousand paces from us, between banks thirty or forty feet high, and of which banks the one on the nearer side of the river rose nearly perpendicularly out of the water. We were marched along the side of the hedge towards the stream, and suddenly the thought flashed across us, "Why are they taking us in this direction?" The appearance of a number of lancers, cantering about in the fields on our right, also startled us; and just then the foot-soldiers, who had been marching between us and the hedge, changed their places, and joined those of their comrades who guarded us on the other hand. Before we could divine the meaning of this manœuvre, the word was given to halt. It came like a sentence of death; for at the same moment that it was uttered, the sound of a volley of musketry echoed across the prairie. We thought of our comrades and of our own probable fate.

"Kneel down!" now burst in harsh accents from the lips of the Mexican commander.

No one stirred. Few of us understood the order, and those who did would not obey. The Mexican soldiers, who stood at about three paces from us, levelled their muskets at our breasts. Even then we could hardly believe that they meant to shoot us; for if we had, we should assuredly have rushed forward in our desperation, and, weaponless though we were, some

of our murderers would have met their death at our hands. Only one of our number was well acquainted with Spanish, and even he seemed as if he could not comprehend the order that had been given. He stared at the commanding-officer as if awaiting its repetition, and we stared at him, ready, at the first word he should utter, to spring upon the soldiers. But he seemed to be, as most of us were, impressed with the belief that the demonstration was merely a menace, used to induce us to enter the Mexican service. With threatening gesture and drawn sword, the chief of the assassins again ejaculated the command to kneel down. The sound of a second volley, from a different direction with the first, just then reached our ears, and was followed by a confused cry, as if those at whom it had been aimed, had not all been immediately killed. Our comrade, the one who understood Spanish, started from his momentary lethargy, and boldly addressed us.

"Comrades," cried he, "you hear that report, that cry! There is no hope for us—our last hour is come!" Therefore, comrades—!"

A terrible explosion interrupted him—and then all was still. A thick cloud of smoke was wreathing and curling towards the St Antonio. The blood of our lieutenant was on my clothes, and around me lay my friends, convulsed by the last agony. I saw nothing more. Unhurt myself, I sprang up, and, concealed by the thick smoke, fled along the side of the hedge in the direction of the river, the noise of the water for my guide. Suddenly a blow from a heavy sabre fell upon my head, and from out of the smoke emerged the form of a little Mexican lieutenant. He aimed a second blow at me, which I parried with my left arm. I had nothing to risk, but every thing to gain. It was life or death. Behind me a thousand bayonets, before me the almost powerless sword of a coward. I rushed upon him, and with true Mexican valour, he fled from an unarmed man. On I went, the river rolled at my feet, the soldiers were shouting and yelling behind. "Texas for ever!" cried I, and, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the water. The bullets whistled

round me as I swam slowly and wearily to the other side, but none wounded me. Our poor dog, who had been with us all through the campaign, and had jumped into the river with me, fell a last sacrifice to Mexican cruelty. He had reached the middle of the stream, when a ball struck him, and he disappeared.

Whilst these horrible scenes were occurring in the prairie, Colonel Fanning and his wounded companions were shot and bayoneted at Goliad, only Doctor Thackleford and a few hospital aids having their lives spared, in order that they might attend on the wounded Mexicans. Besides Mr Ehrenberg, but three of the prisoners at Goliad ultimately escaped the slaughter.

Having crossed the St Antonio, Mr Ehrenberg struck into the high grass and thickets, which concealed him from the pursuit of the Mexicans, and wandered through the prairie, guiding himself, as best he might, by sun and stars, and striving to reach the river Brazos. He lost his way, and went through a variety of striking adventures, which, with some characteristic sketches of Texian life and habits, of General Sam Houston and Santa Anna, and a spirited account of the battle of St Jacinto, at which, however, he himself was not present, fill up the remainder of his book. Of one scene, between Houston and his army, we will make a final extract:—

It was the latter end of March, and the army of Texian militia, under Houston, which had increased to about thirteen hundred men, was assembled on the banks of the Colorado river. One messenger after another had arrived, bringing news that had converted them into perfect cannibals, thirsting after Mexican blood. The murder of Grant and his horse-men, that of Johnson and King with their detachments; the unaccountable disappearance of Ward, who was wandering about in the prairie; and finally, Horton's report of the capture of the unfortunate Fanning; all these calamities, in conjunction with the fall of the Alamo, had raised the fury of the backwoodsmen to such a pitch, that they were neither to hold nor bind, and nobody but Sam

Houston would have been able to curb them.

The old general sat upon a heap of saddles; and in a circle round a large fire, sat or stood, leaning upon their rifles, the captains of the militia. The whole group was surrounded by a grumbling crowd of backwoodsmen. The dark fiery eyes of the officers, nearly all tall powerful figures, glanced alternately at the flames and at old Sam, who was the only calm person present. Slowly taking a small knife from his waistcoat pocket, he opened it, produced a huge piece of Cavendish, cut off a quid, shoved it between his upper lip and front teeth, and handed the tobacco to his nearest neighbour. This was a gigantic captain, the upper part of whose body was clothed in an Indian hunting-coat, his head covered with what had once been a fine beaver hat, but of which the broad brim now flapped down over his ears, whilst his strong muscular legs were wrapped from knee to ankle in thick crimson flannel, a precaution against the thorns of the muskeet-trees not unfrequently adopted in the west. His bullet-pouch was made out of the head of a leopard, in which eyes of red cloth had been inserted, bringing out, by contrast, the beauty of the skin, and was suspended from a strap of brown untanned deer-hide. With an expression of great bitterness, the backwoodsman handed the tobacco to the man next to him; and it passed on from hand to hand, untasted by any one—a sign of uncommon excitement amongst the persons there assembled. When the despised Cavendish had gone round, the old general stuck it in his pocket again, and continued the conference, at the same time whittling a stick with perfect coolness and unconcern.

"Yes," said he, "I tell you that our affairs look rather ticklish—can't deny it—but that is the only thing that will bring the people to their senses. Santa Anna may destroy the colonies, but it won't be Sam Houston's fault. Instead of at once assembling, the militia stop at home with their wives—quite comfortable in the chimney-corner—think that a handful of volunteers can whip ten thousand of these half-bloods. Quite

mistaken, gentlemen—quite mistaken. You see it now—the brave fellows are gone—a scandal it is for us—and the enemy is at our heels. Instead of seeing four or five thousand of our people here, there are thirteen hundred—the others are minding the shop—making journeys to the Sabine. Can't help it, comrades, must retire to the Brazos, into the forests—must be off, and that at once."

"Stop, general, that ain't sense," cried a man, with a cap made out of a wild-cat's skin; "not a step backwards—the enemy must soon come, and then we'll whip 'em so glorious, that it will be a pleasure to see it; the miserable vampires that they are!"

"A fight! a fight!" shouted the surrounding throng. "For Texas, now or never!"

"Sam Houston is not of that opinion, my fine fellows," answered the general, "and it is not his will to fight. Sam will not risk the fate of the republic in a single foolhardy battle. The broad woods of the Brazos shall do us good service. Though you are brave, and willing to risk your lives, it would be small benefit to the country if you lost them. No, my boys, we'll give it to the vermin, never fear; they shall have it, as sure as Sam Houston stands in his own shoes."

"It's impossible for us to go back, General," cried another speaker; "can't be—must at 'em! What, General, our richest plantations lie between the Colorado and the Brazos, and are we to abandon them to these thieves? Old Austin* would rise out of his grave if he heard the footsteps of the murderers upon the prairie. No, General—must be at them—must conquer or die!"

"Must conquer or die!" was echoed through the crowd; but the old general sat whistling away, as cool as a cucumber, and seemed determined that the next victory he gained should be in his own camp.

"Boys," said he—and he stood up, took another quid, shut his knife, and continued—"Boys, you want to fight—

very praiseworthy indeed—your courage is certainly very praiseworthy;—but suppose the enemy brings artillery with him, can you, will you, take the responsibility of giving battle before our tardy fellow-citizens come up to reinforce us? How will you answer it to your consciences, if the republic falls back under the Mexican yoke, because an undisciplined mob would not wait the favourable moment for a fight? No, no, citizens—we must retire to the Brazos, where our rifles will give us the advantage; whilst here we should have to charge the enemy, who is five times our strength, in the open prairie. Don't doubt your courage, as you call it—though it's only foolhardiness—but I represent the republic, and am answerable to the whole people for what I do. Can't allow you to fight here. Once more I summon you to follow me to San Felipe, and all who wish well to Texas will be ready in an hour's time. Every moment we may expect to see the enemy on the other side of the river. Once more then—to the banks of the Brazos!"

The old general walked off to his tent, and the crowd betook themselves to their fires, murmuring and discontented, and put their rifles in order. But in an hour and a half, the Texian army left their camp on the Colorado. Sam Houston had prevailed, and the next evening he and his men reached San Felipe, and, without pausing there, marched up the river. On the 30th March the first squadron of the enemy showed itself near San Felipe. The inhabitants abandoned their well-stored shops and houses, set fire to them with their own hands, and fled across the river. The Mexicans entered the town, and their rage was boundless when, instead of a rich booty, they found heaps of ashes. Houston had now vanished, and his foes could nowhere trace him, till he suddenly, and of his own accord, reappeared upon the scene, and fell on them like a thunderbolt, amply refuting the false and base charge brought against him by his enemies, that he had retreated

* The founder of the American colonies in Texas, and father of Stephen F. Austin.

through cowardice. But to this day, it is a riddle to me how he managed to reduce to obedience the unruly spirits he commanded, and to induce them to retreat across the Brazos to Buffalo Bayou. Of one thing I am certain—only Sam Houston could have done it; no other man in the republic.

Mr Ehrenberg escaped from all his perils in time to share the rejoicings of the Texians at the final evacuation of the country by the Mexican army. And certainly they had cause for exultation, not only at being rid of their cruel and semi-barbarous op-

pressors, but in the persevering gallantry they had displayed throughout the whole campaign, during which many errors were committed and many lives uselessly sacrificed, but of which the close was nevertheless so glorious to those engaged in it. Unskilled in military tactics, without discipline or resources, the stubborn courage of a handful of American backwoodsmen proved an overmatch for Santa Anna and his hosts, and the fairest and freshest leaf of the Mexican cactus was rent from the parent stem, never to be reunited.*

THE MOTHER AND HER DEAD CHILD.

With ceaseless sorrow, uncontroll'd,
The mother mourn'd her lot;
She wept, and would not be consoled,
Because her child was not.

She gazed upon its nursery floor,
But there it did not play;
The toys it loved, the clothes it wore,
All void and vacant lay.

Her house, her heart, were dark and drear,
Without their wonted light;
The little star had left its sphere,
That there had shone so bright.

Her tears, at each returning thought,
Fell like the frequent rain;
Time on its wings no healing brought,
And wisdom spoke in vain.

Even in the middle hour of night
She sought no soft relief,
But, by her taper's misty light,
Sate nourishing her grief.

'Twas then a sight of solemn awe,
Rose near her like a cloud;
The image of her child she saw,
Wrapp'd in its little shroud.

It sate within its favourite chair,
It sate and seem'd to sigh,
And turn'd upon its mother there
A meek imploring eye.

"O child! what brings that breathless form

Back from its place of rest?
For well I know no life can warm
Again that livid breast.

"The grave is now your bed, my child—
Go slumber there in peace."
"I cannot go," it answer'd mild,
"Until your sorrow cease.

"I've tried to rest in that dark bed,
But rest I cannot get,
For always with the tears you shed,
My winding-sheet is wet.

"The drops, dear mother, trickle still
Into my coffin deep;
It feels so comfortless and chill,
I cannot go to sleep."

"O child! those words, that touching look,
My fortitude restore;
I feel and own the blest rebuke,
And weep my loss no more."

She spoke, and dried her tears the while;
And as her passion fell,
The vision wore an angel smile,
And look'd a fond farewell.

* The arms of Mexico are a cactus, with as many leaves as there are states of the republic.

THE GREEK AND ROMANTIC DRAMA.

THE DRAMA, in its higher branches, is perhaps the greatest effort of human genius. It requires for its successful cultivation, a combination of qualities beyond what is necessary in any other department of composition. A profound and practical acquaintance with human nature in all its phases, and the human heart in all its changes, is the first requisite of the Dramatic Poet. The power of condensed expression—the faculty of giving vent to “thoughts that breathe in words that burn”—the art of painting, by a line, an epithet, an expression, the inmost and most intense feelings of the heart, is equally indispensable. The skill of the novelist, in arranging the incidents of the piece so as to keep the attention of the spectators erect, and their interest undiminished, is not less necessary. How requisite a knowledge of the peculiar art called “stage effect,” is to the success of dramatic pieces on the theatre, may be judged of by the well-known failures in actual representation of many striking pieces by our greatest tragic writers, especially Miss Baillie and Lord Byron. The eloquence of the orator, the power of wielding at will the emotions and passions of the heart, of rousing alternately the glow of the generous, and the warmth of the tender affections, is not less indispensable. The great dramatic poet must add to this rare assemblage, a thorough acquaintance with the characters and ideas of former times: with the lore of the historian, he must embody in his imaginary characters the incidents of actual event; with the fervour of the poet, portray the transactions and thoughts of past times; with the eye of the painter, arrange his scenery, dresses, and localities, so as to produce the strongest possible impression of reality on the mind of the spectator. Unite, in imagination, all the greatest and most varied efforts of the human mind—the fire of the poet and the learning of the historian, the conceptions of the painter and the persuasion of the orator, the skill of the novelist and the depth of the

philosopher, and you will only form a great tragedian. Ordinary observers often express surprise, that dramatic genius, especially in these times, is rare; let the combination of qualities essential for its higher flights be considered, and perhaps the wonder will rather be, that it has been so frequent in the world.

It is a sense of this extraordinary combination of power necessary to the formation of a great dramatic poet, which has rendered the masterpieces of this art so general an object of devout admiration, to men of the greatest genius who have ever appeared upon earth. Euripides wept when he heard a tragedy of Sophocles recited at the Isthmian games; he mourned, but his own subsequent greatness proved without reason, the apparent impossibility of rivalling his inimitable predecessor. Milton, blind and poor, found a solace for all the crosses of life in listening, in old age, to the verses of Euripides. Napoleon, at St Helena, forgot the empire of the world, on hearing, in the long evenings, the masterpieces of Corneille read aloud. Stratford-on-Avon does not contain the remains of mere English genius, it is the place of pilgrimage to the entire human race. The names of persons of all nations are to be found, as on the summit of the Pyramids, encircled on the walls of Shakspeare's house; his grave is the common resort of the generous and the enthusiastic of all ages, and countries, and times. All feel they can

“Rival all but Shakspeare's name below.”

If the combination of qualities necessary to form a first-rate dramatic poet is thus rare, hardly less wonderful is the effort of genius to sustain the character of a great actor. The mind of the performer must be sympathetic with that of the author; it must be cast in the same mould with the original conceiver of the piece. To form an adequate and correct conception of the proper representation of the leading characters in the masterpieces of Sophocles, Shakspeare, or Schiller, requires a mind of the

same cast as that of those poets themselves. The performer must throw himself, as it were, into the mind of the author; identify himself with the piece to be represented; conceive the character in reality, as the poet had portrayed it in words, and then convey by acting this *second conception* to the spectators. By this double distillation of thought through the soul of genius, a finer and more perfect creation is sometimes formed, than the efforts of any single mind, how great soever, could have originally conceived. It may well be doubted whether Shakspeare's conception of Lady Macbeth or Desdemona was more perfect than Mrs Siddons's personation of them; or whether the grandeur of Cato or Coriolanus, as they existed in the original mind of Addison, or the patriarch of the English stage, equalled Kemble's inimitable performances of these characters. Beautiful as were the visions of Juliet

and Rosalind which floated before the mind of the Bard of Avon, it may be doubted if they excelled Miss Helen Faucit's exquisite representation of those characters. The actor or actress brings to the illustration of the great efforts of dramatic genius, qualities of a different sort, *in addition* to those which at first pervaded the mind of the author, but not less essential to the felicitous realization of his conception. Physical beauty, the magic of voice, look, and manner, the play of countenance, the step of grace, the witchery of love, the accents of despair, combine with the power of language to add a tenfold attraction to the creations of fancy. All the arts seem, in such representations, to combine their efforts to entrance the mind; every avenue to the heart is at once flooded with the highest and most refined enjoyment; the noblest, the most elevated feelings:—

“The youngest of the sister arts,
Where all their beauty blends!
For ill can poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime;
And painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb.”

That an art so noble as that of dramatic poetry, ennobled by such genius, associated with such recollections, so lofty in its purpose, so irresistible in its effects, should have fallen into comparative decline in this country in the brightest era of its literary, philosophical, and political achievements, is one of those singular and melancholy circumstances of which it seems impossible at first sight to give any explanation. Since the deep foundations of the English mind were stirred by the Reformation, what an astonishing succession of great men in every branch of human thought have illustrated the annals of England! The divine conceptions of Milton, the luxuriant fervour of Thomson, the vast discoveries of Newton, the deep wisdom of Bacon, the burning thoughts of Gray, the masculine intellect of Johnson, the exquisite polish of Pope, the lyric fire of Campbell, the graphic powers of

Scott, the glowing eloquence of Burke, the admirable conceptions of Reynolds, the profound sagacity of Hume, the pictured page of Gibbon, demonstrate how mighty and varied have been the triumphs of the human mind in these islands, in every branch of poetry, literature, and philosophy. Yet, strange to say, during two centuries thus marvellously illustrated by genius, intellect, and capacity in other departments of human exertion, there has not been a single great dramatic poet. Shakspeare still stands alone in solitary and unapproachable grandeur, to sustain, by his single arm, the tragic reputation of his country. Authors of passing or local celebrity have arisen: Otway has put forth some fine conceptions, and composed one admirable tragedy; Sheridan sketched some brilliant satires; Miss Baillie delineated the passions with epic power; and genius of the highest order in our times, that of Byron

and Bulwer, has endeavoured to revive the tragic muse in these islands. But the first declared that he wrote his dramatic pieces with no design whatever to their representation, but merely as a vehicle of noble sentiments in dialogue of verse; and the second is too successful as a novelist to put forth his strength in dramatic poetry, or train his mind in the school necessary for success in that most difficult art. The English drama, in the estimation of the world, and in its just estimation, still stands on Shakspeare, and he flourished nearly three hundred years ago!

It was not thus in other countries, or in former times. Homer was the first, and still is one of the greatest, of dramatic poets; the *Iliad* is a tragedy arranged in the garb of an epic poem. Æschylus borrowed, Prometheus-like, the divine fire, and embodied the energy of Dante and the soul of Milton in his sublime tragedies. Sophocles and Euripides were contemporary with Pericles and Phidias; the same age witnessed the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, the death of Socrates, and the history of Thucydides. The warlike and savage genius of the Romans made them prefer the excitement of the amphitheatre to the entrancement of the theatre; but the comedies of Plautus and Terence remain durable monuments, that the genius of dramatic poetry among them advanced abreast of the epic or lyric muse. The names of Alfieri, Metastasio, and Goldoni, demonstrate that modern Italy has successfully cultivated the dramatic as well as the epic muse; the tragedies of the first are worthy the country of Tasso, the operas of the second rival the charms of Petrarch. In the Spanish peninsula, Lope de Vega and Calderon have astonished the world by the variety and prodigality of their conceptions;* and fully vindicated the title of the Castilians to place their dramatic writers on a level with their great epic poets.

Need it be told that France stands pre-eminent in dramatic excellence;

that Corneille, Racine, and Molière, were contemporaries of Bossuet, Massillon, and Boileau; that the tragedies of Voltaire were the highest effort of his vast and varied genius? Germany, albeit the last-born in the literary family of Europe, has already vindicated its title to a foremost place in this noble branch of composition; for Lessing has few modern rivals in the perception of dramatic excellence, and Schiller none in the magnificent historic mirror which he has placed on the stage of the Fatherland. How, then, has it happened, that when, in all other nations which have risen to greatness in the world, the genius of dramatic poetry has kept pace with its eminence in all other respects; in England alone the case is the reverse; and the nation which has surpassed all others in the highest branches of poetry, eloquence, and history, is still obliged to recur to the patriarch of a comparatively barbarous age for a parallel to the great dramatic writers of other states?

The worshippers of Shakspeare tell us, that this has been owing to his very greatness; that he was so much above other men as to defy competition and extinguish rivalry; and that genius, in despair of ever equalling his vast and varied conceptions, has turned aside into other channels, where the avenue to the highest distinction was not blocked up by the giant of former days. But a little reflection must be sufficient to convince every candid inquirer, that this consideration not only does not explain the difficulty but augments it. Genius is never extinguished by genius; on the contrary, it is created by it. The divine flame passes from one mind to another similarly constituted. Thence the clusters of great men who, at intervals, have appeared simultaneously and close to each other in the world, and the long intervening periods of mediocrity or imitation. Did the immortal genius of Dante destroy subsequent poetic excellence in Italy? Let Tasso, Ariosto, Metastasio, and Alfieri, answer. Homer

* The first wrote *eighteen hundred* plays, the variety in the plots of which is so prodigious, that they are the great quarry from which almost all subsequent dramatic writers have borrowed the elements of their theatrical pieces.

did not extinguish Æschylus—he created him. Greek tragedy is little more than the events following the siege of Troy dramatised. The greatness of Sophocles did not crush the rising genius of Euripides—on the contrary, it called it forth; and these two great masters of the dramatic muse thrice contended with each other for the prize awarded by the Athenians to dramatic excellence.* The great Corneille did not annihilate rivalry in the dramatic genius of France—on the contrary, he produced it; his immortal tragedies were immediately succeeded by the tenderness of Racine, the wit of Molière, the versatility of Voltaire. Lessing in Germany was soon outstripped by the vast mind of Schiller. Michael Angelo, vast as his genius was, did not distance all competitors in Italy; he was speedily followed and excelled by Raphael; and when the boy Correggio saw Raphael's pictures, he said—"I, too, am a painter." Did the transcendent greatness of Burke close in despair the eloquent lips of Pitt and Fox; or the mighty genius of Scott quench the rising star of Byron? We repeat it—genius is never extinguished by genius; it is created by it.

But if the state of dramatic poetry in Great Britain since the time of Shakspeare affords matter of surprise, the late history and present state of the drama, as it appears on the stage, afford subject of wonder and regret. We are continually speaking of the lights of the age, of the vast spread of popular information, of the march of intellect, and the superiority of this generation in intelligence and refinement over all that have gone before it. Go into any of the theatres of London at this moment, and consider what evidence they afford of this boasted advance and superiority. Time was when the versatile powers of Garrick enchanted the audience; and exhibited alternately the perfection of the comic and the dignity of the

tragic muse. Mrs Siddons, supreme in greatness, has trod those boards; Kemble, the "last of all the Romans," has, in comparatively recent times, bade them farewell. Miss O'Neil, with inferior soul, but equal physical powers; Kean, with the energy, but unhappily the weaknesses of genius, kept up the elevation of the stage. Talent, and that too of a very high class, genius of the most exalted kind, are not awanting to support the long line of British theatric greatness; the names of Charles Kean, Fanny Kemble, and Helen Faucit are sufficient to prove, that if the stage is in a state of decrepitude, the fault lies much more with the authors or the public, than with the performers.† But all is unavailing. Despite the most persevering and laudable efforts to restore the dignity of the theatre, and revive the sway of the legitimate drama, in which Mr Macready has so long borne so conspicuous a part, Tragedy in the metropolis is almost banished from the stage. It has been supplanted by the melodrama, dancing, and singing. It has been driven off the field by *Timour the Tartar*. Drury-Lane, sanctified by so many noble recollections, has become an English opera-house. Covent-Garden is devoted to concerts, and hears the tragic muse no more. Even in the minor theatres, where tragedy is sometimes attempted, it can only be relied on for transient popularity. Its restoration was attempted at the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street, but apparently with no remarkable success; and the tragedies of *Othello* and *Hamlet*, supported by the talent of Macready, required to be eked out by Mrs Caudle's *Curtain Lectures*. We are no strangers to the talent displayed at many of the minor theatres both by the authors and performers; and we are well aware that the varied population of every great metropolis requires several such places of amusement. What we complain of is, that they engross every

* Euripides was fifteen years younger than Sophocles—the latter being born in the year 495 B.C., the former in 480; and they thrice contended for the prize at the public games of Greece.

† Miss Cushman's *Lady Macbeth* is a performance of the very highest merit, and proves that the genius of the stage is capable of being matured in transatlantic climes.

thing; that tragedy and the legitimate drama are nearly banished from the stage in all but the provincial cities, where, of course, it never can rise to the highest eminence.

All the world are conscious of the reality of this change, and many different explanations have been attempted of it. It is said that modern manners are inconsistent with frequenting the theatre: that the late hours of dinners preclude the higher classes from going to it; that the ladies' dresses are soiled by the seats in the boxes, before going to balls. The austerity of principle, in the strictly religious portion of the community, is justly considered as a great bar to dramatic success; as it keeps from the theatre a large part of society, which, from the integrity and purity of its principles, would, if it frequented such places of amusement, be more likely than any other to counteract its downward tendency. The hideous mass of profligacy which in London, in the absence of the better classes of society, has seized upon the principal theatres as its natural prey, is loudly complained of by the heads of families; and the audience is, in consequence, too often turned into little more than strangers, or young men in quest of dissipation, and ladies of easy virtue in quest of gain. The spread of reading, and vast addition to the amount of talent devoted to the composition of novels and romances, is another cause generally considered as mainly instrumental in producing the neglect of the theatre. Sir Walter Scott, it is said, has brought the drama to our fireside: we draw in our easy-chairs when the winds of winter are howling around us, and cease to long for *Hamlet* in reading the *Bride of Lammermoor*. There is some reality in all these causes assigned for the decline of the legitimate drama in this country; they are the truth, but they are not the whole truth. A very little consideration will at once show, that it is not to any or all of these causes, that the decline of the higher branches of this noble art in Great Britain is to be ascribed.

Modern manners, late dinners, ball-dresses, and the Houses of Parliament, are doubtless serious obstacles

to the higher classes of the nobility and gentry frequently attending the theatre; but the example of the Opera-house, which is crowded night after night with the élite of that very class, is sufficient to demonstrate, that all these difficulties can be got over, when people of fashion make up their minds to go to a place of amusement, even where not one in ten understand the language in which the piece is composed. The strictness of principle—mistaken, as we deem it, and hurtful in its effects—which keeps away a large and important portion of the middle and most respectable portion of the community, at all times, and in all places, from the theatre, is without doubt a very serious impediment to dramatic success, and in nothing so much so, as in throwing the patronage and direction of its performance into the hands of a less scrupulous part of society. But these strict principles, ever since the Great Rebellion, have pervaded a considerable portion of British society; and yet how nobly was the stage supported during the eighteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth century, in the days of Garrick, Siddons, and Kemble! The great number of theatres which are nightly open in the metropolis, and rapidly increasing in all the principal cities of the kingdom, demonstrates, that the play-going portion of the community is sufficiently numerous to support the stage, generally in respectability, at times in splendour. Without doubt, the licentiousness of the saloons of the great theatres in London is a most serious evil, and it well deserves the consideration of Government, whether some means should not be taken for its correction; but is the Opera-house so very pure in its purlieus? and are the habitual admirers of the ballet likely to be corrupted by occasionally seeing *Othello* and *Juliet*? The prevailing, and in fact universal, passion for reading novels at home, unquestionably affords an inexhaustible fund of domestic amusement; but does experience prove that the imagination once kindled, the heart once touched, are willing to stop short in the quest of excitement—to be satisfied with imperfect gratification? Novel-read-

ing is as common on the Continent as in this country; but still the legitimate drama exhibits no such appearances of decrepitude in its Capitals. The masterpieces of Corneille and Racine are still constantly performed to crowded houses at Paris; the theatres of Italy resound with the melody of Metastasio, the dignity of Alfieri; and singing and the melodrama have nowhere banished Schiller's tragedies from the boards of Vienna and Berlin.

We have said, that while we appreciate the motives, and respect the principles, which prevent so large a portion of the middle class of society from frequenting the theatre, we lament their determination, and regard it as an evil even greater to the morality than it is to the genius of the nation. In truth, it is founded on a mistaken view of the principles which influence human nature; and it would be well if moralists, and the friends of mankind, would reconsider the subject, before, in this country at least, it is too late. The love of the drama is founded on the deepest, the most universal, the noblest principles of our nature. It exists, and ever will exist. For good or for evil, its influence is immovable. We cannot extirpate, or even tangibly abridge its sway; the art of *Æschylus* and *Shakspeare*, of *Sophocles* and *Racine*, of *Euripides* and *Schiller*, is not to be extinguished by the reputable but contracted ideas of a limited portion of society. God has not made it sweeter to weep with those who weep, than to rejoice with those who rejoice, for no purpose. Look at the Arabs, as they cluster round the story-teller who charms the groups of Yemen, or the knots of delighted faces which surround the *Polchinello* of Naples, and you will see how universal is the passions in mankind for theatrical representations. But though we cannot eradicate the desire for this gratification, we may degrade its tendency, and corrupt its effects. We may substitute stimulants to the senses for elevation to the principle, or softening of the heart. By abandoning its direction to the most volatile and licentious of the community, we may render it an instrument of evil instead of good, and pervert the powers of genius, the magic of art, the fas-

cinations of beauty, to the destruction instead of the elevation of the human soul.

It is for this reason that we lament, as a serious social and national evil, the long interregnum in dramatic excellence in our writers, and the woful degradation in the direction of dramatic representations at our metropolitan theatres. Immense is the influence of lofty and ennobling dramatic pieces when supported by able and impassioned actors. As deleterious is the sway of questionable or immoral pieces when decked out in the meretricious garb of fancy, or aided by the transient attractions of beauty. Who can tell how much the heart-stirring appeals of *Shakspeare* have done to string to lofty purposes the British heart; how powerfully the dignified sentiments of *Corneille* have contributed to sustain the heroic portions of the French character? "*C'est l'imagination*," said *Napoleon*, "*qui domine le monde*." The drama has one immense advantage over the pulpit or the professor's chair: it fascinates while it instructs—it allures while it elevates. It thus extends its influence over a wide and important circle, upon whom didactic precepts will never have any influence. Without doubt, the strong and deep foundations of public morality must be laid in religious and moral instruction; if they are wanting, the social edifice, how fair soever to appearance, is built on a bed of sand. But fully admitting this—devoutly looking to our national Establishment for the formation of public principle—to our schools and colleges for the training of the national intellect—the experienced observer, aware of the sway of active principles over the human soul, will not neglect the subordinate but still powerful aid to be derived, in the great work of elevating and ennobling society, from the emotions which may be awakened at the theatre—the enthusiasm so often excited by tragic excellence. The thing to be dreaded with the great bulk of the spectators—that is, by far the largest portion of mankind—is not their avowed infidelity and their open wickedness; it is the sway of the degrading or selfish passions which is chiefly dangerous. The thing to be feared is, not that they will say there is no God, but

that they will live altogether without God in the world. How important, then, that genius should be called in here to the aid of virtue, and the fasci-

nations of the highest species of excellence employed to elevate, where so many causes exist to degrade the soul!

“Cosi all egro fanciul’ porgiamo aspersi,
Di soave licor gli orli del Vaso;
Socchi amari, ingannato intanto ei beve,
Et dall’ inganno suo vita riceve.”

The elevating influence of the noble sentiments with which the higher dramatic works abound, is more loudly called for in this than it has been in any former period of British history. We are no longer in the age of enthusiasm. The days of chivalry have gone by—and gone by, it is feared, never to return. We are in the age of commerce and the mechanical arts. Material appliances, creature comforts,—stimulants to the senses—now form the great moving power of society. Gain is every where sought after with the utmost avidity; but it is sought not for any lofty object, but on account of the substantial physical comforts with which the possession of riches is attended. Sensuality, disguised under the veil of elegance, refinement, and accomplishment, is making rapid strides amongst us. It does so in all old, wealthy, and long-established communities; it is the well-known and oft-described premonitory symptom of national decline. We can scarce venture to hope, we should find in the British empire at this period the enthusiasm which manned the ramparts of Sarragossa, the patriotism which fired the torches of Moscow. We should find united, too generally it is to be feared, at least in a considerable portion, the timidity and selfishness which signed the capitulation of Venice. How important, then, to gain possession of so mighty a lever for moving the general mind, and counteracting the selfishness which is degrading society, as the enthusiasm of the theatre affords; and instead of permitting it to fall into the hands of vice, to become the handmaid of licentiousness, to turn its vast powers to the rousing of elevated sentiments, the strengthening of virtuous resolutions, the nourishing of generous emotions! Whoever suc-

ceeds in this, whether author, actor, or actress, is a friend to the best interests of humanity, and is to be ranked with the benefactors of the human race.

Nor be it said that the theatre has been now irrevocably turned, in this country, to frivolous or contemptible representations, or that dancing and singing have for ever banished the tragic muse from the stage. Facts—well known and universally acknowledged facts, prove the reverse. How strong soever the desire for excitement or physical enjoyment may be, the passion for heart-stirring incident, the *besoin* of strong emotions, the thirst for tragic event, is still stronger. Look at the Parisian stage—what a concatenation of murders, suicides, conflagrations, massacres, and horrors of every description, have there grown up with the spread of the romantic drama in the lesser theatres! That shows how strong is the passion for tragic excitement in highly civilized and long corrupt society. Enter any of our courts of law, when any trial for murder or any other serious crime is going forward—observe how unwearied is the attention of all classes, and *especially the lowest*; with what patience they will sit for days and nights together, to watch the proceedings; mark the deathlike silence which pervades the hall, when any important part of the evidence is delivered, or the verdict of the jury is returned. Observe the mighty throng which attends a public execution. The writer once was present, when an hundred and fifty thousand persons assembled in one spot to witness the expiation of their guilt by two murderers on the scaffold.* When the mournful procession set out for the place of punishment, four miles distant, not a sound was to be heard

* At the execution of Doolan and another, for a combination murder near Glasgow, on May 13th, 1842.

from the innumerable spectators who lined the streets; the clang of the horses' hoofs on the pavement was audible among two hundred thousand persons. When it returned with the dead bodies, the clang of voices, the pent-up emotion, burst forth in so mighty a shout, that the discharge of artillery would hardly have been heard in the throng. The anxiety, sometimes amounting almost to frenzy, to get a sight of the convicted murderer, to be present at the condemned sermon, to see his last agonies on the scaffold, to examine the scenes of his crime, even to obtain a lock of his hair or a piece of his garments, is another proof of the disordered and often extravagant desires which the longing for strong and tragic excitement will produce in a large portion of society. Rely upon it, deep emotion, if rightly managed and properly directed, is more attractive than either amusement or licentiousness. Suffering exacts a far deeper sympathy than joy; the generous, for the time at least, overpower the selfish feelings. Let but the tragic muse be restored to her appropriate position on the stage, and supported by the requisite ability in the author and performers, and she will extinguish rivalry, and bear down opposition.

We have said that the tragic muse will do this, "if supported by the requisite ability in the *authors* and performers." We have said this advisedly; for we belong to the former class, and we have no complaint to make of want of ability on the stage. On the contrary, talent and genius, of the most elevated kind, are to be found upon it. The fault lies with our own profession, or rather with that portion of it who cultivate dramatic composition. The origin of the evil is to be found, the remote cause of the present degraded condition of the stage, is to be found in—strike but hear—IN SHAKSPEARE!

The most devoted worshipper of the genius of the Bard of Avon, the most enthusiastic admirer of the profound knowledge of the human heart, and unequalled force of expression which he possessed, cannot exceed

ourselves in the deep admiration which we entertain for his transcendent excellences. On the contrary, it is those very excellences which have done the mischief; it is they which have misled subsequent dramatic writers in this country, and occasioned the constant failures by which his imitators have been distinguished. It is not surprising that it is so. Shakspeare was supremely great; but he was so, not in consequence of his dramatic principles, but in spite of them. He fired his arrow further than mortal man has yet done; but he fired it not altogether in the right direction, and no one since has been able to draw the bow of Ulysses.

There is no one who has not heard of the famous dramatic unities, and the long-continued controversy which has been maintained between the admirers of the Greek drama, founded on their strict observance, and the followers of Shakspeare, who set them at defiance. In this, as in other disputes, probably neither party will ever convince the other; and the only effect of the contention is to fix each more immovably in its own opinion. But, waiving at present the abstract question, which of the two systems is in itself preferable, or essential to dramatic success, there is a practical consideration of deep interest to society, with which we are all concerned, and the result of which throws no small light on the theoretical principle. It is this. Placing the creators of the two systems—Æschylus and Shakspeare—on a par; conceding to the author of *Hamlet* an equal place with that of the composer of the *Prometheus Vincitus*; which of the two systems has had most success in the world; has longest preserved its sway over the human mind; has best withstood the causes of corruption inherent in all earthly change?

What a noble set of followers have, in all ages, graced the banners of the Athenian bard! Sophocles, Aristophanes, Menander, and Euripides, in Greece; Terence and Plautus in Rome; Metastasio, Goldoni, and Alfieri in Italy; Corneille, Racine, Molière, and Voltaire in France; Schiller,* in himself a host, in Germany—

* Schiller's dramas are of the modern kind, and the unities are not strictly ob-

contribute the brightest stars in the immortal band. Their merits may be unequal, their talent various, their pieces sometimes uninteresting; but, taken as a whole, their works exhibit the greatest efforts of human genius. What has the Romantic school to exhibit, after its inimitable founder, as a set-off to this long line of greatness? The ephemeral and now forgotten lights of the British stage—the blasting indecencies of Beaumont and Fletcher; the vigorous ribaldry of Dryden; the shocking extravagances of the recent French and Spanish stage; the *Tour de Nesle*, and other elevating pieces, which adorn the modern Parisian theatre, and train to virtuous and generous feeling the present youth of France. Shakspeare himself, with all his transcendent excellences, is unable to keep his ground on the British stage. Like all great men, whom accident or error has embarked in a wrong course, he has been passed by a host of followers, who, unable to imitate his beauties, have copied only his defects, till they have fairly banished the legitimate tragic drama from the London stage. If the precept of Scripture be true—“By their fruits shall ye know them”—the palm must be unquestionably awarded to the old Grecian school.

If the different principles on which the two great schools of the drama proceed are considered, it will not appear surprising that this result has taken place.

The Greek drama embraced a very limited number of stories and events, and they were all thoroughly known to every audience in the country. The incidents and tragic occurrences so wonderfully illustrated by the genius of their tragic poets, are almost all to be found sketched out in the *Odyssey* of Homer, or in the successive disasters of the fated race of *Cædipus*. The sacrifice of *Iphigenia* to procure fair gales when setting out for Troy, the foundation of the exquisite tragedy by Euripides of *Iphigenia in Aulis*; the subsequent meeting of her with her brothers, the basis of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, by the same poet; the murder of Agamem-

non by Clytemnestra and her adulterous lover; the revenge of Electra and Orestes, who put their mother and her lover to death; the subsequent remorse and woful fate of the avenging brother and sister—form so many tragedies, which for centuries entranced the Athenian audience. The sorrows of Andromache, when torn from her home after the death of Hector and sack of Troy, and subjected to the jealousy of the daughter of Menelaus; the deep woes of Hecuba, who saw in one day her daughter sacrificed on the tomb of Achilles, and the corpse of her son washed ashore, after having been perfidiously murdered by his Thracian host, as they appeared in the thrilling verses of Euripides—were all previously well known to the Grecian audience. If to these we add the multiplied disasters of the line of *Cædipus*; the despair of that unhappy man at his incestuous marriage with Jocasta; his subsequent sorrow when an exile, poor and bowed down by misfortune; the dreadful fate which befell his sons when they fell by each others' hands before the walls of Thebes; and the heroic self-sacrifice of Antigone to procure the rites of sepulture for her beloved and innocent brother—we shall find we have embraced nearly the whole dramas which exercised the genius of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and Euripides.

It resulted from this limited number of incidents in the Greek drama, and the thorough acquaintance of the audience, in every instance, with the characters, the incidents, and the *dénoûment* of the piece, that the grand object of the poet was to work up a particular part of the story to the highest perfection, rather than, to an audience unacquainted with any part of it, to unfold the whole. It was that which created the difference between it and the Romantic drama of modern times. There was no use in attempting to tell the story, for that was already known to all the audience. It would have been like telling the story of Wallace, or Queen Mary, or Robert Bruce, to a Scottish assembly. Genius was to be displayed; effect was to be produced, not by

served; but his finer pieces belong more nearly to the Grecian than the Romantic school.

unfolding new and unknown incidents, but working up to the highest degree those already known. Hence the peculiar character of the Greek drama; hence the astonishing and unequalled perfection to which it was brought. The world has never seen, perhaps it will never again see, any thing so exquisite as the masterpieces of Sophocles and Euripides—any thing so sublime as some of Æschylus. All subsequent ages have concurred in this opinion. All nations have united in it. The moderns and the ancients, differing in so many other points, are at one in this particular. There is as little diversity of opinion on the subject, as in the admiration of the sculpture of Phidias, the verses of Virgil, or the paintings of Raphael.

It was by the strict observance of the unities, and the necessity to which it exposed the poet of supplying, by his own genius and taste, all adventitious aids derived from change of scene, splendour of decoration, and novelty of story, that this astonishing perfection was attained. Force of language, grandeur of thought, pathos of feeling, were all in all. The dramatist was compelled to rest on these, and these alone. If he did not succeed in them, he was lost. The audience, composed of the most refined and enlightened citizens that then existed in the world, went to the theatre, expecting not to be interested or surprised by the unravelling of a new and intricate story, but to be fascinated by the force of expression and pathos of feeling, with which a mournful catastrophe already known was told. To attain this object, the dramatic writers of antiquity selected that period in an interesting and tragic story, when its incidents were approaching their crisis, when the *dénouement* for good or for evil took place; and they represented that at full length, and in all its detail, to the spectators. The previous incidents which had brought matters up to this point, were narrated in the course of the dialogue in the earlier scenes; the closing catastrophe, often too terrible to be represented on the stage, was described by some of the characters who had witnessed it. But the intervening period, the events and thoughts which succeeded the past, and preceded the

future, were painted in their fullest detail, and with all the force and finishing of which the artist was capable. Nothing resembles the structure of a tragedy of antiquity so much as a modern trial for murder; and in the undying interest which such a proceeding invariably excites in all countries and all ages, we may see the deep foundation laid in human nature for the influence of that species of dramatic composition. As in the Greek drama, the witnesses tell the preceding story, and explain the previous crimes or events by which matters have been brought to the present stage, when life or death depends upon the issue of the proceedings. The trial itself takes up these proceedings at the decisive point, and, with strict regard to unity of time and place, exhibits their aims and issue to the mind of the spectators. If the execution of the criminal were immediately to follow the verdict of the jury, and some persons were, when the spectators were still sitting in the hall thrilling with the interest they had felt, to come in, and relate the demeanour and last words of the unhappy being on the scaffold, that would be a Greek drama complete.

As the field of dramatic representation was thus limited on the stage of antiquity, the whole genius and powers of the poet were bent to concentrating on that narrow space all the powers and beauties of which his art was susceptible. Nothing was omitted which could either elevate, interest, entrance, or melt the heart of the audience. It is a common opinion in modern times with persons not acquainted in the originals with the Greek tragedy, that it was couched in a stately measured tone, wholly different from nature, and more akin to the pompous and sonorous verses of the French theatre. There never was a greater mistake. If it is characterized by any peculiarity more than another, it is the brevity and condensation of the language, the energy of the expressions, and the force with which the most vehement passions, and strongest emotions of the heart, are conveyed in the simplest words. So brief is the expression, so frequent the breaks and interjections, that the rhythm and verse are frequently, and for a long period, for-

gotten. Euripides alone, who had great rhetorical powers, sometimes indulges in the lengthened disquisitions, the *arguments in verse*, which exhibit so admirable a view of all that can be urged on a particular subject, and which have been so frequently imitated by Corneille and Racine. But even he, when he comes to the impassioned or pathetic scenes, as in the *Medea*, the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and *Hecuba*, is as brief and energetic in his expression as Shakspeare himself. Simplicity of language, energy of thought, and force of passion, are the grand characteristics of the Greek drama, as they were of the Greek oratory, and their combination constituted the excellence of both. The fire of the poet, the reach of imagination, was reserved for the chorus, which frequently exhibited the most sublime specimens of lyric poetry, rivalling the loftiest strains of the Pindaric muse. Thus the audience, in a short piece, in which the plot was rapidly urged forward, and the interest was never allowed for a moment to flag, were presented alternately with the force of Demosthenes' declamation, the pathos of Sophocles' expressions, and the fire of Pindar's poetry. It was as if the finest scenes of Shakspeare's tragedies were thrown together with no other interjections but the eloquence of Burke in the dialogue, and lyric poetry on a level with Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," Gray's "Bard," or Campbell's "Last Man," in the chorus. Is it surprising that tragedies, exhibiting such a combination, worked out by the most perfect masters of the human heart, should have entranced every subsequent age?

Though one scene only was presented in each tragedy on the Greek stage, so that unity of place was effectually observed, yet unity of *time* was by no means so strictly attended to; so that the poet was far from being so fettered in this respect as is commonly imagined. Every scholar knows that a very considerable time, sometimes some hours, or half a day, were supposed to be consumed in the few minutes that the strophe and antistrophe of the chorus were in course of being chanted. For instance, in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, during the

time that one of the chorus is reciting a few verses, the heroic sister has found out the body of her beloved brother, and, in violation of the command of Creon, bestowed on it the rites of sepulture. In the *Hecuba* of Euripides, in the brief space occupied by a chorus, her daughter Polyxene is led to the tomb of Achilles by Ulysses, and sacrificed there, in presence of the whole Greek army, to procure favourable gales for the return of the troops from Troy. In the *Electra* of the same author, during the strophes of one chorus, Orestes and Electra effect the death of the husband of Clytemnestra; during another, murder their unhappy mother herself. In the *Phænissæ* of Euripides, the duel between the two sons of Jocasta, their mutual slaughter, and the self-immolation of that fated mother on the body of her beloved son Polynices, take place while the chorus were reciting a few verses, and are described when the actors return on the stage. In truth, it is often in the tragic events which thus take place behind the scenes during the chorus, but in close connexion with what had just before been exhibited on the boards, that a material part of the interest of the piece consists, and the art of the poet is shown. The interest is never allowed for a moment to flag; it is wrought up first by the anticipation of the catastrophe, then by its description; and the intervening period, when it was actually going forward, is filled up by the recital of sublime lyric poetry, at once causing the stop of time to be forgotten, affording a brief respite to the overwrought feelings, and yet keeping up the enthusiastic and elevated state of mind in the audience.

It is impossible to conceive a more perfect drama than the *Antigone* of Sophocles. The subject, the characters, the moral tone of the piece, are as perfect as its execution is masterly and felicitous. It possesses, what is not frequent in Greek tragedy, the interest arising from elevated moral feeling and heroic courage devoted to noble purposes. The steady perseverance of Antigone in her noble resolution to perform the last rites to her dead brother, in defiance of the cruel threats of Creon; the courage

with which she does discharge those mournful duties; the rage of the tyrant at the violation of his commands; the momentary reappearance of the woman in *Antigone*, when she thinks of her betrothed, and contemplates her dreadful fate, to be shut up in a living tomb in the rock; the despair of *Hæmon*, who kills himself on the body of his beloved; the silent despair of his mother, which, unable to find words for its expression, leads to her self-immolation—the last victim of the curses bestowed on the race of *Ædipus*; are all portrayed with inimitable force and pathos. Simplicity of expression, depth of feeling, resolution of mind, are its great characteristics, as they are of all the works of *Sophocles*. It has been revived with signal success in recent times. If a translation could be made, which should render into English the force and beauty of the original language, the mingled energy and delicacy of *Sophocles's* conception, we should, indeed, have a perfect idea of the magic of the Greek drama. Such a translation is not beyond the bounds of possibility; the English language is capable of it, and could, in the hands of a master, render back a faithful image of the brevity and power of the Greek. But that master must be a *Sophocles*, or a *Shakspeare*; and ages will probably elapse before the world produce either the one or the other.

The *Prometheus Vinculus* of *Æschylus* is not properly a drama; at least, it has so little of the peculiar interest belonging to that species of poetry, that it can hardly be called such. Nevertheless, it is perhaps the most sublime composition that ever came from the thoughts of uninspired man. It is meant to portray the heroic devotion, the undaunted courage of *Prometheus*—the friend of man, the assuager of his sufferings, the aider of his enterprises—who was chained to a rock, exposed to the burning heats of summer, the shivering frosts of winter, by *Jupiter*, for having stolen fire—the parent of art, the spring of enterprise, the source of improvement—from heaven, to give it to the human race. From the expressions he uses on the ultimate results of that inestimable gift, one would almost

suppose he had a prophetic anticipation of the marvels of Steam. The opening scene, where *Prometheus* is chained to a rock in *Scythia*, by *Vulcan*, in presence of “Force and Strength,” the agents of *Jupiter's* commands; and the closing one, where he remains firm and unshaken amidst the wrath of the elements, the upheaving of the ocean, and the lightnings of heaven hurled at his devoted head, are of unrivalled sublimity. They literally realize the idea of the poet—

“Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.”

The *Prometheus Vinculus* is the *Inferno* of *Dante* dramatised; but it is fraught with a nobler moral. It does not portray the sufferings of sin for past guilt; it exhibits the heroism of virtue under present injustice. It paints the triumph of devoted benevolence, sustained by unconquerable will, over the oppression of physical force, the tyranny of resistless power. It exhibits the charity of the Saviour in the *Paradise Regained*, united to the indomitable spirit of *Satan*, who is chained on the burning lake, in *Paradise Lost*. It is the prophetic wail of humanity, so often doomed to suffer in the best of causes from external injustice.

The *Iphigenia in Aulis* is the most perfect of all the tragedies of *Euripides*, and the best adapted for modern representation. The well-known story of the daughter of the King of *Mæn* being devoted to sacrifice, to appease the angry deities, and procure favourable gales for the fleet on the way to *Troy*, and of the agony of her parents under the infliction, is developed with all the pathos and eloquence of which that great master of the tragic art was capable. Nothing can exceed the progressive interest which the character of *Iphigenia* excites. At first, horrorstruck, and shrinking with the timidity of her sex from the axe of the priest, she gradually rises when her fate appears inevitable, and at length devotes herself for her country with a woman's devotion, and more than a man's fortitude. In the French plays on the same subject, a love episode is introduced between her and *Achilles*; but the simplicity of the

Greek original appears preferable, in which she had no previous acquaintance with the son of Peleus, and he is interested in her fate, and strives to avert it, only from finding that his name, as her betrothed, had, without his knowledge, been used by Agamemnon to induce Clytemnestra to bring her to the Grecian camp. Doubtless, the tenderness of Racine in the love-scenes between her and Achilles, is inimitable; but the simplicity of the Greek original, where grief on her parents' part for her loss, and her own heroic self-sacrifice on the altar of patriotic duty, are undisturbed by any other emotion, is yet more touching, and far more agreeable to ancient manners, where love on the woman's part, previous to marriage, was, as now in the East, almost unknown.

In these great masterpieces of ancient art, the unity of emotions is strictly preserved; and it is that, joined to the lofty moral tone preserved through the drama, which constitutes their unequalled charm. This, however, is not always the case in the Greek tragedies. They are not insensible to the effect of a high moral tone, or the development of poetical justice; but they did not regard either as the principal object, or even a material part, of dramatic composition. To delineate the play of the passions was their great object: Aristotle says expressly that was the end of tragedy. To that object they devoted all their powers; they succeeded in laying bare the human heart in its most agonized moments, and in its inmost recesses, with terrible fidelity. In this way, they frequently represented it as torn by a double distress, each prompting to atrocious actions; as in the *Medea* of Euripides, where the unhappy wife of Jason, distracted by jealousy at the desertion and second marriage of her husband, destroys her own children in the fury of her vengeance against him; or the *Hecuba* of the same author, where the discrowned and captive widow of Priam, doomed in one day to see her daughter sacrificed on the tomb of Achilles, and the dead body of her son washed ashore by the waves, takes a terrible vengeance on his murderer, by putting his children to death, and turning him, after his

eyes have been put out, to beg his way through the world. The Greeks seem to have been deeply impressed with the evils, vicissitudes, and sufferings of life. No word occurs so frequently in their dramas as *evils*, (*κακὰ*.) In witnessing the delineation of its miseries on the stage, they seem to have had somewhat of the same stern pleasure which the North American Indians have in beholding the prolonged torture inflicted on a condemned captive at the stake. Every one felt a thrill of interest at beholding how another could bear a series of reverses and sufferings, which might any day be his own.

Notwithstanding all our admiration for the Greek tragedies, and firmly believing that they are framed on the true principle of dramatic composition—the neglect of which has occasioned its long-continued decline in this country—we are yet far from thinking them perfect. The age of the world, the peculiarities of ancient manners, rendered it impossible it should be so. We could conceive dramas more perfect and varied than any even of the masterpieces of Sophocles or Euripides. We are persuaded the world will yet see them outdone; though they will be outdone only by those who follow out their principles. But there are three particulars, in which, in modern times, themes of surpassing interest and importance are opened to the dramatic poet, which were of necessity unknown to the writers of antiquity; and it is by blending the skilful use of these, with the simplicity and pathos of the Greek originals, that the highest perfection of this noble art is to be attained.

In the first place, the Greeks had no idea whatever of a system of divine superintendence, or moral retribution, in this world. On the contrary, their ideas were just the reverse. FATE, superior to the decrees of Jove himself, was the supreme power which they discerned in all the changes of time; and it was the crushing of a human soul beneath its chariot-wheels that they principally delighted to portray. The omnipotence of Fate, in their opinion, was more shown in the destruction than the rewards of the good. Success in life they were will-

ing enough to ascribe to the able conduct of the persons concerned; they only began, like the French, to speak about destiny when they were unfortunate. Their ignorance of the fundamental principles of religion, familiar to every peasant in Europe, shines forth in every page of Sophocles and Euripides. The noblest tragedy of Æschylus, the *Prometheus Vincit*, is intended to portray the highest divine benevolence overpowered by supreme power, and eternally suffering under eternal injustice. The frequent overthrow of virtue by wickedness, of innocence by fraud, of gentleness by violence, in this world, seems to have produced an indelible impression on their minds. They not only had no confidence in the divine justice, or the ultimate triumph of virtue over vice, but they had the reverse. They had a mournful conviction that innocence in this vale of tears was everlastingly doomed to suffering; that vice would eternally prove triumphant; and that it was in inward strength and resolution that the only refuge for oppressed virtue was to be found. Their greatest philosophers thought the same. Their tragedies were dramatised Stoicism. Grandeur of character, force of mind, the indomitable will, might be portrayed to perfection under such a belief; but the mild graces, the confidence in God, the resignation to his will, breathed into the human heart by the Gospel, were unknown. What a volume of thoughts and sentiments, of virtues and graces, were wanting in a world to which faith, hope, and charity were unknown! A dramatic Raphael was impossible in antiquity; it was the spirit of the Redeemer which inspired his *Holy Families*. Their morality, accordingly, is of a sterner cast than any thing with which we are acquainted in modern times. They were full of admiration of the qualities which formed the patriot and the hero, and have portrayed them to perfection in their dramas; but they were ignorant of that more heavenly disposition of mind, which

“sits a blooming bride,

By valour's arm'd and awful side.”

They perceived the tendency of firm

and unbending virtue to elevate the soul above all that is earthly; but they knew not, in the sublime language of Milton,

“That if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

As a necessary consequence of this, the dramas of antiquity were destitute of those feelings of PIETY, which form so important a part in the most elevated characters of modern Europe. The ancients carried mere human virtue to the very highest point; in their poetry, their tragedies, their philosophy, they represented man resting on himself alone in the noblest aspect. But they were ignorant of God; they had no correct ideas of Heaven. The devotion to the divine will, the forgetfulness of self, the reliance on Supreme protection to innocence, the appeal to the Almighty, and the judgment of another world against the injustice of this, which runs through the most exalted conceptions of modern times, were to them unknown. Their ideas of the celestial beings were entirely drawn from human models: Olympus was peopled by gods and goddesses, animated by passions, divided by jealousies, stimulated by desires entirely akin to those which are felt in this world. The shades below were a dark and gloomy region, the entrance to which was placed in the jaws of Vesuvius, or the dreary expanse of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, through which the cries of the damned in Tartarus incessantly resounded; and where even the blessed spirits in Elysium were continually regretting the joys and excitement of the upper world. Dante, in his *Inferno*, has painted to the life their prevailing ideas of futurity; the next world to them contained nothing but successive circles of Malebolge. Homer has expressed their feeling in a line, when he makes Achilles, in Elysium, say to Ulysses, on his descent to the infernal regions, that he would rather command the Grecian army one day, than dwell where he was through an infinity of ages. Compare this with the ideas of the Crusaders in modern Europe; with the death of the chivalric Bayard, when, mortally wounded, seated on the ground, with his eyes fixed on the cross of his sword, he said to the

victorious Constable de Bourbon, "Pity not me—pity those who fight against their king, their country, and their oath!"

Lastly, the passion of love, as it is understood and felt in modern times, was unknown in antiquity; and to those who reflect how important a part it bears in the romances and plays of Europe, this will probably appear like performing Hamlet with the character of the Prince of Denmark omitted on the occasion. It was impossible they could have it, because their manners were much more Oriental than European; and young persons of opposites sexes rarely, if ever, met before marriage. They had a perfect idea of the mutual affection which arises after marriage; the tenderness of Hector and Andromache never has been surpassed in any tongue. With the passions of the harem they were perfectly familiar, and the dreadful pangs of jealousy never have been painted with more consummate ability, or more thorough knowledge of human nature. Euripides, in particular, has delineated the terrible effects of that passion with a master's hand; witness the raving of Medea at the desertion of Jason; the fury of Hermione at the captive Andromache. Love also, as it arises now in an Eastern seraglio, was not unknown to them; the passion of Phædra for Hippolytus, as painted by Euripides, is a proof of it. But the love they thus conceived, had scarce any resemblance to the passion of the same name, which has risen up with the general intercourse of the sexes, and chivalrous manners of modern Europe. It is represented rather as a fever, as a fit of insanity, than any thing else; and is usually held forth as the withering blast inflicted by an offended deity, or the mania bequeathed as an inheritance on an accursed race. The refined and ennobling passion, so well-known and exquisitely described by the great masters of the human heart in modern times, that of Othello for Desdemona, of Tancrede for Clorinda, of Corinne for Oswald, was unknown in antiquity. Even the passions described by Ovid, which arose amidst the freer manners of the Roman patricians, had little resemblance to the refined sentiments, the

bequest of the age of chivalry; the one was founded on the subjugation of mind by the senses, the other on the oblivion of the senses in the mind. What a vast addition to the range and interest of the drama has the refining and spiritualizing of this master-passion of the human breast, by the influence of Christianity, and the institutions of chivalry, made; and how inexcusable does it render modern genius, if, with such an additional chord to touch in the human heart, it has never yet rivalled the great models of antiquity!

And has modern genius not yet equalled the masterpieces of the drama in ancient Greece? We answer, decidedly not—either on the Continent or this country—any more than modern sculpture has rivalled the perfections of Grecian statuary. Neither in the old French and Italian school, which followed the ancient models, nor in the Romantic school in which old England and young France proposed to rival it, has any thing approaching to the interest and pathos of the Athenian dramatists been produced. It is not difficult to see what have been the causes of this inferiority, and they seem to have been these.

The regular drama of France was addressed, entirely and exclusively, to the court, the noble, and the highly educated classes. It was nothing more than an extension of the theatres of Versailles. The opinion of Louis XIV., his ministers or mistresses, of the Duke of Orleans, and a few leading nobles of Louvois, and one or two statesmen, were all in all. The approbation of the king stamped a tragedy in public opinion, as his dancing with her stamped the estimation of a new court beauty. The voice and feelings of the middle or lower ranks of society had no more to say on the subject than they had in the formation of court dresses, or the etiquette of the *Œil de Bœuf*. They took their opinions from that of the magnates of the land, as milliners and tailors now do from the dresses of London and Paris. Rank and fashion were paramount in literature, as they are still in manner, dancing, and etiquette. It was impossible that the drama, addressed to, and having its success de-

pendent on, the approbation of such an audience, could faithfully paint the human heart. The stately dames and haughty seigneurs of Versailles, would have been shocked with the vehement bursts of passion, the pathetic traits of nature, the undisguised expression of feeling, which appeared in Euripides and Sophocles, and entranced the mixed and more natural audience of Athens. It would have appeared vulgar and painful; it revealed what it was the great object of art and education to conceal. The stately Alexandrine verses, the sonorous periods, the dignified and truly noble thoughts, which so strongly characterize the French tragedies, arose naturally, and perhaps unavoidably, from the habits and tastes of the exclusive aristocratic circle to which they were addressed. In addition to this, the audience were all highly educated; at least according to the ideas and habits of the times. Classical images were those which recalled the most pleasing associations in every mind; classical events awakened the emotions most likely to prove generally attractive. The ancient models were before every mind, from the effect of early and universal education. Classical allusions and subjects were as unavoidable, as they now are in the prize poems of Oxford or Cambridge. Thus, the drama of Athens naturally was assumed as the model of modern imitation; but on it was ingrafted, not the vehemence and nature of the Greek originals, addressed to all mankind, but the measured march of heroic versification, intended for a narrow and dignified feudal circle.

Making allowance for this peculiarity, and considering the drama as, from this cause, diverted from its real object and highest flight, it is impossible to conceive any thing more perfect than the masterpieces of the French stage. Corneille was their greatest composer; he had most original genius, and was least fettered by artificial rules. He was the Æschylus of the French theatre. Voltaire said, that the king's ministers should be compelled to attend the performance of his finest pieces, to acquire the knowledge of human

nature, and statesmanlike views requisite for the government of man. Napoleon said, if Corneille had lived in his time, he would have made him a counsellor of state; for he alone, of all writers, felt the overpowering importance of state necessity. The great Condé wept at the generosity of sentiment portrayed in his *Britannicus*. It is impossible to conceive any thing more dignified and elevated, more calculated to rouse the generous and lofty feelings, to nourish that forgetfulness of self and devotion to others, which is the foundation of every thing great and good in this world, than his finest tragedies. They are, however, very unequal. *Cinna*, *Les Horaces*, the *Cid*, and *Rodogune*, are his masterpieces; it is they which have won for him, by the consent of all nations, the surname of "le Grand Corneille." But still it is not nature which is generally represented in his tragedies. It is an ideal nature, seven foot high, clad in impenetrable panoply, steeled against the weaknesses, as above the littlenesses of humanity. Persons of a romantic, lofty tone of mind, will to the end of the world be fascinated by his pages; heroic resolutions, great deeds, will ever be prompted by his sentiments. But they are above the standard of common life. They evince a deep knowledge of human nature, but of human nature in noble and heroic bosoms only—and that is widely different from what it obtains with ordinary men. Hence his pieces are little adapted for general representation; and certainly, even the best translations of them never could succeed in this country.

Racine is a more general favourite than Corneille, because he paints feelings more commonly experienced; but he wants his great and heroic sentiments. No one ever thought of calling him the Great. Less deeply embued with the lofty spirit of chivalry, less romantic in his structure, less commanding in his ideas, he is more polished, more equal, and has a greater command of the pathetic. He is to Corneille what Virgil was to Homer, what Raphael to Michael Angelo. The anguish of the human heart was what he chiefly loved to represent, because he felt that there

he excelled; and hence his tragedies are chiefly formed on the Greek model, and on the subjects already treated by Sophocles and Euripides. Agamemnon, Achilles, Alcestes, Orestes, Clytemnestra, Iphigenia, Œdipus, Hermione, Jocasta, Antigone, reappear on his pages, as in those of the masters of the Greek drama. But they reappear in a modern dress. They are very different from the inimitable simplicity of the originals. The refinements, conceits, extravagant flattery, politeness, and stately manners of the Grand Monarque, shine through every line. Achilles makes love to Iphigenia as if she were in the marbled gardens of Versailles; the passion of Phèdre for Hippolyte, is the refined effusion of modern delicacy, not the burning fever and maniac delirium of Phædra in Euripides. His Greek heroes and heroines address each other as if they were in the *Œil de Bœuf*; it is "monsieur" and "madame" at every step. Under classical names, and with the scene laid in distant lands, it is still the ancient régime of France which is portrayed in all his pieces—it is the passions and distresses of an old and highly civilized society which are depicted. Even *Athalie*, his masterpiece, has none of the ancient Jewish spirit in it; it is the modern priesthood which is represented as resisting oppression in the temple of Jerusalem. But the beauty of language, the melody of versification, the delicacy of sentiments, the frequent touches of the pathetic which his writings exhibit, will for ever secure him a high place in the opinion of men; and justify the saying of Voltaire, that whoever would acquire a pure and elegant French style, must have the *Petit Carême* of Massillon, and *Athalie* of Racine, constantly lying on his writing table.

Voltaire, though he adhered, in part at least, to the old subjects in his tragedies, is far more various and discursive in his mode of treating them. The prodigious fecundity of the author of a hundred volumes, the varied acquisitions of the philosopher, the historian, the satirist, the moralist, give diversity to his subjects, and an endless variety to his ideas. He possessed, as it were, a polyglot

mind; he threw himself into the feelings and passions of every country and every age, and brought out in his dramas part at least of the inexhaustible store of human thoughts and events which have from the beginning of time agitated the human race. The East, with its sultans, its harems, its sultanas, and its jealousies, strongly arrested his imagination, and furnished the subjects of some of his finest pieces; witness *Mahomet*, *Bajazet*, *Tamerlane*, and *Zaire*. For this reason his tragedies are more general favourites now than either those of Corneille or Racine; you will see the audience in the parterre of the Théâtre Français repeating whole speeches from *Brutus*, *Alzire*, or *Le Fanatisme*, after the performer on the stage. They have sunk deeper into the general mind than any of their predecessors; more of their lines have become household expressions, as is the case with Shakspeare, Gray, and Campbell in England, than those of any other author in the French language. Voltaire, too, was strongly impressed with the necessity of keeping up the interest of his piece from first to last; he drives on the story with an untiring hand, and even before the final catastrophe, contrives to produce a passing excitement at every step, by subordinate and yet important events. What he constantly complains of in his admirable commentaries on Corneille is, that, in his inferior pieces at least, that great master lets the story flag, the interest die away, and that, trusting to the fascination of his language, the power of his thoughts, he neglects the important matters of dramatic power and stage effect. His perfect knowledge of both these important auxiliaries of his art, is not the least of Voltaire's many excellences; and has secured for him, to all appearance permanently, if not the first, unquestionably the most popular place in the French theatre. But still his dramas do not represent nature. They are noble pieces of rhetoric put into rhyme. They are the ablest possible debate arrayed in the pomp of Alexandrine verse. But they do not touch the heart like a few words in Sophocles, Euripides, or Shakspeare.

Metastasio was fettered by a double

set of rules ; for he was compelled to attend at once to the dramatic unities of Aristotle, and the musical restraints of the opera. It was no common genius which, amidst such difficulties, could produce a series of dramas which should not merely charm the world, when arrayed in the enchanted garb of the opera, with all the attractions of music and scenery, but form a perpetual subject of pleasing study to the recluse, far from the pomp and magnificence of theatric representation. It is impossible to imagine any thing more attractive than his dramas, considered as visionary pieces. Formed on the events of the ancient world, he depicts, under the name of Alexander, Titus, Dido, Regulus, Cæsar, and Cleopatra, ideal beings having about as much resemblance to real mortals as the nymphs of the ballet have to ordinary women, or the recitative of Mozart to the natural human voice. But still they are very charming. If they are not a feature of this world, they are a vision of something above it ; of a scene in which the littlenesses and selfishness of mortality are forgotten ; in which virtue is generally in the end triumphant ; in which honour in women proves victorious over love, and fortitude in men obtains the mastery of fortune. Generosity and magnanimity beyond what could have been even conceived, often furnishes the *dénouement* of the piece, and extricates the characters from apparently insurmountable difficulties. There can be no doubt this is not human life : Alexander the Great, Dido, Regulus, are not of every day's occurrence. But the total departure of such representations from the standard of reality, appears less reprehensible in the opera than the ordinary theatre, because the singing and recitative at any rate remove it from off the pale of mortality. We take up one of his dramas as we go to the opera, not to see any picture of actual existence, or any thing which shall recall the experienced feelings of the human heart, but to be charmed by a fairy tale, which, if it does not paint the stern realities of life, at least charms by its imagination.

The more impassioned mind and vehement passions of Alfieri disdained those trammels by which the

French and Italian stages had so long been fettered. Gifted by nature with an ardent imagination, impetuous feelings, deep and lasting emotions, he early saw that the modern drama, founded on, and fettered by, the strict observance of the Greek unities, and yet discarding its broken and rapid diction, its profound knowledge of the human heart, its vehement expression of passion, had departed far from the real object of the art, and could not be brought back to it but by a total change of system. He has himself told us, in his most interesting life, that when he read the tragedies of Racine and Corneille, the book fell from his hands. They conveyed no idea whatever of reality ; they had no resemblance to the ardent feelings which he felt burning in his own breast. Anxiously seeking vent for passions too fierce to be controlled, he found it in the study of the Greek drama. The wrath of Medea, the heroism of Antigone, the woes of Andromache, the love of Phædra, found a responsive echo in his bosom ; they combined every thing he could desire, they represented every thing that he felt. He saw what Tragedy had been—what it ought to be. His taste was immediately formed on the true model. When he came to write tragedies himself, he composed them on the plan of Sophocles. He did more. He made the language as brief, the voice of passion as powerful, the plot as simple ; but he brought even fewer characters on the stage. He trusted entirely to the force of passion, the wail of suffering, the accents of despair. Immense was the effect of this recurrence to unsophisticated feeling, in a luxurious and effeminate society. It was like the burst of admiration with which the picture of the human heart was at the same time hailed in France, drawn by the magic hand of Rousseau ; or, in the next age, the fierce passions of the melodramatic corsairs of Byron were received in the artificial circles of London society. Nature was something new ; they had never heard her voice before.

Had Alfieri, with this ardent mind and clear perception of the true end of the drama, been endowed with that general knowledge of the human heart, and of human character in all its bear-

ings, which the Greek dramatists possessed, he would have formed the greatest tragedian of modern continental Europe. But in these vital particulars he was very deficient. His position in society, character, and habits, precluded him from acquiring it. The dissipated, heartless nobleman, who flew from one devoted passion to another, without the slightest compunction as to their effects on the objects of his adoration; who fought Lord Ligonier in the Park, in pursuance of an intrigue with his lady; and stole from the Pretender his queen, when age and dissipation had wellnigh brought him to the grave; who traversed, post-haste, France and Italy with fourteen blood-horses, which he wore out in his impetuous course, was not likely either to feel the full force of the generous, or paint the *real* features of the selfish passion. He did not mingle with the ordinary world on a footing of *equality*. This it is which ever makes aristocratic and high-bred authors ignorant of the one thing needful in history or the drama—a knowledge of human nature. No man ever learned that, who had not been practically brought into collision with men in all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. Hence his characters are almost all overdrawn. Vice and virtue are exhibited in too undisguised colours; the malignity of the wicked is laid too bare to the reader. He makes the depraved *admit they are bad, but yet persevere in their crimes*; a certain proof that he did not know the human heart. He knew it better who said, “The heart is *deceitful above all things*, and desperately wicked.” Napoleon knew it better when he said to Talma, after seeing his representation of Nero in *Britannicus*—“You are quite wrong in your idea of Nero; you should *conceal the tyrant*. No man admits he was guilty either to himself or others.” Alfieri himself is a proof of it: he recounts, in his life, many criminal acts he committed, but never with the slightest allusion to their having been wrong. He admitted, later in life, that he had been ignorant of human nature in the great body of mankind; for he said, on recounting the horrors of the 10th August, which he had witnessed at Paris—“Je connais bien

les grands, mais je ne connais pas les petits.”

It is hard to say whether Schiller belongs to the Greek or Romantic school in the drama. His subjects are in great part chosen from the latter class: he changes the scene, and did not hold himself bound by the rules of Aristotle. But in his mode of treating these subjects, he approaches more nearly to the tragedians of antiquity. He utterly discarded the limited range of subjects, and measured pomp of the French drama; he felt that the world had grown old since the days of Euripides, and that it was time for tragedy to embrace a wider range of subjects than the family disasters which followed the return of the Greeks from the siege of Troy. He knew that it was not in stately rhyme or measured cadences, that passion finds vent from the human breast. He was essentially historical in his ideas. The past, with its vast changes and endless variety of events, lay open before him. And he availed himself of all its riches. He is unequalled in the ability with which he threw himself into his subject, identified himself, not merely with the characters, but the periods in which they arose, and brought before the mind of the spectators the ideas, interests, passions, and incidents, the collision of which produced the catastrophe which formed the immediate subject of his piece. The best informed English or Scottish historians will have something to learn on the history of Queen Mary, from the incomparable summary of arguments for and against her detention in captivity by Queen Elizabeth, in the two first acts of his noble tragedy of *Mary Stuart*. The learned Spaniard will find himself transported to the palace of the Escorial, and the frightful tragedies of its bigoted court, in his terrible tragedy of *Don Carlos*. Schiller rivals Shakspeare himself in the energy with which, by a word or an epithet, he paints the fiercest or tenderest passions of the heart: witness the devoted love of Thekla for Max in *Wallenstein*; or the furious jealousy of the Queen in *Don Carlos*. He has not the grotesque of Shakspeare; we do not see in his tragedies that mixture of the burlesque and the sublime

which is so common in the Bard of Avon, and is not unfrequent with the greatest minds, who play, as it were, with the thunderbolts, and love to show how they can master them. Hence, in reading at least, his dramas produce a more uniform and unbroken impression than those of the great Englishman, and will, with foreign nations, command a more general admiration. But the great charm in Schiller is the romantic turn of mind, the noble elevation of sentiment, the truly heroic spirit, with which his tragedies abound. In reading them, we feel that a new intellectual soil has been turned up in the Fatherland; the human soul, in its pristine purity and beauty, comes forth from beneath his hand; it reappears like the exquisite remains of Grecian statuary, which, buried for ages in superincumbent ruins, emerge pure and unstained in virgin snow,

when a renewal of cultivation has again exposed them to the light. If he were equally great at all times, he would have been the most perfect dramatist of modern times. But he is far from being so. At times he is tedious; often dull; it is his great scenes, such as the last sacrament of Queen Mary, which have gained for him his colossal reputation, and produce an indelible impression on the mind of his reader.

We have exhausted, perhaps exceeded, our limits, and we have only got through half our subject. A noble theme remains: Shakspeare, with the Romantic drama, will be treated in the Number which is to follow; and the causes considered which have brought the school, created by such a master, into the state of comparative mediocrity in which, with some brilliant exceptions, it is now placed.

MY COLLEGE FRIENDS.

No. III.

MR W. WELLINGTON HURST.

It would probably puzzle Mr William Wellington Hurst, as much as any man, to find out on what grounds I placed him on the list of my College friends; for certainly our intimacy was hardly sufficient to warrant such a liberty; and he was one of those happy individuals who would never have suspected that it could be out of gratitude for much amusement afforded me by sundry of his sayings and doings. But so it is; and it happens, that while the images of many others of my companions—very worthy good sort of fellows, whom I saw more or less of nearly every day—have vanished from my memory, or only fit across occasionally, like shadows, the full-length figure of Mr W. Wellington Hurst, exactly as he turned out, after a satisfactory toilet, in the patent boots and scarf of many colours, stands fixed there like a daguerreotype—more faithful than flattering.

My first introduction to him was by running him down in a skiff, when

I was steering the College eight—not less to his astonishment than our own gratification. It is perfectly allowable, by the laws of the river, if, after due notice, these small craft fail to get out of your way; but it is not very easy to effect. However, in this instance, we went clean over him, very neatly indeed. The men helped him into our boat, just as his own sunk from under him; and he accepted a seat by my side in the stern-sheets, with many apologies for being so wet, appearing considerably impressed with a sense of my importance, and still more of my politeness. When we reached Sandford, I prescribed a stiff tumbler of hot brandy and water, and advised him to run all the way home, to warm himself, and avoid catching cold; and, from that time, I believe he always looked upon me as a benefactor. The claim, on my part, certainly rested on a very small foundation originally; it was strengthened afterwards by a less questionable act of patronage. Like many other under-

graduates of every man's acquaintance, Hurst laboured under the delusion, that holding two sets of reins in a very confused manner, and flourishing a long whip, was driving; and that to get twenty miles out of Oxford in a "team," without an upset, or an imposition from the proctor, was an *opus operatum* of the highest possible merit. To do him justice, he laboured diligently in the only exercise which he seemed to consider strictly academical—he spent an hour every morning, standing upon a chair, "catching flies," as he called it, and occasionally flicking his scout with a tandem whip; and practised incessantly upon tin horns of all lengths, with more zeal than melody, until he got the erysipelas in his lower lip, and a hint of rustication from the tutors. Yet he was more ambitious than successful. His reputation on the road grew worse and worse every day. He had a knack of shaving turnpike gates, and cutting round corners on one wheel, and getting his horses into every possible figure but a straight line, which made every mile got over without an accident almost a miracle. At last, after taking a four-in-hand over a narrow bridge, at the bottom of a hill, pretty much in the Olympic fashion—all four abreast—men got rather shy of any expeditions of the kind in his company. There was little credit in it, and a good deal of danger. First, he was reduced to soliciting the company of freshmen, who were flattered by any proposal that sounded *fast*. But they, too, grew shy, after one or two ventures; and poor Hurst soon found a difficulty in getting a companion at all. He was a liberal fellow enough, and not pushed for a guinea when his darling science was concerned: so he used to offer to "sport the train" himself; but even when he condescended to the additional self-devotion of standing a dinner and champagne, he found that the closest calculators among his sporting acquaintance had as much regard for their necks as their pockets.

To this inglorious position was his fame as a charioteer reduced, when Horace Leicester and myself, early in his third term, had determined somewhat suddenly to go to see a steeple-chase about twelve miles off, where

Leicester had some attraction beside the horses, in the shape of a pretty cousin; (*two*, he told me, and bribed me with the promise of an introduction to "the other," but she did not answer to sample at all.) We had engaged a very nice mare and stand-hope, which we knew we could depend upon, when, the day before the race, the chestnut was declared lame, and not a presentable four-legged animal was to be hired in Oxford. Hurst had engaged his favourite pair of greys (which would really go very well with any other driver) a week beforehand, but had been canvassing the last batch of freshmen in vain for an occupant of the vacant seat. A huge red-headed north-country man, who had never seen a tandem in his life, but who, as far as pluck went, would have ridden postilion to Medea's dragons, was listening with some apparent indecision to Hurst's eloquence upon the delights of driving, just as we came up after a last unsuccessful search through the livery stables; and the pair were proceeding out of college arm in arm, probably to look at the greys, when Leicester, to my amusement, stepped up with—"Hurst, who's going with you to B——?"

"I—why, I hardly know yet; I think Sands here will, if"—

"I'll go with you then, if you like; and if you've got a cart, Hawthorne can come too, and it will be very jolly."

If the university had announced their intention of creating him a B.A. by diploma, without examination, Hurst could hardly have looked more surprised and delighted. Leicester, it should be borne in mind, was one of the most popular men in the college—a sort of *arbiter elegantiarum* in the best set. Hurst knew very little of him, but was no doubt highly flattered by his proposal. From coaxing freshmen to come out by the bribe of paying all expenses, to driving to B—— steeple-chase side by side with Horace, (my modesty forbids me to include myself,) was a step at once from the ridiculous to the sublime of tandemizing. For this advancement in life, he always, I fancy, considered himself indebted to me, as I had originally introduced him to Leicester's acquaintance; and when we both

accepted an invitation, which he delivered himself of with some hesitation, to breakfast in his rooms on the morning of the expedition, his joy and gratitude appeared to know no bounds. It is not usual, be it remembered, for a junior man in college to ask a senior to a party from whom he has never received an invitation himself; but hunting and tandem-driving are apt occasionally to set ordinary etiquette at defiance. "Don't ask a lot of men, that's all—there's a good fellow," said Horace, whose good-natured smile, and off-hand and really winning manner, enabled him to carry off, occasionally, a degree of impudence which would not have been tolerated from others—"I hate a large formal breakfast party of all things; it disgusts me to see a score of men jostling each other over tough beefsteaks."

"I asked Sands yesterday," apologised Hurst. "I thought perhaps he would come out with me; but I dare say I can put him off, if"—

"Oh! on no account whatever; you mean the carrotty freshman I saw you with just now? Have him fly all means; it will be quite refreshing to meet any man so regularly green. So there will be just four of us; eight o'clock, I suppose? it won't do to be much later."

And Horace walked off, having thus arranged matters to his own satisfaction and his host's. I was an interested party in the business, however, and had my own terms to make. "You've disposed of me rather coolly," said I; "you don't surely imagine, that at my time of life I'm going to trust my neck to that fellow's furious driving?"

"Make your mind easy, Frank; William Wellington sha'n't finger a riband."

"Nonsense, Leicester; you can't treat a man in that kind of way—not to let him drive his own team. Hurst is a bit of an ass, certainly; but you can't with any decency first ask a man for a seat, and then refuse to give him up the reins."

"Am I in the habit, sir, of doing things in the very rude and ungentlemanly style you insinuate?" And Horace looked at me with mock dignity for a second or two, and then

burst into a laugh. "Leave it to me, Hawthorne, and I'll manage it to the satisfaction of all parties: I'll manage that Hurst shall have a capital day's fun, and your valuable neck shall be as safe as if you were tried by a Welsh jury."

With this indefinite assurance I was obliged to be content; and accordingly, at half-past eight the next morning, after a very correct breakfast, we mounted the tandem-cart at the college back-gates, got the leader hitched on, as usual, a mile out of the city, for fear of proctors, and were bowling merrily along, in the slight frost of an autumn morning, towards B——. Leicester took the driving first, by Hurst's special request, after one or two polite but faint refusals, the latter sitting by his side; while I occupied, for the present, the queer little box which in those days was stuck on behind, (the more modern carts, which hold four, are an improvement introduced into the University since my driving days.) With wonderful gravity and importance did Leicester commence his lectures on the whip to his admiring companion: I almost think he began in the approved style, with a slight allusion to the Roman *biga*, and deduced the progress of the noble science from Erichonius down to "Peyton and Ward." I have a lively recollection of a comparison between Automedon of the Homeric times, and "Black Will" of Oxford celebrity—the latter being decided as only likely to be less immortal, because there was no Homer among the contemporary under-graduates. A good deal was lost to me, no doubt, from my position behind; but Hurst seemed to suck it all in with every disposition to be edified. From the history of his subject, Horace proceeded, in due course, to the theory, from theory to facts, from facts to illustrations. In the practical department, Horace, I suspect, like many other lecturers, was on his weakest ground; for his own driving partook of the under-graduate character.

"You throw the lash out so—you see—and bring it back sharp, so—no, not so exactly—so—hang the thing, I can't do it now; but that's

the principle, you understand—and then you take up your double thong, so—pshaw, I did it very well just now—to put it into the wheeler, so—ah, I missed it then, but that's the way to do it."

He put me considerably in mind of a certain professor of chemistry, whose lectures on light and heat I once was rash enough to attend, who, after a long dry disquisition which had nearly put us all to sleep, used to arouse our attention to the "beautiful effects" produced by certain combinations, which he would proceed to illustrate, as he said, by a "little experiment." But, somehow or other, these little experiments always, or nearly always, failed; and after the room had been darkened, perhaps, for five minutes or so, in order to give the exhibition full effect, the result would be, a *fizz* or two, a faint blue light, and a stink, varying according to circumstances, but always abominable. "It's very odd, John," the discomfited operator used to exclaim to his assistant; "very odd; and we succeeded so well this morning, too: it's most unaccountable: I'm really very sorry, gentlemen, but I can assure you, this very same experiment we tried to-day with the most beautiful result; didn't we, John?" "We did, sir," was John's invariably dutiful reply: and so the audience took John's word for it, and the experiment was considered to have been, virtually, successful.

So we rattled on to the ground: Leicester occasionally putting the reins into his companion's hand, teaching him to perform some impossible movement with his third finger, and directing his attention to non-existent flies, which he professed to remove from the leader, out of sheer compassion, with the point of the whip.

"You are sure you wouldn't like to take the reins now? Well, you'll drive home then, of course? Hawthorne, will you try your hand now? Hurst's going to take up the tooling when we come back."

"No, thank you," said I; "I won't interfere with either of your performances."—"And if Hurst does drive home," was my mental deter-

mination, expressed to Leicester as far as a nod can do it, "I'll walk."

There was no difficulty in finding out the localities: the field in which the winning-flag was fixed was not far from the turnpike road, and conspicuous enough by the crowd already collected. Of course, pretty nearly all the sporting characters among the gowmsmen were there, the distance from the University being so trifling. Mounted on that seedy description of animal peculiar to Oxford livery-stables, which can never by any possibility be mistaken for any thing but a hired affair, but will generally go all day, and scramble through almost any thing; with showily mounted jockey-whips in their hands, bad cigars (at two guineas a-pound) in their mouths, bright blue scarfs, or something equivalent, round their necks—their neat white cords and tops (things which they *do* turn out well in Oxford) being the only really sportsmanlike article about them; flattering themselves they looked exceedingly knowing, and, in nine cases out of ten, being deceived therein most lamentably; clustered together in groups of four or five, discussing the merits of the horses, or listening, as to an oracle, to the opinion of some Oxford horse-dealer, delivered with insolent familiarity—here were the men who drunk out of a fox's head, and recounted imaginary runs with the Heythrop. Happy was he amongst them, and a positive hero for the day, who could boast a speaking acquaintance with any of those anomalous individuals, at present enshrouded in great-coats, but soon to appear in all the varieties of jockey costume, known by the style and title of "gentlemen riders;" who could point out, confidentially, to his admiring companions, "Jack B—," and "Little M—," and announce, from authority, how many ounces under weight one was this morning, and how many blankets were put upon the other the night before, to enable him to come to the scales at all. Here and there, more plainly dressed, moving about quickly on their own thorough-breds, or talking to some neighbouring squire who knew the ground, were the few really

sporting-men belonging to the University; who kept hunters in Oxford, simply because they were used to keep them at home, and had been brought up to look upon fox-hunting as their future vocation. Lolling on their saddles, probably voting it all a bore, were two or three tufts, and their "tail;" and stuck into all sorts of vehicles, lawful and unlawful, buggies, drags, and tandems, were that ignoble herd, who, like myself, had come to the steeple-chase, just because it was the most convenient idleness at hand, and because other men were going. There were all sorts of people there besides, of course: carriages of all grades of pretension, containing pretty bonnets and ugly faces, in the usual proportion; "all the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood," nevertheless, as the county paper assured us; and as I may venture to add, from personal observation, a very fair share of its disrespectability and blackguardism besides.

After wandering for a short time among these various groups, Leicester halted us at last in front of one of those old-fashioned respectable-looking barouches, which one now so seldom sees, in which were seated a party, who turned out to consist of an uncle and aunt, and the pair of cousins before alluded to. Hurst and I were duly introduced; a ceremony which, for my own part, I could have very readily excused, when I discovered that the only pair of eyes in the party worth mentioning bestowed their glances almost exclusively on Horace, and any attempt at cutting into the conversation in that quarter was as hopeless, apparently, as ungracious. Our friend's taste in the article of cousins was undeniably correct; Flora Leicester was a most desirable person to have for a cousin; very pretty, very good-humoured, and (I am sure she was, though I pretend to no experience of the fact) very affectionate. If one could have put in any claim of kindred, even in the third or fourth degree, it would have been a case in which to stickle hard for the full privileges of relationship. As matters stood, it was trying to the sensibilities of us unfortunate bystanders, whose cousins were either ugly

or at a distance; for the rest of our new acquaintances were not interesting. The younger sister was shy and insipid; the squire like ninety-nine squires in every hundred; and the lady-mother in a perpetual state of real or affected nervous agitation, to which her own family were happily insensible, but which taxed a stranger's polite sympathies pretty heavily. Though constantly in the habit, as she assured me, of accompanying her husband to run courses, and enjoying the sport, she was always on the look-out for an accident, and was always having, as she said, narrow escapes; some indeed so very narrow, that, according to her own account, they ought to have had, by every rule of probability, fatal terminations. In fact, her tone might have led one to believe that she looked upon herself as an ill-used woman, in getting off so easily—at least she was exceedingly angry when the younger daughter ventured to remark, *en pendant* to one of her most thrilling adventures, that "there was no great danger of an upset when the wheel stuck fast." Not content with putting her head out of the carriage every five minutes, to see if her own well-trained bays were standing quiet, as they always did, there was not a restive horse or awkward rider on the ground but attracted the good lady's ever watchful sense of danger. "He'll be thrown! I'm sure he will! foolish man, why don't he get off!" "Oh, oh! there they go! they're off, those horrid horses! they'll never stop 'em!" Such were the interjections, accompanied with extraordinary shudderings and drawings of the breath, with which Mrs John Leicester, her eyes fixed on some distant point, occasionally broke in upon the general conversation, sometimes with a vehemence that startled even her nephew and eldest daughter, though, to do them justice, they paid very little attention to any of us.

Just as I was meditating something desperate, in order to relieve myself from the office of soother-general of Mrs Leicester's imaginary terrors, and to bring Flora's sunny face once more within my line of vision, (she had been turning the back of her bonnet upon me perseveringly for the

last ten minutes,) a general commotion gave us notice that the horses were started, and the race begun. The hill on which we were stationed was close to the winning-post, and commanded a view of pretty nearly the whole ground from the start. The race was, I suppose, pretty nearly like other steeple-chases, and there is the less need for me to describe it, because a very full and particular account appeared in the *Bell's Life* next ensuing. The principal impressions which remain on my mind, are of a very smart gentleman in black and crimson, mounted on a very powerful bay, who seemed as if he had been taking it easy, who came in first, and after having been sufficiently admired by an innocent public, myself among the number, as the winner, turned out to have gone on the right hand instead of the left, of some flag or other, and to have lost the race accordingly; and of a very dirty-looking person, who arrived some minute or two afterwards without a cap, whose jacket was green and his horse grey, so far as the mud left any colour visible, and who, to the great disappointment, of the ladies especially, turned out to be the real hero after all.

We had made arrangements to have an independent beefsteak together after the race, in preference to joining the sporting ordinary announced as usual on such occasions; but the squire insisted on Leicester bringing us both to dine with his party at five. After a few modest and conscientious scruples on my part, at intruding on the hospitality of comparative strangers, and a strong private remonstrance from Hurst, on the impropriety of sitting down to dinner with ladies in a surtout and white cords, we accepted the invitation, and betook ourselves to kill the intervening hour or so as we best could.

"Well, Horace," said I, as Hurst went off to make his apology for a toilet—"how are you going to settle about the driving home?"

"Oh! never fear; I'll manage it: I have just seen Miller and Fane; they've got a drag over here, and there's lots of room inside; so they've promised to take Hurst home with them, if we can only manage to leave

him behind: they are going to dine here, and are sure not to go home till late; and we must be off early, you know, because I have some men coming to supper; so we'll leave our friend behind, somehow or other. A painful necessity, I admit; but it must be done, even if I have to lock him up in the stable."

Leicester seemed to have more confidence in his own resources than I had; but he was in too great a state of excitement to listen to any demurrers of mine on the point, and hurried us off to join his friends. Ushered into the drawing-room A. 1. of the Saracen's Head, we found *la bella* Flora awaiting us alone, the rest of the family being not as yet visible. There was not the slightest necessity for enquiring whether she felt fatigued, for she was looking even more lovely than in the morning; or whether she had been amused or not, for if the steeple-chaise had not delighted her, something else had, for there was a radiant smile on her face which could not be mistaken. Hurst was cut short rather abruptly in a speech which appeared tending towards a compliment, by Leicester's enquiring—"My good fellow, have you seen the horses fed?"

"No, upon my word," said Hurst, "I"—

"Well, I have then; but I wish you would just step across the yard, and see if that stupid ostler has rubbed them dry, as I told him. You understand those things, I know, Hurst—the fellows won't humbug you very easily; as to Hawthorne, I wouldn't trust him to see to any thing of the sort. Flora here knows more about a horse than he does."

Any compliment to Hurst's acuteness in the matter of horse-flesh was sure to have its effect, and he walked off with an air of some importance to discharge his commission.

"Now then," said Horace eagerly, "we have got rid of him for ten minutes, which was all I wanted; if you please, Flora dear, we must have your cleverness to help us in a little difficulty."

"Indeed!" said Miss Leicester, colouring a little, as her cousin, in his eagerness, seized her hand in both of his—"what scrape have you got into

now, Horace, and how can I possibly help you?"

"Oh, I want you to hit upon some plan for keeping that fellow Hurst here after we are gone."

"Upon my word!"

"Stay; you don't know what I mean. I'll tell you why—if he drives home to Oxford, he'll infallibly upset us; and drive he must if he goes home with us, because, in fact, the team is his, and I drove them all the way here."

"Then why, in the multitude of absurdities (which you Oxonians perpetrate)—I beg your pardon, Mr Hawthorne—but why need you have come out in a tandem at all, with a man who can't drive?"

"Simply, Flora, because I had no other way of coming at all."

"It was very absurd in us, Miss Leicester, I allow," said I, "but you know what an attraction a steeple chase is, to your cousin especially; and after having made up his mind to come—altogether, you see, it would have been a disappointment"—(to all parties, I had a mind to add, but I thought the balance was on my side without it.)

"After all," said Horace, "I shouldn't care a straw to run the chance, as far as I am concerned. I dare say the horses will go home straight enough, if he'll only let them: or if he wouldn't, I shouldn't mind knocking him off the box at once—by accident; but Frank here is rather particular, and I promised him I would not let Hurst drive. I thought once, if we had dined by ourselves, of persuading him he was drunk, and sending him home in a fly; but I am afraid, as matters stand, that plea is hardly practicable."

"Could I persuade him to let you or Mr Hawthorne drive, do you think?"

Horace looked at her as if he thought, as I dare say he did, that his cousin Flora could, if she were so minded, persuade a man to do any thing; so I was compelled, somewhat at the expense of my reputation for gallantry, to assure them both, that if Ulysses of old, among his various arts and accomplishments, had piqued himself upon his tandem-driving, his vanity would have stopped his ears effectually, and the Syren might have

sung herself hoarse before he would have given up the reins.

"I'll give the boots half-a-crown to steal his hat," said Horace, "and start while he is looking for it."

"Stay," said his cousin; "I dare say it may be managed." But I thought she looked disappointed. "Did you know we were all going to the B—— theatre to-night?"

"No! really! what fun?"

"No fun for you; for you must start early, as you said just now. The owners of the horses here patronise a play, and they have made papa promise to go, and so we must, I suppose, and"——

"Oh! we'll all go, of course," said Horace, decidedly.—"You'll stay and go, won't you, Hawthorne?"

"You forget your supper party," said I.

"Oh! hang it, they'll take care of themselves, so long as the supper's there; they won't miss me much."

"Didn't I hear something of your being confined to college after nine?"

"Ah, yes; I believe I am—but it won't matter much for once; I'll call on the dean to-morrow, and explain."

"No, no, Horace, that won't do; you and Mr Hawthorne must go home like good boys," said Flora, with a smile only half as merry as usual, "and Mary and I will persuade Mr Hurst to stay and go to the theatre with us."

"Oh! confound it!"—Horace began.

"Hush! here comes papa; remember this is my arrangement; you ought to be very much obliged, instead of beginning to swear in that way; I'm sure Mr Hawthorne is very grateful to me for taking so much interest in the question of his breaking his neck, if you are not. Oh! papa," she continued, "do you know that we shall lose all our beaux to-night; they have some horrid supper party to go back to, and we shall have to go to the play ourselves!"

Most of the Squire's sympathies were at this moment absorbed in the fact that dinner was already four minutes late, so that he had less to spare for his daughter's disappointment than Mrs Leicester, who on her arrival took up the lamentation with all her heart. She attacked her nephew at once upon the subject, whose replies were at first

wavering and evasive, till he caught Flora's eye, and then he answered with a dogged sort of resolution, exceedingly amusing to me who understood his position, and at last got quite cross with his aunt for persisting in her entreaties. I declared, for my part, that I was dependent on Horace's movements; that, if I could possibly have anticipated the delightful evening which had been arranged for us, every other arrangement should have given way, &c. &c.; when Hurst's reappearance turned the whole force of Mrs Leicester's persuasions upon him, backed, too, as she was by both her daughters. "Won't *you* stay, Mr Hurst? Must you go too? Will you be so shabby as to leave us?" How could any man stand it? William Wellington Hurst could not, it was very plain. At first he looked astonished; wondered why on earth we couldn't all stay; then protested he couldn't think of letting us go home by ourselves; a piece of self-devotion which we at once desired might not be thought of; then hesitated—he was meditating, no doubt, on the delight of driving—how was he to get home? the inglorious occupant of the inside of a drag; or the solitary tenant of a fly, (though I suggested he might drive that if he pleased;) Couldn't Leicester go home, and I and he follow together? I put in a decided negative; he looked from Mrs Leicester's anxious face to Flora's, and surrendered at discretion. We were to start at eight precisely in the tandem, and Miller and his party, who were sure to wait for the fly, were to pick up Mr Wellington Hurst as a supernumerary passenger at some hour unknown. And so we went to dinner. Mrs Leicester marched off in triumph with her new capture, as if fearful he might give her the slip after all, and committed Flora to my custody. I was charitable enough, however, in consideration of all circumstances, to give up my right of sitting next to her to Horace, and established myself on the other side of the table, between Mrs Leicester and her younger daughter; and a hard post I had of it. Mary would not talk at all, and her mamma would do nothing else; and she was one of those pertinacious talkers, too, who, not content with running on themselves, and leaving you to put in

an occasional interjection, inflict upon you a cross-examination in its severest form, and insist upon a definite and rational answer to every question. However, availing myself of those legitimate qualifications of a witness; an unlimited amount of impudence, and a determination not to criminate myself, I got on pretty tolerably. Who did I think her daughter Flora like? I took the opportunity of diligently examining that young lady's features for about four minutes—not in the least to her confusion, for she scarcely honoured me with a glance the whole time—and then declared the resemblance to mamma quite startling. Mary? Oh, her father's eyes decidedly; upon which the squire, whose pet she appeared to be—I suppose it was the contrast between her quietness and Mrs Leicester's incessant fidgeting that was so delightful—laughed, and took wine with me. Then she took up the subject of my private tastes and habits. Was I fond of riding? Yes. Driving? Pretty well. Reading? Very. Then she considerably hoped that I did not read much by candle-light—above all by an oil-lamp—it was very injurious. I assured her that I would be cautious for the future. Then she offered me a receipt for eye-water, in case I suffered from weakness arising from over-exertion of those organs;—declined, with thanks. Hoped I did not read above twelve hours a-day; some young men, she had heard, read sixteen, which she considered as really inconsistent with a due regard to health. I assured her that our sentiments on that point perfectly coincided, and that I had no tendency to excesses of that kind. At last she began to institute inquiries about certain under-graduates with whose families she was acquainted; and the two or three names which I recognised being hunting men, I referred her to Hurst as quite *au fait* in the sporting circles of Oxford, and succeeded in hooking them into a conversation which effectually relieved me.

Leicester, as I could overhear, had been still rather rebellious against going home before the play was over, and was insisting that his being in college by nine was not really material; nor did he appear over-pleased, when, in answer to an appeal from

Flora, I said plainly, that the consequences of his "knocking in" late, when under sentence of strict confinement to the regular hour, might not be pleasant—a fact, however, which he himself, though with a very bad grace, was compelled to admit.

At last the time arrived for our party to separate: Horace and I to return to Oxford, and the others to adjourn to see *Richard the Third* performed at the B—— theatre, under the distinguished patronage of the members of the H—— Hunt. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as Hurst accompanied us to the stable-yard to "start us," as he complacently phrased it, it was clear that he was suffering, like a great many unfortunate individuals in public and private life, under an overweening sense of his own importance. "You'll have an uncommon pleasant drive of it; upon my word you will," he remarked; "it wouldn't do for me to say I would not stay, you know, as Miss Leicester—Mrs Leicester, that is—seemed to make such a point of it; but really"

"Oh, come, Hurst," said I, "don't pretend to say you've made any sacrifice in the matter; I know you are quite delighted; I'm sure I should have liked to stay of all things, only it would have been uncivil to our friend here to send him home by himself from his own party."

"Oh! hang it, I don't mean to call it a sacrifice; I have no doubt I shall have a very pleasant evening; only I wish we could all have stayed, and driven home together afterwards."

"You may keep Hawthorne with you now, if you like," said Horace, who was not in the best of tempers; "I can take the horses home myself."

"No, no, that would be hardly fair," said I.

"Oh! no—off with you both," said Hurst; "stay, Leicester, you'll find the grey go more pleasantly if you drive him from the cheek; I'll alter it in a second."

"Have the goodness just to let them alone, my good fellow; as I'm to drive, I prefer putting them my own way, if you have no objection."

"Well, as you please; good-night."

"Miller's coming to my rooms when he gets home; if you like to

look in with him, you'll find some supper, I dare say."

Horace continued rather sulky for the first few miles, and only opened to anathematize, briefly but comprehensively, steeple-chases, tandems, deans and tutors, and "fellows like Hurst." I thought it best to let him cool down a little; so, after this ebullition, we rattled on in silence as long as his first cigar lasted.

"Come," said I, as I gave him a light, "we got rid of our friend's company pretty cleverly, thanks to your cousin."

"Ay, I told you I'd take care of that; ha, ha! poor Hurst! he little bargained, when he ordered his team, how precious little driving he was to get out of it; a strong instance of the vanity of human expectations. I wish him joy of it, stuck up in an old barn, as I suppose he is by this time, gaping at a set of strolling players; how Flora will laugh at him! I really shouldn't wonder if she were to tell him, before the evening is over, how nicely he has been humbugged, just for the fun of it!"

"At all events," said I, "I think we must have a laugh at him to-night when he comes home; though he's such a good-tempered fellow, it's rather a shame, too."

It was very plain, however, that it was not quite such a good joke to Master Horace himself as he was trying to make out; and that, in point of fact, he would have considerably preferred being seated, as Hurst probably was at that moment, by his pretty cousin's side in the B—— theatre, wherever and whatever that might chance to be, (even with the full expectation of being laughed at afterwards,) to holding the reins of the best team that ever was turned out of Oxford.

We reached Oxford just in time to hear the first stroke of "Old Tom." By the time I joined Leicester in his rooms, supper was ready, and most of the party assembled. The sport of the day was duly discussed; those who knew least about such matters being proportionately the most noisy and positive in giving their opinions. One young hero of eighteen, fresh from Winchester, in all the importance of a probationary Fellow, explained for our

benefit, by the help of the forks and salt-cellar, the line which the horses undoubtedly ought to have taken, and which they did not take; until one of his old schoolfellows, who was present, was provoked to treat us to an anecdote of the young gentleman's first appearance in the hunting-field—no longer ago than the last term—when he mistook the little rough Scotch terrier that always accompanied ——'s pack for the fox, and tally-ho'd him so lustily as to draw upon himself sundry very energetic, but not very complimentary, remarks from the well-known master of the hounds. By degrees Leicester recovered his usual good-humour; and supper passed over, and several songs had been sung with the usual amount of applause, (except one very sentimental one which had no chorus,) and we had got pretty deep into punch and politics, without Hurst's name having once been mentioned by either of us. A knock at the oak, and in walked Fane.

"So you're come back at last?" said Horace. "Sit down, if you can find room. Allow me to introduce your left-hand neighbour—Powell of Merton, Fane, one of our brightest ornaments; quite the *spes gregis* we consider him; passed his little-go, and started a pink only last week; give him a glass of punch. Perhaps you are not aware we've been drinking your health. But, by the way, Fane, where's our friend Wellington?"

"Who?" said Fane; "what on earth are you talking about?"

"Wellington Hurst; didn't you bring him home with you?"

"Certainly not; didn't *you* bring him home?"

"No; Miller promised me he should have a seat inside your drag, because we could not wait for him; did you stay to the play?"

"Yes, and capital fun it was; by the way, the last time I saw your friend Hurst was mounted up in a red baise place that was railed off for the patrons and patronesses, as they called them; there he was in the front row, doing the civil to a very odd-looking old dowager in bright blue velvet, with a neck like an ostrich."

"Thank you," said Leicester, "that's my aunt."

"Well, on that ground, we'll drink her health," said Fane, whose coolness was proverbial. "There was Hurst, however, sitting between her and an uncommonly pretty girl, with dark hair and eyes, dressed in—let me see"—

"Never mind; it was one of my cousins, I suppose," interposed Horace, who was engaged in lighting a cigar at the candle, apparently with more zeal than success.

"Well, we'll drink *her* health for her own sake, if you have no particular objection. I've no doubt the rest of the company will take my word for her being the prettiest girl on the ground to-day; Hurst would second me if he were here, for I never saw a man making love more decidedly in my life."

"Stuff!" said Horace, pitching his cigar into the fire; "pass that punch."

"What! jealous, Leicester?" said two or three of the party—"preserved ground, eh?"

"Not at all, not at all," said Horace, trying with a very bad grace to laugh off his evident annoyance; "at all events, I don't consider Hurst a very formidable poacher; but what I want to know is, how he didn't come home with Miller and your party?"

"Miller said he was coming up directly, so you can ask him; I really heard nothing of it. Hark, there are steps coming up the staircase now."

It proved to be Miller himself, followed by the under-porter, a good-tempered fellow, who was the factotum of the under-graduates at late hours, when the ordinary staff of servants had left college for the night.

"How are you, Leicester?" said he, as he walked straight to the little pantry, or "scouts' room," immediately opposite the door, which forms part of the usual suite of college apartments; "come here, Bob."

"Where's Hurst?" was Horace's impatient query.

"Wait a bit," replied Miller from inside, where he was rattling the plates in the course of investigating the remains of the supper—he was not the man to go to bed supperless after a twelve miles' drive. "Here, Bob," he continued, as he emerged at last with a cold fowl—"take this fellow down with you, and grill him in no

time; here's a lump of butter—and Harvey's sauce—and—where do you keep the pickled mushrooms, Leicester? here they are—make a little gravy; and here, Bob—it's a cold night—here's a glass of wine; now you'll drink Mr Leicester's health, and vanish."

Bob drank the toast audibly, floored his tumbler of port at two gulps, and departed.

"Now," said Horace, "do just tell me—what *is* become of Hurst? how didn't you bring him home?"

"Confound it!" said Miller, as he looked into all the jugs—"no whiskey punch?"

"Oh, really I forgot it; here's bishop, and that brandy punch is very good. But how didn't he come home with you?"

"Forgot it!" soliloquized Miller pathetically.

"Forgot it? how the deuce came you to forget it? and how will he come now?" rejoined Horace.

"How came *you* to forget it? I was talking about the whiskey punch," said Miller, as we all roared with laughter. "I couldn't bring Hurst, you know, if he wouldn't come. He left the playhouse even before we did, with some ladies—and we came away before it was over—so I sent up to tell him we were going to start in ten minutes, and had a place for him; and the Boots came down and said they had just had supper in, and the gentleman could not possibly come just yet. Well, I sent up again, just as we were ready harnessed, and then he threatened to kick Boots down stairs."

"What a puppy!" said Horace.

"I don't quite agree with you there: I don't pretend to much sentiment myself, as you are all aware; but with a lady *and* a supper in the case, I should feel perfectly justified in kicking down stairs any Boots that ever wore shoes, if he hinted at my moving prematurely."

Miller's unusual enthusiasm amused us all except Horace. "Gad," said he, at last, "I hope he won't be able to get home to-night at all!" In this friendly wish he was doomed to be disappointed. It was now verging towards twelve o'clock; the out-college members of the party had all taken their leave; Miller and Fane,

having finished their grilled chicken at a little table in the corner, had now drawn round the fire with the three or four of us who remained, and there was a debate as to the expediency of brewing more punch, when we heard a running step in the Quadrangle, which presently began to ascend the staircase in company with a not very melodious voice, warbling in a style which bespoke the owner's high state of satisfaction.

"Hush! That's Hurst to a certainty!"

"Queen of my soul, whose starlike eyes
Are all the light I seek"——

(Here came an audible stumble, as if our friend were beginning his way down again involuntarily by half-a-dozen steps at a time.) "Hallo! Leicester! just lend us a candle, will you? The lamp is gone out, and it's as dark as pitch; I've dropped my hat."

"Open the door, somebody," said Horace; and Hurst was admitted. He looked rather confused at first, certainly; for the sudden transition from outer darkness into a small room lighted by a dozen wax-candles made him blink, and our first greeting consisting of "ha—ha's" in different keys, was perhaps somewhat embarrassing; but he recovered himself in a second.

"Well," said he, "how are you all? glad you got home safe, Hawthorne; hope I didn't keep you waiting, Miller; you got the start of me, all of you, coming home; but really I spent an uncommon jolly evening."

"Glad to hear it," said Leicester, with a wink to us.

"Yes;—'pon my life; I don't know when I ever spent so pleasant a one;" and, with a sort of chuckle to himself, Hurst filled a glass of punch.

"What did you think of *Richard the Third*?" said I.

"Oh! hang the play! there might have been six Richards in the field for all I can say: I was better engaged."

"Ay," said Fane, "I rather fancy you were."

"We had a very pleasant drive home," said I, willing to effect a diversion in favour of Leicester, who was puffing desperately at his cigar in a savage kind of silence;—"and a

capital supper afterwards ; I wish you had been with us."

"And I had a very jolly drive too : I got a gig, and galloped nearly all the way ; and a very good supper, too, before I started ; but I won't return your compliment ; we were a very snug party without you. Upon my word, Leicester, your eldest cousin is one of the very nicest girls I ever met : the sort of person you get acquainted with at once, and so very lively and good-humoured—no nonsense about her."

"I'll make a point of letting her know your good opinion," replied Horace, in a tone conveying pretty plainly a rebuke of such presumption. But it was lost upon Hurst.

"Probably you need not trouble yourself," said Fane ; "I dare say he has let her know it himself already."

"No—really no"—said Hurst, as if deprecating any thing so decided ; "but Miss Leicester is a *very* niece girl ; clever, I should say, decidedly ; there's a shade of—one can hardly call it rusticity—about her manner ; but I like it, myself—I like it."

"Do you?"—said Horace, very drily.

"Oh ! a season in London would take all that off." And Hurst began to quaver again—

"Queen of my soul, whose"——

"I'll tell you what," said Horace, rising, and standing with his back to the fire, with his hands under his coat-tails—"You may not be aware of it, but you're rather drunk, Hurst."

"Drunk !" said Hurst ; "no, that's quite a mistake ; three glasses, I think it was, of champagne at supper ; and

you men have sat here drinking punch all the evening ; if any body's drunk, it's not me."

Hurst's usually modest demeanour was certainly so very much altered as to justify, in some measure, Leicester's supposition ; but I really believe Flora Leicester's bright eyes had more to answer for in that matter than the champagne, whether the said three glasses were more or less.

However, as Horace's temper was evidently not improving, Miller, Fane, and myself wished him good-night, and Hurst came with us. We got him into Fane's rooms, and then extracted from him a full history of the adventures of that delightful evening, to our infinite amusement, and apparently to his own immense satisfaction. It was evident that Miss Flora Leicester had made an impression, of which I do not give that young lady credit for being in the least unconscious.

The impression, however, like many others of its kind, soon wore off, I fancy ; for the next time I saw Mr Wellington Hurst, he had returned to his usual frame of mind, and appeared quite modest and deferential ; but it will not perhaps surprise my readers any more than it did myself, that Horace was never fond of referring to our drive to the steeple-chase at B——, and did not appear to appreciate, as keenly as before, the trick we had played Hurst in leaving him behind ; while all the after-remembrances of the latter bore reference, whenever it was possible, to his favourite date—"That day when you and I and Leicester had that team to B—— together."

THE STUDENT OF SALAMANCA.

PART III.

" Como un pobre condenado
 Agui vivo entre cadenas,
 A mi xabega amarrado,
 Tendido en esta carena."

Cancion Andaluza.

IN one of the wildest and most secluded of the valleys formed by the sierra of Urbasa and its contiguous ranges, stands a small cluster of houses, differing in few respects from the nine or ten hundred villages and hamlets scattered over the fertile vales and rugged hills of Navarre, but of which, nevertheless, a brief description may not be without interest. The village in question is composed of some five-score houses, for the most part the habitations of peasants, who earn their living by labour in the fields of the neighbouring proprietors, or, many of them, by the cultivation of small portions of land belonging to themselves. Nothing can be more uniform than the arrangement and construction of Navarrese houses of this class, which are well adapted to the wants and tastes of the race of men who inhabit them, and to the extremes of heat and cold for which the climate of that part of Spain is remarkable. The walls are generally of stone, of which the neighbouring mountains yield an abundant supply; glass windows are rare, and replaced by wooden shutters; the door, usually of oak, and of great solidity, is hung in a low archway of granite blocks. The entrance is into a small clay-floored room or vestibule, answering a variety of purposes. Here are seen implements of agriculture—sometimes a plough, or the heavy iron prongs with which the Basques and Navarrese are accustomed laboriously to turn up the ground in places too steep for the use of oxen; mules or ponies stand tethered here, waiting their turn of duty in the fields, or on the road; and here sacks of vegetables and piles of straw or maize-ears are temporarily deposited, till they can be placed in the granary, usually in

the upper part of the house. At the further end, or on one side of this vestibule, a door opens into the stable or cowshed, and on the other side is the kitchen, which the family habitually occupy. An immense arched chimney projects far into the last-named apartment, and under it is a stone hearth, slightly raised above the tiled floor. Around, and upon this tiled hearth, during the long winter evenings, the peasant and his family establish themselves; the room is lighted by a glimmering oil-lamp, and, more effectually, by the bright wood-fire, which crackles and sparkles as the rain-drops or snow-flakes occasionally fall through the aperture of the chimney. The men smoke and talk, and repose themselves after the fatigues of the day; the women spin, and attend to the pots of coarse red earth, in which various preparations of pork, eggs, or salt-fish, with beans and *garbanzos*, (a sort of large pea of excellent flavour,) the whole plentifully seasoned with oil and red pepper, stew and simmer upon the embers. Above stairs are the sleeping and store rooms, the divisions between which often consist of slight walls of reeds, plastered over and whitewashed.

Besides the humble dwellings above described, many of these mountain villages contain two or three houses of larger size and greater pretension, belonging to hidalgos or country gentlemen, who own estates in the neighbourhood. Independently of their superior dimensions, glass in the windows, painted doors and shutters, and the arms of the family carved in stone above the entrance, perhaps a few valuable pictures by the old Spanish masters, decorating the walls of the apartments, distinguish these more aristocratic mansions, which, although spacious, and of dignified aspect, fre-

quently afford little more real comfort than the cottages above which they tower.

It was early on an August morning, about a fortnight subsequently to the rescue of Count Villabuena, that a man in an officer's uniform, and who, to judge from the stripe of gold-lace on his coat cuff, held the rank of major, knocked at the door of a house of the description last referred to. The applicant for admission was about forty years of age, of middle stature, broad-shouldered and powerful, and his countenance, the features of which were regular, might have been called handsome but for a peculiarly lowering and sullen expression. Apparently he had just come off a journey; his boots and dress were covered with dust, his face was unshaven, and he had the heated, jaded look of a man who has passed in the saddle the hours usually allotted to repose.

"Is Count Villabuena quartered here?" said he to the servant who opened the door.

"He is, Señor Comandante," replied the man.

The stranger entered the house, and was ushered into a large apartment on the first floor. He had waited there but a few minutes, when the door of an adjoining chamber opened, and Count Villabuena, wrapped in a morning-gown, and seemingly just out of bed, made his appearance.

"Don Baltasar!" exclaimed the Count, in a tone of some surprise, on beholding his early visitor.

"As you see, cousin," replied the new-comer; "and glad enough, I assure you, to be at the end of his ride, although the bearer of no very welcome news."

"Whence come you?" said the Count, "and what are the news you bring?"

"From Pampeluna, or at least from as near to it as I could venture. The news I bring are bad enough. Yesterday morning, at this hour, Juan Orrio, and the four other officers who were taken in the skirmish near Echauri, were shot to death on the glacis of Pampeluna."

"Bad news indeed!" said the Count,

starting, in visible perturbation, from the chair on which he had seated himself. "Most unfortunate, just at this time."

"At this or at any other time it would hardly be welcome intelligence to the general," observed Don Baltasar. "Orrio was one of the first who joined him after he took command of the king's army, and he greatly valued him both as a friend and an officer."

"True," replied Villabuena; "but at this moment I have especial reasons for regretting his death. Have you communicated it to Zumalacarreui?"

"Not yet. I have been to his quarters; he rode out at daybreak, and has not returned. My horse is dead beat, and as the direction the general took is not exactly known, I think it better to wait his coming than to follow him. Meanwhile, cousin, a cup of chocolate will be no unwelcome refreshment after the night's march."

Villabuena rang a hand-bell that lay upon the table, and gave his orders to the servant who answered the summons. Some smoking chocolate and other refreshments, and a small brazen cup containing embers for lighting cigars, were brought in, and the Major applied himself vigorously to the discussion of his breakfast.

Major Baltasar de Villabuena, that distant relative of the Count to whom reference has been already made as the intended husband of his daughter, was a soldier of fortune who had entered the army at an early age, and at the outbreak of the Carlist insurrection was captain in a regiment of the line. He might have risen higher during his twenty years' service, but for his dogged and unpleasant temper, which ever stood in the way of his advancement. The death of the Count's sons, although it constituted him heir to the Villabuena property, made but little real difference in his prospects. The Count was only twelve or fifteen years older than himself, and likely to live nearly as long. The cousins had not met for many years, and had never been on intimate or even friendly terms; and

it was therefore with joyful surprise, that, a few days after the commencement of the war, Don Baltasar received a letter from the Count, expressing a wish to see and know more of the man who was to inherit his title and estates. The letter informed him of what he already knew, that the Count had espoused the cause of Charles V.; and it further urged him to throw up his commission in the army of the usurping government, and to hasten to join his kinsman, who would receive him with open arms. Some vague hints concerning a nearer alliance between them, were more than was wanting to raise Don Baltasar's hopes to the highest pitch, and to induce him instantly to accept the Count's propositions. He at once resigned his commission and joined the Carlists, by whom he was made heartily welcome; for men of military experience were then scarce amongst them. Don Baltasar was a bold and efficient officer, and the opportunity was favourable for exhibiting his qualities. The Count was at first much pleased with him; and soon afterwards, when the Carlists were temporarily dispersed, and the insurrection was seemingly at an end, Major Villabuena accompanied his cousin to France, and was presented to Rita as her intended husband. But his unpolished manners and brutal abruptness made a most unfavourable impression upon the lady, who did not attempt to conceal her repugnance to her new suitor. The Count himself, who, amidst the bustle and activity of the life he had recently led, had overlooked or not discovered many of his kinsman's bad qualities, was now not slow in finding them out; and although the proposed marriage was of his own planning, he began almost to congratulate himself on his prudence in having made the promise of his daughter's hand contingent on her encouragement of her cousin's addresses. That encouragement there appeared little probability of Baltasar's obtaining. The gallant major, however, who entertained an abundantly good opinion of his own merits, instead of attributing the young lady's dislike to any faults or deficiencies of his own, laid it at the

door of her attachment to Herrera, of which he had heard something from the Count; and he vowed to himself, that if ever he had the opportunity, he would remove that obstacle from his path, and make short work of it with the beardless boy who stood between him and the accomplishment of his wishes.

Whilst the Major satisfied the keen appetite which his night-ride had given him, Count Villabuena restlessly paced the room, his features wearing an expression of anxiety and annoyance.

"You take this news much to heart, Count," said Baltasar. "I knew not that Orrio or any other of the sufferers was your friend."

"None of them were particularly my friends," replied the Count; "nor does my regret for their fate exceed that which I should feel for any other brave and unfortunate men who might lose their lives in the service of his majesty. But their death at this precise conjuncture is most unfortunate. You have heard me speak of Luis Herrera?"

"Herrera!" repeated Baltasar, with affected unconcern; "is not that the name of your former protégé, the love-stricken swain who ventured to aspire to the hand of your fair daughter?"

"The same," replied the Count, gravely.

"He is with the enemy," said Baltasar; "holds a commission in a cavalry regiment now in our front. I trust to fall in with him some day, and to exchange a sabre-cut in honour of the bright eyes of my charming cousin."

"He would find you employment if you did," replied the Count. "He is a brave lad and a skilful soldier. But at present there is small chance of your meeting him, at least with a sword in his hand. He was taken prisoner a few days ago, and is now in this village."

"Ha!" exclaimed Baltasar, his dark deep-set eyes emitting a gleam of satisfaction. "And what does Zumalacarregui propose to do with him?"

"Up to yesterday, I trusted to procure his release. The general seemed half inclined to grant it, as

well as that of the other captive officers, if they would take an oath not to bear arms against the king. A few of them had agreed to give the required pledge; and although the others, including Herrera, obstinately refused, I was not without hopes of overcoming their repugnance. But last evening news came of the excesses that Rodil's division has been committing in Biscay, burning houses, ill-treating the peasantry, and refusing quarter to prisoners. This greatly exasperated the general, and he talked of recommencing the system of reprisals, which, since the removal of Quesada from the command of the Christino forces, has been in some degree abandoned."

"You are particularly interested, then, in the fate of this Herrera?" said Baltasar, with a searching glance at the Count.

"I am so for various reasons. His father and myself, although of different political creeds, were old friends; the son was long an inmate of my house, and I at one time thought of him as my future son-in-law. If he has taken up arms against his rightful sovereign, it is from a mistaken sense of duty, and not, as many have done, with a view to personal gain and advantage. Moreover, during my recent short captivity, of which you have probably heard, he twice saved my life; once at great risk and with positive detriment to himself."

"Numerous and sufficing motives," said Baltasar, with a slight sneer.

"Undoubtedly they are," replied the Count; "and you now see why I regret your arrival and the intelligence you bring. The general's indignation at the slaughter of Orrio and his companions will place the lives of Herrera and the other prisoners in great jeopardy."

"I am sorry," said Baltasar, in a tone which belied his professed concern, "that my arrival should interfere with your plans, and endanger the life of your friend."

"I can scarcely believe in your regrets, cousin," replied the Count, "or that you will grieve for the death of one whom you regard as a rival. But again I tell you that Herrera can never be the husband of my daughter; and although you have the impression

that he is now one of the chief obstacles to your success with Rita, time cannot fail to obliterate her childish attachment. Be sure that you will do more towards winning her favour by acting generously in the present circumstances, than if you were to take this opportunity of compassing Herrera's death."

"I do not understand you, Count," said Baltasar. "You talk as if the young man's life or death were in my hands. I bring intelligence which it is my duty to convey to the general as speedily as possible, and I am no way responsible for the consequences. I cannot believe that you would have me forget my duty, and suppress news of this importance."

"Certainly not," answered the Count; "but much depends on the way in which such things are told. Moreover, the general talked yesterday of calling a council of war, to deliberate and decide on the fate of these prisoners. Should he do so, you will be a member of it; and if you wish to serve me, you will give your vote on the side of mercy."

What reply Don Baltasar would have made to this request, must remain unknown; for, before he had time to speak, the conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door of the apartment, and one of Zumalacarregui's aides-de-camp entered the room.

"The general has returned from his ride, Major Villabuena," said the officer; "he has heard of your arrival, and is impatient to see you."

"I am ready to accompany you to him," said Baltasar, by no means sorry to break off his dialogue with the Count.

"General Zumalacarregui also requests your presence, Señor Conde," said the aide-de-camp.

"I will shortly wait upon him," replied Villabuena.

The two officers left the house, and the Count re-entered his sleeping apartment to complete his toilet.

On reaching Zumalacarregui's quarters, Major Villabuena found the Carlist chief seated at a table, upon which were writing-materials, two or three maps, and some open letters. Several aides-de-camp, superior officers, and influential partisans of Don

Carlos, stood near him, walked up and down the room, or lounged at the windows that looked out upon the winding, irregular street of the village. In the court-yard of the house, a picket of lancers sat or stood near their horses, which were saddled and bridled, and ready to turn out at a moment's notice; a sentry paced up and down in front of the door, and on the highest points of some hills which rose behind the village, videttes were seen stationed. Although there were more than a dozen persons assembled in the apartment, scarcely a word was uttered; or if a remark was interchanged, it was in a low whisper. Zumalacarregui himself sat silent and thoughtful, his brow knit, his eyes fixed upon the papers before him. The substance of the intelligence brought by Don Baltasar had already reached him through some officers, to whom the Major had communicated it on his first arrival at the general's quarters; and Zumalacarregui waited in a state of painful anxiety to hear its confirmation and further details. He foresaw that extreme measures would be necessary to put an end to the system adopted by the Christinos, of treating the prisoners they made as rebels and malefactors, instead of granting them the quarter and fair usage commonly enjoyed by prisoners of war; but although Zumalacarregui had been compelled, by the necessities of his position, to many acts of severity and apparent cruelty, his nature was in reality humane, and the shedding of human blood abhorrent to him. It was, therefore, with some difficulty that he resolved upon a course, the adoption of which he felt to be indispensable to the advancement of the cause he defended.

Don Baltasar made his report. Two days previously, he said, whilst reconnoitring with a handful of men in the neighbourhood of Pampeluna, and observing the movements of the garrison, he was informed that an execution of Carlist prisoners was to take place in that city on the following morning. He sent a peasant to ascertain the truth of this rumour. By some accident the man was detained all night in the fortress, and in the morning he had the opportunity of witnessing the death of Captain

Orrio and four other officers, who were shot upon the glacis, in presence of the assembled garrison. This was the substance of the Major's report, to which Zumalacarregui listened with the fixed and profound attention that he was accustomed to give to all who addressed him. But not contented with relating the bare facts of the case, Don Baltasar, either unmindful of his cousin's wishes, or desirous, for reasons of his own, to produce an effect as unfavourable as possible to the Christino prisoners, did all he could to place the cruelties exercised on the unfortunate Carlists in the strongest possible light.

"Your Excellency will doubtless grieve for the loss of these brave and devoted officers," said he, as he concluded his report; "but to them their death was a boon and a release. The information brought by our spies concerning the cruelty with which they were treated, exceeds belief. Crowded into loathsome dungeons, deprived of the commonest necessities of life, fed on mouldy bread and putrid water, and overwhelmed with blows if they ventured to expostulate—such were the tender mercies shown by the agents of Christina to the unhappy Orrio and his gallant companions. Although their imprisonment was but of three weeks' duration, I am informed that they were so weakened and emaciated as scarcely to be able to walk to the place of execution, which they reached amidst the jeers and insults of their escort."

There was a movement of horror and indignation amongst the listeners.

"The savages!" muttered Zumalacarregui. "And how did they meet their death?"

"Like heroes. Their last look was a defiance to their enemies, their last words a *viva* for the king. It is said that the Christinos offered them their lives if they would renounce Charles V. and take up arms for Isabel, but to a man they refused the offer."

"Truly," said Zumalacarregui, "the cause must be good and righteous that finds such noble defenders. Have you heard aught of the prisoners at Tafalla, Major Villabnena?"

"They are still detained there," said the Major, "but it is said that

orders for their execution are daily expected."

"By whom is it said, or is it merely a supposition of your own?" said a voice behind Don Baltasar.

The Major turned, and met the stern gaze of the Count, who had entered the room unobserved by him. Baltasar looked confused, and faltered in his reply. He had heard it—it was generally believed, he said.

"Such reports are easily circulated, or invented by those who find an interest in their fabrication," said the Count. "I trust that General Zumalacarregui will not place implicit faith in them, or allow them to influence his decision with regard to the unfortunate Christino officers."

"Certainly not," returned Zumalacarregui; "but the undoubted facts that have yesterday and to-day come to my knowledge, render any additional atrocity on the part of our enemies unnecessary. The volley that they fired yesterday on the glacis of Pampeluna, was the death-knell of their own friends. Count Villabuena, the prisoners must die.

A hum of approbation ran through the assembly.

"With such opponents as ours," said Zumalacarregui, "humanity becomes weakness. Captain Solano, let the prisoners be placed in capilla, and order a firing-party for to-morrow noon."

The officer addressed left the room to fulfil the commands he had received; and Zumalacarregui, as if desirous to get rid of a painful subject, called Count Villabuena and some of his officers around him, and began discussing with them a proposed plan of operations against the division of one of the generals whom Rodil had left to follow up the Carlist chief during his own absence in Biscay.

In the apartment in which the interview between the Conde de Villabuena and his cousin had taken place, and within a few hours after the scene in Zumalacarregui's quarters, the Count was seated alone, revolving in his mind various schemes for the rescue of Luis Herrera from his imminent peril. To rescue him, even at risk or sacrifice to himself, the Count was fully resolved; but the difficulty was, to devise a plan offering a rea-

sonable chance of success. An appeal to Zumalacarregui would, he well knew, be worse than useless. The general had decided on the death of the prisoners from a conviction of its justice and utility; and, had his own brother been amongst them, no exception would have been made in his favour. The Count, therefore, found reason to rejoice at having said nothing to Zumalacarregui of the interest he felt in Herrera personally, and at having based his intercession in behalf of the prisoners on the general ground of humanity. A contrary course would greatly have increased the danger of the plans he was now forming. Since there was no hope of obtaining Herrera's pardon, he was determined to accomplish his escape. How to do this was a difficulty, out of which he did not yet clearly see his way. The village was small, and crowded with Carlist soldiers; the prisoners were strictly guarded; and even should he succeed in setting Herrera at liberty, it would be no easy matter to get him conveyed in safety to any post or garrison of the Christinos, the nearest of which was several leagues distant, whilst the road to it lay through a wild and difficult country, entirely unknown to Luis, and containing a population devoted to Don Carlos.

It was three in the afternoon. Count Villabuena leaned over the balcony of his apartment, and gazed musingly into the street of the little village. The scene that offered itself to him was one that at any other moment might have fixed his attention, although he was now too much pre-occupied to notice its picturesque details. The rays of the August sun fell in a broad flood of light upon the scattered houses of the hamlet, making the flint and granite of their walls to glitter again; the glare being only here and there relieved by a scanty patch of shadow, thrown by some projecting wall, or by the thick foliage of a tree. The presence of the Carlist troops caused an unusual degree of bustle and animation in the village. Many of the houses had for the time been converted into shops and taverns; in the former, tobacco, fruit, sardines, and other soldier's luxuries, were

exposed for sale on a board in front of the window; whilst in the latter, huge pig-skins, of black and greasy exterior, poured forth a dark stream of wine, having at least as much flavour of the tar with which the interior of its leathern receptacle was besmeared, as of the grape from which the generous liquid had been originally pressed. Through the open windows of various houses, glimpses were to be caught of the blue caps, strongly marked countenances, and fierce mustaches of the Carlist soldiers; their strangely-sounding Basque oaths and ejaculations mingling with the clack of the castanets and monotonous thrum of the tambourine, as they followed the sunburnt peasant girls through the mazes of the Zericico, and other national dances. Hanging over the window-sills, or suspended from nails in the wall, were the belts, which the soldiers had profited by the day's halt—no very frequent occurrence with them—to clean and pipeclay, and then had hung to dry in the sun. Here, just within the open door of a stable, were men polishing their musket-barrels, or repairing their accoutrements; in another place a group, more idly disposed, had collected in some shady nook, and were playing at cards or morra; whilst others, wrapped in their grey capotes, their heads resting upon a knapsack or doorstep, indulged in the sound and unbroken slumber which their usually restless and dangerous existence allowed them but scanty opportunity of enjoying.

The house occupied by Count Villabuena was nearly in the centre of one of the irregular lines of detached buildings that formed the village. About eighty yards further off, on the opposite side of the road, from which they receded, and were partially screened by some barns and a plantation of fruit-trees, there stood two houses united under one roof. They were of the description usually inhabited by peasants of the richer sort, and consisted of a ground floor, an upper story, and above that a sort of garret under the tiles, which might serve as the abode of pigeons, or perhaps, in case of need, afford sleeping quarters for a farm-servant. In

one of these houses, in which a number of soldiers were billeted, a guard-room had been established, and in the other, before the door and beneath the side-windows of which sentries were stationed, the prisoners were confined. They had been brought to this village immediately after their capture, as to a place of security, and one little likely to be visited by any Christino column. Zumalacarregui had accompanied them thither, but had marched away on the following day, leaving only a few wounded men and a company behind him. He had now again returned, to give his troops a day or two's repose, after some harassing marches and rapid movements. Count Villabuena had accompanied the general upon this last expedition, but not without previously ascertaining that Herrera was well cared for, and that the wound in his arm, which was by no means a severe one, was attended to by a competent surgeon. The prisoners were lodged in a room upon the upper floor, with the exception of Herrera, to whom, in consideration of his suffering state, was allotted a small chamber near the apartment of his comrades, the side window of which overlooked the open country. This casement, which was about fifteen feet from the ground, was guarded by a sentry, who had orders to fire upon the prisoners at the first indication of an attempt to escape.

Whilst the Conde de Villabuena gazed on the temporary prison, of which he commanded a view from his balcony, and meditated how he should overcome the almost insuperable difficulties that opposed themselves to Herrera's rescue, there emerged from the door of the guard-room a man, whose gait and figure the Count thought he knew, although he was too far distant to discern his features. This man was in a sort of half-uniform; a blue jacket decorated with three rows of metal buttons, coarse linen trousers, and on his head the customary woollen boina. From underneath the latter appeared a white linen bandage, none of the cleanest, and considerably stained with blood. His face was pale and thin, and the Count conjectured him to be a wounded man, recently out of

hospital. The person who had thus attracted Villabuena's notice, turned into the street, and keeping on the shady side, either from disliking the heat, or out of regard to his recently bleached complexion, walked slowly along till he arrived near the Count's window; then looking up, he brought his hand to his cap, and saluted. As he did so, the Count recognised the well-known features of Paco the muleteer.

The surprise felt by the Count at the reappearance of this man, whom he fully believed to have been killed when he himself was rescued from the Christinos by Zumalacarregui, was succeeded by a joyful foreboding. By the aid of Paco, with whose sagacity and courage he was well acquainted, who had been at a former period in his service, and whom he knew to be entirely devoted to him, he felt at once that he should be able to accomplish the escape of Herrera. Giving but one glance around to see that he was not observed, he made a sign to the muleteer to come up to him. Paco obeyed, and in another moment entered the apartment.

"I thought you were in your grave, Paco," said Villabuena, "and so did we all. I myself saw you lying in the dust of the road, with a sabre-cut on your head that would have killed an ox."

"It was not so bad as it looked," replied the Navarrese. "Nothing like a close-woven boina for turning a sabre edge. Pepe Velasquez is a hard hitter, and if I had worn one of their pasteboard shakos, my head would have been split in two like a ripe tomato. But as it was, the blow glanced sideways, and only shaved off a bit of the scalp, though it left me senseless, and as like dead as might be. After the troops and your señoría had marched away, and just as life was returning, some peasants found me. They took me home and doctor-ed me, and three days ago I was well enough to crawl hither. I am getting strong and hearty, and shall soon be in the saddle again."

"So much the better," replied the Count. "We want all the men we can muster, and especially brave fellows like yourself. Meanwhile,

what are you doing, and where are you quartered?"

"In the house of José Urriola, where the guard-room is. My duty is to take the prisoners their rations, and clean out their room. Poor Don Luis, as your señoría doubtlessly knows, is amongst them."

"I do know it, and it is concerning him that I wish to speak to you. Paco, I know I can depend on you."

"You can, your señoría," replied the muleteer. "Do you think I have forgotten all your honour's kindness, how you got me out of the scrape about the smuggling?"

"Or the one about thrashing the alguazils," returned the Count, with a smile.

"Ah, your señoría was always very good to me," said Paco; "and I am not the man to forget it."

"You have an opportunity of showing your gratitude," said the Count. "Have you heard that the prisoners are to be shot to-morrow?"

Paco started.

"And Don Luis with them?"

The Count nodded affirmatively.

"It will be the death of Doña Rita," exclaimed Paco with blunt passion. "Speak to the general—you can do it. He will not refuse Señor Herrera's life, if you ask it."

"You are mistaken," said Villabuena; "in that quarter there is no hope. The only chance for Don Luis is his escape, before to-morrow morning."

Paco shook his head, and remained for a moment silent. The Count observed him attentively.

"It is difficult," said the muleteer, "and dangerous."

"Difficulties may be overcome; for the danger, you shall be amply recompensed," said the Count, anxiously.

"I want no recompense, señor," cried the Navarrese, with one of those bursts of free and manly independence that characterise his countrymen. "I will do it for you if it cost me my life."

"But how is the escape to be accomplished?" said the Count. "Does any plan occur to you?"

"I could do it," said Paco, "had I been ten days longer off the doctor's

list. But I am still weak; and even if I got Don Luis out of his prison, I should be unable to accompany him till he is out of danger. I take it he will want a guide. I must have some one to help me, Señor Conde."

"That increases the danger to all of us," said the Count. "Whom can we trust?"

"I can find some one," said Paco, after a moment's reflection, "who will be safe and silent, if well paid."

The Count opened a writing-desk, and produced several gold ounces.

"A dozen of those will be sufficient," said Paco; "perhaps fewer. I will do it as cheap as it can be done; for I suppose the *pesetas* are not more plentiful with your señoría than with most of Charles V.'s followers. But it will not do to bargain too closely for a man's life."

"Nor do I mean to do so," said the Count. "Here is the sum you name, and something over. Who is your man?"

"Your señoría has heard of Roman Jaime, the gipsy *esquilador*?"

The Count made a movement of surprise.

"He is one of our spies; devoted to the general. You cannot think of trusting him?"

"He is devoted to any body who pays him," returned Paco. "I knew him well in former days, when I went to buy mules in the mountains of Arragon. An arch rogue is Master Jaime, who will do any thing for gold. I daresay he serves the general honestly, being well paid; but he will look upon our job as a godsend, and jump at the chance."

"I doubt the plan," said the Count. "I am bent upon saving Herrera, and have made up my mind to some risk; but this appears too great."

"And what need your señoría know about the matter at all?" said the ready-witted Paco. "No one has seen me here; or, if any one has, nothing will be thought of it. The money was given me by the prisoner—I arrange the matter with Jaime, and to-morrow morning, when the escape is discovered, who is to tax you with a share in it?"

"Tis well," said the Count—"I leave all to you; and the more wil-

lingly, as my further interference might rather excite suspicion than prove of service. If you want money or advice, come to me. I shall remain here the whole evening."

Upon leaving the Count's quarters, Paco lounged carelessly down the street, with that listless think-of-nothing sort of air, which is one of the characteristics of the Spanish soldier, till he arrived opposite to a narrow passage between two houses, at the extremity of which was a stile, and beyond it a green field, and the foliage of trees. Turning down this lane, he entered the field, and crossed it in a diagonal direction, till he reached its further corner. Here, on the skirt of a coppice, and under the shade of some large chestnut-trees, a group was assembled, and a scene presented itself, that might be sought for in vain in any country but Spain. Above a wood-fire, which burned black and smouldering in the strong daylight, a large iron kettle was suspended, emitting an odour that would infallibly have turned the stomachs of more squeamish or less hungry persons than those for whom its contents were destined. It would have required an expert chemist to analyse the ingredients of this caldron, of which the attendant Hecate was a barefooted, grimy-visaged drummer-boy, who, having been temporarily promoted to the office of cook, hung with watering lips, and eyes blinking from the effect of the wood smoke, over the precious stew entrusted to his care. This he occasionally stirred with a drumstick, the end of which he immediately afterwards transferred to his mouth, provoking a catalogue of grimaces that the heat of the boiling mess and its savoury flavour had probably an equal share in producing. Another juvenile performer on the sheepskin was squatted upon his haunches on the opposite side of the fire, acting as a check upon any excess of voracity on the part of his comrade, whilst he diligently employed his dirty digits and a rusty knife in peeling and slicing a large pumpkin, of which the fragments, so soon as they were in a fitting state, were plunged into the pot. A quantity of onion skins and tomato stalks, some rusty bacon rind,

the skin of a lean rabbit, and some feathers that might have belonged either to a crow or a chicken, bestrewed the ground, affording intelligible hints as to a few of the heterogeneous materials already committed to the huge bowels of the kettle.

At a short distance from the fire, and so placed as to be out of the current of smoke, a score of soldiers sprawled upon the grass, intent upon the proceedings of a person who sat in the centre of the circle they formed. This was a man whose complexion, dark as that of a Moor, caused even the sunburnt countenance of his neighbours to appear fair by the comparison. His eyes were deep-set and of a dead coal-black; and around them, as well as at the corners of his large mouth, which, at times, displayed a double row of sharp teeth of ivory whiteness, were certain lines and wrinkles that gave to his physiognomy an expression in the highest degree repulsive. Deceit, low cunning, and greed of gain, were legibly written upon this unprepossessing countenance; whose wild character was completed by a profusion of coarse dark hair, that hung or rather stuck out in black elf-locks around the receding forehead and tawny sunken cheeks. The dress of this man was in unison with his aspect. He wore a greasy velveteen jacket, loose trousers of the same stuff, and his feet were shod with *abarcas*—a kind of sandal in common use in some parts of Navarre and Biscay, composed of a flat piece of tanned pig's hide, secured across the instep by thongs. A leathern wallet lay upon the ground beside him, and near it were scattered sundry pairs of shears and scissors, used to clip mules and other animals. The *esquilador*, or shearer—for such was the profession of the individual just described—had found a subject for the exercise of his art in a large white dog of the poodle species, who, with a most exemplary patience, the result probably of a frequent repetition of the same process, lay upon his back between the operator's knees, all four legs in the air, exposing his ribs and belly to the scissors that were rapidly divesting them of their thick fleece. The operation seemed to ex-

cite intense interest amongst the surrounding soldiers, who followed with their eyes each clip of the shears and movement of the *esquilador's* agile fingers, and occasionally encouraged the patient, their constant companion and playmate both in quarters and the field, by expressions of sympathy and affection. The arrival of Paco, who established himself behind the *esquilador*, in a gap of the circle, was insufficient to distract their attention from the important and all-absorbing interest of the dog-shearing.

"*Pobre Granuka!*" cried one of the lookers-on, patting the dog's head, which lay back over the *esquilador's* knee; "how quiet he is! what a sensible animal! How fares it, Granuka?—how is it with you?"

The dog replied by a blinking of his eyes, and by passing his tongue over his black snout, to this kind inquiry concerning his state of personal comfort.

"*Mira! que entendido!*" cried the gratified soldier; "he understands every word. Come, gitano—have you nearly done? The poor dog's weary of lying on his back."

The last trimming was given to the patient, and the liberated animal jumped up and raced round the circle, as if anxious to show his friends how greatly he was improved by the process he had undergone. His face and the hinder half of his body were closely clipped, his shoulders and forelegs remaining covered with a fell of woolly hair; whilst at the end of his tail, the cunning artist had left, by express desire of the soldiers, a large tuft, not unlike a miniature mop, which Granuka brandished in triumph above his clean-shaven flanks.

"*Que hermoso!*" screamed one of the delighted soldiers, catching Granuka in his arms, kissing his muzzle, and then pitching him down with a violence that would have broken the bones of any but a regimental dog.

"Attention, Granuka!" cried another of the quadruped's numerous masters, dropping on his knees before the dog, and uplifting his finger to give force to the command. At the word, Granuka bounced down upon his hinder end, and assumed an aspect of profound gravity.

"A *viva* for the *niña* Isabel," said his instructor.

Granuka stretched out his paws before him, laid his nose upon them, and winked with his eyes as if he were composing himself to sleep.

"Won't you?" said the soldier. "Well, then, a *viva* for the *puta* Christina."

This time the eyes were closed entirely, and the animal gave a dissatisfied growl.

"A *viva* for the king!" was the next command.

The dog jumped briskly up, gave a little spring into the air, and uttered three short, quick barks, which were echoed by shouts of laughter from the soldiers. Having done this, he again sat down, grave and composed.

"Once more," said his instructor, "and a good one, Granuka. *Viva el Tío Zumalacarrequí!*"

This time the dog seemed to have lost his senses, or to have been bitten by a tarantula. He jumped off the ground half-a-dozen times to thrice his own height, giving a succession of little joyous yelps that resembled a human cachination far more than any sounds of canine origin or utterance. Then, as if delighted at his own performances, he dashed out of the circle, and began tearing about the field, his tail in the air, yelling like mad. The soldiers doubled themselves up, and rolled upon the grass in convulsions of merriment. As ill-luck would have it, however, Granuka, in one of his frolicsome gyrations, in the performance of which the curve described was larger than in the preceding ones, came within sight and scent of the *al fresco* kitchen, and that at the precise moment when the cook, either conceiving his olla to be sufficiently stewed, or desirous to ascertain its progress by actual inspection, had fished out by the claw one of the anomalous-looking bipeds whose feathers bestrewed the ground, and had placed it upon the reversed lid of the camp-kettle. Granuka, either unusually hungry, or imagining that the savoury morsel had been prepared expressly as a reward for his patience and docility under his recent trials, made a dart at the bird, caught it up in his mouth, and with lowered tail, but re-

doubled speed, scampered towards the houses.

"*Maldito perro! Ladron!*" roared the cook, hurling his drumstick after the thief, abandoning his kitchen, and starting off in pursuit, followed by the soldiers, who had witnessed the nefarious transaction, and whose shouts of laughter were suddenly changed into cries of indignation. The stolen bird was of itself hot enough to have made any common dog glad to drop it; but Granuka was an uncommon dog, an old campaigner, whose gums were fire-proof, and the idea of relinquishing his prize never entered his head. Presently he reached the stile at the end of the field, darted under it and disappeared, followed by cooks and soldiers, swearing and laughing, abusing the dog, and tripping up one another. In less than a half minute from the commission of the theft, Paco and the esquilador were the only persons remaining in the field.

So soon as this was the case, Paco abandoned his position in rear of the gipsy, and came round to his front. The dog-shearer had slung his wallet over his shoulder, and was replacing in it his scissors and the other implements of his craft.

"Good-day, Jaime," said Paco.

The gipsy glanced at the muleteer from under his projecting eyebrows, and nodded a surly recognition.

"Will you come with me to clip a mule?" said Paco.

"I have no time," replied the esquilador. "The heat of the day is past, and I must be moving. I have ten leagues to do between this and morning."

"A quartillo of wine will be no bad preparation for the journey," said the muleteer; "and I will readily bestow one in memory of the spavined mule which you tried to palm upon me, but could not, now some three years past."

The gipsy gave another of his furtive and peculiar glances, accompanied by a slight grin.

"Thanks for your offer," said he, "but I tell you again I have no time either to drink or shear. I must be gone before those mad fellows return, and detain me by some new prank."

The noisy chatter and laughter of the soldiers was heard as he spoke. The dog had got clear off, and

they were returning to the kettle to devour what was left there. The gipsy turned to go, when Paco put his hand into his pocket, and on again drawing it forth, a comely golden ounce, with the coarse features of Ferdinand VII. stamped in strong relief on its bright yellow surface, lay upon the palm. The eyes of the esquilador sparkled at the sight, and he extended his hand as if to clutch the coin. Paco closed his fingers.

"Gently, friend Jaime," said he; "nothing for nothing is a good motto to grow rich upon. This shining *onça*, and more of the same sort, may be yours when you have done service for them."

"And what do you require of me?" said the gipsy, with a quick eagerness that contrasted strongly with his previous apathetic indifference.

"I will tell you," said Paco, "but in some more private place than this."

"Let us be gone," said the gipsy.

And as the first of the soldiers re-entered the field, the two men passed through a gap in the hedge that bounded it, and were lost to view in the adjacent thicket.

It was about an hour after sunset, and contrary to what is usual at that season and in that country, the night was dark and cloudy. A slight mist rose from the fields surrounding the village, and a fine rain began to fall. In the guard-room adjoining the house in which Luis Herrera was prisoner, the soldiers on duty were assembled round a rickety table, on which a large coarse tallow candle, stuck in a bottle, flared and guttered, and emitted an odour even more powerful than that of the tobacco smoke with which the room was filled. The air was heavy, the heat oppressive, and both the house-door and that of the guard-room, which was at right angles to it, just within the passage, were left open.

Whilst some few of the men, their arms crossed upon the table, and their heads laid upon them, dozed away the time till their turn for going on sentry should arrive, the sergeant and the remainder of the guard, including a young recruit who had only two days before deserted from the Christinos and been incorporated in a Carlist battalion, consumed successive measures of wine, to be paid for by those

who were least successful in a trial of skill that was going on amongst them. This consisted in drinking *de alto*, as it is called—literally, from a height, and was accomplished by holding a small narrow-necked bottle at arm's length above the head, and allowing the wine to flow in a thin stream into the mouth. In this feat of address the new recruit, whose name was Perrico, was so successful as to excite the envy of his less dexterous rivals.

"Pshaw!" said the sergeant, who, in a clumsily executed attempt, had inundated his chin and mustache with the purple liquid—"Pshaw!" said he, on seeing the deserter raise his bottle in the air and allow its contents to trickle steadily and noiselessly down his expanded gullet; "Perrico beats us all."

"No wonder," said a soldier, "he is from the country where Grenache and Tinto are more plentiful than water, and where nobody drinks in any other way, or ever puts a glass to his lips. He is a Catalan."

"An Arragonese," hastily interrupted Perrico, eager to vindicate himself from belonging to a province which the rough manners and harsh dialect of its inhabitants cause generally to be held in small estimation throughout the rest of Spain. "An Arragonese, from the *siempre heroica* Saragossa."

"It's all one," said the sergeant, with a horse-laugh; "all of the *corona de Aragon*, as the Catalans say when they are ashamed of their country. But what induced you, Don Perrico, being from Saragossa, where they are all as revolutionary as Riego, to leave the service of the Neapolitan woman and come over to Charles V.?"

"Many things," answered the deserter. "In the first place, I am of a thirsty family. My father kept a wine-shop and my mother was a cantiniera, and both drank as much as they sold. I inherited an unfortunate addiction to the wine-skin, which upon several occasions has brought me into trouble and the black-hole. The latter did not please me, and I resolved to try whether I should not find better treatment in the service of King Charles."

"Not if you have brought your thirst with you," answered the ser-

gent. "Zumalacarregui does not joke in matters of discipline; so, if your thirst troubles you here, I advise you to quench it at the pump. But that will be the easier, as neither wine nor money are likely to be over-abundant with us."

At this moment, and before Perrico could reply to the sergeant's warning, the sentry in front of the house suspended his walk and uttered a sharp "Quien vive?"

"Carlos Quinto," was the reply.

Another password was exchanged, and then a step was audible in the passage, and the bandaged head and pale face of Paco appeared at the door of the guard-room. The muleteer was received with a cry of welcome from the soldiers.

"Hurra!" cried the sergeant, "here is your match, Perrico. No Catalan or Arragonese, but a jolly Navarro. A week's pay to a wet cartridge, he empties this bottle *de alto* without spilling a drop."

And he held out one of the small bottles before mentioned, which contained something like an English pint. Paco took it, raised it as high as he could in the air, and gradually depressing the neck, the wine poured out in a slender and continuous stream, which the muleteer, his head thrown back, caught in his mouth. The bottle was emptied without a single drop being spilt, or a stain appearing on the face of the drinker.

"Bravo, Paco!" cried the soldiers.

"Could not be better," said Perrico.

"You are making a jolly guard of it," said Paco. "Wine seems as common as ditch-water amongst you. Who pays the shot?"

"I!" cried the sergeant, clapping his hand on his pocket, which gave forth a sound most harmoniously metallic. "I have inherited, friend Paco; and, if you like to sit down with us, you shall drink yourself blind without its costing you an *ochavo*."

"'Twould hardly suit my broken head," returned the muleteer. "But from whom have you inherited? From the dead or the living?"

"The living, to be sure," replied the sergeant, laughing. "From a fat Christino alcalde, with whom I fell in

the other morning upon the Salvatierra road. His saddle-bags were worth the rummaging."

"I can't drink myself," said Paco; "but let me take out a glass to poor Blas, who is walking up and down, listening to the jingle of the bottles, as tantalized as a mule at the door of a corn-store."

"Against the regulations," said the sergeant. "Wait till he comes off sentry, and he shall have a skin-full."

"Pooh!" said Paco, "a cup of wine will break no bones, on sentry or off."

And taking advantage of the excellent humour in which his potations had put the non-commissioned officer, he filled a large earthen mug with wine, and left the room.

The sentinel was leaning against the house-wall, his coat-skirt wrapped round the lock of his musket to protect it from the drizzling rain, and looking as if he would gladly have exchanged his solitary guard for a share in the revels of his comrades, when Paco came out, the cup of wine in his hand, and whistling in a loud key a popular Basque melody. The soldier took the welcome beverage from the muleteer, unsuspicious of any other than a friendly motive on the part of Paco, raised it to his lips, and drank it slowly off, as if to make the pleasure of the draught as long as possible. Thus engaged, he did not observe a man lurking in the shadow of an opposite barn, and who, taking advantage of the sentinel's momentary inattention, and of the position of Paco, who stood so as to mask his movements from the soldier, glided across the street, darted into the house, and, passing unseen and unheard before the open door of the guard-room, nimbly and noiselessly ascended the stairs.

The sentinel drained the cup to the last drop, returned it to Paco, gave a deep sigh of satisfaction, and began marching briskly up and down. Paco re-entered the guard-room, and placed the cup upon the table.

The wine was beginning to make visible inroads on the sobriety of some of the soldiers, and the propriety of putting an end to the debauch occurred to the non-commissioned officer.

"Come, boys," cried he, "knock off from drinking, or you'll hardly go through your facings, if required."

"Only one glass more, sergeant," cried Perrico. "There is still a pleasant tinkle in the *borrachá*."

And he shook the large leathern bottle which held the supply of wine.

"Only one more, then," said the sergeant, unable to resist the temptation, and holding out his glass. Perrico filled it to the brim, and afterwards did the same for three soldiers who still kept their places at the table, the others having composed themselves to sleep upon the benches round the room. For himself, however, as Paco, who stood behind him, had opportunity of observing, the deserter poured out little or nothing, though he kept the cup at his lips as long as if he were drinking an equal share with his comrades.

"Now," said the sergeant, thumping his glass upon the table, "not another drop. And you, Master Perrico, though your father did keep a wine-shop, and your mother carry the brandy-keg, let me advise you to put your head under the fountain, and then lie down and sleep till your turn for sentry. It will come in an hour or two."

"And where shall I be posted?" hiccuped Perrico, who, to all appearance, began to feel the effects of the strong Navarrese wine.

"Under the prisoners' window," was the reply, "where you will need to keep a bright look-out. I would not be in your jacket for a colonel's commission if they were to escape during your guard. To-morrow's firing-party would make a target of you."

"No fear," replied the young man. "I could drink another *azumbre* and be none the worse for it."

"*Fanfarrón!*" said the sergeant; "you talk big enough for an Andalusian, instead of an Arragonese."

And so saying, the worthy sergeant walked to the door of the house to cool his own temples, which he felt were somewhat of the hottest, in the night air. Paco wished him good-night; and lighting a long thin taper, composed of tow dipped in rosin, at the guard-room candle, ascended the stairs to his own dormitory.

The room, or rather kennel, appropriated to the lodging of the muleteer, was a triangular garret, already described, formed by the ceiling of the upper story and the roof of the house, which rose in an obtuse angle above it. Its greatest elevation was about six feet, and that only in the centre, whence the tiles slanted downwards on either side to the beams by which the floor was supported. The entrance was by a step-ladder, and through a trap-door, against which, when he reached it, Paco gave two very slight but peculiar taps. Thereupon a bolt was cautiously withdrawn, and the trap raised; the muleteer completed the ascent of the steps, entered the loft, and found himself face to face with Jaime the gipsy.

"Did no one see you?" said Paco, in a cautious whisper.

"No one," replied the esquilador, reseating himself upon Paco's bed, from which he had risen to give admittance to the muleteer. The bed consisted of a wooden *catre*, or frame, supporting a large square bag of the coarsest sackcloth, half full of dried maize-leaves, and having a rent in the centre, through which to introduce the arm, and shake up the contents. The only other furniture of the room was a chair with a broken back. On the floor lay the gipsy's wallet, and his abarcas, which he had taken off to avoid noise during his clandestine entrance into the house. The gipsy himself was busy tying a slip-knot at the end of a stout rope about seven or eight yards long. Another piece of cord, of similar length and thickness, lay beside him, having much the appearance of a halter, owing to the noose already made at one of its extremities. The tiles and rafters covering the room were green with damp, and, through various small apertures, allowed the wind and even the rain to enter with a facility which would have rendered the abode untenable for a human inhabitant during any but the summer season. In one of the slopes of the roof was an opening in the tiles, at about four feet from the floor, closed by a wooden door, and large enough to give egress to a man. To this opening Paco now pointed.

"Through there," said he.

The gipsy nodded.

"The roof is strong," continued Paco, "and will bear us well. We creep along the top till we get to the chimney at the further end, just above the window of the prisoner's room. I have explained to you what is then to be done."

"It is hazardous," said the gipsy. "If a tile slips under our feet, or the sentries catch sight of us, we shall be picked off the house-top like sparrows."

"Perfectly true," said Paco; "but the tiles will not slip, and the night is too dark for the sentries to see us. Besides, friend Jaime, ten ounces are not to be earned by saying paternosters, or without risk."

"Risk enough already," grumbled the gipsy. "At this hour I ought to be five leagues away, and if he, on whose service I was bound, finds out that I have tarried, no tree in the sierra will be too high to hang me on."

"You must hope that he will not find it out," said Paco, coolly.

"Did you give the prisoner a hint of our plan?" enquired the gitano.

"I was unable. I visit him but once a-day, to take him his rations, and that at noon. Since I arranged this plan, I endeavoured to get admittance to him, but was repulsed by the sentry. To have insisted would have excited suspicion. He knows, however, that he is to be shot to-morrow, and is not likely to be asleep."

Just then the deep sonorous bell of the neighbouring church-clock struck the hour. The two men listened, and counted ten strokes.

"Is it time?" said the gipsy, who had completed the noose upon the second rope.

"Not yet," replied Paco; "let another hour strike. Till then, not another word."

The muleteer extinguished the light and seated himself down upon the broken chair; the gipsy stretched himself upon the bed, and all was silent and dark in the garret. Gradually, the slight murmuring sounds which still issued from various houses of the little village became hushed, as the inmates betook themselves to rest; and Paco,

who waited with anxious impatience till the moment for action should arrive, heard nothing but the heavy breathing of the esquilador, who had sunk into a restless slumber. Half-past ten was tolled; the challenging of the sentries was heard as they were visited by the rounds; and then soon afterwards came the long-drawn admonition of "*Sentinela alerta!*" from the main guard, replied to in sharp quick tones by the "*Alerta esta*" of the sentries. At length eleven struck, and when the reverberation of the last stroke had died away, Paco rose from his chair, and shook his companion from his sleep.

"It is time," said he.

The gipsy started up.

"The money?" was his first question.

Paco placed a small bag in the esquilador's hand, which closed eagerly upon it.

"I promised you ten ounces," said the muleteer, "and you have them there. When you bring me a line in the handwriting of the prisoner, dated from a Christino town, you shall receive a like sum. But beware of playing false, gitano. Others, more powerful than myself, are concerned in this affair, and will know how to punish treachery."

The gipsy made no reply, but feeling for his wallet, put his sandals and one of the ropes into it, and fastened it on his shoulders. Paco slipped off his shoes, twisted the other rope round his body, and opening the door in the tiles, in an instant was on the top of the house. The esquilador followed. Upon their hands and feet the two men ascended the gradual slope of the roof till they reached the ridge in its centre, upon which they got astride, and worked themselves slowly and silently along towards that end of the building in which Herrera was confined. Owing to the profound darkness, and to the extreme caution with which Paco, who led the way, proceeded, their progress was very gradual, and at last an actual stop was put to it by a small but solidly-built stone chimney which rose out of the summit, and within a foot of the extremity of the house. Paco untwisted the rope from round his body and handed it to the gipsy, retaining one end in

his hand. The esquilador fixed the noose about his middle, and altering his position, passed Paco, scrambled round the chimney, and seated himself on the verge of the roof, his legs dangling over. Paco gave a turn of the rope round the chimney, and then leaning forward from behind it, put his mouth to the gipsy's ear, and spoke in one of those suppressed whispers which seem scarcely to pass the lips of the speaker.

"Remember," said he, "ten ounces, or"——

A significant motion of his hand round his throat, completed the sentence in a manner doubtless comprehensible enough to the esquilador. The latter now turned himself about, and supported himself with his breast and arms upon the roof, his legs and the lower part of his body hanging against the side wall of the house. Paco kept his seat behind the chimney, astride as before, and gathering up the rope, held it firmly. Gradually the gipsy slid down; his breast was off the roof, then his arms, and he merely hung on by his hands. His hold was then transferred to the rope above his head, of which one end was round his waist and the other in the hands of Paco. All this was effected with a caution and absence of noise truly extraordinary, and proving wonderful coolness and habit of danger on the part of the two actors in the strange scene. As the gipsy hung suspended in the air, Paco began gradually paying out the rope, inch by inch. This process, owing to the light weight of the gipsy, and to the check given to the running of the cord by the chimney round which it was turned, he was enabled without difficulty to accomplish and regulate. In a brief space of time a sensible diminution of the strain warned him that the gitano had found some additional means of support. For the space of about three minutes Paco sat still, holding the rope firmly, but giving out no more of it; then pulling towards him, he found it come to his hand without opposition. He drew it all in, again twisted it about his body, and lying down upon his belly, put his head over the edge of the tiles to see what was passing beneath. All was quiet; no light was visible from the

window of Herrera's room, which was at about a dozen feet below him. The mist and thick darkness prevented any view of the sentry; but he could hear the sound of his footsteps, and the burden of the royalist ditty which he was churning between his teeth.

Whilst all this took place, Luis Herrera, unsuspecting of the efforts that were making for his rescue, sat alone in his room, which was dimly lighted by an ill-trimmed lamp. Twelve hours had elapsed since he had been informed of the fate that awaited him; in twelve more his race would be run, and he should bid adieu to life, with its hopes and cares, its many deceptions and scanty joys. A priest, who had come to give him spiritual consolation in his last hours, had left him at sundown, promising to return the next morning; and since his departure Herrera had remained sitting in one place, nearly in one posture, thoughtful and preoccupied, but neither grieving at nor flinching from the death which was to snatch him from a world whereof he had short but sad experience. Alone, and almost friendless, his affections blighted and hopes ruined, and his country in a state of civil war—all concurred to make Herrera regard his approaching death with indifference. Life, which, by a strange contradiction, seems prized the more as its value diminishes, and clung to with far greater eagerness by the old than the young, had for him few attractions remaining. Once, and only once, a shade of sadness crept over his features, and he gave utterance to a deep sigh, almost a sob, of regret, as he drew from his breast a small locket containing a tress of golden hair. It was a gift of Rita's in their happy days, before they knew sorrow or foresaw the possibility of a separation; and from this token, even when Herrera voluntarily renounced his claim to her hand, and bade her farewell for ever, he had not had courage to part. By a strong effort, he now repressed the emotion which its sight, and the recollections it called up, had occasioned him, and he became calm and collected as before. Drawing a table towards him, he made use of writing-materials, which he had asked for and obtained, to commence a long letter to Mariano

Torres. This his confessor had promised should be conveyed to his friend.

He had written but a few lines, when a slight sound at the room window roused his attention. The noise was too trifling to be much heeded; it might have been a passing owl or bat flapping its wing against the wooden shutter. Herrera resumed his writing. A few moments elapsed, and the noise was again heard. This time it was a distinct tapping upon the shutter, very low and cautious, but repeated with a degree of regularity that argued, on the part of the person making it, a desire of attracting his attention. Herrera rose from his seat, and obeying a sort of instinct or impulse, for which he would himself have had trouble to account, masked the lamp behind a piece of furniture, and hastening to the window, which opened inwards, cautiously unlatched it. A man, whose features were unknown to him, was supporting himself on the ledge outside, his legs gathered under him, and nearly the whole of his thin flexible body coiled up within the deep embrasure of the window. Putting his finger to his lips, to enjoin silence, he severed, by one blow of a keen knife, a cord that encircled his waist, and then springing lightly and actively into the room, closed the shutter, since the opening of which, so rapid had been his movements, not ten seconds had elapsed.

Although the motive of this strange intrusion was entirely unknown to him, Herrera at once inferred that it boded good rather than evil. He was not long left in doubt. The esquilador pointed to Herrera's wounded arm, the sleeve of which was still cut open, although the wound was healed, and the limb had regained its strength.

"Have you full use of that?" said he.

"I have," replied Herrera. "But what is your errand here?"

"To save you," answered the gipsy. "There is no time for words. We must be doing."

And making a sign to Herrera to assist him, he caught hold of one end of the heavy old-fashioned bedstead, which had been allotted to the use of the wounded prisoner, and with the

utmost caution to avoid noise, lifted it from the ground and brought it close to the window. Then, taking a rope from his wallet, he fastened it to one of the bed-posts. Herrera began to understand.

"And my companions," said he. "They also must be saved. My room door is locked, but the next window is that of their apartment."

"It is impossible," said the gipsy. "You may be saved, perhaps; but to attempt the rescue of more would be destruction. Look here."

The gipsy extinguished the lamp, and, stepping upon the bed, reopened the shutter, and drew Herrera towards him.

"Listen," said he, in a low whisper.

The tread of the sentry was heard, and at that moment, the glare of a lantern fell upon the trees, bordering a field opposite the window. Beyond that field the ground was broken and uneven, covered with tall bushes, fern, and masses of rock, and sloping upwards towards the neighbouring hills. The light drew nearer; the sentry challenged. It was the relief. Their heads in the embrasure of the window, Herrera and the gipsy could hear every word that passed. The man going off sentry gave over his instructions to his successor. They were few and short. The principal was, to fire upon any one of the prisoners who should so much as show himself at a window.

By the light of the lantern which the corporal carried, Paco, who was still peering over the edge of the roof, distinguished the features of the new sentry. They were those of Perrico, the Christino deserter. The relief marched away, the sentinel shouldered his musket, and walked slowly up to the further end of his post.

"Now then," said the gipsy to Herrera, "fix the rope round your waist. We will let him pass once more, and when he again turns his back, I will lower you. I shall be on the ground nearly as quickly as yourself, and then keep close to me. Take this, it may be useful."

And he handed him a formidable clasp-knife, of which the curved and sharp-pointed blade was fitted into a strong horn handle. With some re-

pugnance, but aware of the possible necessity he might find for it, Herrera took the weapon. The rope was round his waist, and, with his hands upon the embrasure of the window, he only waited to spring out for a signal from the gipsy, who was watching, as well as the obscurity would permit, the movements of the soldier. The night was growing lighter, the wind had risen and swept away the mist from the fields, overhead the clouds had broken, and stars were visible, sparkling in their setting of dark blue enamel.

"Now!" said the gipsy, who held the slack of the rope gathered up in his hands. "No, stop!" cried he, in a sharp whisper, checking Herrera, who was about to jump out, and drawing hastily back. "Hell and the devil! what is he about?"

The window of the room was nearly at the extremity of the sentinel's post, so that, during one period of his walk, the soldier's back, owing to the slow pace at which he marched up and down, was turned for a full minute. It was upon this brief space of time that the gipsy had calculated for accomplishing his own descent and that of his companion. He had allowed the soldier to proceed twice along the whole length of his post, meaning to avail himself of the third turn he should take. But to his surprise and perplexity, when the man passed for the third time, he left his usual track, moved some twenty paces backwards from the house, and gazed up at Herrera's window. Apparently he could distinguish nothing; for, after remaining a few moments stationary, he again approached the wall of the house, looked cautiously around him, and, giving three low distinct coughs, continued his walk. Without pausing to consider the meaning of this strange proceeding, the esquilador caught Herrera's arm.

"Out with you," said he, "and quickly!"

Herrera darted through the window, hung on for one instant by the edge, and let himself go—the gipsy, with a degree of strength that could hardly have been anticipated in one so slightly built, holding the rope firmly, and lowering him steadily and rapidly. The moment that his feet

touched the ground, the gipsy sprang out of the window, and, grasping the rope, began descending by the aid of his hands and feet, with the agility of a monkey or a sailor boy. Before he was half-way down, however, the sentinel, who had reached the end of his walk, began retracing his steps. Herrera's heart beat quick. Hastily cutting the noose from round his waist, he pressed himself against the wall and stood motionless, scarcely venturing to breathe. The sentinel approached. Dark though it was, it seemed impossible that he did not already perceive what was passing. Gliding along close to the wall, Herrera prepared to spring upon him at the first sound uttered, or dangerous movement made by him. The soldier drew nearer, paused, let the butt of his musket fall gently to the ground, and clasped his hands over the muzzle. Herrera made a bound forward, and clutching his throat, placed the point of his knife against his breast.

"One word," said he, "and I strike!"

"At the heart of your best friend," replied the soldier, in a voice of which the well-known accents thrilled Herrera's blood.

"Mariano!" he exclaimed.

"Himself," replied Mariano Torres.

Just then the gipsy, who had reached the ground, sprang upon the disguised Christino, and made a furious blow at him with his knife. Torres raised his arm, and the blade passed through the loose sleeve of his capote. Herrera hastened to interfere.

"'Tis a friend," said he.

The gipsy made a step backwards, in distrust and uncertainty.

"I tell you it is a friend," repeated Herrera—"a comrade of my own, who has come to aid my escape. And now that you have rescued me, act as our guide to the nearest Christino post, and your reward shall be ample."

The mention of reward seemed at once to remove the doubts and suspicions of the esquilador. Returning to the rope which dangled from the window, he cut it as high up as he could reach.

"They may perhaps miss the sentinel and not the prisoner," said he.

At that moment a dark form turned the corner of the house.

"Who goes there?" exclaimed a voice.

"This way," cried the gipsy, and springing across the road, he dashed down a bank, and with long and rapid strides hurried across the fields.

"Who goes there?" repeated the deep hoarse tones of Major Villabuena. "Sentry, where are you? Guard, turn out!"

The flash and report of Mariano's musket, which he had left leaning against the wall, and which Don Baltasar found and fired, followed the words of alarm. The bullet whistled over the heads of the fugitives. In another instant all was noise and confusion in the village. The rattle of the drum was heard, lights appeared at the windows, and the clatter of arms and tramp of man and horse reached the ears of Herrera and his companions. Soon they heard a small party of cavalry gallop down a road which ran parallel to the course they were taking. But in the darkness, and in that wild and mountainous region, pursuit was vain, especially when one so well skilled as the

gipsy in the various paths and passes directed the flight. In less than half an hour, the three fugitives were out of sight and sound of the village and their pursuers.

After six hours' march, kept up without a moment's halt, over hill and dale, through forest and ravine, the intricacies of which were threaded by their experienced guide with as much facility as if it had been noon-day instead of dark night, Herrera and Torres paused at sunrise upon the crest of a small eminence, whence they commanded a view of an extensive plain. On their right front, and at the distance of a mile, lay a town, composed of dark buildings of quaint and ancient architecture, surrounded by walls and a moat, and on the battlements of which sentries were stationed; whilst from the church tower the Spanish colours, the gaudy red and gold, flaunted their folds in the morning breeze.

"What place is that?" said Torres to the guide.

"It is the Christino town of Salvatierra," replied the gipsy, turning into a path that led directly to the gate of the fortress.

SICILIAN SKETCHES.

SYRACUSIANA.

FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

AFTER three hours' steaming from Catania, we were in the harbour of Syracuse; but it was at two in the morning, and we could not go ashore. A little scuttling takes place overhead while the Mongibello litters her two hundred and forty horses for the night; and, when this is accomplished, all is silent, and we sleep in the moonlit mirror. In two hours more the last star had dropped out of its place; and in another, rosy morn found us all in activity, and on deck, examining a most unprepossessing *paysage*, and contemplating, for many a league, the wretched coast road which must have been our doom if we had *not* come by sea—so, for once, we had chosen well! Our alternative would have consisted in two days' swinging in a *lettiga*, in

facing malaria in the fields, with nothing but famine and fever-stricken hamlets to halt at, and even these at long intervals. There were, to be sure, places enough of ancient *name*, in D'Anville's Geography, along the coast, but nothing *beyond* the name itself. This is so exactly the case, that even with the beautiful and authentic money of *Leontium* before us, we did not land at *Lentini*! There is nothing so utterly confounding as the contemplation of *money*, every piece of which is a *gem*, on spots where no imagination can conceive the city that coined it. We are not long before we begin to cater for new disappointment, in the desire to be conducted without delay to the fountain of *Arethusa*. Accordingly, a quarter of a mile's distance from our

locanda, under the rampart of the old *Ortygia*, and in the most uncleanly suburb of modern Syracuse, the far-famed spring is pointed out to our incredulity; and we are at once booked with the many who, having got up a suitable provision of enthusiasm to be exploded on the spot, are obliged to carry it away with them. A vile, soapy washing-tank is *Arethusa*, occupied by half-naked, noisy laundresses, thumping away with wooden bats at brown-looking linen, or depositing the wet load that had been belaboured and riused on the bank, gabbling, as they work, like the very *Adonizousæ* of Theocritus, (himself, as he informs us, a native of Syracuse.) A man lay sleeping with his dog beside him; a number of mahogany-coloured children, quite naked, were sprawling on the parapet-wall, covered with flies, but fast asleep! A poor bird, a descendant of the *Ἀδωνες Σικελικαί*, a nightingale of the soil, with his eyes put out, that he might not

know day from night, and so sing unconsciously, sang to us as we passed! But the affair was destined, in a single moment, to become ludicrous as well as disappointing. Our guide, Jack Robertson, (so named by an English man-of-war's crew that had, as he said, kidnapped him during the war,) quite mistaking the nature of our disappointment, said, consolingly, "You come *dis* way, sir; down here I show you *more gals' feet, wash more clothes*;" on which intimation we certainly followed him down a few steps, when, pushing back a wooden door, we entered at once into a large roofed washing-house, along the floor of which still ran the sadly humiliated *Arethusa*! We praised the beauty of the young washerwomen, and departed—Jack Robertson having considerably more to say on the subject than would interest the reader to know; and which, in fact, we could not tell, without violating what was evidently imparted in confidence.

JACK ROBERTSON AND THE PROFESSOR OF ELOQUENCE.

Under the guidance of the aforesaid Jack Robertson, we had visited two rival collections of coins, the property of two priests, and certainly the finest we had seen in Sicily. Those of *Syracuse* in silver, of the *first* or largest module, (*medaglioni* as they are technically called,) are for size and finish deservedly reputed the most beautiful of ancient coins; and of these we saw a full score in each collection. We might indeed have purchased, as well as admired, but were deterred by the price asked, which, for one perfect specimen, was from 45 to 50 crowns, (£7 or £8 sterling.) These coins are among the largest extant. On one side, the head of *Arethusa* is a perfect gem in silver, (the hair especially, treated in a way that we have never seen elsewhere;) on the other, is a *quadriga*. One of these ecclesiastics dealt like any other dealer. The other consulted the dignity of the church, and employed a lay brother to impose upon strangers who buy in haste to repent at leisure; for even among the picked, select, and winnowed coins of the man who knows what he is about, there are always false ones. Having shown that we are *au fait* both as to the thing and

the market-price—that we had read Myonnet, and were acquainted with the sharp eyes of *de Dominicis* at Rome, we pass immediately for an English dealer; and suspicion becomes conviction, when, taking up a gold Philip, we remark that "all trades must live," and that our price must depend upon his "*quanto per il Filippo?*" "You will not scruple, I suppose, to pay forty-seven dollars!" "Thirty-seven is plenty."—"Pocket Philip." "Sir," said we to our employé as we went home, "you are a *rogue* to have brought us to that cheating priest." "Not so, sir," said the Siculo-Inglese Jack Robertson, "they tell here priest *not* cheat, always deal *square*—have that character indeed, sir;" and he proceeded to conduct us to another priest-collector, who, in this instance, had gone out to dine with a friend. Jack, however, said he would soon bring him back, dined or undined; and in ten minutes he returned in high spirits at his success. "Always trust me, sir! Me no fool, sir! As soon as I see him, sir, I say, you got *coins*? He say 'yes.' Den you show what you got *directly* to English gentlemen. 'No, I won't,' he tell me—'I take my dinner

here wid my friends, and after dat I come see English gentlemen.'” Rather a cool thing we thought for a *dealer* to keep his customers waiting; but, whenever one wants any thing, one can always afford to wait a little, and Jack informed us that he had learned from the *padré*’s servant that his master always dines in a quarter of an hour. The quarter of an hour up, we send again, but our messenger comes back empty-handed. “Well, where is your friend?” “He no friend of mine, sir! He very angry! Not my fault, sir!” “Angry? what is he angry about?” “Because I say to him only this, sir—‘*Other priest ask gentleman too much—hope you not very dear too, sir;*’ to which he say, ‘*You damn fool, I don’t sell coins!*’ Den I beg his pardon, and he ask me sharply, ‘*Who say I sell coins?*’ ‘Sir,’ I say, ‘all the whole world say so.’ Den he say, ‘*D—n all the whole world;* and when any body tell you this again, say Abate *Rizzi* call him a d—d fool, and say he may go to h—ll!!!’” “Abate *Rizzi*!! why, that is the *Professor of Eloquence* to whom we were to be introduced yesterday.” “Yes, sir,” says Jack, “and here he comes,” glancing up the street. We now see a personage, whose staid deportment and gait declare him to be much beyond the age when it may be thought allowable to swear. “You rascal, you have been

telling us a lie; that gentleman could never have said, damn the whole world.” “He did not speak it in *English, sir.*” “Not speak it in English? why, what did he say?” “Sir, he say, ‘*Cazzo! questa é una minchioneria!*’ that means ‘damn fool,’ sir,—‘*detti a tutti d’andare al diavolo,*’ that be the same as tell every body go to h—ll!!” (the translation in this case we thought not so bad;) we had not, however, time to discuss the matter, for the *Professor of Eloquence*, who had indulged our servant *pro re nata* with so very unusual a specimen of his art, was at our elbow. We saluted him courteously, but offended dignity was apparent in a grave face of considerable church power; we therefore subjoined to the ordinary salutation much regret at the awkwardness of our guide, and apologised for intruding on his repose; which apologies, and further explanations, immediately changed the current in our favour. Jack, too, regretted he had been so indiscreet as to be misled by *current reports*; but *this* was to rouse the calmed resentment into a new explosion. “*Who,*” he demanded, in very Demosthenic accents—“*who* had dared to affirm that he had ever sold a coin?” We went in, saw his very beautiful collection, the *Professor* himself doing the honours with so much obligingness, that we left him convinced that he neither sold coin nor dispensed anathemas.

EAR OF DIONYSIUS.

“*Lautumias Syracusanas omnes audistis; plerique nostis. Opus est ingens magnificum regum ac tyrannorum. Totum est ex saxo in mirandam altitudinem depresso, et multorum operis penitus exciso. Nihil tam clausum ad exitus, nihil tam septum undique, nihil tam tutum ad custodias, nec fieri nec cogitari potest.*”

Half an hour’s shaking in a *lettiga* brings us without a stumble, by the old forum of Syracuse, to the Ear of Dionysius, and those other stone quarries so well described in the above passage from Cicero in *Verrem*. We alight at the embouchure of these most striking excavations, and, descending a very steep short hill, wind through a small garden of exquisite vegetation, and are in the first *lautumia* of the series. Here, deeply embayed in a colossal cave, we behold the marks of the ancient pick-axe, and the niches, as it were, in which the labourers sat while they chiselled out the extraordinary work, fresh as if

they had been done yesterday! Shapeless and half-fashioned masses, *ebauches* of columns for temples which never came into the possession of capitals, or the support of entablatures—unborn Dorics of the Greek port-folios are here. The sun striking obliquely from the mouth into the interior of the cavern, made the green vegetation all hoary in the slanting light. Fires in dark caverns are favourite subjects with some painters. We admire them not, but we would have liked to take a sketch of one here for the sake of poor Nicias and his fellow captives. A party of men is collected round a caldron with a

fire blazing beneath it; another group is seated at a long table eating; some feed the immense boiler with new supplies from a heap of dirty-looking earth-stained *salt*. Others test the quality from time to time of that which has been purged and crystallized. It was the native nitre of the country on which they were occupied, and the test was its deflagration. In passing out of the *first* of the line of quarried caverns to go to the *Ear*, which is the last, we are struck with the beauty of the garden into which it opens, which is found in possession of many unfrequent flowers and plants, such as had not prospered even here, but for the singularly sheltered disposition of the spot. Against the wall there grew a magnificent *Smilax sarsaparilla* in full maturity. A decoction of the twigs of that tree cured the gardener, as he assured us, of an obstinate pain in both shoulders that no other medicine would touch; which testimony in its favour made us look with an added interest on the cordate leaf, and small white verberna-looking flower, of certainly the first, and in all probability the last, *Smilax sarsa* we should ever see *growing*. We cut off from the main stem an arm about the thickness of an ordinary-sized bamboo, and, like it, knotted, for a souvenir of the place and the plant. In this same garden the tea-plant thrived; the proprietor, Count S——, makes an annual *racolte* of its leaves, which he keeps for his own teapot. Another curiosity is the *Celtis australis* or *favaragio*, a tree that bears fruit of the size of a pea, with a stone kernel; a trumpet-flower of spotless white, belonging to the *Datura arborea*, measured a whole foot and a half from lip to stalk! But it were vain to dwell on the novelties of a garden which is *all* novelty to an English eye, and full of variety to the Italian himself; a garden equally unique in its position and productions. The *Ear* is probably the most wonderful acoustic contrivance

in existence; and that it was the work of studious design, is proved by a *second* one commenced in a neighbouring quarry—commenced, but not further prosecuted, evidently because it would not answer, from the soft, chalky material of the wall on one side. Its *external* shape of the conch is that of the ass's ear. The aperture, through which the light now enters from its further end, and from a height of one hundred and twenty feet, was till lately not known to exist; it not being supposed that the *Ear* had any *meatus internus* corresponding with the *external* one. The accidental removal of a quantity of loose stones from above, revealed a narrow passage of from twenty to thirty feet in length, and opening directly into the cave. This internal opening is situated almost immediately over the amphitheatre, one hundred and twenty feet above the *floor* of the cavern, and (measuring in a plane) is one hundred and eighty feet from the external opening.

Having rent paper, which made an incredible noise, and let off a Waterloo cracker, which reverberated along the walls like thunder, and done other deeds of the same kind below, we ascended, and walking over the *back* of the cavern, presently came upon the passage which leads to its *inner* opening; and there, leaning over a parapet wall, (in doing which we almost exclude the feeble light that penetrates into the cavern from behind,) we are startled by a very audible but faint whisper, which comes from our friend below, asking us to declare our present sensations. We reply in the same faint whisper; and are immediately apprised of its safe arrival by *another*. One hundred and eighty feet separate the parties. In the stillness of that half-lit cavern, not only were our faintest whisperings conveyed, but we could hear each other breathe! This was a place to come and see!

SANTA LUCIA AND THE CAPUCIN CONVENT, &c.

Some Franciscans told us that Saint Lucia was stabbed close to a granite column, in a subterranean chapel in

their church, in the *fourth* century, and *under Nero*!—so ignorant are these men even about what it concerns

them to know. They show a silver image, which a dozen men can, they assure us, scarcely lift. The body of the saint is not, however, here, but at Venice. "No; we have but one rib and a thumb," said the padre! "but we have two very handsome *cresses* which she wore—one red, the other blue." Cast-off clothes, then, will do for relics! In returning to the church, they tell us of a blind old general who came hither on purpose to obtain the intercession of Santa Lucia, (who had her own eyes put out,) to remove this calamity; with success of course, for they never record failures in church *clinique*. "Do you believe the cure?" we ventured to ask. "Why not? *il miracolo è autenticato*." "No!" said his companion, "*autorizzato*!" The distinction is, that the church *authorizes* the declaration of some lies as miraculous, but declines to make herself responsible for the reality of others!" Round the Capucian church certain stanzas are written, under what are called the fourteen *stazioni* or stations of the cross, (places where our Saviour is supposed to have halted, or fainted under his load, on his way to Calvary.) Stanzas we were at first profane enough to attribute to Metastasio, but afterwards found that it was only the *metastasis* of his metre adapted to the use of the church. They are much better than most of our sacred poetry, as it is strangely mis-called, which is frequently neither poetry nor common sense:—

"Il sol sì oscura,
E in fin la terra
Il sen disserra
Per grand dolor;
Morto è il Signore!
O Peccatore,
Se tu non piangi,
Sei senza cuor!

"Deh, madre mia,
Con quant' afflitto,
Piangendo, al Petto,
Stringi Gesù!
Io, l'ho fer ito,
Ma son pentito—
Non più peccati,
Non più, non più!

"Dal tuo sepolcro,
Non vo partire,
Senza morire,

Ma qui starò;
Finchè l dolore,
M'uccida il core,
L'alma piangendo,
Qui spirerò!" &c. &c.

The Capucins live on a hill in the only good air in the vicinity of Syracuse; in their precincts we found ourselves fairly attacked on *Luther's* quarrel, and expected to take up cudgels ecclesiastic on that worn-out controversy—one of our Capucins vaunting himself ready and able to bleed for the *truth*. Liberal ideas are not common in the cloister. "You aver," said he, "that Roman Catholics may be in a way of salvation; we by no means return the compliment—but as both Lutherans and Calvinists agree in believing thus charitably of *us*, and not of one another, it seems a pretty strong argument in our favour." With such high subjects did our apparently very much in earnest friends entertain us, in a garden planted amidst those quarried prisons of the captive Athenians. A man attempted to-day to put off some bad coins upon us, which we recollected to have had offered to us by another hand—still we only hinted that they were forgeries, and declined purchasing. While this was in progress, another person came up properly introduced, with an *enlarged spleen*, which was *certainly* authentic. We tell him that such indurations of viscera require a *very long time* indeed for removal; and that malaria is their origin. This convent possesses one of those revolting vaults, which dry up and preserve the corpse in the form of mummy; a huge trap-door flapped its wooden wings, and gave us admission into a large subterranean apartment, wherein we presently stood in the midst of defunct brethren arranged along the walls, as if they stood in chapel at their devotions! On the floor thirty or forty light boxes looked like orange chests, with custom-house hieroglyphics on their lids; but they were marked with proper and even high-sounding names, and were in fact the coffins of barons, counts, and prelates, transported here to have the *benefit of the air*; and there accordingly they lay unburied, to profit by the antiseptic qualities of the soil. We looked at a baron or two, and

saw something like a huge caterpillar beginning to change into a chrysalis ; a grub mummy dressed out in old Catanian silk, and so enveloped in cobwebs, that you could with difficulty make out the central nucleus of shrivelled humanity. "*Questo*," said our cowed conductor, "*è il Barone Avellina, morto di cholera, anno ætatis fifty-six ; he loved our order ! Here is another equally good-looking personage*," said he, exposing a corrugated face and dark hair, frightfully at variance with a blue silk handkerchief, and all the funeral gear of twenty years ago. This was another victim to that awful visitation ; his feet and hands were covered with faded herbs, rosemary, and lavender ; first placed in the coffin at the time of his decease, and renewed every year by friends, when the cobwebs of the year preceding are brushed away. One elder, the pride of the collection, had lain in his court-suit for nearly a hundred years, the aforesaid aromatics having kept off the moths all this time. The room felt dry, and, except for the *company*, what one calls *comfortable*. Knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, and steel-hilted swords, do not rust here, and white cravats and embroidered waistcoats might almost return to the world ! The Capucins themselves are disposed in niches, and each has a text from Scripture over his cowl. "Do you *prepare* these mummies ?" we enquire "*Nienti preparati, signor !*" We only lay them to dry in yonder room over a sink, and when they have lain four months, we take them out and complete the process in another room,

where the sun comes ; after which, we dress them and place them here." These Capucins, they tell us, are the strictest of all sects of Franciscans. From the sights of the mummy chamber, we see at least that they are not idle, and must always have a job on hand. Females, if *not* Catholic, are here admitted to see the grounds, and they offer wine and bread for our refreshment, which we, thinking of their *wallets*, decline on the plea of *anorexia*. Near the Capucins is the Church of *San Giovanni*, a singularly wild spot, in the midst of bad air, and within reach of the Ear of Dionysius. We descend with a fellow filthier than the filthiest Capucin, calling himself a hermit, to guide us in the vast catacombs over which the hermitage stands. It was a trial to follow him—the rank woollen dress, uncleansed till it falls to pieces, diffuses an odour which, in such confined passages, is particularly unpleasant. Cleanliness, says an English proverb, is next to godliness ; but, in cowed society, it assuredly forms no part of it. Catacombs, in general, are called interesting—we never saw one in which we did not pay heavy penalty for gratifying curiosity. Those of Syracuse are vast indeed ; spacious arcaded streets intersect each other in all directions, and your walk throughout lies between lengthening files of niches, cut into the walls for coffins, tier above tier, like berths in a steamboat, conducting here and there into a circular apartment, with a cupola and a central aperture, looking out upon the wild moor above.

SHARKS, FIREFLIES, &c.

We form to-day the acquaintance of an intelligent medical practitioner and collector in natural history, from whom we learn that there are eight different species of dog-fish (*Squalus*) along the Syracusan coast. This animal, to the popular fame of whose injurious exploits we had hitherto yielded unabated confidence, appears fully to justify his West Indian character. An "ancient mariner" told us, that full forty miles from Syracuse, a shark, which had been following

him for a long time, thrust his head suddenly out of the water, and made a snap at him ; and if the boat had not been a *thunny* boat, high in the sides, there is no saying how much of him might have been extant ! A pair of trousers drying in the sun over the side of the boat should have small attraction for a shark, but he *took* them on *speculation*. At one of the principal thunny fisheries near Catania, the fishermen have fixed upon poles, like English kites on a barn-door,

pour encourager les autres, two immense sharks' heads as trophies—the jaws at full gape, exhibiting four sets of teeth as sharp as harrows, and as white and polished as ivory. They always wish to decline any dealings with this formidable foe, though his flesh is in repute in the market, and he weighs from two thousand five hundred to four thousand pounds. But Syracuse has no reason to complain of scarcity, or to eat shark's flesh from necessity; most of the *Scomber* family,—the *alatoria*, the *palomida*, and a fine gray-coloured fellow which the fishermen call *serra*, frequent her coast; then there is the *Cefalo*—the ancient *mugilis*, our gray mullet—and the sea-pike, *Lucedimare*, whose teeth and size might well constitute him lieutenant to the dog-fish,—all these came to table during our stay; but we did not meet with one very superior fish known to the ancients as the *Lupus*, (*labrax* of the Greeks,) which abounds when in season, and is known in every comfortable *ménage* along the Sicilian coast; his Linnæan name is *sparus*. On the shore are to be picked up occasionally two small kinds of shells *peculiar* to Sicily, of which our intelligent acquaintance is so obliging as to give us specimens. We never saw or heard of a firefly in Sicily. Professor Costa of Naples, though he doubted the fact of there being none, had never seen any in his frequent entomological trips to that island. This beauti-

ful insect, so common about Florence and Rome, and in central Italy, is extremely rare about Naples; nor does this seem to be from their disliking the sea, for we never saw so many as at *Pesaro*, on the Adriatic;—no insect, then, is more *volage*, or uncertain as to place, than the firefly. The only poisonous reptile of Sicily is the *viper*, of which there seem to be several varieties. A beautiful blue thrush (*Turdus cyaneus*), a great talker, much prized, and *high-priced* too, when he has been taught to speak, is found in the rocky clefts about Syracuse. The heat and brilliancy of the sunshine render it extremely difficult, we are told, to preserve collections in natural history. All the water drunk here is *rain water*. The butter, fruit, and vegetables of Syracuse are, in the month of May at least, bad, very bad; but its *Muscat* wine, its *Hybla* honey, and its fish, are all of superior quality.

The honey of that hill needs not our praise,

—“quæ nectareis vocat ad certamen
Hymetton,
Audax Hybla, favis.”

For ourselves, after tasting the confection of the Attic as well as of the Sicilian bee, we know not which is the greater artist, or which operates on the finer material; but the *best* honey in Europe, in our opinion, comes from the apiaries of Narbonne.

A CONSULTATION.

We had given advice, and were preparing to go, when another candidate comes forward, and, with suitable gesticulation, so placed his hands that we could not help saying, “Liver, eh?” “*Eccellenza*, si!” “Dopo una febbre?” “*Illustrissimo*, si!”—Folk now beginning to wink approvingly at our sagacity, we were looking exceedingly grave, when a pair of Sicilian eyes set in a female head put us quite out by evidently taking us for a conjurer, and so setting at once our ethics, our pathology, and our Italian dictionary at fault. Still the surgeon congratulates the room on the “*lumi*” brought to it by the

strange doctor, approves of the prescription, and corroborates our opinion that the “Signore *Don Giacomo*” Somebody was the incontestable possessor of a “*flogosè chronica del fegato*!” We now said we must go; and two children ran for our hat, the man with the liver kisses our hand, others seize our coat-skirts, and the guide, Jack Robertson, carries the mace and leads the way, and puts himself at the head of the procession homewards; and glad were we to escape the embarrassment of curtsies and courtesies, to which we are unused, and far too extravagant ones to admit of reply. Come! the best of

fees is a poor man's gratitude; but from poor or rich, at home or abroad,

it is seldom that medical men walk off so magnificently.

EXCURSION TO EPIPOLÆ.

The country about Syracuse is neither grand nor beautiful; but the ground is *classic ground*, and Sicily has not been brought within the reach of an intercourse which, while it polishes and confers substantial benefits, removes the sacred rust of antiquity. The Hybla hills, as hills, are not equal to the Surrey hills as one sees them from one's window at Kensington; but Hybla is Hybla, and here we eat the honey and sip the wine of the soil. Yonder plain before our breakfast-table is plain enough, and promises little; but that small insignificant stream is the *Anapus*, those columns belonged to a temple of Jupiter, that white tower, five miles off, marks *Epipolæ*, the snow-capped Etna is the background of the picture, and the bay at our feet once bore that Athenian navy which left the Piræus to make as great a mistake as we did in our American war. We rowed across that bay to the mouth of the *Anapus*, and penetrated up the stream to the paper manufactory, from real papyrus, on its banks. The vestiges of a temple of Diana, converted into a monastery, and the nearly perfect remains of that amphitheatre which Cicero pronounced the largest in the world, are not to be seen in every morning's walk! Of Archimedes, without being able to fix his proper tomb among so many, the *name* here is enough. One ought to be able to conjure with it; the genius that concentrated the sun of Syracuse on the hostile anchorage, was of no common measure. We spent our day on a visit of the deepest interest, up at *Epipolæ*, (*i. e.*, the position *on or over the city*, as Thucydides expresses it,) the acropolis, in fact, of Syracuse, and at about the same distance from the town itself as Athens is from Piræus. In order to do this commodiously, we allowed ourselves to be suspended between two mules in a very narrow watchman's box, *lettiga*, (the ancient *lectiga*, you will say—no: here there is nothing for it but an erect spine.)

The see-saw motion is unpleasant as well as unusual; the mules, though docile, have not the *savoir faire* of a couple of Dublin or Edinburgh chairmen. You must sit *quite* in the middle, or run the perpetual chance of capsizing. A little alarming, also, is it to look out on the stone-strewn furrow, over which the mules carry you safely enough; and when you have become reconciled to the oscillation, and have learned to trim the boat in which you have embarked, it is long before your ear becomes accustomed to the stunning sound of a hundred little bells fastened to the mules' heads. "*Do take them off*," said we, after half an hour's impatience; "*do, pray, remove these infernal bells!*" "And does the signor imagine that *any* mule would go without falling asleep, or lying down, were it not for the bells?" We arrived safe and stunned, in about an hour and a half, at the foot of a tower of no Roman or Sicilian growth, but a bastard construction upon the ancient foundations of *Epipolæ*. We saw, however, some fine remains of a wall, which might have been called Cyclopian, but that the blocks which composed it were of *one* size. Our guide, a mason, and, of course, an amateur of walls, insists upon our calling this a *capo d'opera*, as, no doubt, it is. On the spot itself there is nothing antique to see; but the drive or ride is one of the most remarkable in all the world! It takes you over from four to five miles of a rocky table-land, by a very gradual ascent, abounding with indelible traces of human frequentation, else long forgotten. The deep channelling of those wheels is still extant that had transported million tons of stone out of those interminable lines of quarries, to raise buildings of such grandeur as to give occasion to Cicero to say, that he had "*seen nothing so imposing as the ancient port and walls of Syracuse!*" The scene is altogether wild and peculiar; you pass for miles amidst excavated rock, and on the

flagstones of ancient pavement, between the *commissures* of which wild-flowers, principally of the *thistle* kind, spring up into vigorous life, and look as if they grew out of the very stone itself. The small conduit-pipe of an underground aqueduct still serves to carry from the same sources the same water; but the people who used it are gone. In the wildest parts of the way, the large flat stones, that formed a continuous road, serve for *barn-floors*—or rather *threshing-floors* that require *no barns*—on which long-horned cattle tread out, without any chance of bad weather to injure, the golden grain of the Sicilian harvest. Here lives the blue-breasted *hermit bird* in unmolested solitude; and, careless of solitude, the *Passer solitarius* utters her small twitter in the hollows—a few goats browse amongst the scanty thistles, and one or two dogs protect them. Snakes, hatched in vast number under the warm stones, show you their progress, by the motion they impart to the thin light grass; and an endless variety of new lizards present themselves in a soil not untenanted, though barren. From a plain, justly called *Bel Veduta*, we see *Catania* and *Lentini*, (*Leontium*,) famous once for its coinage, infamous now for its malaria. A little bay bears the great name of *Thapsus*; and, opposite, a small mass of nearly undistinguishable houses, the ambitious distinction of *Port Augusta*.

We have seen our sights, and are returned, and waiting to go on shore. Our paddle-wheels are once more at rest in the harbour of Messina! They have let down the windows of the long room on deck, in which we had taken shelter from the vermin below, and wake we must, though it is not five o'clock. The sun breaks cover to-day, magnificently, behind Messina; but the Health-office having no inducement to open its eyes prematurely, will not, for some time, send its delegates on board, to announce our liberty to land. We have nothing for it but to look over the boat, or study haggard faces reflected in the

unflattering mirror of a beautiful sea. The hauling about of things on deck is always pleasant, as a signal of voyage over! The sun shines full upon the long row of houses on the quay—fishing-boats are entering with abundance of fresh fish for our dinner, and shoals of silvery sardines, untaken, are leaping out of the water near our prow, to escape from a large body of mackerel which is pursuing them. The authorities are coming! We don't want any cards to hotels, but cram a dozen into our pockets, and ask if there are any more here? We are sorry to take a new guide. Jack Robertson has spoiled us for some time. When he pocketed our supplementary piece, as we were coming off, he told us, "*haud sine lacrymis*," it should buy a linen shirt for his youngest child. "I good Christian, sir, I no tell you lie, sir! I love my children, upon my word! When they go to bed, my wife not able to attend them, sir! They cry, father. I say, yes! *Bread*, says little Bill—I get up; give him some bread. Mary say, *water*, and I get up for water six times every night!—no story, sir!" "How many hours do you work?" "When sun get up, sir, till it be mid-day; I go see childer till three, den work hard at *BUILD WALL* till sun go down; den I go home. I wish I could speak English better; but you understand me, sir." We rowed off with many *vivas*, and this poor mason's "hopes" that we "*might find all square at home*." At home! Oh, that we had a home!!—an unassuming wife—*placens et tacens uxor*; an unpretending house, with a comfortable guest-chamber; and no noiseless nursery, *unfendered* and uncared for! But the bells of Messina, all let loose together, interrupt our pleasing reverie, and our friends, who have been hovering round us in a boat, are now permitted to approach, and to land with us at our hotel. 'Tis our last day!—in the evening, we go to hear Sicilian vespers for the last time; and the next day we are off for Naples!

ADDIO! SICILIA!

On deck!—off!—Stromboli is already veiling himself in the rapidly

encroaching shades of darkness, and it is time to say good-night to this

fair night, and to go to our cabin. Beautiful Sicily! may this *not* be our final leave-taking! We found no poetry below, and in a short time are driven back from the cabin by its complicated nuisances, to moonlight contemplation, and catching cold. An hour elapses—a town not to be forgotten by the Neapolitans is just ahead. The moon shines brightly on its high-perched castle, and we have scarce stopped the paddles, when our deck is invaded by a new freightage of passengers, already far too many. Twenty boats full of noise and animation, with all the exaggeration that attends both in these latitudes; every pair of oars fighting for a fare, and knocking one another over board in contention for passenger or parcel destined to land at Pizzo. They ship about with the wildness and alacrity of South-Sea islanders; some are all but naked, and every quarrel is conducted in such a Calabrian brogue, that the very men of Messina profess not to understand them, and to treat them as savages rather than as countrymen. The small fort in front was disgraced by the nocturnal trial and prompt execution of the unfortunate Murat. It is long ago; but of these noisy disputants for the things to be landed, some probably had been eyewitnesses of the last bloody act of a blood-stained throne. A poor sick horse, confined in his narrow crib on deck, blinks at the moonlight, and can neither sleep nor eat his corn; he drops his lower lip, and presents an appearance of more physical suffering than we should have thought could have been recognised in face of quadruped; but pain traces stronger lines, and understands the anatomy of expression better than pleasure. We wished to land for half an hour, but this being impossible, *addio Pizzo!* Our vessel is quickly off, and our Cyclopean stokers are already mopping off their black sweat in the dreadful glare of the engine-room. Some cages, full of canaries and parrots, just become our fellow-passengers, are all in a flutter at the screaming and bustle to which they are unused, and a large cargo of turkeys, with fettered legs, and fowls that can only flap their wings, do so in despair at the treatment threatened them by the dogs on deck—second and third

class passengers are fighting for prerogatives in misery, amidst the clatter of unclean plates, and the remains of the supper of the fore-cabin. The space for walking is encumbered with coils of cordage, and the empty water-barrels are all taken possession of for seats. Bad tobacco, even among the *élite*, and garlic every where, drive us to the fore-deck, or to the neutral ground between it and ours. A passage, which promised fair when we started, begins, now that we are half over, to look suspicious; and a preliminary lurch or two, as the breeze freshens, converts many from an opinion they had begun to *promulgate*, that the steamer on the Mediterranean afforded, *on the whole*, the most eligible mode of traversing space. We looked at each other piteously enough, on seeing that we were fast going to face a magnificent specimen of a wave, of which our piston was determined to try the valour, and if possible abate the confidence. When Greek meets Greek, said we, as we dashed through it, and gave a warning to old Neptune to take care of his interests below! Other huge parcels of water hit us obliquely, or come down upon us with a swoop like a falchion; steam hisses, and chimney gets red-hot; but though the vessel yields not, there be those on board who *do*: an Anglo-Sicilian pleasure party is quenched in twenty blanched faces at once; conversation is over, women retire, and the deck is deserted. Against such *ups and downs as these*, the very philosophy of the Stoics were powerless!—even thou, O moon! seemest a *little* disconcerted, and hast withdrawn thy *pale* face from thy whilom plate-glass, *the Mediterranean*, so often, for weeks together, like the inland lake of the north,

“Thy mirror! to inform
Thee, if the dark and arrowy storm
The forest boughs that brake,
Require thy slender silvery hand, to still
Thy ruffled wreath of *lily* and *jonquil!*”
Pindemonte.

Whew!—wind gets up, and takes part with wave, and all against us—never mind!—

“Hurrah! for the marvels of steam,
As thus through the waters we roam;
For pistons that smite, oh! for funnels
that gleam,
And to carry us safe through the *foam.*”

Whew, whew!—but greater divinities than Neptune are abroad to-night!—What! expect our *black* chimney to show the *white* feather! Pooh! pooh! old *Eunosigæus*, what are thy *white horses* to the invisible hoofs of two hundred and forty coal-black steeds stamping in the hold? We had, however, a sharp seven-hours' tussle for it; at the end of which, the buffeted Mongibello came bounding into the harbour, and swirled round in the face of Vesuvius, who was smoking his cigar as quietly as ever!

We have tried several Mediterranean steamers, and our report of all is much the same—bad is the best! A sea passage any where, to be comfortable, depends *solely* on the smoothness of the water; if this be rough, what care you for mahogany, rose-wood, and plate-glass? Whether the cabin where you are to be sick, and to hear others groan, has its Scotts, its Byrons, and its Moores, under a convex mirror; its rows of curtained births, and horse-hair sofas; and its long line of polished, well articulated tables? Whether the smell of empyreumatised grease be wafted to the nostrils by a *Maudsley* or a *Bell*? Whether the captain have his *ears bored*, or be an Englishman? Your brass nails and varnished *buffets* are very well *in dock*, when the vessel has *stank* off her last voyage, and lies clean washed, like that other *syren* of the opposite coast, who coaxed Ulysses and his men, some years ago—not, indeed, to *come on board*, but the contrary. But when her deck is all soot and nastiness, when she has quartered her vermin on her passengers, and goes gurgling along, as if *she had an Empyema under her pleura costalis*; when she *pitches into* the waves, as if to *punish* them, and tramples on their crests, as if to crush them under her keel, why all the brass you want is “*ÆS TRIPLEX*,” and there is no *varnish* in the world that will enable *you* to put a *good face* on it. A few heaves more, such as those of our present imagining, and brandy and water, bottled porter, and *bottled philosophy*, are uncorked in vain!

As to particular steamers, the *Castor*, since he lost his twin-brother, who was run down off *Capo D'Anzo* (he forgot, we suppose, to invoke Fortune “*gratum quæ regit Antium*”), has become quite negligent of toilette, and incredulous about the powers of soap and sand. The bugs in only *one* of her beds would defy *Bonnycastle*! Fast enough, however, goes the *Castor*! *Orestes*, pursued by the furies, never rushed more impetuously on than does this child of *Leda*, with all his vermin in the locker. Of *Virgil* in the water, we have no experience, but they say his *prosody* is perfect, and his *quantity* (of accommodation) blameless. The *Dante* under paddles is unknown to us; but the poem which his customers read oftener on board is doubtless the *Purgatory*. The captain of the *Palermo*, an obliging man, *with ear-rings*, and speaking *Siculo-English*, does his job in nineteen hours; and giving you one execrable meal, gives you more than enough. This vessel (blessed privilege!) carries some of the *Teffin* family (Mr *Teffin*, our readers know, was *bug-destroyer to the king*), and *is said* to have no bugs. As to the two floating volcanoes, *Vesuvius* and *Mongibello*, we had heard much against the *Neapolitan crater* (*cabin they call it*), and, after due preparation, we precipitated ourselves into the latter, which placards her two hundred and fifty horse-power. The engineer, however, if you acquire his confidence, reduces the team considerably, taking off at least one-fifth. Horse-power is, after all, we fear, an appeal to the imagination! How do you measure horse-power? and what horses? *Calabrian nags*? *Arab stallions*? *Dutch mares*? or *English drays*? or perhaps you mean *sea-horses*? That every vessel has a great *rocking-horse power* we know by sad experience, and are come to read one hundred and fifty, two hundred, &c., with great tranquillity, being convinced that when the translation from horse-power into paddle-power is effected, you obtain no corresponding result.

ÆSTHETICS OF DRESS.

MILITARY COSTUME.

MILITARY dress is almost as difficult and dangerous a thing to deal with as ladies' attire; as various in its hues and forms, as fanciful in its conceits, as changeable in its fashions, and as touchy in the temper of its wearers. To pull a guardsman by his coat-tail would be as unpardonable an offence as to tread on a lady's skirt; and to offer an opinion upon a lancer's cap might be considered as impertinent as to criticise a lady's bonnet. Having, however, been bold enough to commit offences of the latter description, we will now venture to brave the wrath of the whole of Her Majesty's forces, horse, foot, and artillery, while we read those gallant gentlemen a lecture on their costume; and we will even add into the bargain that other most honourable and equally useful branch of the public force "the mariners of England;"—as for "the force," the police, truly we eschew them and their deeds. They are a perverse, stiff-necked race, who wear two abominations, round hats and short coats, and they have a villanous propensity of following you home from your club of an evening, and inveigling you every now and then to Bow Street, thrusting a broken knocker or two into your pocket as you go along, and then pestering your bewildered memory with all sorts of nocturnal misdemeanors; truly they are a race of noxious vermin; pretty well, perhaps, for the protection of the swinish multitude; but for us gentlemen, why, they "come betwixt the wind and our nobility," and their remembrance stinks in our nostrils! One thing only we know in their favour,—they dress all in one colour; their blueness alone makes them sufferable in this nineteenth century of ours, and whenever they depart from this great principle of æsthetic unity, we will bring in a bill for their suppression.

Now, if there be any thing more self-evident than the ante-Noachian problem that "two and two make four," it

is this axiom, the verity of which was demonstrated long before Achilles behaved in so ungentlemanlike a manner to Hector, when he took him that dirty drive round Troy, viz., that utility for purposes of service is the very essence and spirit of military costume. The finest dressed army in the world had better be in plain clothes, if the excellence of their clothing depends only upon its ornament; while, on the contrary, the plainest and most rudely equipped corps will come out of a campaign with excellent military effect and appearance, provided only that their clothing has been suited to their service. "My dear fellow," said an old moustache to us one day on the Place du Carrousel, "give me 20,000 men who have served in nothing but blouses and blue caps, and I'll make you ten times as fine a line as all that mob of national guards there in their new uniforms." And he was right; in military matters it is the man that produces the real effect, as to appearance, upon the long run; and the practised eye of the old campaigner would prefer a Waterloo man in a smock-frock to any flunkey you could pick out, even though he were dressed up as fine as Lady L——'s favourite chasseur. We assert, then, that a scrupulous attention to the nature of the service should form the basis and the starting point of all discussions as to military costume; but we will not go so far as to say that ornament is inadmissible or unnecessary for military men. On the contrary, we know that the adornment of the person has been attended to by the bravest men in all ages and in all armies; and we know further, that it does produce a powerful effect on the *morale* of a corps. We intend to advocate the use of frequent but consistent ornament for our soldiers, but we do not wish to turn them into mere paraders. Use first and before every thing, in this case at least—ornament next, and entirely subsidiary to it; keep to this rule, and

you shall see an army turned out into the field better than most that pass muster now-a-days.

It is of no use going into that diffuse subject—that *vexatissima questio*—of how far the military dress of ancient days accorded with the wants and uses of the service; the reader may go and look into that dusty little volume of *Vegetius de Re Militari*, if he is fond of dabbling in military antiquities; or he may consult our learned old friend, Captain Grose of facetious memory; or still better, let him be off to Goderich Court, and ask the porter to admit him to a sight of the finest collection of armour in the world. We are not going to dive into these matters; we will rather say roundly, that ever since armour came to be disused, we think military men have gone clean daft in equipping themselves. Only look at the uniforms of the campaigns of the Grand Monarque or William of Orange; see what inconvenient coats those glorious fellows that won Blenheim and Ramilies wore; recollect the absurd turn-out of Charles XII., and even of Frederick the Great. Convenience and comfort seem to have been totally out of the question in those days—not that they made the men worse soldiers—they all fought admirably—but we question whether their fatigues would not have been less, and their health sounder, had they been clad and equipped in a sensible manner. Oh, the powder, and the pigtails, and the broad cuffs, and the Ramilies cock, and the sword tucked through the coat-tail! Glories of glorious times, ye are gone for ever! But so, too, are the tactics of your wearers; all is changed; another Caesar has swept you all off the field; and even the famous uniforms of the French empire, so brilliant,—but at times so absurd,—even they have been altered. They have had their day, and most of them are fit now only for fancy-balls and old-clothes' shops. Nothing is so short-lived as a good uniform; it varies with the taste of a commander-in-chief, or a commander-in-chief's toady; or the fancy of some royal favourite. It's like the wind in the Mediterranean; you never know what is coming upon you till you are in the midst of it; and so it is with your uniform. Get a new one, and

the probability is that you will not show it on parade half-a-dozen times before a new regulation is out, and then more work for the tailors. Be it so, then; military costume, like all other kinds, is doomed to change; let us aim only at keeping its vagaries within something like the limits of common sense.

The infantry of our own army—the successors of those noble fellows that walked across Spain—have no better covering for their backs than the scanty and useless coatee; in this they parade, and in this they are supposed to fight. Behind, two little timid-looking skirts descend any thing but gracefully; they are too small to have any grace in them; and a pair of sham cotton epaulettes, or large unmeaning wings, are supposed, by a pleasing fiction of the military tailors, to adorn their shoulders. Now, this garment, we contend, is neither ornamental nor graceful: were it cut down into the common jacket, it would be better; were the excrescences at the shoulders removed, it would be more seemly; it has no warmth in it, and offers little or no protection against the rain. No soldier, who has been reduced to his coatee in a campaign, but must have sighed after his original smock-frock, or any other outer covering that had at least some pretensions to being useful. Since, however, the idea of defending the body of the foot-soldier by steel or leather is given up, the two things requisite in a serviceable coat are warmth and convenience. No coatee nor jacket can be warm enough for the British service, exposed as the men are to all varieties of climate; and infinitely more to cold and wet than to sunshine. In India, and in some of the colonies, a lighter kind of clothing may be indeed necessary; but for the common use of the army, a coat is wanted that shall be a protection against wet and cold, and yet not inconvenient to the wearer—making him comfortable, in fact, while it allows him free use of all his limbs and muscles. For the heavy infantry, therefore, we would propose such a coat as we have before recommended for all civilians; nothing more nor less than a frock-coat, coming down half way along the thighs, and close buttoned above to the chin. Every body

knows that this is the most comfortable thing he can put on for all kinds of wear; and the evolutions of a good infantry soldier can be perfectly well gone through by whoever wears it. The shoulders, if they require external ornament, should have something that is really useful at the same time; not merely tinsel or cotton lace; and, therefore, it should be the adaptation of a thick woollen pad, ornamented with metal or coloured lace, calculated to take off the pressure of the musket and of the knapsack-straps from the bones of the neck and arm. Whoever has carried a musket twelve or fourteen hours continuously, and has had his pack on at the same time, well knows how comfortable and how really useful such an addition to his dress would have been. The coat should be furnished with two small pockets in front, just to hold a knife, some money, and things of that kind; and they should be close to the circle of pressure at the waist.

The appearance of a close-buttoned coat of this kind, not caricatured about the shoulders, is manly and dignified; it proclaims its usefulness at the first glance; and, whatever be its colour, will form a handsome uniform. The cross-belts should be done away with—being at once ugly, expensive, and inconvenient—a plain broad strap, white or black, as you please, should gird the waist up well; and the cartouche-box, which could be made to slide upon it, might be worn, while out of battle, behind; but, in actual engagement, in front. The bayonet (which might advantageously be lengthened, and made to approximate rather more to the nature of a sword, or a long knife, than it does now) should always have its sheath fixed to the belt, at the left side.

The soldier would in this way have his habiliments warmer, his equipments tighter and more simple, and his appearance in line, or on guard, highly improved. Only think of how you would dress yourself if you were going out deer-stalking, and you will come to something of this kind—barring the pockets of your shooting-coat, which are certainly inadmissible, from motives of military neatness and discipline; and barring, too, the buttoning up to the chin, which, on the mountain's side, you had perhaps

rather dispense with; but which the soldier must adhere to, if he would keep up the essential degree of stiffness and smartness of dress. Coats of this kind, and equipments of this nature, are worn by the Prussian and French infantry—two good authorities in military matters; they have been tried on our police force; something of the sort has been used for clothing the pensioners; and we venture to predict, that, in a few years, a dress upon these principles will become universal in the British service.

Should a man have a cloak or a great-coat?—It should be a compound of both—a small cloak with sleeves; and it might be worn either rolled up, as at present, on the top of the kit; or else, as some of the French troops wear it—both conveniently and gracefully—made up into a long thin roll, going over the left shoulder, and with the ends strapped together upon the right hip. The Scotch regiments would wear their plaids most effectively in this fashion; and it is a good guise to adopt, whether you are on the rough lands of Spain, or in the thick woods of America. A warm coat and a blanket are two of the soldier's dearest friends in winter, and have kept many a man out of hospital.

The light-infantry man—and there ought to be more distinction made in the uniforms than there is—might wear a long jacket, descending below the hips, instead of a frock-coat: his cloak, too, should be lighter: and, in fact, his whole equipments constructed for quick and active service. So should be the rifleman's clothing and arms; every thing should be designed to serve the one end had in view—the real use and intent of that particular arm, whatever it might be; and, if so, then let the officers of the rifles leave off their long trailing sabres—fitter for a light dragoon than for one who is supposed to be hopping about, like a Will o' the Wisp, in swampy brakes; or creeping, like a serpent, through rushes and long grass. Their present swords are good for nothing—but to trip them up in their movements, or to give them the pleasure of holding the sheath in one hand, and the blade in the other.

For the leg-clothing of our men,

give us the trouser, and let us keep to it; we do not indeed seem likely to change it; yet, who can tell? Just as the civilian seems to have decided upon this happy invention, as the most useful and comfortable thing he ever donned, so will all military men agree in its praises. It is not so good for parade purposes, as the light pantaloons and gaiter, in as much as it conceals defects of limbs; but, on the long run, it is far to be preferred; it lasts better, keeps cleaner, and does more comfortable service to its wearer, than any thing else. One point not sufficiently attended to by our military authorities, and yet which affects the health of the men, is, that their trousers, whether in parade or for service, should be made of such a woollen fabric as will allow of frequent washing. It is impossible for the cleanliness of the soldier to be sufficiently kept up without this; and the material now used for plaids of various kinds, or the common blanketing for sailors' clothes, might be easily modified, so as to be suitable for this purpose. Linen trousers are indispensable for foreign service of some kinds; but for summer clothing at home, a light white blanketing, which has the curious faults of being cool in warm weather, and warm in cold, is the proper substitute; our men often get sudden chills in summer evenings, which send them to the fever ward, and the cause is mainly attributable to undue exposure in insufficient clothing. To complete the lower portions of the soldier's dress, let him wear either the shoe and gaiter, or the low boot; either is good, there is hardly a choice—comfort preponderates in favour of the gaiters—ornament in that of the boot.

And now for the head-gear of the British Achilles: a touching and a troublesome subject, which has bothered all heads, from those of the humble wearer up to the field-marshal, who is content under the shadow—not of his laurels—but his plumes—to design any kind of uncomfortable and ugly thing that strikes his imagination, and to clap it on the cranium of steady veteran and raw recruit. Truly we have been most unfortunate, æsthetically speaking, in our military caps; and,

to go no further back than Peninsular recollections,—from the conico-cylindrical cap of Vimiera to the funny little thing with a flap up in front of Vittoria and Waterloo, down through the inverted cone-shaped shako of recent days—until we have come to the very bathos of all chapellerie that now disgraces the heads of too many among our infantry regiments—all has been bad. Never, since the day when men first armed their heads for the fight, has there been seen such a paltry, ugly, useless, bastard kind of a thing as the last cap turned out for the British army. With its poke before and behind, its conical top and low elevation, it is a degraded cross between a Germano-Tyrolese cap and a policeman's hat—a bad mixture of both. May it be sent back to Germany, where the idea came from, and may it be stuffed into a barrel of sour-cROUT, not to come out till it is thoroughly rotted.

There is only this choice for the useful and graceful covering of the foot-soldier's head; either the small slouched hat of the old Spanish infantry—a hat very liable to be turned into something slovenly and dirty—or the foraging cap of our undress—a covering most comfortable, but not quite strong enough for campaigning use, as well as for parade; or the helmet of antique form, shaped, that is to say, in some conformity with the make of the head, and more or less ornamented with crest and plume. We incline on the whole to the latter, and for two reasons:—it is not so liable to get altered in shape by service as the others; it will wear well for a longer time; it is more useful in *mêlées* and against cavalry; and it is the most becoming of any. In Prussia it has lately been adopted with great success; and the appearance of the infantry there is now warlike and graceful in the highest degree. The helmet need not be made of metal; boiled leather is the proper material—ventilation and lightness can be easily provided for in it, and any degree of ornament may be superadded—crest or feathers, each is becoming.

For Eastern service something lighter than this is of course necessary—a cap or a broad hat might easily be adopted there; and for American service another description of covering

is also most essential to the health and comfort of the soldier. We mean the close-fitting and well-formed fur cap, which can protect the head, neck, and cheeks of the wearer from the extraordinary rigour of a Canadian winter. The cap worn by our guards when last on service in these regions, was at once comfortable, useful, and handsome.

For the cavalry, where ornament seems to be required much more than amongst the infantry—for they fancy themselves, if indeed they are not, the top sawyers in all matters of service—the head-dress must be not only useful, but can hardly be made too ornamental, within the limits of good taste. And here allow us to say that the infantry shako and the great grenadier's cap are perfectly absurd and misplaced; the one will never give a man any chance against a sabre-cut, and the other is fit only to tumble off within the first two minutes of a charge. In heavy cavalry nothing but the helmet, richly plumed and crested, should be allowed; constructed either of leather or metal, yellow brass or silvery steel, and adorned sometimes with skins, sometimes with graven plates. The handsomest helmet worn by any regiment in Europe, is that of the old *gardes du corps* of Charles X., the same as that now worn by the *gardes municipaux à cheval* in Paris; a metal helm with leopard-skin visir; a lofty crest, with a horse-tail streaming down the back, and a high red and white feather rising from the left side. Beauty of natural form, the sharp contrast of flowing lines between the feather and the tailed crest, and the general brilliancy of colour, render this by far the most effective head-dress for cavalry which we have ever seen. Our helmets in England, for the dragoon guards, are too heavy, too theatrical; there is no life and spirit in them.

In light cavalry of all kinds, except lancers, the fur cap, lately re-introduced into the British army, is the most useful and most suitable covering; it is at once comfortable and becoming; its form is warlike and harmonious; its colour rich; and it admits of as much or as little ornament as you please to put upon it. Without a feather it is good, with one it is better; guard-bands add to its ap-

pearance without troubling the wearer; and it has the merit of lasting to look well longer than any other kind of cap whatever. In the lancers they should always preserve that national cap which tells us of the origin of this arm, and which is an ingenious and elegant adaptation of the strength of the helmet to the lightness of the shako; it is beautiful and graceful as the lance itself; we have nothing to say of it but what is in its favour.

Heavy cavalry, in our opinion, ought to wear the cuirass; this is the only relic of ancient defence which we are advocates for keeping up, and we do so upon the score of utility. It is rather heavy for the men, but only so because they are not accustomed to wear it in a judicious manner; it is of real service to the arm in question, and is the greatest ornament that a soldier can put on. It is true that our heavy cavalry did all their gallant deeds without it, and may do so over again; still it can do no harm, and may be of much use to a brigade of decidedly heavy cavalry; the helmet and the cuirass should always go together, neither without the other, as we see it often now, forming an absurd anomaly. The coat of the cavalry should be long, like the frock-coat for the heavy regiments; short, like the lengthened jacket of the light infantry, for the corresponding branch of the mounted soldiers; and the lancers should all wear the Andalusian or Hungarian jacket. While these may be ornamented with all the fancies of lace, embroidery, and buttons, the dress of the cuirassiers should be severely plain and simple. Epaulettes here, if worn, should be mere enrichments of the top of the sleeve; no weight has to be carried on the horse-man's shoulder, and therefore our metal plates now stuck upon them are useless. The belt of the cartouche-box, if needed, can be confined on the shoulder by other means; and this, as well as the waist-belt for the sabre, should be broad and serviceable, fit for the roughest use.

To complete the clothing of our brave cavaliers, we would urge that wherever the helmet and cuirass are used, there the long boot should be adopted, were it only for harmony of purpose, to say nothing of means of

defence. They need not be stiff, unwieldy, and so-called sword-proof boots, like those of the Life-guards, but equally high and much more flexible; they would cost a good deal o' money at the first mounting of a regiment, but they would last for a long time by merely renewing their feet, and they would be both serviceable and comfortable to the men. Let all other regiments adhere as at present to their trousers—they can hardly do better; though, if any smart hussar corps wanted to show off their well-turned limbs to the ladies on a review day, they might sport tight pantaloons and Hessian boots as of old, *pace nostrâ*.

One important subject, as connected with military dress, is that of national distinctions of costume; for whatever tends to remind men of their common country, whatever tends to mark them out as a band of brothers in arms, coming from the same homes, and bound to stand by each other in their noble calling—this is worthy of the attention of the skilful leader. In our own country, we have admirable opportunities of turning the strong love of local distinction and ancient glory to good account; for while we consider the brilliant scarlet of our uniforms to be distinctive of English arms, we have the glorious old plaids of Scotland, any one of which is enough to stir up the heart of the hardiest mountaineer, when he meets his brethren in the field. We are of opinion, then, that as a point of military discipline, as well as of æsthetical correctness, all English regiments—properly so called—should adhere to their red uniforms, varied with subsidiary ornaments, or other distinctions, to mark separate regiments and corps. Those from Scotland should all wear the plaids, so as to let them predominate in their habiliments—of course, we would send those stupid plumed caps to the right-about, and adopt the Scotch bonnet; but the plaid of each clan should find its place in the British army; and those noble distinctions of old feudal manners should never be done away with. The Irish regiments ought also to have their distinguishing colours; and as green seems to be the poetical tint of the Emerald Isle, there is no sound objec-

tion to the adoption of that hue for the base of the Irish uniform. Irish soldiers will fight like devils in any uniform, or in no uniform at all, as has been seen on many a gory field; but if the use of green can awaken one thought of national glory—one kindly recollection of “dear Erin” in their hearts—then let the gallant spirits from the western isle lead their headlong charges in the tint that haunts their imagination. Do we want them to have some red about their coats?—they are always willing to dye them with their best blood. And even the Taffies—the quiet, sedate Taffies—for “she is good soldier, Got tam, when her blood is up”—why should not they have some national uniform, to remind them of the blue tints of their native mountains and deep vales? Children of the mist and the wild heath, the natural rock, and the lonely lake—the glare of our Saxon red is too brilliant for them; let them wrap their sinewy limbs and fiery hearts in pale blue, and grey, and white—and so let them enter the bloody lists, where they will hold their ground by the side of the three other nations, and bear away their share of military glory.

A few words on the navy, and we have done—and only a few words; for we have nothing to say, but to give unqualified praise. In the habiliments of our jolly tras—God bless 'em!—utility is every thing, ornament nothing. They are clad just as they should be; and yet, on gala days, they know how to make themselves as coquettish as any girl on Portsmouth Downs. There is no greater dandy in the world, in his peculiar way, than your regular man-of-war's man. The short jacket, and the loose trousers, and the neat pumps, and the trim little hat, and the checked shirt, and the black riband round his neck—he is quite irresistible among the fairer portion of the creation. Or in a stormy night, with his pilot coat on, at the lonely helm, and his north-wester pulled close over his ears, and his steady, unflinching eye, and his warm, lion-like heart within—the true sailor is one of the noblest specimens of man. He that is fierce as a bull, and yet tender-hearted like a young child—the greatest blasphemer on

earth, and yet the most religious, or even the most superstitious, of men—he is not to be tied down by the rules of æsthetics, like a land-crab. His home is on the sea, as somebody has said or sung; he has nobody there to see him but himself, (if we may be excused the bull.) What does he care for dress? Only look at him standing by his gun, when broadside after broadside is pouring into the timbers of some sanguinary Yankee or blustering Frenchman. What is his uniform then? Let them declare who have seen that most awful of human sights, a great battle at sea; but let them

not whisper it in ears feminine or polite.

To the officers, we will only add a word—let them eschew all hats and short coats, and keep to their caps and frocks. This is their proper dress. Let them keep themselves warm, comfortable, and ever ready for service. Never let them face their coats with red again. The old blue and white against all the world, say we! And let the soldiers take a leaf out of the sailors' books, and remember that utility, though accompanied by plainness, is far more consonant to the laws of æsthetics than unmeaning ornament or erroneous form.

GOETHE TO HIS ROMAN LOVE.

ATTEMPTED IN THE ORIGINAL METRE.

LASS dich, Geliebte, nicht reu'n dass du mich so schnell dich ergeben!

Glaub'es, ich denke nicht frech, denke nicht niedrig von dir.

Vielfach wirkten die Pfeile des Amor; einige ritzen,

Und vom schleichenden Gift kranket auf Jahre des Herz,

Aber mächtig befiedert, mit frisch geschliffener Scharfe,

Dringen die andern ins Mark, zunden behende das Blut.

In der Heroischen Zeit, da Gotten und Gottinnen liebten,

Folgte Begierde dem Blick, folgte Genuss der Begier.

Glaub'st du er habe sich lange die Gottinn der Liebe besonnen,

Als in Idäischen Hain einst ihr Anchises befiel?

Hatte Luna gesäumt den schonen Schläfer zu küssen,—

O, so hatt' ihm geschwind, neidend, Aurora geweckt!

Hero erblickte Leander am lauten Fest, und behende

Stürzte der Liebende sich heiss in die nächtliche Fluth.

Rhea Sylvia wandelt, die fürstliche Jungfrau, der Tiber

Wasser zu schopfen, hinab—und sie ergreift der Gott.

So erzeugte die Sohne sich Mars! Die zwillinge tranket

Eine Wölfin, und Rom nennt sich die Fürstin der Welt.

RUE it not, dear, that so swiftly thy tenderness yielded thee to me—

Dream not again that I think lightly or lowly of thee.

Divers the arrows of Love: from some that but graze on the surface,

Softly the poison is shed, slowly to sicken the heart;

Others, triumphantly feather'd, and pointed with exquisite mischief,

Rush to the mark, and the glow quivers at once in the blood.

In the heroic time when to Love the Deities yielded,

Follow'd desire on a glance, follow'd enjoyment desire.

Deem'st thou the parley was long when Anchises had pleased Aphroditë,

Catching her eye as she roved deep in the woodlands of Ide?

Or that if Luna had paused about wooing her beautiful Sleeper,

Jealous Aurora's approach would not have startled the boy?

Hero had glanced on Leander but once at the Festival—instant

Plunges the passionate youth into the night-mantled wave.

Rhea in maidenly glee caroll'd down with her urn to the Tiber—

But in a moment she sank mute on the breast of the God:

Hence the illustrious Twins that were nursed in the den of the She-wolf;

Worthy of Mars were the boys:—Rome was the Queen of the World.

EPIGRAMS.

ANACREON'S GRAVE.

Wo die Rose hier blüht, wo Reben um Lorbeer sich schlingen
 Wo das Turtelchen lockt, wo sich das Grillchen ergetzt,
 Welch ein grab est hier, das alle Götter mit Leben
 Schön bepflanzt und geziert? Es ist Anacreons Ruh.
 Frühling, Sommer und Herbst genoss der glückliche Dichter,
 Vor dem Winter hat ihn endlich der hügel geschützt.

Here where the Rose is in bloom, the Vine and the Laurel entwining—
 Here where the Turtle invites—here where the Grasshopper springs,
 Whose is this grave in the midst, which the Gods with life and with beauty
 Thus have circled and decked?—This is Anacreon's Tomb.
 Spring, and Summer, and Autumn, the joyous spirit had tasted,
 And from the Winter he hides under this hillock of green.

THE WARNING.

Wecke den Amor nicht auf! Noch schäft der liebliche Knabe
 Geh! vollbring dein Geschäft, wie es der Tag dir gebeut!
 So der Zeit bedienet sich klug die sorgliche Mutter,
 Wenn ihr Knäbchen entschläft, denn es erwacht nur zu bald.
 Waken not Love from his sleep! The boy lies buried in slumber;
 Go, and, while leisure is left, finish the task of to-day;
 Even as a diligent mother, who, seizing the hour as it passes,
 Works while her child is asleep—knowing he'll waken too soon.

THE SWISS ALP.

War doch gestern dein haupt noch so braun wie die Locke der Lieben,
 Deren holdes Gebild still aus der Ferne mir winkt;
 Silbergrau bezeichzet dir früh der Schnee nun die Gipfel,
 Der sich im sturmender nacht, dir um den Scheitel ergoss.
 Jugend, ach, ist dem Alter so nah, durch's Leben verbunden
 Wie ein beweglicher Traum Gestern und Heute verband.
 Yesterday's eve were thy peaks still dark as the locks of my loved one,
 When from a distance she looks fair and serene upon me;
 But, with a mantle of snow, at morn those summits were silver'd,
 Which the chill fingers of night sudden had spread on thy brow.
 Ah! how swiftly in life may youth and old age be united—
 Even as the flight of a dream yesterday link'd with to-day.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

GLANZEN sah ich das Meer, und blinken dië liebliche Welle
 Frisch mit gunstigem Wind zogen die Segel dahin.
 Keine sehnstucht fühlte mein Herz; es wendete rückwärts
 Nach dem Schnee des Gebirgs, bald sich der schmachtende Blick.
 Südwärts liegen der Schätze wie viel! Doch einer im Norden
 Zieht, ein grosser Magnet, unwiderstehlich zurück.
 Glitter'd the ocean around, in light the billows were breaking,
 Freshly, with favouring winds, glided our sails o'er the sea.
 Yet for the land of beauty I felt no longing; in sadness
 Backward my glances still turn'd towards the region of snow.
 Southward how many a treasure invites! but *one*, like the Magnet,
 Stronger than all, to the North draws me resistlessly back.

CHRISTMAS CAROL, 1845.

TUNE.— "*Packington's Pound.*"

I.

"THE intrigues of this month shall we e'er comprehend?
 Will the Dons, when the Parliament meets, give a clue?
 Will one Tory among them speak out like a friend,
 On the WHY and BECAUSE of this famous to-do?
 Is it really the case
 That the Whigs are in place,
 Because Peel, when his colleagues assembled, appall'd them
 By a cool proposition,
 To toss to perdition,
 Both the faith and the force that in office install'd them."

II.

Thus groan'd out a grumbler, all sulky and sour,
 But for Christopher's temper such trash was too much;
 And it soon made the malecontent quiver and cower,
 When he saw preparations for handling the Crutch.
 "Lay your croaking aside,"
 The old gentleman cried,
 "Or I'll make you eat up each ungenerous word:
 Not our deadliest foe,
 Such injustice should know,
 And far less shall a friend be convicted unheard."

III.

"Come read here their Mottoes extracted from Burke
 For the Commoners,—here for the Peerage from Lodge;
 Say, can these be consistent with pitiful work,
 On a par with some Whiggish O'Connellite dodge?
 Though at present a cloud
 May the mystery shroud,
 Till secrecy's seal from their lips be removed;
 When the truth shall appear,
 It will all become clear,
 And the words here inscribed shall again be approved."

IV.

"Ne'er believe that Peel's noble INDUSTRIA plann'd
 Aught design'd of its honours his fame to despoil,
 Aught but JUSTICE to INDUSTRY, JUSTICE to LAND,
 To the loom and the ploughshare, the sea and the soil.
 His hand will still hold,
 Straight, steady, and bold,
 The scales where our wealth and our welfare are weigh'd:
 Still though tempests may blow,
 And cross currents may flow,
 He will steer our good ship till at anchor she's laid."

V.

“ But surely that terrible leader of Walter’s
 Was not utterly void of foundation in fact.
 Was the Cabinet really not full of defaulters,
 And resolved for a time on that ruinous act ? ”
 “ Cease, blockhead, to babble
 Your ganderlike gabble :
 Could Repeal e’er be REASON CONTENTS ME with Graham,
 Could the NE NIMIUM
 Of good Gordon succumb,
 Or the Stanley’s SANS CHANGER be changed into shame ?

VI.

“ With AVITO HONORE would Wortley turn tail,
 To his PRÆSTO ET PERSTO is Binning untrue ?
 Could the SPERNO TIMERE of Somerset quail,
 Or a Ripon with treachery blot FOY EST TOUT ?
 Could the princely Buccleuch
 Stoop the star-spangled blue
 Of his Bellenden banner when Leaguers came on ?
 Proved the Lion a jest
 On great Wellington’s crest ?
 Did his VIRTUS exude at the shriek of Lord John ?

VII.

“ Arthur falter’d ?—I’ll swallow such impudent flams
 When the ears of the sow yield us purses of silk ;
 When there’s no Devil’s Dust in the Cotton Lord’s shams,
 And the truck-master’s pail holds unmystified milk.
 Not a Tory, I swear,
 Will be forced to declare
 In the face of the Nation’s assembled Senatus,
 That from duty he shrunk,
 Or once felt in a funck
 About Cobden, and Bright, and some rotten potatoes !

VIII.

“ We shall see them again, even now or ere long,
 Upon Wisdom and Equity taking their stand,
 Calm, able, and upright, harmonious, and strong,
 In peace and prosperity ruling the land.
 Firm, faithful, and true,
 What they say they will do—
 No Right unprotected, no Wrong unredress’d ;
 While Writers of Letters
 And all their abettors
 Stand in swaggering impotence caught and confess’d.”

THE CRISIS.

THE announcement that the Peel Ministry had resigned was received by us, as we believe it was by the nation at large, with feelings of sincere and solemn regret. We do not know that any Cabinet has existed within our memory whose retirement was wished for by so few, and deprecated by so many among all classes of men. We have doubted the policy of some of its measures, and more than doubted the propriety of others. But we have never ceased to respect the energy, the ability, and the honesty of the great men composing it; and have always felt that in those points on which we could not agree with them, they were entitled to a generous forbearance, due to their responsible and arduous position, as the ministers who have most strenuously and most successfully endeavoured to solve the problem, how the government is to be carried on under the Reform Bill. The disappointment of some expectations among a powerful and prominent part of their supporters had diminished the enthusiasm, and divided the feelings, of the party who mainly contributed to bring them into power. But, on the other hand, it should not be forgotten, that they equally disappointed the adverse expectations, and ultimately gained the confidence of a large, and not unimportant, portion of the country, who for years had been taught to believe, that the accession of Conservatives to power would commence a new era of warfare, oppression, profusion, and corruption. Let us look fairly at some of the practical and palpable facts of the case—at some of the most conspicuous features of public affairs, during their administration. AGRICULTURE has flourished, and agricultural improvement has advanced in an unprecedented degree. COMMERCE has plumed her wings anew, and added other regions to her domain. PUBLIC CREDIT has been supported and advanced, and the revenue raised from an alarming and increasing depression. PEACE has been universally maintained abroad, and agitation rendered powerless and contemptible at home. The Poor have

been contented and employed, and not a murmur has been heard against the authority of the Crown, or the principles of the Constitution. These unmistakable results have been felt by all men, and all have confessed, in their hearts, that however they may have been offended with minor blemishes—whether by the short-coming, or by the excess of ministerial liberality,—the great purposes of government have been achieved by the ministry now dissolved, and they will frankly acknowledge with ourselves, that we shall not soon look upon its like again.

We know nothing of the causes that have led to this memorable and momentous event, except that apparently differences of opinion prevailed among the members of the Ministry in reference to the corn-laws. We shall not believe, until we hear it from their own lips, that any portion of the Cabinet have advocated any scheme fraught with danger and injustice to the best interests of the country: nor shall we indulge in any conjecture as to the real nature of the policy that may have been under discussion, where conjecture must be so vague, and where it must so soon give place to authentic information. We shall merely say, that any measure calculated to place agriculture and industry generally, in a disadvantageous and defenceless position, must have met with our unfactious, but firm, opposition. If ever the day should come, when protection, by common consent, were to be withdrawn, truth compels us to declare, that there is no one by whose hand we should desire to see that painful and dangerous operation performed so much as Sir Robert Peel;—not because we should be insensible to all the awkward and painful embarrassments of such a change of course; but simply, because we are bound to say, that there is no other man of whose knowledge, skill, and sagacity we have the same opinion. By none we think could the fall be so much broken, or the transition made so smooth, or so little in-

jurious. Certain it is, that a measure of total and immediate abolition *from the Whigs, incompetent and incapable as they have been proved*, would be a calamity of which the magnitude can scarcely be estimated by the most gloomy imagination. We are far, however, from contemplating the necessity or possibility of such a policy from any Ministry whatever.

We take our stand upon the principle of protection to national agriculture and industry, in the existing and peculiar circumstances of the country. We do not love restrictions for their own sake, or desire any protection by which nothing is to be protected. But we think that protection is demanded by the exigencies of the whole community, and to that extent and on that ground we advocate its preservation for the general good. We shall not enquire at present how far the amount or the form of that protection may be modified. That may no doubt be a varying question, of which the discussion is to be controlled only by the grave consideration that its too frequent agitation is a great evil, as inevitably unsettling important rights and arrangements. But if it be thought that the rapid progress of events in this railway age admits or requires a relaxation or re-construction of existing restrictions, we are prepared candidly to consider any specific plan that may be tabled, and to weigh deliberately the amount and kind of protection that may now be necessary to preserve our *status quo*, having regard to the facilities of transit, the discoveries of science, the progress of improvement, the increase of population, the abundance of money, and any other elements which may be alleged as to a certain extent emerging since the last adjustment of the scale, and having special regard also to *any alteration in the distribution of taxation* which may accompany the proposal for such a change. We do not see our way to such a change. We do not recognise its necessity; but we think it unbecoming the position occupied by those who concur in our principles to offer a blind or bigoted resistance to any discussion of a practical matter, which must always depend greatly on surrounding circum-

stances and complex calculations. Far less shall we here enquire whether the time is soon or is ever to arrive when all protection is to cease. In politics, as in other things, the absolute words of "always" or "never" are rarely to be spoken. It is sufficient for us to say, that the period when such a revolution ought to take place has not as yet been presented to our minds as an object of present and practical contemplation.

Let us unite, then, in support of these national principles with a calm, candid, and temperate firmness, demanding a just and fair protection, *so far and so long* as it is needed to keep our soil in cultivation, and to foster those improvements, which cannot be carried on without the prospect of a due return, and by means of which alone, *if ever*, the necessity of protection may be superseded, or its amount diminished. Let us oppose any rash or undue alteration, from whatever quarter it may come; but, above all, let us resist to the uttermost the attempts of selfish Leaguers and the more reckless portion of the Whigs, whose interested or unprincipled policy would overlook all those large and deep-seated considerations, which in every view require so much management, and such nice computation, before any thing can be done in so momentous a matter as the *providing permanently for a nation's food*, and the development of a nation's resources, with a due regard to those various interests which seem often to be conflicting, but which, in a just point of perspective, are ultimately identical.

Our pain in contemplating the loss of one ministry, is not alleviated by our anticipation of the ministry that is expected to succeed. The rash and presumptuous man who has been called to take office, does not possess, and his character, so far as hitherto known, is not calculated to command, the confidence of the British nation. We could not look back upon the crude projects and unscrupulous practices by which the last Whig ministry disgraced their office and endangered their country, without a feeling of the deepest alarm—if we believed it possible that a repetition of them would now be tolerated. What is to be the character and course of our

new rulers? Independently of the corn-laws, what is to be their policy as to Ireland, as to foreign affairs, as to domestic finance? Is the Popish Church to be endowed in the sister kingdom? or is the Protestant Establishment to be overthrown? Is repeal to be openly patronized, or only covertly connived at? Is Lord Palmerston to be let loose on our relations with other powers, and to embroil us, before six months are over, in a quarrel with France and a war with America? Is our revenue to be supported to the level of our expenditure, or is a growing deficiency to be permitted to accumulate, till our credit is crippled, and our character branded with almost Pensylvanian notoriety? Is the country prepared for such enormities as these, or for the risk of their being attempted? We hope not: we think not. We feel assured that the very contemplation of their possibility, would make the nation rise in a mass, and eject the imbecile impostors who have already been so patiently tried, and so miserably found wanting.

Then, as to the corn-laws, is the new minister to adhere to his last manifesto, or has he used it merely as a lever for opposition purposes, to be laid aside, like some implement of housebreaking, when an entry into the premises has been effected? That attempt will scarcely be tolerated by his own supporters. Then how is he to carry his measure? With the present House of Commons, he cannot hope to do so, nor can he entertain that anticipation from any dissolution, except one carried on under such circumstances of unprincipled agitation, *as would convulse the country, and prove fatal to commercial credit and prosperity.*

But suppose he had the power, how would he use it? Would his measure be such as would immediately throw any considerable portion of land out of cultivation? That seems to be the hinging point of this corn-law question; and it is one on which the "total and immediate" men are more evasive, *in public discussion*, than on any other, though privately such of them as understand the subject, are fully aware of its bearings. If the proposed scheme would *not* attain or

involve the result of throwing inferior soils out of culture, what good would it do to the League and their friends? For, strange to say, when the matter is probed to the bottom, the battle for which the League are truly fighting is directed to the *great national end of laying waste inferior land*. It is only by lowering rents and prices that they expect benefit, yet it is as clear as day that rents are dependent on the comparative value of the highest and lowest grades of the land in tillage; and if prices fall, those lands that barely pay at the present rates must cease to be cultivated. Read any of the more open and outspoken repealers. Take up the little tales of Miss Martineau, one of the most able and honest of her sect, and see how completely the object is to get rid of the expense attending the cultivation of inferior land. If that object is not attained by total and immediate repeal the whole discussion is a delusion. But if Lord John's proposed measures *will* throw lands out of cultivation, to a large extent, what provision is to be made to avert the inevitable evils that must ensue? How is the surplus population to be supported that will thus be thrown loose on the market of labour? How are the burdens to be provided for that the land thus disabled has hitherto borne? Are the imposts on agriculture to increase while its returns are to diminish? or is the old Whig expedient to be resorted to, of raising that very tax which they have resisted and denounced? Are all customs-duties to be abolished, and is the deficiency to be supplied by having the property-tax aggravated to whatever multiple the account may require? What safeguards or palliatives are to be devised to prevent the PANIC likely to ensue from so vast and so sudden a revolution; in which, under the instant diminution of rents and precariousness of prices, every mortgagee will be driven in desperation to recur upon his debtor, and every landlord upon his tenant; while the whole landed interest, high and low, though chiefly, no doubt, the middle and smaller proprietors and tenants, will be compelled to curtail their expenses to the lowest sum, and those who have already but a narrow margin of

surplus, be reduced to beggary and ruin.

But would this confusion and distress affect the landed interest alone? No; the same alarm which involved that interest in ruin, would soon extend to manufactures, by striking at their foundation, CREDIT. Already, from a singular and unhappy combination of causes, a period of restricted circulation and of high interest for money, has begun to follow on one of unlimited accommodation: distrust seems ready to take the place of confidence: gigantic schemes in progress are paralysed or threatened with abandonment: the country appears to be trembling on the brink of one of those commercial crises which from time to time, and unavoidably, arise out of the spirit of speculation. Let but this additional element of confusion—the distress of the agricultural classes, *and all that depend upon them*—be thrown into the already wavering scale, and who can pretend to estimate the amount of ruin which a week may produce? The paradise of free-trade in corn may indeed be obtained, but it will be reached through the purgatory of a general bankruptcy.

But is free-trade to be confined to corn? Are the agriculturists alone to be deprived of protection, the manufacturing interests retaining the advantage of those protecting duties which exclude the competition of foreign markets? That is plainly impracticable. The silk, the wool, the iron, the manufactures of the Continent—the “main articles of *food and clothing*,” according to Lord John Russell’s letter—are also to be admitted into our markets at rates with which native industry cannot contend. Is this likely to raise wages, or to keep them as they are? Will it better the condition of the working classes? Or is the condition even of the higher classes in the mercantile circles to be made more comfortable by that immediate increase of the income-tax, which must be imposed, to balance the loss of revenue arising from the deficiency of our customs, if national faith is to be preserved, or the government of the country conducted. In every view of the case, and to every interest in the state, we believe that absolute free-trade, such as appears to be contemplated by the late

leader of the Whigs, would be fraught with ruin. The letting loose of such a storm upon the State, *with the hand of Lord John Russell to hold the helm*, is a contingency from which we believe the very boldest will draw back.

But we feel no apprehension of such a result. There is now no democracy to be fooled into a new excitement in favour of a Whig ministry, or to be cheated by a cry of cheap bread, counteracted as it must be by the contemplation of lower wages, and an increased competition in the labour market. The middle classes, again, and all who have any thing to lose, are too wise to hazard the prosperity of the last four years, by supporting the men to whose ejection from office that prosperity is attributable.

We should, at the same time, act with a want of candour and frankness towards our agricultural friends, if we did not direct their attention to another aspect of the case. If it be true, contrary to our own hopes and convictions, that repeal is inevitable, *every thing depends* on the TIME and MANNER of effecting it. There is an inestimable value attending every year of continued protection that can yet be gained. Even a comparatively short period might be of infinite importance in completing those great improvements now in progress, which will raise the available fertility of so large a portion of our soil, but which must instantly stop, if protection be suddenly withdrawn. It is not in our power to see far into futurity, but every delay is precious, as enabling us better to meet the demands of public necessity, and to stand a competition with foreign soils, if that competition must ultimately be entered upon without legislative aid. How infinite, too, the difference of any change produced WITH A PANIC, and WITHOUT ONE! There may be various arrangements, moreover, which, if boldly and equitably made, might possibly go to place our protection on a footing nearly as firm, and not so likely to be assailed. On all this, however, we suspend our judgment for the present, remarking merely that we are not prepared to quit our present amount and plan of protection without DEMONSTRATION that we cannot fairly or prudently retain it.

In the meantime let us hope and struggle for the best, for the maintenance either of the present law, or of a scale substantially equivalent. If that fails us, let us aim at the *next best* arrangement; and by a firm and temperate course, we need not at least despair of averting that overwhelming confusion and wide destruction of property that would inevitably follow from the nostrums of desperate and designing men, devised and conducted with an equal absence of wisdom and of honesty.

A single word of earnest admonition in conclusion. The next few months or weeks must decide one important practical question, which we think has been unfolding itself silently before the minds of considerate men for the last few years, and which, whether they will or no, men of all opinions must weigh well, with the deliberation due to their own safety and self-interest, and with that freedom from personal pique or party spirit which the emergency demands. We are far from pinning our faith to individual characters, or thinking that the welfare of the state can be wrapped up in the fortunes or progress of a single mind. But still the question will recur, whether, in the existing state of the country, and when all circumstances are balanced together, Sir Robert Peel is not the statesman of the day, as being at once the *most Conservative* and the *most Liberal* minister whom the opposite and conflicting forces in operation in this great country are likely to suffer or submit to. He may not be so tenacious of certain points as some would wish, or so lavish of concession as may be wished by others. But we speak of him on the one hand as witnesses to the fact, that his past measures, though calculated to excite apprehension, have been found, *by experience*, to carry with them no detriment to agriculture, or to any other great interest in the country; and, on the other hand, in the confident anticipation that nothing has recently occurred in his proposed course, that will not, in due time, be fully and satisfactorily explained. With these views of Sir Robert Peel's

conduct, we cannot avoid asking, whether when we take him all in all, and appeal to the standard of practical good sense and prudence which wisdom will alone employ in such a momentous discussion, there is any other man now in the field, or likely to appear, to whom all parties can look so confidently, as an equitable and safe arbitrator of our national differences? If there is such a man, let him be pointed out. Sure we are that it is *not* Lord John Russell.

We had written thus far, in the belief that the Whigs, though after some coy, reluctant, amorous delay, would succeed in forming a sort of government—a task which we were sure Lord John Russell would attempt. That result seems now more than doubtful, and we close this article in the anticipation that a Conservative cabinet may possibly be again in power, before these pages meet the eyes of our readers. We rejoice at the prospect, and the country will rejoice. *Good measures from good men* is the best consummation of political well-doing, as it is certain that *dangerous measures from dangerous and desperate men*, is the most fearful political evil. In any view our friends have a plain course. It is, to adhere to their principles with a firm, yet prudent, determination of purpose—to hope and believe the best of their leaders and party—and to await patiently, and receive candidly, the elucidation of those things that have hitherto been a mystery; and, as to which, as it was impossible to make any explanations, so it was unjust to pronounce a decision. We earnestly pray that, whether in power or in opposition, the meeting of Parliament will see among our great Conservative statesmen, and their followers throughout the country, including the new adherents whom the rashness and recklessness of our opponents have necessarily gained for us, that solid union of opinion and vigorous co-operation of action, on safe and sound principles of legislation, which can alone terminate the crisis and avert its recurrence.

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VOL. LIX.

SERVIA AND THE "SERVIAN QUESTION."

THE principality of Servia was, a few years since, scarcely known to the English public except as an obscure province of the Ottoman empire, into which few travellers had penetrated; and of the population, internal resources, &c., of which, little information existed, and little curiosity was felt. But the singular political drama of which it has lately been the theatre, and the patriotic resolution by which its people, though deprived of support from their legitimate suzerain, the Sultan, menaced by the power of Russia, and abandoned to their fate by the other great powers of Europe, have yet succeeded in establishing their independence, and maintaining in his place the ruler whom they had chosen, has invested Servia with a degree of interest in the eyes of Europe, which gives value to whatever tends to dispel our ignorance of a country, which, by the new position it has assumed, has shown a good title to take rank as "the youngest member of the European family." A work, therefore, which should give the same clear insight, even to a limited extent, into the

present condition and future prospects of Servia, as was given some years since in regard to Hungary and Transylvania, by the well-known volumes of Mr Paget, would at this time be a valuable addition to our literature; but we are compelled to say, that this desideratum is far from being adequately supplied by the publication now before us. The author's descriptive powers are by no means of a high order;—mountain and valley, castle and river, pass before us, in his pages, without any definite impression being produced of their features or scenery; and while page after page is filled with criticisms of the accommodations and *cuisine* at his different halting-places, and verbatim reports of dialogues, on trivial subjects, between *Author*, on the one part, and *Renegade*, *Cadi*, *Dervish*, *President*, and other *dramatis personæ*, on the other, we look in vain for that extent and accuracy of information which we might have expected from a traveller who has enjoyed more than ordinary opportunities of mixing familiarly with Servians of all ranks and degrees, from the prince to the peasant, and

Servia, the Youngest Member of the European Family; or, a Residence in Belgrade, and Travels in the Highlands and Woodlands of the Interior, during the Years 1843 and 1844. By ANDREW ARCHIBALD PATON, Esq., Author of the "Modern Syrians."

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making himself acquainted with their feelings and national character. The deficiency of political information would appear even more remarkable. Though the author was personally acquainted with M. Petronevich, one of the leaders of the National party, whom he visited in his exile at Widin; and though he was subsequently resident at Belgrade for some time after the restoration of this able minister and his colleague, M. Wucicz, to their country, scarcely an allusion escapes him throughout, to the political movements which led either to their banishment or their recall. As various circumstances and expressions, however, lead us to suppose that Mr Paton's tour may have had reference to objects which do not appear on the surface of the narrative, this mysterious silence may not be without good reasons; and we shall deal with him, accordingly, simply as a traveller in a hitherto untrodden track, which we hope, ere long, to see more fully explored. Mr Paget, we believe, is now a naturalized denizen of Transylvania: cannot he find leisure for an excursion across the Save?

Mr Paton announces himself, in the title-page, as the author of a work entitled "The Modern Syrians," with which it has not been our good fortune to meet; but from the conclusion of which we presume the thread of the present narrative is to be taken up, as he presents himself, *sans ceremonie*, on the pier of Beyrout, preparing to embark on board an Austrian steamer for Constantinople:—"I have been four years in the East, and feel that I have had quite enough of it for the present." On the third day they touched at Rhodes, "a perfectly preserved city and fortress of the middle ages, with every variety of mediæval battlement—so perfect is the illusion, that one wonders the warder's horn should be mute, and the walls devoid of bowman, knight, and squire." Though these ancient bulwarks of Christendom, within which the White-Cross chivalry, under d'Aubusson and L'Isle-Adam, so long withstood the might of the Osmanli, are thus briefly dismissed, Mr Paton immediately after devotes five pages to some

choice flowers of Transatlantic rhetoric, culled from the small-talk of one of his fellow-passengers, whom he calls "an American Presbyterian clergyman"—though we grievously suspect him to have been a boatswain, who had jumped from the forecastle to the pulpit by one of those free-and-easy transitions not unusual in the "free and enlightened republic." At Smyrna, he signalized his return to the "land of the Franks," (which we had always imagined to be Europe,) by ordering a beefsteak and a bottle of porter, and bespeaking the paper of a Manchester traveller in drab leggings—and we at last find him safe in Constantinople. For all that concerns the city of the Sultan, he contents himself with referring his readers to the volumes of Mr White—and certainly they could not have been left in better hands; and so, "after a week of delightful repose," during which he was greatly indebted to the hospitality of the embassy, "I embarked on board a steamer, skirted the western coast of the Black Sea, and landed on the following morning in Varna."

We may pass over the "delightfully keen impressions" which Mr Paton records as produced by the contrast between the shores of Bulgaria and the Syrian climes he had lately left; the practical result of which was, that "a rattling blast from the Black Sea, more welcome than all the balmy spices of Arabia," made it advisable to don a pea-jacket! The fortifications of Varna, we are informed, were thoroughly repaired in 1843; "and from Varna to Roustchouk is three days' journey—the latter half of the road being agreeably diversified with wood, corn, and pasture, and many of the fields enclosed." A reference to the map will show that this "agreeably diversified" road passes under the famous lines of Shumla, and through many fields of fierce and stubborn fight between Turk and Russ, in the days before the Sultan was delivered over by his allies to his enemy, on the faith of a *military* report from a man who had never seen a regiment of regular troops under arms! *—but Mr Paton appears to consider such

* This was the explanation actually given by Develuz, our consul at Adrian-

matters as exclusively the province of *militaires*, and passes on at once to Roustchouk, which he found "a fortress of vast extent; but, as it is commanded by the heights from which I was descending, it appeared to want strength if approached from the south. The ramparts were built with great solidity; but rusty old dismounted cannon, obliterated embassures, and palisades rotten from exposure to the weather, showed that to stand a siege it must undergo a considerable repair." Several days were devoted to a general reconnaissance of the place; but the result was not satisfactory—"I must say that Roustchouk pleased me less than any town of its size I had seen in the East. The streets are dirty and badly paved, without a single good bazar or café to kill time in, or a single respectable edifice of any description to look at." A dinner with a Bulgarian family led us to expect some details of domestic economy; but, in place of this, we are regaled with the bad French of a hybrid Frank, who assured *Author* that Bukarest was equal to Paris or London; and when forced to admit that he had never seen either of those capitals, covered his retreat by maintaining that it was at least far superior to Galate and Braila! Hearing, however, that the Defterdar, an Egyptian Turk, had resided many years in England, and spoke English fluently, Mr Paton sought an interview; and after "taking a series of short and rapid whiffs from my pipe," while considering the best way of breaking the ice, opened his battery by telling the Defterdar, "that few Orientals could draw a distinction between politics and geography; but that with a man of his calibre and experience I was safe from misconstruction—that I was collecting materials for a work on the Danubian provinces, and that for any information which he might give me, consistently with his official position, I should feel much indebted,

as I thought I was least likely to be misunderstood by stating clearly the object of my journey, while information derived from the fountain-head was most valuable. The Defterdar, after commending my openness, said, 'I suspect that you will find very little to remark in the pashalik of Silistria. It is an agricultural country, and the majority of the inhabitants are Turks. The Rayahs are very peaceable, and pay few taxes, considering the agricultural wealth of the country. You may rest assured that there is not a province of the empire better governed than the pashalik of Silistria. We have no malcontents within the province; but there are a few Heterist scoundrels at Braila, who wish to disturb the tranquillity of Bulgaria; but the Wallachian government has taken measures to prevent them from carrying their projects into execution.'"

Having thus put his readers in possession of this full, true, and particular account, derived from exclusive official sources, of all that is to be learned of the pashalik of Silistria, we next find Mr Paton, after two days steaming on the Danube, at Widdin, where the exiled Servian minister, M. Petronevich, was then resident, under the protection of the Pasha, whose name is known to all the world as the destroyer of the Janissaries and the defender of Shumla, the once formidable Hussein. To this redoubted personage, now apparently verging on eighty, Mr Paton was introduced by M. Petronevich at an evening audience, it being contrary to etiquette to receive visits by day during the Ramadan—and found him "sitting in the corner of the divan at his ease, being afflicted with gout, in the old ample Turkish costume. The white beard, the dress of the Pasha, the rich but faded carpet, the roof of elaborate but dingy wooden arabesque, were all in perfect keeping; and the dubious light of two thick wax candles rising two or three feet from the floor, but seemed

oph), of his exaggerated account of the strength of Diebitsch's army, at the moment when Diebitsch's best hope was, that he might effect his retreat across the Balkan with the shattered and debilitated remnant of his troops! Yet on this authority the Sultan was recommended to yield at discretion, and the treaty of Adrianople was signed!

to bring out the picture, which carried me a generation back to the pashas of the old school." Hussein has since retired from his government, to enjoy the immense fortune which he has accumulated by commercial speculations—the last specimen of the "malignant and turbaned Turk" of former days, whose war shout was heard under the walls of Vienna; and who will now be replaced by a smooth-faced hybrid in fez and frock-coat, waging a paper war with the ambassadors of the *protecting* powers in defence of the few sovereign rights still permitted to the Porte—such is the Pasha of the present day! The town of Widdin found even less favour in our traveller's eyes than Roustchouk. "Lying so nicely on the bank of the Danube, which here makes such beautiful curves, and marked on the map with capital letters, it ought (such was my notion) to be a place having at least one well-built and well-stocked bazar, a handsome seraglio, and some good-looking mosques. Nothing of the sort;"—and thus, sorely disappointed in his reasonable expectations, he proceeded on his way in a car drawn by two horses, which in six hours brought him to the banks of the Timok, the river which separates Servia from Bulgaria. The Servian population, among whom he now first found himself, struck him as a superior race, both physically and morally, compared with those whom he had just left, possessing a manliness of address and demeanour unknown to the serfs of Bulgaria; and, instead of the woolly caps and frieze clothes of the latter, the peasants wore the red fez, and were generally dressed in blue cloth. The plough cultivation of Bulgaria was now exchanged for the innumerable herds of swine, which form the staple commodity of Servia, fed in the immense oak woods which cover the country. "They form" (as Mr Paget informs us in his work on Hungary) "a very important article of trade between Servia and Vienna; and I doubt if Smithfield could show better shapes or better feeding than the market of a Servian village." Continuing his route along the banks of the Danube

to New Orsova, where he crossed to the Hungarian bank, he again posted, with "an enormously stout Wallachian matron" for a travelling companion, to Drenkova, whence another steamer conveyed him to Semlin, and half an hour's pull down the Danube and up the Save (the line of the two rivers being distinctly marked at the confluence by the muddy colour of the former, and the clearness of the latter) landed him safe at Belgrade.

We may here mention an amusing anecdote, related in another part of the volume, in connexion with the town of Panczova below Semlin, where "the town-major, after swallowing countless boxes of Morison's pills, died in the belief that he had not begun to take them soon enough. The consumption of these drugs at that time almost surpassed belief. There was scarcely a sickly or hypochondriac person, from the Hill of Presburg to the Iron Gates, who had not taken large quantities of them." *Mais voilà le mot d'enigme.* "The Anglo-mania," was the answer to a query of the author, "'is nowhere stronger than in this part of the world. Whatever comes from England, be it Congreve rockets or vegetable pills, must needs be perfect. Dr Morison is indebted to his high office (!) for the enormous consumption of his drugs. It is clear that the President of the British College must be a man in the enjoyment of the esteem of the government and the faculty of medicine; and his title is a passport to his pills in foreign countries.' I laughed heartily, and explained that the British College of Health, and the College of Physicians, were not identical." We well remember a statement some years since among the innumerable puffs of the arch-quack, (now gone, we believe, to that bourn whither so many of his patients had preceded him,) that in gratitude for the countless cures of incurable diseases by the "Universal Vegetable Medicine," a statute of the Hygeist had been erected in Bukarest, not in his native brass, but 'in his habit as he lived;' and a woodcut was appended of the *ipsissimus* Morison, with his mustached phiz and tight frock-coat. As Bukarest is a long way off, we held this

at the time for a pious fraud ; but Mr Paton's anecdote gives it at least probability. *Vive la charlatanerie !*

The hospitality of Mr Consul-general Fonblanque, and the attentions of the numerous friends of M. Petronevich, soon made Mr Paton quite at home at Belgrade, where he remained till the end of the year 1843, having arrived some time in the autumn, since the re-election of Prince Alexander, and the exile of Petronevich, and his colleague Wuciz, took place in July of that year. He found Belgrade much Europeanized since a previous visit which he had paid it in 1839,—“It was then quite an Oriental town ; but now the haughty *parvenu* spire of the cathedral, a new and large, but tasteless structure, with a profusely gilt bell-tower in the Russian manner, throws into the shade the minarets of the mosques, graceful even in decay. Many of the bazar shops have been fronted and glazed ; the Oriental dress has become much rarer ; and houses, several stories high, in the German fashion, are springing up every where.” The Turkish governor was at this time Hafiz Pasha, the unsuccessful commander at Nezib, lately appointed in the room of Kiamil, who had been displaced at the mandate of Russia for the share he had taken in the first election of Prince Alexander ; but his jurisdiction is now confined to the fortress and the Turkish quarter, which lies along the Danube ; the remainder of the town, lying piled street upon street up the steep bank of the Save, being under the Servian authorities. During his stay, Mr Paton paid frequent visits to the Pasha, whom he generally found in an audience room overlooking the precipitous descent to the Danube, “studying at the maps : he seemed to think that nothing would be so useful to Turkey as good roads, made to run from the principal ports of Asia Minor, up to the dépôts of the interior, so as to connect Sivas, Tokat,

Angora, Koniah, Kaiserieh, &c., with Samsoon, Tersoos, and other ports.” The ramparts of the fortress are said to be in good condition, though “very unlike the magnificent towers in the last scene of the *Siege of Belgrade* at Drury-Lane,”—a piece of useful information for play-going Cockneys—and the *Lange Gasse*, or main street, with the palace of Prince Eugene, built during the Austrian occupation of Servia from 1717 to 1739, is still standing, though half choked up with bazar shops and Turkish houses. The Prince holds no formal levees ; but Mr Paton was present at a dinner given to the *corps diplomatique* in the palace, and was received in a saloon “with inlaid and polished parquet ; the chairs and sofas covered with crimson and white satin damask, which is an unusual luxury in these regions ; the roof admirably painted in subdued colours, in the best Vienna style. High white porcelain urn-like stoves heated the suite of rooms. The Prince, a muscular, middle-sized, dark-complexioned man, with a serious composed air, wore a plain blue military uniform ;* the Princess, and her *dames de compagnie*, wore the graceful native Servian costume ; the Pasha the Nizam dress, and the *Nishan Iftihar*, (diamond decoration of his rank ;) Baron Lieven, the Russian Commissioner, in the uniform of a general, glittered with innumerable orders ;† Colonel Philippovich, a man of distinguished talents, represented Austria ; the Archbishop, in his black velvet cap, a large enamelled cross hanging by a massive gold chain from his neck, sat in state-like isolation ; and the six feet four inches high Garashanin, minister of the interior, conversed with Stojan Simitch, the president of the senate, one of the few Servians in high office who retains his old Turkish costume, and has a frame that reminds one of the Farnese Hercules. Then what a medley of languages—Servian, Ger-

* The present Prince, on public occasions, always wears the fez with an aigrette of diamonds, as a recognition of the suzerainté of the Porte ; his predecessor, Michel Obrenovich, gave great offence by wearing a cocked hat.

† The old Emperor, Francis of Austria, when a Russian general was to be presented, would say, “Now bring in the northern firmament, and all its stars.”

man, Russian, Turkish, and French, all in full buzz ! We proceeded to the dining-room, where the *cuisine* was in every respect in the German manner. When the dessert appeared, the Prince rose with a creaming glass of champagne in his hand, and proposed the health of the Sultan, acknowledged by the Pasha; and then, after a short pause, the health of Czar Nicolay Paulovich, acknowledged by Baron Lieven; then came the health of other crowned heads. Baron Lieven now rose, and proposed the health of the Prince. The Pasha and the Princess were toasted in turn; and then Mr Wastchenko, the Russian Consul-general, rose, and in animated terms drank to the prosperity of Servia. The entertainment, which commenced at one o'clock, was prolonged to an advanced period of the afternoon, and closed with coffee, liqueurs, and chibouques, in the drawing-room: the Princess and the ladies having previously withdrawn to the private apartments."

At the end of the year, Mr Paton returned to England; and after an absence of six months, returned in August 1844 to the banks of the Save, reaching Belgrade at the moment when preparations were being made for the triumphal reception of the patriot ministers Wuczicz and Petronevich, who had at length been restored to their country by the tardy intervention of England. The day of their arrival was celebrated by an universal jubilee. Surrounded by an immense cavalcade, the exiles paraded the streets, amid the rapturous acclamations of the multitude, to the great portal of the cathedral, where they were received by the Archbishop and clergy:—"They kissed the cross and the gospels, which the Archbishop presented to them, and, kneeling down, returned thanks for their safe restoration. The Archbishop then advanced to the edge of the platform, and began a discourse, describing the grief the nation had experienced at their departure, the universal joy for their return, and the hope that they would ever keep peace and union in view in all matters of state, and that in their duties to the state they must never forget their responsibility to the Most High. Wuczicz, dressed in the coarse frieze jacket and boots of a Servian

peasant, heard, with a reverential inclination of the head, the discourse of the prelate, but nought relaxed one muscle of that adamantine visage: the finer but more luminous features of Petronevich were under the control of a less powerful will. At certain passages his intelligent eye was moistened with tears. Two deacons then prayed successively for the Sultan, the Emperor of Russia, and the Prince,—and now arose from every tongue, and every heart, a hymn for the long-eivity of Wuczicz and Petronevich. 'The Solemn Song for Many Days' is the title of this sublime chant, which is so old that its origin is lost in the obscure dawn of Christianity in the East, and so massive, so nobly simple, as to be beyond the ravages of time, and the caprices of convention." The town was illuminated in the evening; and a ball was given at the new Konak or palace, built by the exiled Prince Michael, which was attended "by all the rank and fashion of Belgrade—senators of the old school, in their benishes and shalwars, and senators of the new school, in pantaloons and stiff cravats," which we agree with Mr Paton in considering as no improvement on the graceful costume of the East. The Servian ladies, however, have in general the good taste to retain the old national costume; and "no head-dress that I have seen in the Levant is better calculated to set off beauty. From a small Greek fez they suspend a gold tassel, which contrasts with the black and glossy hair, which is laid smooth and flat down the temple. The sister of the Princess, who was admitted to be the handsomest woman in the room, with her tunic of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold, and faced with sable, would have been, in her strictly indigenous costume, the queen of any fancy ball in old Europe."

While occupied by his preparations for a tour into the interior, Mr Paton one day encountered "a strange figure, with a long white beard, and a Spanish cap, mounted on a sorry horse"—this was no other than Holman, the well-known blind traveller, whom he had last seen at Aleppo, and who, having passed in safety, under the safeguard of his infirmity, through the most dangerous parts of Bosnia, was

now on his way to Walachia. He instantly recognised Mr Paton's voice, and mentioned his name on being told where he had last seen him; and after a walk on the esplanade, in which the objects in view were described to him, while turning his face to the different points of the compass, he appeared to have acquired a tolerably clear idea of Belgrade. Another visitor of Mr Paton, Milutinovich, the best living poet of Servia, on hearing the name of Holman, (of whose wanderings in the four quarters of the globe he had read in the *Augsburg Gazette*,) was so awestruck at finding himself in the presence of even a greater traveller than Robinson Crusoe, (whose adventures Mr Paton found regarded as an authentic narrative by the monks of Manasia,) that he reverentially kissed his beard, praying aloud that he might return home in safety. When the day of departure approached, "orders were sent by the minister of the interior to all governors and employés, enjoining them to furnish me with every assistance, and with whatever information I might require;" and all preparations being completed, Mr Paton and his man Paul set off on horseback, like Dr Syntax and Patrick, for the highlands and woodlands of Servia.

Shabatz (more correctly Czabacz,) a town on the Save, between forty and fifty miles above Belgrade, and one of the few garrisons still retained by the Turks, was the first point of destination; and reaching it on the second day, he was hospitably received by *Gospody* (Monsieur) Ninitch, the government collector, to whom he had an introductory letter from the minister Garashanin. Before the revolution, Shabatz numbered 20,000 Osmanlis, the sites of whose kiosks and gardens are still pointed out on the *Polje*, or open space between the town and the fortress,—at present the only Moslems are the garrison of Bosniak *Redif* or militia, occupying the dilapidated fortifications. It is the episcopal seat of one of the Archbishop's three suffragans; and the author, accompanied by his friend the collector, paid his respects to the Bishop, whom he had previously met at Belgrade. The conversation turned principally on the system of national

education, by which, in a few years, reading and writing will be universal among the peasantry, while the sons of the better classes are prepared, by instruction in German, &c., for a further course of study in the Gymnasium of Belgrade, the germ of a future university. A proof of the taste now spreading for general literature was afforded by the library of the Archpriest, "Jowan Panlovich, a self-taught ecclesiastic: the room in which he received us was filled with books, mostly Servian, but among them I perceived German translations of Shakspeare, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and a novel of Bulwer's." The son of this priest was studying mining engineering, at the expense of government, at Schemnitz in Hungary, a capacity in which he may one day do good service to his country, as the great mineral riches believed to exist in Servia are hitherto wholly unexplored. Having completed the circuit of all the notables in Shabatz, including Luka Lasaravich, a once redoubted lieutenant of Kara-George, and now an octogenarian merchant, with thirteen wounds on his body, Mr Paton prepared for a fresh start, drinking health and long life to his kind host and hostess in a glass of *slivovitsa*, or plum brandy, the national liqueur. But his good wishes were not destined to be fulfilled; for within a month an abortive attempt at a rising was made by the partisans of the exiled Obrenovich family, a troop of whom, disguised as Austrian hussars, entered Shabatz, and shot the good collector dead as he issued from his house to enquire the cause of the disturbance. The attempt, however, was futile, and the whole party were taken and executed.

The road to Losnitz, whither our traveller was now bending his way, lay through the Banat of Matchva, a rich tract of land, with a "charmingly accidented" chain of mountains, the Gutchevo range, in the distance. "Even the brutes bespoke the harmony of creation; for, singular to say, we saw several crows perched on the backs of swine!" Towards evening we entered a region of cottages among gardens inclosed by bushes, trees, and verdant fences, with the rural quiet and cleanliness of an English village in the last century, lighted by an Ita-

lian sunset. "In this sylvan paradise he was encountered by a pandour, who conducted him to the house of the *Natchalnik*, or governor of the province, a gaunt, greyheaded follower of Kara-George, who had been selected for this post from his courage and military experience, since the hostile neighbourhood of the Bosniaks, on the other side the Drina, between whom and the Servians a deadly religious and national hatred exists, rendered it necessary to be always on the alert." But before pursuing his route to Sokol,* a sky-threatening fortress, respecting which his curiosity had been excited by the account given of it by M. Ninitch, he was persuaded by the *Natchalnik* to attend a peasant festival held at the monastery of Tronosha, to celebrate the anniversary of its consecration. The next day, accordingly, he set off with the *Natchalnik* and his companions, all gallantly armed and mounted, and in gala dresses covered with gold embroidery; and, dashing up hill and down dale, through the majestic forests which covered the ascent of the mountains, they arrived in due time at Tronosha, "an edifice with strong walls, towers, and posterns, more like a secluded and fortified manor-house in the seventeenth century than a convent; for such establishments, in former times, were often subject to the unwelcome visits of minor marauders." After returning thanks for their safe arrival, according to custom, in a chapel with paintings in the old Byzantine style, "crimson-faced saints looking up to a golden sky," they proceeded to inspect the preparations for the approaching fête, in a green glade running up to the foot of the hill on which stood the monastery, and dined with the Igoumen, (*Ηγούμενος*), or Superior, and the monks, in the refectory. The healths of the Prince, and of Wuciecz and Petronevich, were given after dinner as toasts—a laudable custom, which appears to be in orthodox observance in Servia—after which a song was sung in their honour by one of the monks, to whom Mr Paton (whose

special aversion he seems to have incurred, for some reason not exactly apparent) applies the epithet of a "clerical Lumpacivagabundus," which we quote for the benefit of such of our friends as may chance to be skilled in the unknown tongue. Meanwhile the assembled peasantry outside were in the full tide of merriment; and, on the following morning, Mr Paton was roused from slumbers, in which "I dreamed I know not what absurdities," by a chorus of countless voices, and, hurrying out, found the peasants he had seen the evening before, with a large accession to their numbers, on their knees in the avenue leading to the church, and following "the chant of a noble old hymn. The whole pit of this theatre of verdure appeared covered with a carpet of crimson and white; for such were the prevailing colours of the costumes. The upper tunic of the women was a species of surtout of undyed cloth, bordered with a design of red cloth of a finer description. The stockings, in colour and texture, resembled those of Persia (?), but were generally embroidered at the ankle with gold and silver thread. When I thought of the trackless solitude of the sylvan ridges round me, I seemed to witness one of the early communions of Christianity, in those ages when incense ascended to the Olympic deities in gorgeous temples, while praise to the true God rose from the haunts of the wolf, the lonely cavern, or the subterranean vault."

After witnessing this interesting reunion of a regenerated and Christian nation, Mr Paton took leave of the Superior, who parted from him with the words—"God be praised that Servia has at length seen the day when strangers come from afar to see and know the people!" and, passing through the double ranks of the peasantry, who took leave of him with the valediction of *Srentnj poot!* (a good journey,) repeated by a thousand voices, he rode on through the never-ceasing oak-forests, broken here and there by plantations of every variety of tree, to Krupena. Here he was received

* Sokol must here be a slip of the pen for Szoko. Sokol, the birth-place of the famous Mohammed Sokolli, vizier of Soliman the Magnificent and his two successors, is in the heart of Bosnia, near Gradachatz.

by the captain of the district at the head of a small troop of irregular cavalry, and hospitably entertained for the night. On the following day he started, "toiling upwards through woods and wilds of a more rocky character than on the previous day," to the ridge of the Gutchevo range, whence he looked down on Sokol, a fortress still held by the Turks, and which, from its inaccessible position, "built" (as described by M. Ninitch) "on the capital of a column of rock," was the only one never taken by the Servians; while the background was formed by the mountains of Bosnia, rising range over range in the distance. They reached the valley by a narrow winding path on the face of a precipitous descent, and entered the town; but their visit was ill-timed. It was Ramadan; the Disdar Aga was, or was said to be, asleep, and the castle could not be seen in his absence; and Mr Paton's enquiries from the Mutsellim, who acted as their cicerone, as to the height of the rock on which the citadel was built above the valley, only made him suspected of being an engineer surveying the stronghold with a view to its capture. After climbing up a pinnacle of rock which overlooked the abyss, he was compelled to return *re infectâ*; "and when we got a little way along the valley, I looked back; Sokol looked like a little castle of Edinburgh placed in the clouds; and a precipice on the other side of the valley presented a perpendicular stature of not less than five hundred feet."

A few hours travelling from Sokol brought Mr Paton to Lihovia on the Drina, the precipitous banks of which, covered with wood, present numerous points of picturesque beauty; but at a short distance above this town, which is the quarantine station on the road between Belgrade and Seraievo, it ceases to form the boundary of Servia and Bosnia, being entirely within the latter frontier. Thence ascending the valley of the Rogaschitzza, a small stream tributary to the Drina, and crossing a ridge which parts the waters flowing into the Drina and into the Morava, he descended into the tract watered by the Morava, the national river of Servia; the first town in which was Ushitza,

one of the fortresses still garrisoned by the Turks, and the scene of desperate conflicts during the war of independence. In past times it was a place of great importance, and contained sixty thousand inhabitants, being the entrepôt of the trade between Servia and Bosnia; but this commerce has been almost ruined by the establishment of the quarantine; and most of the Servian inhabitants, in consequence of a bloody affray with the Turks, have transferred themselves to Poshega, a town at two hours' distance, and formerly a Roman colony, of which Mr. Paton found a relic in a fragment of a Latin inscription built into the wall of the church. From Poshega Mr P. continued his route down the rich valley of the Morava, here several miles wide, to Csatsak, the residence of a bishop and a *Nat-chalnik*; where the old Turkish town is in process of being superseded by a new foundation, which, "like Poshega and all these new places, consists of a circular or square market-place, with bazar shops in the Turkish manner, and straight streets diverging from it." Mr Paton waited on the bishop, "a fine specimen of the church-militant; a stout fiery man of sixty, in full furred robes, and black velvet cap," who had been, during the rule of Milosh, an energetic denouncer of his extortions and monopolies, and was consequently in high favour since the change of dynasty. The cathedral (we are informed) was "a most ancient edifice of Byzantine architecture," of which we should have been glad to have had some particulars; but Mr Paton's remarks are confined to complaints of the wearisome length of the mass, at which the bishop presided, "dressed in crimson velvet and white satin, embroidered with gold, which had cost £300 at Vienna; and as he sat in his chair, with mitre on head and crosier in hand, looked, with his bushy white beard, an imposing representative of spiritual authority." Taking leave of this formidable prelate, Mr Paton proceeded to Karanovatz, in the rich plain round which, surrounded by hills which are compared to the last picturesque undulations of the Alps near Vicenz or Verona, the river Ybar falls into the Morava, not far from the ancient con-

vent of Zhitchka Jicha, where seven Servian kings of the Neman dynasty were crowned, a door being broken in the wall for the entrance of each monarch, and built up again on his departure: and here our traveller, turning to the right, and ascending the course of the Ybar, struck southwards into the highlands.

The character of the mountains among which he now found himself, was widely different from the picturesque oak forests of the Gutchevo range, which he had traversed in the early part of his tour. "Tall cedars replaced the oak and beech; the scanty herbage was covered with hoar-frost; the clear brooks murmured chillingly down the unshaded gullies; and a grand line of sterile peaks to the south showed me that I was approaching the backbone of the Balkan. There is a total want of arable land in this part of Servia, and the pasture is neither good nor abundant; but the Ybar is the most celebrated stream in Servia for large quantities of trout." Still ascending the steep mountain-paths, while the scenery became wilder and wilder, they at length reached the convent of Studenitza, one of the most ancient foundations in Servia, having been built by Neman, the first monarch of the dynasty bearing his name, who died in 1195. Like most monastic edifices in Servia, it is a castellated building, with walls whose massive strength is well calculated to resist an attack not supported by artillery; and, on entering the wicket, Mr Paton was received "by a fat, feeble-voiced, lymphatic-faced superior, leaning on a long staff"—from whom he could get no other reply to all his inquiries than "*Blagodarim*, (I thank you.)" The magnificent church of white marble, one of the finest specimens now existing of Byzantine architecture, was built in 1314 (as an inscription imports) by Stephen Vrosh; but it had suffered severely at different times from the bigotry of the Turks. "The curiously twisted pillars of the outer door were sadly chipped, while noseless angels, and fearfully mutilated lions, guarded the inner portal. Passing through a vestibule, we saw the remains of the font, which must have been magnificent; and, covered with

a cupola, the stumps of the white marble columns which support it are still visible. Entering the church, I saw on the right the tomb of St Simeon, the sainted king of Servia; beside it hung his banner with the half-moon on it, the insignium (!) of the South Slavonic nation from the dawn of heraldry; and near the altar was the body of his son, St Stephen, the patron saint of Servia." Another day's journey through the same rugged and sterile scenery, in a direction due south, during which they passed the Demir-kapu, on Iron Gate, on the bank of the Ybar, where there is only room for a single led horse in a passage cut through the rock, brought them to the quarantine station on the river Raska, two hours' distance from Novibazar in Bosnia, which it was Mr Paton's intention to visit, attended by a Servian quarantine officer.

The conversion of the Bosniaks to Islam was effected by force, on the conquest of the country in 1463, by Mohammed II., the only instance in the career of Turkish conquest in which the injunction of the Prophet against compulsory proselytism has been violated; but they have always held the faith, thus forced on them, with the zeal of renegades, and are now the most fanatic and bigoted Moslems in the empire. The Christians resident in their territory are subject to every species of tyranny and maltreatment, several instances of which, related by refugees in Servia, are given in the work before us. A Frank traveller is a sight scarcely known; and Mr Paton soon had abundant evidence, on his approach to Novibazar, which lies in a fertile plain about a mile and a half in diameter, surrounded by low hills, that his visit here would be even less favourably received than at Sokol. The gipsies, whose tents covered the plain, and who here profess Islamism, cried furiously after them, "See, how the Royal Servians now-a-days have the audacity to enter Novibazar on horseback!" Youssouf Bey, the governor, was said to be asleep in his harem, (the usual Not-at-home of an Oriental,) but, as they afterwards ascertained, was actually afraid to receive them; and while they were sauntering round the town, a savage-look-

ing Bosniak starting up, exclaimed, "Giaours, kafirs, spies! I know what you come for!—Do you expect to see your cross one day planted on the castle?" The threat of a complaint to the Bey only provoked fresh insolence; and, warned by a Christian bystander that the whole town would soon be in commotion, they prudently beat a retreat, and reached the Servian frontier in safety.

After this narrow escape from Bosniak hospitality, Mr Paton's next object was the Kopaunik mountain, lying a little to the south, and from the top of which (as he had been informed at Csatsak) a panoramic view of all Servia might be obtained; and having prevailed on the captain of the district to accompany him, they crossed the Ybar, and reached the summit with little difficulty, if (as seems to be implied) the whole ascent was accomplished on horseback. "The Kopaunik is not much above 6000 English feet above the level of the sea. But it is so placed in the Servian basin, that the eye embraces the whole breadth from Bosnia to Bulgaria, and very nearly the whole length from Macedonia to Hungary. When at length I stood on the highest peak, the prospect was literally gorgeous. Servia lay rolled out at my feet. There lay the field of Kossovo, where Amurath defeated Lasar, and entombed the ancient empire of Servia. I mused an instant on this great landmark of European history, and following the finger of an old peasant who accompanied us, I looked eastwards, and saw Deligrad, the scene of one of the bloodiest fights that preceded the resurrection of Servia as a principality. The Morava glistened in its wide valley like a silver thread in a carpet of green, beyond which the dark mountains of Rudnik rose to the north; while the frontiers of Bosnia, Albania, Macedonia, and Bulgaria, walled in the prospect."

After luxuriating to his heart's content in the contemplation of this magnificent panorama, and taking leave of his companion, Mr Paton descended the north-eastern slope of the mountain; and lodging for the night in a shepherd's hut, where he found an officer sent by the Natchalnik of Krushevatz to meet him, arrived next

day at Zhupa. "Here the aspect of the country changed—the verdant hills became chalky, and covered with vineyards, which, before the fall of the empire, were celebrated;" and after partaking of a repast, in which choice grapes and clotted cream (a national dish in Turkey) formed the dessert, they pushed on in all haste, and reached Krushevatz (often marked in the maps by its Turkish name of Aladja-Hissar) late at night. He was hospitably received by the Natchalnik, whose wife kissed the visitor's hand on his arrival, in compliance with the old Servian customs, now fast wearing out, which assign to woman a social position intermediate between the seclusion of eastern manners and the graceful precedence which she enjoys in the west. The next morning they walked out to inspect the town, which was the metropolis of the Servian kingdom immediately before its overthrow by the Turks; and which, lying as it does in the midst of the rich vale of the Morava, which here expands into a wide and fertile plain, extending from the foot of the mountains by which it is flanked to the river, occupies a site well adapted for an inland capital. The author here introduces a dissertation on the history, laws, and customs of the ancient monarchy; but as our own business is rather with Servia as it is, than Servia as it was, we shall pass unnoticed the glories of the house of Neman—the warlike trophies of Stephan Dushan the Powerful, at whose approach the Greek Emperor trembled within the walls of Constantinople—and the tragical fate of Knes Lasar, with whom Servian independence fell on the fatal plain of Kossovo, June 15, 1389. Of the palace of Lasar in Krushevatz, only the gateway and the ruined walls are now remaining; but the chapel, having been converted by the Turks into an arsenal, is still in perfect preservation. "It is a curious monument of the period, in a Byzantine sort of style; but not for a moment to be compared in beauty to the church of Studenitz. Above one of the doors is carved the double eagle, the insignium (!!) of empire; but instead of having body to body, and wings and beaks pointed outwards, as

in the arms of Austria and Russia, the bodies are separated, and beak looks inward to beak. The late governor had the Vandalism to whitewash the exterior; but the Natchalnik told me, that under the whitewash fine bricks were disposed in diamond figures between the stones. This antique principle of tessellation, applied by the Byzantines to perpendicular walls, and occasionally adopted and varied *ad infinitum* by the Saracens, is magnificently illustrated in the upper exterior of the ducal palace of Venice."

A grand field-day against the bears and boars in the forest, with a couple of hundred peasants as beaters, had been arranged by the Natchalnik for his guest's amusement; but their plans were frustrated by the unpropitious state of the weather; and as soon as it became favourable, we find Mr Paton again in motion, ascending the eastern branch of the Morava to Alexinate, the quarantine station on the Bulgarian frontier, where the British government has established a *konak* or residence for the Queen's messengers, who here await, on the extreme verge of the sanatory system, the return of the Tartars with despatches from Constantinople. He found it tenanted by Captain W—, whose guest he became for several days, to his infinite satisfaction:—"It seemed so odd, and yet was so very comfortable, to have roast-beef, plum-pudding, sherry, brown stout, Stilton cheese, and other insular groceries, at the foot of the Balkan. There was, moreover, a small library, with which the temporary occupants of the *konak* killed the month's interval between arrival and departure." He was compelled, however, to tear himself from the delights of an English cuisine; and on arriving at Tiupria, (more properly Kiupri-Ravenatz,) where he first heard tidings of the emeute at Shabatza, and the murder of his friend the collector Ninitch, he diverged from his route to visit the monasteries of Ravanitza and Manasia, the former of which was the burial-place of Lazar. But as his reminiscences of these saintly retreats are rather convivial than antiquarian, we shall pass on at once to Svilainitza, (the place of silk,)

where he was entertained in the chateau of M. Ressavatz, the richest man in Servia; the only chateau-residence, as he tells us, which he saw in the country. This part of Servia appears indeed to be, as Mr Paton says—"Ressavatz quâ, Ressavatz lâ"—since to the patriotism and command of capital of this enlightened family, it owes not only the introduction of the growth of silk as above-mentioned, but the construction of an excellent macadamized road, by which Mr Paton travelled on the following day, through a country richly cultivated and interspersed with lofty oaks, to Posharevatz, (commonly written Passarowitz,) where he was welcomed on his arrival by another of the name of Ressavatz, the Natchalnik of the place. Posharevatz is celebrated in history for the treaty there concluded in 1718, by which, in consequence of the victories of Prince Eugene, Bosnia and Servia passed under the dominion of Austria for twenty years, till restored to the Porte at the peace of Belgrade in 1739: in the present day it is a place of considerable importance, both as the capital of a province of ninety thousand inhabitants, and the seat of a court of judicial appeal for Eastern Servia. By the president of this court Mr Paton was entertained at dinner, where he met all the élite of Posharevatz; "and the president having made some punch, which showed profound acquaintance with the jurisprudence of conviviality, the best amateurs of Posharevatz sung their best songs, which pleased me somewhat, for my ears had gradually been broken into the habits of the Servian muse. Being pressed myself to sing an English national song, I gratified their curiosity with 'God save the Queen,' and 'Rule Britannia,' explaining that these two songs contained the essence of English nationality; the one expressive of our unbounded loyalty, the other of our equally unbounded dominion." And now having extracted, to the best of our ability, the plums from the pudding of Mr Paton's *gastronomic* circuit of Servia, in which, (as he cordially admits,) "by interlarding my discourse with sundry apophthegms of Bacon, and stale par-

adoxes of Rochefaucault, I passed current considerably above my real value," we shall here leave him to find his way by the beaten track through Semendria, Belgrade, and Vienna, to England. But before proceeding to the consideration of the "Servian Question," a point scarcely touched on in the volume before us, it will not be amiss to give a brief summary of the social condition and internal organization of the Servian nation, on which Mr Paton gives some valuable information in his concluding chapters.

The Servian territory extends about one hundred and seventy miles from east to west, along the Danube and Save, the boundaries being the rivers Timok and Drina; and one hundred miles in extreme breadth from Belgrade to the frontier of Albania. The population, after the expulsion of the Turks, was roughly estimated, under Milosh, as somewhat exceeding half a million; but, from the internal peace which the country has since enjoyed, and the plenty and prosperity which prevails among the peasantry, there can be little doubt that it has since greatly increased. As not more than one-sixth of the soil is supposed to be in cultivation, there is abundance of excellent land undisposed of; as every man, therefore, with ordinary industry can support himself and his family, abject want and pauperism are almost unknown. The innumerable herds of swine, which form the staple commodity of the country, both for home consumption and export, rove freely through the oak and beech forests which cover great part of Servia, and in which every one is at liberty to cut as much timber as he pleases, only an inconsiderable portion being reserved as state property for the public service. There are no indirect taxes; and as the *poresa*, or capitation tax, paid by each head of a family, the maximum of which is six dollars a-year, is the only impost (except a trifling quit-rent for the land) levied by the government, "it must be admitted," (as Mr Paton observes,) "that the peasantry of Servia have drawn a high prize in the lottery of existence." The harvest is a period of general festivity; all labour in common in

getting in the corn, the proprietor providing entertainment for his industrious guests; "but in the vale of the lower Morava, where there is less pasture and more corn, this is not sufficient, and hired Bulgarians assist." Though in a comparatively southern latitude, the vegetable productions are those of a more northern climate; Mr Paton never saw an olive-tree, and the grapes and melons, though abundant, are inferior to those of Hungary; but the plum, from which the national liqueur, *sljovitsa*, is made, every where abounds, almost every village having its plum-orchard. With all these means and appliances for good living close at hand, it is evident that there is not much prospect of a famine in Servia, till the productions of the soil fall short of the demands of the population—a consummation which cannot happen for many generations to come.

The national character of the Servian is compared by Mr Paton to that of the Scotch Highlander; and it is not without strong points of resemblance: "He is brave in battle, highly hospitable; delights in simple and plaintive music and poetry, his favourite instruments being the bagpipe and fiddle; unlike the Greek, he shows little aptitude for trade; and, unlike the Bulgarian, he is very lazy in agricultural pursuits."

In the cleanliness of their persons and houses, they present a favourable contrast to most of the other Slavic populations; and their personal appearance is also advantageous. "They are a remarkably tall and robust race of men; in form and feature they bespeak strength of body and energy of mind; but one seldom sees that thoroughbred look, so frequently found in the poorest peasants of Italy and Greece. The women I think very pretty. They are not so well-shaped as the Greeks; but their complexions are fine, their hair generally black and glossy, and their head-dress particularly graceful; and not being addicted to the bath, like other eastern women, they prolong their beauty beyond the average period." The spirit of nationality, and zeal for national improvement, which pervades the population almost as one man, is strongly marked by many incidents related in

Mr Paton's pages, and one is so remarkable that we cannot forbear quoting it. An idiot boy, to whom he had given a glass of *slivovitz*a, "taking off his greasy fez, said, 'I drink to our prince Kara-Georgovich, and the progress and enlightenment of the nation.' He was too stupid to entertain these sentiments himself; but if the determination to rise were not in the minds of the people, it would not be on the lips of an oaf in an insignificant hamlet." Nor is the progress of intellectual development behind this patriotic zeal for national independence in the march of regeneration. "In the whole range of the Slavic family, no nation possesses so extensive a collection of excellent popular poetry," with which the British public has been in some measure made acquainted by the translations of Dr Bowring. "The romantic beauty of their country—the relics of a wild mythology, which has some resemblance to that of Greece and Scandinavia—the adventurous character of the population—the vicissitudes of guerilla warfare—are all given in a dialect which for musical sweetness is to other Slavonic tongues what the Italian is to the languages of Western Europe." The Servian Anthology has been collected by Dr Wuk Stephanovich, the author of several works on national topics; and there are several living poets, among whom, Milutinovich, already mentioned, is reputed *facile princeps*. The only newspaper now printed at Belgrade is the *State Gazette*, which prudently avoids all remarks on Austrian or Russian policy; and the only annual is the *Golubitz*a, (Dove,) a miscellany in prose and verse, neatly got up in imitation of the German Taschenbücher, and edited by M. Hadschitch, the framer of the code of laws. In the Lyceum, lectures on law are delivered by M. Simonovich, bred an Hungarian advocate, and formerly editor of the *Courier*, a newspaper now discontinued; but the study of law, as well as its practitioners, is said to be unpopular in Servia at present; and Professor John Shafarik is an able and popular lecturer on Slavic history, literature, and antiquities; of the latter, there is a collection in the museum of the institution, as well as a rich mineralogical cabinet col-

lected by Baron Herder, and including specimens of silver, lead, and copper ore, as well as marble, white as that of Carrara. A Literary Society has also been formed for the encouragement of popular literature, and the formation of a complete dictionary of the language—the seal of which represents an uncultivated field, with the rising sun shining on a monument bearing the arms of Servia.

The administrative senate consists of twenty-one members, named by the Prince for life; four of whom are ministers. Stojan Simitch, who has been before mentioned, the present vice-president (the presidency being an imaginary office,) is a Servian of the old school, in whom talent and shrewdness have supplied the place of education; but the most remarkable member of the cabinet is M. Petronovich, now minister for foreign affairs. He was at one time in a commercial house at Trieste, and subsequently for nine years a hostage for Servia at Constantinople—"he is astute by nature and education, but has a good heart and a capacious intellect; and, in the course of a very tortuous political career, has kept the advancement of Servia constantly in view. He is one of the very few public men in Servia, in whom the Christian and Western love of *community* has triumphed over the Oriental allegiance to *self*; and this disinterestedness, in spite of his defects, is the secret of his popularity." His partner in exile, M. Wuczicz, is now commander of the military force and minister of the interior, in which latter office he succeeded Garashanin; the standing army is a mere skeleton force; but every Servian is a soldier, and bound to provide himself with arms, thus forming a national militia, of which the effective strength is estimated at little less than 100,000 men. The military command of each of the seventeen provinces is vested in the Natchalnik, under whom are the captains of the several cantons, usually three in each province; these officers superintend the police, and report to the minister at war. As minister of the interior, he is charged also with the superintendence of ecclesiastical affairs, the spiritual head of which, the Archbishop of Belgrade, though

acknowledging the supremacy of the Greek Patriarch, is virtually independent within the province; his salary, as well as that of the three bishops and the inferior clergy, is paid by the state, that of the primate being about £800 a-year, and of his suffragans half as much. The administration of justice (as settled by the Sultan's *hutti shereef* of 1838, which may be regarded as the Servian constitution) is vested in local courts in each province, consisting of a president and three members, from which an appeal lies to the supreme courts of Belgrade and Posharevatz; but reference is always made in the first instance, in minor cases, to the *Courts of Peace* (as they are called,) consisting of the village magnates, with whose patriarchal arbitration the litigants are usually satisfied, law and lawyers not being held in high estimation. "The courts of law have something of the promptitude of Oriental justice, without its flagrant venality;" but the salaries of the judges are small, that of the president of the appeal court at Belgrade not exceeding £300 a-year. But it is the financial department that presents the most striking contrast to other European states, in the unheard-of phenomenon of a national debt due not *from* but *to* the government; the revenue so much exceeding the expenditure, that a sum of a hundred thousand ducats has been lent to the people at six per cent, and forms an item on the credit side of the budget! The total annual outlay, according to the financial returns, including the tribute to the Porte and the civil list of the Prince, (the latter equivalent to about £20,000 English,) is 830,000 dollars; while the income reaches 887,000, principally derived from the *poresa*, or capitation-tax paid by heads of families, a separate tax being levied on bachelors. Such is at present the flourishing state of the principality of Servia, "the youngest member of the European family," the views of Russia on which, somewhat prematurely developed by the famous "Servian question," will be more clearly understood by a preliminary sketch of its previous history.

The political existence of modern Servia may be considered to date from 1804, in February of which year a general rising took place of the Christian population against the Moslems, provoked by the massacres and atrocities committed by the spahis, who held lands in the province by military tenure, and whose chiefs had thrown off the authority of the Pasha of Belgrade, and embraced the party of the famous Paswan-Oghlu, Pasha of Widdin, who was then in open revolt against Selim III., as the champion of the janissaries and the *ancien regime*, against the civil and military reforms which the Sultan was striving to introduce. The principal leaders of the Servians were Slavatz, (or as Mr Paton calls him, if the same person is intended, Glavash,) and George Petrovich, surnamed *Kara* or *Czerni*, (black,) the son of a peasant in the district of Kragejewatz, who afterwards migrated to Topola, which has therefore been held by the Servians as the place whence sprung their liberator,* and where an annual festival is held in his honour. He was in his youth a *Hayduk* or klept; and having been forced to fly from Servia for taking part in an unsuccessful insurrection, had served several years in the Austrian army. His successes were at first viewed with satisfaction by the Porte; and the obnoxious chiefs, driven to take refuge in Belgrade, were there seized and put to death by the Pasha; but it soon became evident that the Servians, once in arms and victorious, would not be satisfied without complete independence. Semendria and other fortresses fell into their hands; and Kara George, by the unanimous voice of his countrymen, was declared *hospodar* or prince. The Porte now directed an invasion of Servia by a mingled force of forty thousand Turks and Bosniaks; but the Moslem army was totally overthrown near Shabatz, Aug. 8, 1806, by seven thousand foot and two thousand horse under Kara George, and driven across the Drina with the loss of their commander and many other chiefs. It was now apparent that Servia was not to be reduced by force

* In the supplement to the *Biographie Universelle*, vol. lxi., a strange tale is told, that Czerni George was a native of Nanci, who fled in his youth to Servia—but this is a mere romance.

of arms ; and conferences were opened, by which the Sultan engaged to grant them a local and national government, with free exercise of their religion. But the negotiation failed, from the demands of the Porte that they should surrender their arms, and leave the fortresses in the hands of the Turks ; and while it was yet pending, Kara George carried Belgrade with great slaughter, by a *coup-de-main*, on the night of Dec. 13, 1806, thus completing the expulsion of the Turks from Servia, with the exception of Szoko, (Mr Paton's Sokol,) and a few other strongholds which still remained in their hands.

The war which broke out in the following year between Russia and the Porte, secured Servia against any further attacks from the Turks ; and Kara George, thus freed from apprehensions of invasion, endeavoured to introduce some degree of order and civil organization into the country. A sort of federal senate, to which each of the twelve districts into which the principality was then divided sent a member, met annually at Belgrade to regulate the finances and internal affairs of the country ; and though the freedom of their deliberations was impeded by the presence of the *wayvodes* or military governors, at the head of their armed retainers, whom even the authority of Kara George was unable to coerce, the success of their efforts to establish schools and promote the interests of civilization, indicated a degree of enlightened policy little to have been expected from a people but half emancipated from Turkish bondage. Kara George, meanwhile, who had received from the Emperor Alexander the rank of lieutenant-general, did good service to his Russian allies ; and though signally defeated in an invasion of Bosnia, repulsed with triumphant success every attempt of the Turks to enter Servia. But his energies were paralysed by the disaffection of the subordinate chiefs ; and when Russia, pressed by the advance of Napoleon, concluded in 1812 the peace of Bukarest, there was only a nugatory stipulation, in the eighth clause of the treaty, that the internal administration should be left with the Servians, "as to the subjects of the Sublime Porte in the islands of the Archipelago ;" the fortresses to remain in the

hands of the Turks. But no sooner was the Porte relieved from the presence of the enemy, than an overwhelming force was poured into Servia ; and Kara George, unable to resist, fled into Hungary, and afterwards took refuge in Russia.

The character of this remarkable man is well portrayed in a despatch, quoted by Mr Paton, of the afterwards well-known Diebitsch, who was the confidential agent of Russia in Servia, in 1810-11 :—"His countenance shows a greatness of mind not to be mistaken ; and when we consider times and circumstances, and his want of education, we must admit that his mind is of a masculine and commanding order. The imputation of cruelty appears to be unjust. When the country was without the shadow of a constitution, and when he commanded an unorganized and uncultivated nation, he was compelled to be severe ; he dared not relax his discipline ; but now that there are courts of law and legal forms, he hands every thing over to the tribunals. He has very little to say for himself, and is rude in his manners ; but his judgments in civil affairs are promptly and soundly formed, and to great talents he joins unwearied industry. As a soldier, there is but one opinion of his talents, bravery, and enduring firmness." The portrait prefixed to the present volume, from a painting in the possession of the reigning Prince, the duplicate of one executed for the Emperor Alexander, bears out the character thus given of the Servian hero :—"The countenance expressed not only intelligence, but a certain refinement, which one would scarcely expect in a warrior peasant ; but all his contemporaries agree in representing him to have possessed an inherent superiority and nobility of nature, which, in any station, would have raised him above his equals."

At this juncture, when Servia lay at the mercy of the Turks, Milosh Obrenovich appeared on the scene. He had originally been a swineherd, and afterwards an officer of Kara George ; but he now sided with the Turks, to whom he rendered efficient aid in cutting off the other popular leaders who still continued in arms. But the execution of Slavatz, and other chiefs who had also made their

submission, by order of Soliman Pasha of Belgrade, showed him that his own fate was only deferred; and, escaping into his native district of Rudnik, he once more raised the standard of freedom. The peasantry rose *en masse*, and the campaign was generally to the advantage of Milosh, who displayed great bravery and military skill; but Soliman Pasha was at length recalled, and an accommodation effected, by which Milosh became hospodar, under the suzerainty of the Sultan, Belgrade and a few fortresses only remaining in the hands of the Turks. As the resident Turkish population had almost wholly disappeared during the war, Milosh was now absolute master of the country, and was delivered from all fears of a rival, by the death of Kara George, who, in 1817, misled by false representations, had returned from Petersburg to Servia; but was betrayed by Milosh, and put to death by the Turks.* Though unable to read or write, his rule was marked by ability and vigour. He repressed robberies and offences against property with merciless severity, frequently causing malefactors to be hung to the next tree, without form of trial;—and improved the internal communications by the formation of an excellent road through the forests, from the Turkish frontier at Nissa to Belgrade. In his political relations with Russia and the Porte, he steered a middle course with consummate dexterity, constantly maintaining a good understanding with the cabinet of St Petersburg; while, in 1830, he succeeded in obtaining from the Sultan a firman, by which the dignity of prince was declared hereditary in his family; and it was further provided, that such Turks as still retained land in Servia should dispose of their estates within a limited period, and quit the province. Another firman, in 1833, released the Servians from the payment of *kharaaj* (the capitation tax paid by

rayahs) and all other dues and imposts, in consideration of an annual tribute of 2,300,000 piastres (£23,000) to be paid to the Porte; the right of levying taxes was conceded to the Servian government, and all fortresses erected by the Turks, since the commencement of the war in 1804, were to be rased.† These concessions, which rendered the dependence of Servia on the Porte little more than nominal, were doubtless granted through the secret influence of Russia, whose obvious interest it was to weaken the connexion between her destined prey and its titular suzerain; but the despotic power thus placed in the hands of Milosh, was exercised with a degree of arrogance and contempt of vested rights, which soon rendered him highly unpopular. No carriage but his was allowed to appear in the streets of Belgrade; and, while all political rights were withheld from the people, he amassed immense wealth by arbitrary confiscations, by levying heavy taxes and import duties, and by establishing oppressive monopolies of articles of necessary consumption, particularly salt, veins of which, discovered by Baron Herder near the Kopaunik mountain, he forbade to be worked under severe penalties, in order to keep in his own hands the importation from Walachia. The discontent of the national party, headed by the *primates* (as they are called) of the municipalities, at length broke out into a flame—fomented (as it was then believed) by Russia, who was jealous of the influence acquired over Milosh by Colonel Hodges, appointed in 1836 consul-general for England, and with whom he was on the point of concluding a commercial treaty. A *hatti-shereef* at this juncture (December 1838) arrived from the Porte, obtained (as it is said) through the advice of Colonel Hodges, and containing a form of constitution for Servia, regulating the legal tribunals, the functions

* Lamartine (*Voyage en Orient*) and other writers represent Kara George as having died in confinement, in an Austrian fortress, soon after his flight in 1813—an error which has probably arisen from a confusion between his fate and that of Alexander Hyspilotis, who headed the insurrection in Walachia in 1821, and died in Mongatz, after three years' imprisonment.

† These firmans, with the *hatti-shereef* of 1838, &c., were printed and laid before the House of Commons in May 1843.

of the ministry, &c., and ordaining the formation of a legislative council of seventeen members, as a check on the despotism of the Prince. But the crisis had already arrived. The senate took the initiative, by charging Milosh with embezzlement of the public property, and calling him to account; and, after a vain attempt to make a stand against the popular indignation, he fled with his treasures into Hungary. An attempt to recover his power having proved ineffectual, he at length abdicated in favour of his son, Milan; who, dying soon after, was succeeded by his brother, Michael, under the guardianship of his mother, Liubitz. But the same system still continued; and all efforts to procure any redress of grievances proving fruitless, a general outbreak took place in September 1842, the prime movers in which were Wucicz and Petronevich, who for several years had been the recognised heads of the popular party. As it was found that the few troops round the Prince were not to be depended upon, he quitted Belgrade, accompanied by his mother and the French and English consuls, and repaired to Semlin; and after some fruitless negotiation, the sovereignty was declared vacant by the representatives of the nation, with the concurrence of the Turkish governor, Kiamil Pasha.

As it was well known that the Obrenovich family had been for some time in bad odour at Petersburg, this movement was at first universally attributed to Russian influence; but it soon became apparent that its only motive was the spontaneous assertion by the Servians of the rights and liberties withheld from them; and the steps for a fresh election, in pursuance of the provisions of the *hatti-shereefs*, were taken with perfect order and unanimity. A firman was issued by the Sultan, in right of his suzerainté; and the unanimous and enthusiastic choice of the nation fell on Alexander, son of the well-remembered Kara George, who was forthwith inaugurated in the cathedral of Belgrade, by the Archbishop, and received from the Porte the *berat* or patent, neces-

sary for his confirmation in his new dignity. His accession was officially notified by the Ottoman ministers, to the Russian envoy at Constantinople; but this evidence of good understanding and unity of interest between the Porte and her vassal, was a formidable and unexpected obstacle to the sinister designs of Russia, which was to be counteracted at all hazards; and the course adopted for this purpose, unparalleled perhaps in the annals of diplomacy, cannot be better understood than from the able and lucid statement of Lord Beaumont in his place in parliament, on the 5th of May following. [It must first be well remembered that neither in the treaty of Bukarest, nor in any subsequent convention, was a shadow of a right of *veto*, or interference in any way in the election of a prince of Serbia, conveyed to Russia, (as in the joint nomination with the Porte of the hospodars of the Trans-Danubian principalities,) and the only ground on which such interference could rest, was that enunciated by Baron Lieven, with somewhat remarkable frankness in a Russ diplomatist, to Mr Paton, that "Serbia owed her political existence solely to Russia, which gave the latter a moral right of intervention over and above the stipulations of treaties, to which no other power could pretend"—a statement false both in fact and inference, since it was by their own good swords, unaided by Russia or any other European power with either men or money,* that the Servians won their freedom; and the nugatory stipulation in the treaty of Bukarest, had been all along left a dead letter.] "Russia, neglecting all international law, sent an agent of her own into Serbia, to investigate the internal proceedings of an independent state, and, on receiving his report, directed that agent to state his complaints, without consulting any other power, to the Divan. Now, he would venture to say, that a greater or more direct insult than this, was never offered to an independent state, and he could not conceive any act that could be a more gross and positive

* The contrast in this respect, between the progress and results of the Serbian and Greek revolutions, is forcibly stated in an extract from a MS. document by Wuk Stephanovich, author of the Serbian Anthology, in Parish's *Diplomatic History of the Monarchy of Greece*.—Pp. 387-90.

violation of the treaties of Bukarest, Alerman, and Adrianople, under which alone she could set up a right to be informed of what passed in Servia. Though Georgevich was elected by the people, according to the constitution of the province, and though the validity of his election was acknowledged by the Divan, and confirmed by the Porte, Russia demanded that the election should be set aside; and this demand was made by that power in such an overbearing manner, as to show to the world that Turkey was under the control of Russia, and must act in conformity with the dictates of the Czar."

In this extremity, the Porte appealed for support to Great Britain and Austria, two of the powers who were parties to the quintuple treaty signed at London, July 15, 1840, for the express object of ensuring the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire; and the appeal was backed by strong representations from Sir Stratford Canning, the British ambassador at Constantinople, to his home government. But the British government was (as Lord Palmerston observed, with much sarcastic truth, in the House of Commons on August 15) "in the same condition in which they had too often of late been found in foreign affairs, without any opinion of their own on the subject (hear;) and determined to act with Austria, thereby risking the sacrifice of our own interests for a remote Austrian interest in which we had no concern. Austria at first determined to support Servia; but there came an *urgent appeal* from Russia; and Austria recommended Servia to yield." The nature of this "urgent appeal" will be well understood by those who are aware of the morbid fear entertained by Austria of Russian extension among the Slavic populations in Hungary; and of which Russia availing herself, (as remarked by Mr Paget,) "by exerting the influence which similarity of language, and, in some parts, of religion, gives her over them, has hitherto frightened Austria into doing almost any thing she likes." "The Sultan" (continued Lord Palmerston) "was now forced to submit. He annulled the election of Prince Georgevich; he consented to a popular election; he recalled the two popular leaders,

Wucicz and Petronevich, to Constantinople; and even appointed a Russian general, Baron Lieven, his commissioner, in conjunction with a Turkish officer, to go into Servia to see his orders carried into execution."

So far Lord Palmerston; and the accuracy of the information possessed by the British Cabinet to combat these strong facts, may be estimated, from Sir Robert Peel's calling Prince Alexander, a man of thirty-five, and the worthy inheritor of his father's great qualities, "an infatuated youth"—on the authority (it is said) of a letter from Mr Fonblanque! But we must return from the English debates to the progress of the drama in Servia, where the commissioners found the Servians, in defiance of the great powers, and in spite of the hopelessness of aid from Constantinople, preparing for a national resistance. The Prince refused to abdicate, alleging that the firman by which he had been appointed had never been revoked, and that universal anarchy would result from his resigning the reins of government, since no *kaimakams*, or regents *pro tempore*, had been named by the Porte—an omission which is supposed not to have been altogether unintentional; and the whole nation rose in commotion at the bare mention of the recall of Wucicz and Petronevich; the crowd exclaiming, when Wucicz told them that "the Servian forests would not be less green were two old trees cut down," "No! a thousand times no!" and rushing with arms in their hands to the presence of Hafiz-Pasha, (who had been appointed on Kiamil's recall on the mandate of Russia for his share in the revolution,) announced their determination to maintain their prince and his counsellors; to which Hafiz assented, no doubt, with secret gratification. While the proceedings were thus stayed by the unexpected resolution shown by the Servians, Russian emissaries were traversing the country in all directions, striving in vain to stir up a revolt in favour of the Obrenovich family, whose former partisans, it was found, were now their strongest opponents; and inciting the Christians in Bosnia and Bulgaria to rise against the Moslems, by the hope of obtaining independent governments under hospodars of their own, like the other principalities. On the other hand, the

Servian population was ready to rise *en masse* in defence of its liberties, and was further cheered by the report that thirty thousand of the Slavic races under Austrian dominion were ready to join them in the struggle for national freedom; while the Porte, roused to unexpected energy by the accumulation of wrong heaped upon it, reinforced the garrison of Belgrade with three thousand fresh troops, and formed encampments to the amount of near one hundred thousand men at Constantinople and Adrianople, for the ostensible purpose of overawing the spirit of revolt among the Bulgarians. The National Assembly, which had in the mean time met at Belgrade, declared the election of Prince Alexander legal and valid, and refused to abrogate it; and as the agents of Russia found that their original object could only be effected by an invasion, an act which (even had the season left time to march an army to the Danube) might have exceeded even the long-suffering of the other powers who were parties to the treaty of 1840, it was resolved, for the sake of appearances, to repair the false step as far as possible by a show of moderation. It was accordingly announced that the principal objections of Russia to the late election arose from the informality with which the proceedings had been conducted; that Prince Alexander would be admitted as a candidate, (a concession very distasteful to Austria, who apprehended that the talent and popularity of the prince might attract her own Slavic subjects under his rule;) and that the late prince, Michael, should be excluded from competition. This could only lead to one result; and Alexander, having *pro formâ* resigned his authority, a *hatti-shereef* was sent from the Porte, and he was again elected with even greater enthusiasm than before.

But Russia, though foiled in her main object, had still another move in reserve. The *berat*, or letter-patent of the Sultan, was still necessary for the confirmation of the new prince; and July 27, M. Titoff (who had succeeded M. Boutenieff as Russian envoy to the Porte) announced to the Divan the will of his master, that this important document should be withheld till Wucicz and Petronevich, "the authors of the late distur-

bances," had left the country. The ministers of the Porte, unsupported by the ambassadors of France and England, who remained passive, had no alternative but to yield to this audacious act of intervention, which was communicated by Baron Lieven to the Servian kaimakams appointed during the interregnum. "As soon as the intelligence was spread among the people, the universal exclamation was—'We will not suffer them to be taken from us—they are our protectors, our benefactors;'" but submission was inevitable, and, in the middle of August, the two ministers repaired to Widdin, where they were received with high distinction by Hussein Pasha. They remained in exile a year, when the interdict was withdrawn by Russia, as it is said in consequence of British intervention, but more probably from finding, that, notwithstanding their absence, it was impossible to stir up faction against Prince Alexander. The circumstances of their return have been already given from Mr Paton's account; and we can little doubt, that on his next interview with the Prince, after his faithful counsellors had been restored to him, "he showed no trace of that reserve and timidity which foreigners had remarked in him a year before."

Such is the plain unvarnished account of the late transactions in Servia, in which the true character of Russian policy, and the means by which it is carried out, have been unveiled before the eyes of Europe in a manner sufficient to enlighten those which are not closed in wilful blindness. "Europe has been apprised, if she wishes to be so," (says the *Journal des Debats*,) "that there is in the East, independent of Turkey, a point of resistance against the encroachments of Russia;" and this *great fact* derives double value from that point being found in one of those Slavic populations which it is the grand object and aim of Russia to unite under her iron sceptre. But (in the eloquent language of Mr Paget) "we knew that if Europe did awake, the progress of Russia was stopped; we knew, that her gigantic power would crumble away, and nothing remain but the hatred of the world, of the injustice and cruelty by which it had been raised."

THE STUDENT OF SALAMANCA.

PART IV.

‘Y así entre otras razones le dijo que no tuviese pena del suceso de Camila, porque sin duda la herida era ligera.’—CERVANTES. *El Curioso Impertinente*.

THE unexpected and opportune appearance of Mariano Torres, at the moment of Herrera's escape, requires a few words of explanation. When Rodil, on the morrow of the skirmish with Zumalacarregui in the Lower Amezcoa, evacuated that valley, he proceeded to distribute a portion of his army amongst various garrisons; and then, with the remainder, marched to Biscay in pursuit of Don Carlos, who, having as yet no place of security from his enemies, was wandering about attended by a handful of followers. Amongst the troops left in Navarre by the Christino general, was the cavalry regiment to which Herrera and Torres belonged, and this was ordered to the plains of the Ebro. The day after its arrival at the town of Viana, a battalion marched in from Pampeluna, and with it came Sergeant Velasquez, who, after his escape from the Carlists, had taken refuge in that fortress. Great was the consternation of Torres on learning the surprise of the escort and capture of his friend, and his grief was warmly sympathized in by the other officers of the regiment, with whom Herrera was a universal favourite. But Torres was not the man to content himself with idle regrets and unavailing lamentations, and he resolved to rescue Herrera, if it were possible, even at the hazard of his own life. He confided his project to the colonel of his regiment, who, with some difficulty, was induced to acquiesce in it, and to grant him leave of absence. This obtained, he disguised himself as a private soldier, and boldly plunged into the centre of Navarre in quest of Zumalacarregui and his army. He had little difficulty in finding them: he announced himself as a deserter from the Christinos, and, without attracting unusual notice or suspicion, was enrolled in a Navarrese battalion, which, a day or two afterwards, marched to the village where Her-

rrera was kept prisoner. Although by the interference of Count Villabuena, and the dexterity of Paco and the gipsy, Mariano's daring self-devotion was rendered superfluous, it had its uses, inasmuch as his disappearance with Herrera prevented the slightest suspicion from falling upon those who had really contrived and effected the escape. The gipsy, after guiding the two friends to Salvatierra, and receiving an ample reward from Herrera, performed the secret service with which Zumalacarregui had charged him, returned to that general with a ready framed excuse for the slight delay in its execution, and pocketed the ten additional onzas promised him by Paco. The muleteer, still weak from his wound, was the last man to be suspected; and of the Count's participation in the affair, no one, excepting Major Villabuena, for a moment dreamed. Don Baltasar, remembering his cousin's anxiety concerning Herrera, certainly entertained a notion that he had in some way or other facilitated his escape; but of this he could obtain no proof, nor, had he been able to do so, would it have been for his own interest to expose the Count, whom he was desirous, on the contrary, to conciliate. It was a vague and undefined apprehension of some attempt at a rescue, that had led him, at so late an hour on the night of the escape, to prowl in the vicinity of Herrera's prison.

The autumn and winter of 1834 passed away without any material change in the position of the personages of our narrative. The war continued with constantly increasing spirit and ferocity, and each month was marked by new and important successes on the part of the Carlists. The plains of Vittoria, the banks of the Ebro, the mountains of central and northern Navarre, were alternately the scene of encounters, in which the skill of Zumalacarregui, and the

zeal and intrepidity of his troops, proved an overmatch for the superior numbers of the Christinos. In vain did the government of the Queen Regent, persevering in spite of its many reverses, send its best troops and most experienced generals to that corner of the peninsula where civil strife raged: it was only that the troops might be decimated, and the generals forfeit their former reputation in repeated and disastrous defeats. Although the country and climate were such as to render a temporary repose in winter quarters most desirable for the contending armies, the idea of such an indulgence was scarcely for a moment entertained, and the winter campaign proved as active as the summer one. The arrival of Mina to take the chief command of the Queen's forces, and the severity of the measures he adopted, rendered the character of the war more sanguinary and cruel than it had been since its commencement; and although, in numerous instances, the nearest relatives and dearest friends were fighting on contrary sides, it became impossible for them to obtain intelligence of each other's welfare. It was by no means surprising, therefore, that eight months elapsed, and the spring arrived, without Herrera hearing any thing of Count Villabuena or his daughter; and that the Count, on the other hand, remained ignorant of the proceedings of the young man whose life he had saved, and in whose fate he could not but feel interested, save through the occasional rumour of some dashing exploit, by which Herrera maintained and increased the high reputation he had early acquired in the ranks of the Christinos. His gallantry did not go unrewarded, and the opening of the spring campaign found him in command of a squadron, and on the high-road to further promotion.

Whilst Herrera was thus gaining fame and honour, his rival, Major Villabuena, had no reason to complain of his services being overlooked. His courage was undoubted, his military skill by no means contemptible, and these qualities had procured him a colonel's commission and a staff appointment. But, in spite of these advantages, Don Baltasar was

dissatisfied and unhappy. His object in joining the Carlists had not been promotion, still less a zeal for the cause, but the appropriation to himself of the fair hand and broad lands of Rita de Villabuena. His prospect of obtaining these, however, seemed each day to diminish. The favour with which the Count regarded him had lasted but during the first days of their acquaintance, and had since been materially impaired by the discovery of various displeasing traits in Don Baltasar's character, and particularly by his endeavours to urge the death of Herrera in opposition to the wishes of his kinsman. Moreover, there could be little sympathy or durable friendship between men of such opposite qualities and dispositions. Count Villabuena had the feelings and instincts of a nobleman, in the real, not the conventional sense of the term: he was proud to a fault, stern, and unyielding, but frank, generous, and upright. Don Baltasar was treacherous, selfish, and unscrupulous. He felt himself cowed and humbled by the superiority of the Count, whom he began secretly to detest; and who, whilst still keeping on good, or at least courteous, terms with his cousin, became daily more averse to his alliance, and more decided to support Rita in her rejection of his suit.

As a natural consequence of Zumalacarregui's successes, they of the absolutist party in Spain who had openly declared for Don Carlos, and who, during the first year of the war, had been hunted from post to pillar, and frequently compelled to seek concealment in caves and forests from the pursuit of the foe, found themselves, in the spring of 1835, in possession of a considerable tract of country, including a few fortified places. *El Lobo Caño*, the Grey-haired Wolf, as his followers had styled Don Carlos, in allusion to his hair having become bleached on the mountain and in the bivouac, began to collect around him the semblance of a court; and various ladies, the wives and daughters of his partisans, who had been in temporary exile in France, recrossed the frontier and hazarded themselves in the immediate vicinity of the scene of war. Amongst others,

Rita de Villabuena, who had been residing with some friends at the French town of Pau, implored, and with difficulty obtained, her father's permission to rejoin him. A house was prepared for her reception in the small town of Segura in Guipuzcoa, whence, in case of need, a speedy retreat might be made to the adjacent sierras of Mutiloa and Aralar, and here she arrived, under her father's escort, towards the commencement of the month of May.

One of the first who hastened to pay court to the young and beautiful heiress, was, as might be expected, Colonel Baltasar de Villabuena. But his reception was in the highest degree discouraging, and he was able to assure himself, that if any variation had taken place in Rita's sentiments, it was by no means in his favour. His only remaining hope, therefore, was in an appeal to the Count, whom he still believed to be, for the family reasons already adverted to, desirous of a union between Rita and himself. This appeal he resolved to take an early opportunity of making. A valuable estate, which Rita had inherited from her mother, lay within the tract of country already conquered by the Carlists; and although the revenue it yielded was greatly diminished by the disturbed state of Navarre, and the contributions levied for the carrying on of the war, it was still sufficiently important to excite the cupidity of Don Baltasar, and to render him doubly anxious to obtain, on any terms, the hand of his cousin.

It was on a bright May morning, three days subsequently to Rita's arrival at Segura, that a small train of horsemen was seen winding along the declivitous paths that lead across the sierra of Elgua, a part of the northern boundary of the province of Alava. The snows with which, during the long winter, the upper portion of these mountains had been covered, had disappeared in the warm rays of the spring sun, and disclosed peaks of grey rock, and patches of table-land strewn with flints, producing little besides a few Alpine plants, which, in defiance of the scanty nourishment they found, and of the keen air that blew over those elevated summits, boldly expanded their blos-

soms in the pleasant sunshine. Lower down, and on that part of the southern side of the mountain over which the cavalcade now proceeded, masses of forest-trees sprang out of the more plentiful soil, and overshadowed the rocky path that rang under the horses' feet; the dusky foliage of the fir-tree, the brighter green of the oak, and the broad angular leaves of the sycamore, mingling in rich variety. Now the path lay through some dried-up water-course, half filled with loose stones, whose elevated sides, over the edges of which the tendrils of innumerable creeping plants dangled and swung, bounded the view on either hand; whilst overhead the interwoven branches afforded, through their thick leafage, but scanty glimpses of the bright blue sky. Presently, emerging from the ravine, the road, if such it might be called, ran along the shelf of a precipice, below which successive ranges of luxuriant foliage, varied here and there by a projecting crag, or enlivened by the dash and sparkle of a waterfall, continued to the level below. From the foot of the mountains, an extensive plain stretched out to a distance of several leagues, its smiling and fertile fields thickly sprinkled with villages and farm-houses. To the left front rose the old Moorish castle of Guevara; and at a greater distance, more to the westward, and near the centre of the plain, were seen the imperfect fortifications and lofty church-towers of the city of Vittoria.

The foremost of the horsemen, who, on the day referred to, were thus scrambling, to the great discomfort of their steeds, down the steep and rugged sides of the sierra, avoiding, for reasons of safety, the high-road from Salinas to Vittoria, which lay at a league or two on their right, was a man of middle age and tawny complexion, mounted on a lean and uncomely, but surefooted horse, whose long tail, which, if allowed to flow at will, would have swept the ground, was doubled up into a sort of club, about a foot long, and tightly bound with worsted ribands of bright and varied colours. The thick and abundant mane had been carefully plaited, with the exception of the foremost tuft, left hanging down between the ears, and from beneath which the wild

eyes of the animal glanced shyly at the different objects he passed, pretty much as did those of the rider from under his bushy and projecting eyebrows. The horseman was dressed in a loose jacket of black sheep-skin, with the wool rubbed off in many places, fastened down the front by copper clasps and chains that had once boasted a gilding, and bound at the edges with coarse crimson velvet, which, from time and dirt, had become as dark as the principal material of the garment. Between the loose short trousers and the clumsy half-boots, replacing the sandals that were the customary wear of the person described, several inches of lean and sinewy leg were visible. A coloured handkerchief, tied round the head, and from beneath which a quantity of shaggy black hair escaped, rusty iron spurs, with huge jingling rowels, and a well-stuffed leathern wallet slung across his body, completed the equipment of the horseman, in whom the reader will perhaps already have recognised Jaime, the gipsy esquilor, now acting as guide to the persons who followed. These consisted of Count Villabuena and his cousin, Don Baltasar, both well mounted on powerful chargers, and cloaked from chin to heel; for they had been early in the saddle, and, although now in the month of May, the morning air upon the mountains was keen and searching. They were followed, at a short distance, by an escort of forty Carlist cavalry, strange, wild-looking figures, whose scanty equipment, and the little uniformity of their clothing, might have excited the derision of better provided troops; but whose muscular forms and hardy aspect, as well as the serviceable state of their carbines and lances, gave promise of their proving efficient defenders and formidable foes.

Not having been bred to the profession of arms, Count Villabuena was, in a strictly military point of view, of little use to his party; but his intimate acquaintance with Navarre and the Basque provinces, with the customs, feelings, and prejudices of their inhabitants, rendered him invaluable in all administrative arrangements and combinations, and in these he cheerfully and actively exerted himself. It was on a mission of this nature that

he was now proceeding, having left Oñate early that morning, to attend a meeting of influential Alavese Carlists, which was to take place at the village of Gamboa, on the north side of the plain of Vittoria. Although the country he had to pass through was not then occupied, and only occasionally visited, by the Christinos, an escort was necessary; and, besides this escort, Colonel Villabuena had volunteered to accompany his cousin. His object in so doing was to obtain an opportunity for an uninterrupted conversation with the Count, on the subject of his pretensions to the hand of Rita.

This conversation had taken place, and its result had been most unsatisfactory to Don Baltasar. The Count plainly told him that it was not his intention to force the inclinations of his daughter; and that, as she was averse to the proposed alliance, he himself had abandoned the idea of its taking place. A long and stormy discussion ensued, and Baltasar accused the Count of having deceived him, and induced him to join a cause, the ultimate triumph of which was impossible, by holding out hopes that he never intended to realize. The Count replied by reminding Don Baltasar, that when he had urged him to serve his rightful monarch, and not under the banner of a usurper, the only arguments he had used were those of loyalty and duty; and that the proposed marriage was a private arrangement, entirely contingent upon his daughter's acquiescence. Sharp retorts and angry words followed, until the conversation was brought to a close by the Count's checking his horse, and allowing the escort, which had previously been at some distance behind, to come up with them. The cousins then rode on, still side by side, but silent, and as far apart as the narrow path would allow, the Count haughty and indignant, Don Baltasar sullen and dogged.

Whilst this occurred in the mountains, the persons whom Count Villabuena came to meet were assembling at the place of rendezvous in the village of Gamboa. From various country lanes and roads, substantial-looking men, wrapped in heavy brown cloaks, and riding punchy

mountain horses, were seen to emerge, for the most part singly, and at the careless, deliberate pace least calculated to excite suspicion of their going to other than their ordinary avocations. Some of these were *alcaldes* and *regidores* from the neighbouring villages, others landed proprietors in the vicinity. Now and then a lean, anxious priest, perched upon a high saddle, his feet encased in clumsy wooden stirrups, his head covered with an enormous hat, of which the brim, curled up at the sides over the crown, projected half a yard before and behind him, came ambling into the village, distributing his *benedictes* amongst the peasant women and children, who stood at the doors of the houses bowing reverently to the *padre cura*. One man, dressed in the coarsest and commonest garb of a labourer, came up upon an ill-looking mule, and received a loud and joyful welcome from the persons already assembled. He was a wealthy proprietor, whose estates lay within the *Christino* lines, and had been compelled to adopt this disguise to avoid notice. The arrival of another person, to all appearance a charcoal-burner, with grimy face and hands, riding a ragged pony, across which a couple of sacks, black from the charcoal they had contained, were thrown by way of saddle, was hailed with similar demonstrations of joy. He was a rich merchant and national guardsman from Vittoria, secretly well affected to Don Carlos.

The place where the Carlists first assembled was not in a house, but on a paved platform, extending along one side of the large church, by which it was masked from the view of persons approaching from the direction of Vittoria. A sort of cloister, with stone benches beneath it, ran along the wall of the church, and in front of the platform was a broad greensward, used as a playground by the village children. Whilst the Carlists grouped themselves in the cloisters, talking eagerly together, and waiting the coming of Count Villabuena, their horses and ponies stood saddled and bridled upon the green, held by peasant boys, and in readiness for their owners to mount and ride away at a moment's notice, or on the first signal of alarm. Of the mountain path by which the

Count was expected to arrive, only about a mile was visible from the platform, after which it disappeared over the brow of a low wood-crowned eminence that rose to the north, partially intercepting the view of the sierra. On this eminence a peasant was stationed to watch for the Count; whilst on the other side of the village, at a short distance upon the road to Vittoria, another vedette was posted, to give notice of the appearance of any of the foraging or reconnoitring parties which the *Christinos* not unfrequently sent out in this direction.

It was considerably past noon, and the members of the Junta, for such did the assembly style itself, were beginning to wax impatient for the arrival of the Count, without whom the business for which they had met could not be proceeded with, when the watcher upon the hill gave the concerted signal by waving his cap in the air, uttering at the same time one of those far-sounding cries, peculiar to the inhabitants of mountainous regions. Upon this announcement, the Carlists descended from the platform into the road that ran past one of its extremities, and took their way, with grave and dignified demeanour, to the dwelling of the priest, in which the meeting was to be held. This house, according to custom one of the most spacious and comfortable in the village, was situated at about musket-shot from the church, and a little detached from the other buildings. Annexed to it was a long garden, bordering the road, and divided from it by a low hedge; beyond the garden was a vast and level field, and, on the eastern side of that, a tract of marshy ground, thickly covered with a lofty growth of willow and alder trees, extended to a considerable distance. The Carlists had traversed nearly the whole length of the garden hedge, and the foremost of them were close to the door of the house, when they were startled by the loud blast of a horn, with which the peasant sentry upon the Vittoria road had been furnished, to give the alarm if needful. They simultaneously paused, and anxiously listened for a repetition of the sound. It came; a third and a fourth blast were sounded, and with such hurried vehemence of tone as denoted pressing danger.

Yet the peril could scarcely be so imminent as the quick repetition of the signal would seem to denote; for, from the place where the vedette was posted, he would command a view of any advancing troops nearly half an hour before they could reach the village, and those who had ought to fear from them would have ample time to effect their escape. But the horn continued sounding, ever louder and louder,—the Carlists gazed at each other in dismay, and some few made a movement towards their horses, as if to mount and fly. Suddenly a fat and joyous-looking alcalde, whose protuberant paunch and ruby nose were evidence of his love for the wine-skin, although the chalky tint that had overspread his features at the first sound of alarm, did not say much for his intrepidity, burst out into a loud laugh, which caused his companions to stare at him in some wonder and displeasure.

“By the blessed St Jago!” exclaimed he, “the idiot has mistaken our friends for our enemies. He has been looking over his shoulder instead of before him, and has caught a sight of the Señor Conde and his escort. See yonder.”

The Carlists looked in the direction pointed out, and on the top of the hill over which Count Villabuena was expected to approach, they saw three horsemen standing, one of whom was sweeping the village and the adjacent country with a field-glass, apparently seeking the cause and meaning of the violent fanfare that had so much alarmed the respectable Junta. Behind these three men, who were no others than the Count, his cousin, and their guide, the lance-flags of the escort were visible, although the soldiers themselves were still out of sight, having halted just before arriving on the crest of the hill. The countenances of the Carlists, which for a moment had contracted with alarm, were beginning again to expand, as the plausibility of their companion's explanation occurred to them, when suddenly they saw the Count and his companions turn their horses in all haste, and disappear behind the hill. At the same moment, and before

they could guess at the meaning of this manoeuvre, a shout was heard, a troop of Christiano dragoons debouched from behind the willow wood, deployed upon the field, and charged across it in open order, their lances levelled,* and the pennons fluttering above their horses' ears. In less time than it takes to write it, they had crossed the field, dashed into the garden, and, breaking through the hedge, clattered over the rough streets of the village in pursuit of the unfortunate priests and alcaldes, who, taken entirely by surprise, knew not which way to run to avoid the danger that menaced them. Some few who had time to get on horseback, scampered off, but were pursued and overtaken by the better-mounted dragoons; others crept into houses and stables, or flung themselves into ditches; and the majority, seeing no possibility of escape, threw themselves on their knees, and, in piteous accents, implored mercy. This was not refused.

“Give quarter, and make prisoners,” was the command uttered in the clear, sonorous tones of Luis Herrera, who led the party; “they are unarmed—spare their lives.”

The order was obeyed, and only one or two of the more desperate, who produced concealed weapons, and endeavoured to defend themselves, received trifling sabre-cuts from the exasperated dragoons.

But although Don Baltasar, on first obtaining a view of the Queen's cavalry, and before he knew what force was approaching the village, had retired behind the brow of the hill, it was by no means his intention to make a precipitate retreat without ascertaining the strength of the enemy, and endeavouring, if possible, to rescue the captive Junta. Whilst the Count and the escort retraced their steps down the hill, and halted in the fields upon its north side, whence they had the option of returning to the mountains by the way they had come, or of striking off into the high-road to Salinas and Oñate, which ran at a short distance to their right, Colonel Villabuena and the gipsy, concealed amongst the trees

* From an early period of the war, the Spanish dragoon regiments, both light and heavy, were armed with the lance, that weapon being considered the most efficient for the mountain warfare in which they were frequently engaged.

that clothed the summit of the eminence, noted what passed in the village. They at once saw how the surprise had occurred. The Junta had not expected an enemy to approach by any other road than that from Vittoria, and had consequently stationed sentries in no other direction. That such would be the case, had been foreseen by the Christinos, who having received, through their spies, information of the intended meeting, had sent out troops upon the Pampeluna road, with orders, after proceeding a certain distance, to strike off to the left, and, availing themselves of the cover afforded by a large tract of wood and swamp, to take Gamboa in rear or flank. The manœuvre had been rapidly and skilfully executed; and Luis Herrera, who, with his squadron, had been sent upon this duty, arrived with one half of his men within a few hundred yards of the village before he was perceived by the Carlist vedette. His other troop he had detached to his right, in order that, by making a wider sweep, they might get in rear of Gamboa, and prevent the possible escape of any of the rebels. This detachment, ignorant of the country, and puzzled by the numerous lanes and paths which crossed each other in every direction, had lost its way, and was still at some distance from the village when Herrera charged into it.

When Colonel Villabuena had made his observations, and ascertained that the number of the enemy but little exceeded that of his own men, he rode out of the wood and rejoined the escort, resolved to take advantage of the Christinos being dispersed, and, unexpected of an attack, to make a dash at them, which, he doubted not, would be fully successful. Previously, however, and although the Count had no military rank, it was a matter of common courtesy, not to say of duty, to communicate with him, and ask his consent to dispose of an escort which had been sent for his protection. But here the sullen temper of Don Baltasar, and the rankling irritation left by his recent altercation with his kinsman, showed themselves. Followed by the gipsy, he rode to the front of the lancers, who were drawn up in line, and, without addressing a syllable to the Count, or appearing to notice his presence, gave, in a sharp ab-

rupt tone, the necessary words of command. The men moved off to the left. The Count, highly sensitive on matters of etiquette, and indignant at being treated by Don Baltasar as a person of no importance, unworthy of being consulted, allowed the troop to march away without giving any indication of an intention to follow or accompany it. Don Baltasar looked round, hesitated for a moment, and then seeing that the Count remained motionless, and took no notice of the departure of his escort, he rode back to him.

"The enemy are few," said he, abruptly; "I shall attack them."

Count Villabuena bowed his head coldly.

"Scant measure of courtesy, colonel," said he. "Angry feelings should not make you forget the conduct of a *caballero*."

On hearing himself thus rebuked, an expression of anger and deadly hate overspread the sombre countenance of Don Baltasar, and he scowled at the Count as though about to deal him a stab. But his eye sank beneath the calm, cold, contemptuous gaze of Count Villabuena. He said nothing; and again wheeling his charger, galloped furiously back to the head of his men, followed, at a more deliberate pace, by his cousin. Passing swiftly over a few fields, the little troop swept round the base of the hill, dashed across the level, and appeared upon the road at half a mile from the village. On obtaining a view of the latter, Don Baltasar at once saw that he was not likely to have so cheap a bargain of the Christinos as he had anticipated. Herrera had too much experience in this description of warfare to be easily caught; and although, upon first entering Gamboa, the dragoons had unavoidably dispersed in pursuit of the fugitives, he had lost no time in re-assembling them; and, whilst a few men kept the prisoners already made, and searched the houses for others, he himself had formed upon the road a party fully equal in number to that commanded by Don Baltasar. Nothing daunted, however, at finding the enemy on his guard, the Carlist colonel drew his sabre and turned to his men.

"*A ellos!*" he cried. "At them, boys, for Spain and the King!"

The lancers replied to his words by

a loud hurra, and the little party advanced, at first at a moderate pace, in order not to blow the horses before the decisive moment should arrive. The Count, forgetting private animosity in the excitement and exhilaration of the moment, rode cheerfully at the side of his cousin, and drew the sword which, although a civilian, the perilous and adventurous life he led induced him invariably to carry. At the same moment Herrera's trumpeter sounded the assembly, and those of the dragoons who had dismounted hurried to their horses. Before, however, the distance between the opposite parties had been diminished by many yards, the blast of the Christino trumpets was replied to by another, and, upon looking back, Don Baltasar saw a fresh party of dragoons just appearing upon the road, about a mile in his rear. It was the second troop of Herrera's squadron coming to the support of their leader.

"Curse and confound them!" cried Baltasar, his face darkening with rage and disappointment. "Halt—files about! And now, boys, legs must do it, for they are three to one."

And he led the way back into the fields, followed by his men at a rapid pace, but in good order.

Without a moment's delay, Herrera, leaving a few dragoons to guard the prisoners, dashed across the country in pursuit of the Carlists. His example was followed by Torres, who commanded the other detachment. The fugitives had a good start, and were soon behind the hill; but the Christino horses were fresher, and although less accustomed to climb the mountains, in the plain they were swifter of foot. Don Baltasar, now riding in rear of his men, cast a glance over his shoulder.

"They gain on us," said he, in a low tone, and as if to himself. "It is impossible to reach the sierra. If we could, we should be safe. There are positions that we could hold on foot with our carbines, where they would not dare attack us."

"We shall never reach them," said the Count. "Let us turn and fight whilst yet there is time."

"The bridge! the bridge!" cried the gipsy, who, notwithstanding the gaunt appearance of his steed, had

kept well up with the soldiers. "If we gain that, we are safe. A child could pull it down."

"Right, by God!" cried Baltasar, glancing in some surprise at the adviser of an expedient which he had himself overlooked. "Spur, men, spur; but keep together."

Every rowel was struck into the flanks of the straining, panting horses, and the Carlists rapidly neared a small river, which, rising in some of the adjacent mountains, flowed in rear of the little hill already referred to, and parallel to the sierra whence Count Villabuena and his companions had recently descended. The land, for some distance on either side of the stream, was uncultivated, covered with furze and yellow broom, and sprinkled with trees and clumps of high bushes. Across the river, only a few months previously, a rude but solid stone bridge had afforded a passage; but the bridge had been broken down soon after the commencement of the war, and the stream, which, although not more than seven or eight yards broad, was deep, and had steep high banks, was now traversed by means of four planks, laid side by side, but not fastened together, and barely wide enough to give passage to a bullock cart. Over this imperfect and rickety causeway, the retreating Carlists galloped, the boards bending and creaking beneath their horses' feet. When all had passed, Don Baltasar flung himself from his saddle, and aided by the gipsy and by several of his men, who had also dismounted, seized the planks, and strove, by main strength, to tear their extremities from the clay in which they were embedded. The Christinos, who were within a couple of hundred yards of the river, set up a shout of fury when they perceived the intention of their enemies. By the sinewy hands of Baltasar and his soldiers, three of the boards were torn from the earth and flung into the stream. The fourth gave way as Herrera came up, the first man of his party, and, regardless of the narrow footing it afforded, was about to risk the perilous voyage. Violently curbing his horse, he but just escaped falling headlong into the stream. A shout of exultation from the Carlists, and the discharge of several carbines,

greeted the disappointed Christinos, who promptly returned the fire; whilst, as was usual when they came within earshot, the complimentary epithets of "Sons of Priests," and "*Soldados de la Puta*," accompanied by volleys of imprecations, were bandied between the soldiers on either side of the stream.

"Is there any bridge or ford at hand?" said Baltasar hastily to the gipsy.

"None within a quarter of a league," was the reply.

"Then we will have a shot at them."

Herrera and Count Villabuena were again opposed to each other, and each acknowledged the other's presence by a brief smile of recognition.

A smart skirmish now began. All was smoke, noise, and confusion. The Count rode up to his cousin, who was on the right of his men.

"Let us retire," said he. "No advantage is to be gained by this idle skirmishing. Infantry may be at hand, and delay will endanger our retreat."

"Not so fast," replied Baltasar; "we will empty a few saddles before we go."

"The escort was sent for my safety," said the Count, haughtily. "You are not doing your duty in thus risking it."

"I have not been twenty years a soldier to learn my duty from you, sir," said Baltasar, fiercely. "Aim at the officers, men. A doubloon for him who picks off the captain."

Stimulated by the promised reward, several of the Carlists directed their fire at Herrera, who was on the left of the dragoons, exactly opposite to, and within sixty paces of, Don Baltasar. The bullets flew thick around Luis, but none touched him, and Baltasar himself drew a pistol from his holster to take aim at his opponent. Disgusted at his cousin's intemperate speech and imprudent conduct, the Count contemptuously turned his back upon him and approached the stream, regardless that by so doing he brought himself into a cross fire of friends and foes.

"This is useless, Herrera," said he, "draw off your men."

The words had scarcely left his lips,

when his hand relinquished its hold of the bridle, by a convulsive movement he threw himself back in the saddle, and fell heavily to the ground, struck by a ball. A cry of horror from Luis was echoed by one of consternation from the Carlists, on witnessing the fall of a man whom they all loved and respected.

"Where can we cross the stream?" demanded Herrera of one of his men, who knew the country.

"To our left there is a ford, but at some distance."

"Cease firing," cried Herrera.

The trumpet sounded the necessary call, the Christinos hastily formed up, and started at a gallop in the direction of the ford. Don Baltasar advanced to the spot where his cousin lay prostrate. Count Villabuena was lying on his back, his teeth set, his eyes wide open and fixed, his clenched hands full of earth and grass. Baltasar turned away with a slight shudder.

"He is dead," said he to the subaltern of the escort. "To take the body with us, would but impede our retreat, already difficult enough. The living must not be endangered for the sake of the dead. Forward, men!"

And, without further delay, the Carlists set off at a brisk pace towards the mountains, which they reached before the Christinos had found and passed the distant ford. When the dragoons arrived at the foot of the sierra, Don Baltasar and his men were already out of sight amongst its steep and dangerous paths; and Herrera, compelled to abandon the pursuit, returned mournfully to the river bank, to seek, and, if it could be found, to convey to Vittoria the body of Count Villabuena.

Leaving Herrera to his mournful duty, let us conduct our readers to an apartment in a house on the outskirts of the town of Segura. The interior, which was plainly but commodiously furnished, indicated feminine tastes and occupations, breathing that perfume of elegance which the presence of woman ever communicates. Vases of flowers decked the sideboards; a few books, the works of the best Spanish poets, lay upon the table; and a guitar, unstrung, it is true, was suspended against the wall. Two persons occu-

pied the apartment. One of them, who was seated on a low stool at its inner extremity, near to the folding-doors that separated it from an anti-chamber, was a robust, ruddy-cheeked Navarrese girl, whose abundant hair, of which the jet blackness atoned for the coarse texture, hung in a thick plait down her back, and whose large red fingers were busily engaged in knitting. At the other end of the apartment, close to the open window, through which she intently gazed, was a being of very different mould. On a high-backed elbow-chair of ancient oak sat Rita de Villabuena, pensive and anxious, her fair face and golden tresses seeming fairer and brighter from the contrast with the dark quaint carving against which they reposed. Her cheek was perhaps paler than when first we made her acquaintance; anxiety for her lover, and, latterly, for her father, was the cause; but her beauty had lost nothing by the change, for the shade of melancholy upon her features seemed, by adding to the interest her expressive countenance inspired, rather to enhance than diminish its charm. She was now watching for her father, who had led her to expect his return at about this time. Over the stone balustrade of her balcony, she commanded a view of the road along which he was to approach; and upon the farthest visible point of it, where a bend round a group of trees concealed its continuation, her gaze was riveted. Although the Count had assured her, before his departure, that his journey was unattended with risk, Rita's arrival upon the scene of war was too recent for her to escape uneasiness during his absence. Some hours before the time at which his return could reasonably be looked for, she had taken her post at the window; and although, at the persuasion of her attendant, a simple country girl, recently installed as her *doncella*, she had more than once endeavoured to fix her attention on a book, or to distract it by some of her usual occupations, the effort had each time been made in vain, and she had again resumed her anxious watch. In every horseman, or muleteer, who turned the angle of the road, she thought she recognised the guide, who, two days

previously, had accompanied her father from Segura, and her heart throbbed with a feeling of joyful relief till a nearer approach convinced her of her error.

Could the vision of Rita de Villabuena have penetrated the copse that bounded her view in that direction, she would have perceived, towards four of the afternoon, not her father, alas! but another horseman, attended by the gipsy guide, riding at a rapid pace along the road. On reaching the trees aforesaid, however, they deviated from the track into a lane inclosed between hedges, which led round the town, and again joined the road on its further side. To explain this manoeuvre, it is necessary to retrace our steps, and to follow the movements of Colonel Villabuena after his return to Oñate on the preceding evening.

When the first excitement of the skirmish and subsequent flight had subsided, and the detachment of Carlists, after giving their horses a moment's breathing-time upon one of the higher levels of the sierra, resumed their march at a more leisurely pace, the thoughts of Don Baltasar became concentrated on the one grand object of deriving the utmost possible advantage from the death of his cousin. By that event the estates of the Villabuena family were now his own, those, at least, that lay within the Carlist territory. These, however, were comparatively of little value; and although the far more extensive ones, that had been confiscated by the Queen's government, might possibly be redeemed by a prompt abjuration of the cause of Don Carlos, a measure at the adoption of which Don Baltasar was by no means so scrupulous as to hesitate, yet even that would not fully satisfy him. He had other views and wishes. As far as his selfish nature would admit of the existence of such a feeling, he was deeply in love with Rita; the coldness with which she treated him had only served to stimulate his passion; and he was bent upon making her his at any price, and by any means. He was sufficiently acquainted with her character to be convinced that his prospect of obtaining her hand was any thing but improved by her father's death; and that to her the wealthy possessor of her fa-

nally's estates would be as unwelcome a wooer as the needy soldier of fortune. He did not doubt that, after the first violence of her grief should subside, she would return to France, where some of her mother's relatives were resident; and that, when next he heard of her, it would be as the bride of his fortunate rival. The picture thus conjured up caused him to grind his teeth with fury; and he swore to himself a deep oath that she should be his at any risk, and if, by the boldest and most unscrupulous measures, that consummation could be brought about. A plan occurred to him which he thought could not fail of success, and by which the obstinacy of the self-willed girl must, he believed, be overcome. It was a hazardous scheme, even in that unsettled and war-ridden country, where men were too much occupied in party strife to attend to the strict administration of justice; but Baltasar did not lack resolution, and the prize was worth the peril. One thing he wanted; a bold and quick-witted confederate, and him it was not so easy to find. No man had fewer friends in his own class than Don Baltasar, and by his inferiors he was generally detested on account of his harsh and overbearing demeanour. Of this he was aware; and he vainly racked his brain to find a man in whom he could confide. The details of his nefarious project were already arranged in his mind, and only this one difficulty had yet to be overcome; when, at two hours after dark, he entered the streets of Oñate. Hopeless of being served for affection's sake, he was meditating whom he could make his own by bribery, when a light from an open window flashed across the street, and illuminated the unprepossessing profile of Jaime the gipsy, who, in his capacity of guide, was riding in front, and a little on one side of Colonel Villabuena. The sight of those sinister features, on which rapacity and cunning had set their stamp, was as a sudden revelation to Don Baltasar, to whom it instantly occurred that the gitano was the very man he sought. The circumstance of his belonging to a race despised, and almost persecuted, by the people amongst whom they dwelt, was an additional

guarantee against any compunctious scruples on his part; his occupation of a spy bespoke him at once daring and venal, and Colonel Villabuena doubted not that he should find him a willing and useful instrument.

The soldiers filed off to their quarters; and Baltasar, after desiring the gipsy to come to him in an hour's time, betook himself to the posada. When Jaime had given his horse an ample feed, and groomed him with a care that showed the value he set upon his services, he made a hasty meal in a neighbouring taberna, and repaired to the Colonel's quarters. His stealthy tap at the door was replied to by an impatient "*adelante,*" and he entered the room.

A scarcely tasted supper was upon the table, and Don Baltasar was pacing the apartment, his brow knit, and apparently deep in thought. On beholding the gipsy, he arranged his features into their most amiable expression, and advanced towards him with an assumed air of frank good-humour.

"I have to thank you, Jaime," said he, "for your promptness and presence of mind this morning. Had you not thought of what we all forgot, and suggested the pulling down of the bridge, few, if any of us, would have seen Oñate to-night. I shall report your conduct most favourably to the General, who will doubtless reward it."

The esquilador slightly bowed his head, but, with the exception of that movement, made no reply; nor did any expression of satisfaction at the praise bestowed upon him light up his dark countenance.

"Meanwhile," continued Don Baltasar, "I will discharge my personal obligation to you in a more solid manner than by mere thanks."

And he held out a handful of dollars, which, the next instant, disappeared in one of Jaime's capacious pockets. This time a muttered word or two of thanks escaped the lips of the taciturn esquilador.

"Whither do you now proceed?" enquired Baltasar. "Are you to rejoin the General? What are your orders?"

"I am no man's servant," replied the gipsy, "and have no orders to obey.

When your General requires my services, we make a bargain, I to act, he to pay. I risk my life for his gold, and if I deceive him I know the penalty. But the service once rendered, I am my own man again."

"So then," said Baltasar, "you are not bound to Zumalacarregui; and should any other offer you better pay for lighter service, you are free to take it?"

"That's it," replied the gipsy.

There was a short pause, during which Colonel Villabuena attentively scanned the countenance of Jaime, who remained impassible, and with eyes fixed upon the ground, as though to prevent their expression from being read. Baltasar resumed—

"Say then that I were to ensure you a large reward for the performance of services far less dangerous than those you daily render at a less price, would you accept or refuse the offer?"

"I must know what I am to do, and what to get," said the gipsy, this time raising his eyes to Don Baltasar's face.

"Can you be silent?" said Baltasar.

"When I am paid for it—as the grave," was the reply.

"In short, if I understand you rightly," said the Colonel with an easy smile, "you will do any thing at a price."

"Any thing," returned the unabashed gipsy. "It is not a small risk that will frighten me, if the reward is proportionate."

"We shall suit one another charmingly," said Baltasar; "for what I require will expose you to little danger, and your reward shall be of your own fixing."

And, without further preamble, he proceeded to unfold to the gipsy the outline of a scheme requiring his co-operation, the nature of which will best be made known to the reader by the march of subsequent events.

The sinking sun and rapidly lengthening shadows proclaimed the approach of evening, and Rita de Villabuena, still seated at her window, watched for her father's arrival, when the trot of a horse, which stopped at the door of the house, caused her to start

from her seat, and hurry to the balcony. Her anxiety was converted into the most lively alarm when she saw the Count's gipsy guide alighting alone from his horse; a presentiment of evil came over her, she staggered back into the room, and sank almost fainting upon a chair. Recovering herself, however, she was hurrying to the door of the apartment, when it opened, and Paco the muleteer, who had lately been attached to her father as orderly, and whom the Count had left as a protection to his daughter, made his appearance.

"The gipsy is here, Señora," said he; "he brings news of his Excellency the Conde."

"Admit him instantly," cried Rita, impatiently. "Where did you leave my father?" she enquired, as the esquilador entered the room. "Is he well? Why does he not return?"

"I left the Señor Conde at a convent near Lecumberri," replied the gipsy.

"Near Lecumberri?" repeated Rita; "it was not in that direction he went. He left this for the plains of Vittoria."

"He did so, Señora," answered the gipsy; "but before we were half-way to Oñate, we were met by a courier with despatches for the Señor Conde, who immediately turned bridle, and ordered the escort to do the same. It was past midnight when we again reached Segura; and, not to cause alarm, we marched round the town, and continued our route without stopping."

"And your errand now?" exclaimed Rita. The gipsy seemed to hesitate before replying.

"The Señor Conde is wounded," said he, at last.

"Wounded!" repeated Rita, in the shrill accents of alarm. "You are not telling truth—they have killed him! Oh, tell me all! Say, is my father still alive?"

— And, clasping her hands together, she seemed about to throw herself at the feet of Jaime, whilst her anxious glance strove to read the truth upon his countenance. It was a strange contrast presented by that lovely and elegant creature and the squalid, tawny gipsy; an angel supplicating

some evil spirit, into whose power she had temporarily fallen, might so have looked.

"The Señor Conde's wound is severe," said Jaime. "On his way yesterday afternoon to attend a meeting of the Navarrese Junta in the valley of Lanz, he fell in with a party of Christino cavalry, and, although his escort repulsed them, he himself received a hurt in the skirmish."

"My father wounded and suffering!" exclaimed Rita in extreme agitation, passing her hand over her forehead in the manner of one bewildered by some stunning and terrible intelligence. "I will go to him instantly. Quick, Paco, the mules! Micaela, my mantilla! We must set out at once."

The servants hurried away to obey the orders of their mistress, and prepare for instant departure, and the gipsy was about to follow, when Rita detained him, and overwhelmed him with questions concerning her father's state, to all of which Jaime replied in a manner that somewhat tranquillized her alarm, although it produced no change in her resolution to set off immediately to join him. This, indeed, the esquilador informed her, was her father's wish, as he found that he should be detained some time in his present quarters by the consequences of his wound.

Although all haste was used in the necessary preparations, the sun was close to the horizon before Rita and her attendants left Segura, and took the road to Lecumberri, at about two leagues from which, as Jaime told them, and in the heart of the sierra, was situated the convent that was their destination. The distance was not great; but, owing to the mountains, the travellers could hardly expect to reach the end of their journey much before daybreak. Paco, who viewed this hasty departure with any thing but a well-pleased countenance, urged Rita to postpone setting off till the following morning, alleging the difficult nature of the roads they must traverse, and which led for a considerable part of the way over a steep and almost trackless sierra. But Rita's anxiety would brook no delay, and the little cavalcade set out. It consisted of Rita and her waiting-maid, mounted

upon mules, and of the gipsy and Paco upon their horses; Paco leading a third mule, upon which, by the care of Micaela, a hastily packed portmanteau had been strapped. The gipsy rode in front; thirty paces behind him came the women, and the muleteer brought up the rear. Jaime had betrayed some surprise, and even discomposure, when he found that Paco was to accompany them; but he did not venture to make any objection to so natural an arrangement.

Taking advantage of the goodness of the road, which for the first league or two was tolerably smooth and level, the travellers pushed on for nearly two hours at a steady amble, which, had the nature of the ground allowed them to sustain it, would have brought them to their journey's end much sooner than was really to be the case. The sun had set, the moon had not yet risen, and the night was very dark. Jaime, who continued to maintain a short interval between his horse and the mules of Rita and her attendant, kept shifting his restless glances from one side of the road to the other, as though he would fain have penetrated the surrounding gloom. He was passing a thicket that skirted the road, when a cautious "Hist!" inaudible to his companions, arrested his attention. He immediately pulled up his horse, and, dismounting, unstrapped the surcingle of his saddle. On perceiving this, Rita stopped to enquire the cause of the delay, but the gipsy requested her to proceed.

"My horse's girths are loose, Señora," said he in explanation. "Be good enough to ride on, and I will overtake you immediately."

Rita rode on, and Paco followed, without paying any attention to so common an occurrence as the slackening of a girth. Scarcely, however, had he passed the gipsy some fifty paces, when the latter left his horse, who remained standing motionless in the middle of the road, and approached the thicket. Just within the shadow of the foremost trees, a man on horseback, muffled in a cloak, was waiting. It was Colonel Villabuena.

"All is well," said the gipsy; "and you have only to ride forward and prepare for our reception."

"Who is with you?" said Don Baltasar, in a dissatisfied tone.

"The lady and her donçella, and Paco, her father's orderly."

"Fool!" cried Baltasar; "why did you let him come? His presence may ruin my plan."

"How could I help it?" retorted Jaime. "If I had objected he would have suspected me. He's as cunning as a fox, and did not swallow the story half as well as his mistress. But her impatience decided it. Nothing would serve her but setting out immediately."

"He must be disposed of," said Baltasar. "There's many a mountain precipice between this and our destination," he added meaningly.

Jaime shook his head.

"I might do it," said he; "but if I failed, and he is a wary and active fellow, the chances are that he would do the same kind office for me, and return with the lady."

"Humph!" said Baltasar. "Well, he shall be cared for. And now ride on. I shall be at the convent an hour before you. Remember to take the longest road."

The gipsy nodded, returned to his horse, and, springing lightly into the saddle, galloped after his companions. Don Baltasar remained a short time longer in the thicket, and then emerging upon the road, followed Rita and her party at a deliberate pace. From time to time he stopped, and listened for the sound of their horses' footsteps. If he could hear it, he halted till it became inaudible, and then again moved on. His object evidently was to keep as near to the travellers as he could without allowing his proximity to be suspected.

It was nearly midnight, and Rita and her companions had been for some time amongst the mountains, when they reached a place where the road, or rather track, they followed, split and branched off in two different directions. Jaime, who, since they had entered the sierra, had abridged the distance between himself and his companions, and now rode just in front of Rita's mule, was taking the right hand path, when Paco called out to him that the left was the shortest and best.

"You are mistaken," said Jaime

abruptly, continuing in the direction he had first taken.

But Paco would not be put off in so unceremonious a manner, and he rode up to the gipsy. "I tell you," said he, "that I know this country well, and the left hand road is the one to take."

"How long is it since you travelled it?" inquired Jaime.

"Only last autumn," was the reply, "and then for the twentieth time."

"Well," said the esquilador, "it may be the shortest; but if you had ridden along it this morning, as I did, you would hardly call it the best. The winter rains have washed away the path, and left the bare rocks so slippery and uneven, that I could scarcely get my horse over them in daylight, and by night I should make sure of breaking his legs and my own neck."

"I know nothing of this convent you are taking us to," said Paco, in a sulky tone; "but if it stands, as you tell me, to the north of Lecumberri, this road will lengthen our journey an hour or more."

"Scarcely so much," said Jaime. "At any rate," added he doggedly, "it is I who answer to the Count for the Señora's safety, and I shall therefore take the road I think best."

Paco was about to make an angry reply, but Rita interfered, and the discussion terminated in the gipsy having his own way. Three minutes later Don Baltasar arrived at the division of the roads, paused, listened, and heard the faint echo of the horses' hoofs upon the right hand path. With an exclamation of satisfaction, he struck his spurs into the flanks of his steed, and at as rapid a pace as the uneven ground would permit, ascended the contrary road, the shortest, and, as Paco had truly asserted, by far the best to the convent whither Rita de Villabuena was proceeding.

Over rocks and through ravines, and along the margin of precipices, Don Baltasar rode, threading, in spite of the darkness, the difficult and often dangerous mountain-paths, with all the confidence of one well acquainted with their intricacies. At last, after a long descent, he entered a narrow valley, or rather a mountain-gorge, which extended in the form of

nearly a semicircle, and for a distance of about three miles, between two steep and rugged lines of hill. Upon finding himself on level ground, he spurred his horse, and passing rapidly over the dew-steeped grass of a few fields, entered a beaten track that ran along the centre of the valley. The moon was now up, silvering the summits of the groups of trees with which the narrow plain was sprinkled, and defining the gloomy peaks of the sierra against the star-spangled sky. By its light Don Baltasar rode swiftly along, until, arriving near the further end of the valley, he came in sight of an extensive edifice, beautifully situated on the platform of a low hill, and sheltered to the north and east by lofty mountains. The building was of grey stone, and formed three sides of a square; the side that was at right angles with the two others being considerably the longest, and the wings connected by a wall of solid masonry, in the centre of which was an arched portal. In front, and on one side of the convent, for such, as a single glance was sufficient to determine, was the purpose to which the roomy structure was appropriated, the ground was bare and open, until the platform began to sink towards the plain; and then the sunny southern slope had been turned to the best account. Luxuriant vineyards, a plantation of olive-trees, and a large and well-stocked orchard, covered it, whilst the level at its foot was laid out in pasture and corn-fields. The space between the back of the convent and the mountains was filled up by a thick wood, affording materials for the blazing fires which, in the winter months, the keen airs from the hills would render highly acceptable. The forest also extended round and close up to the walls of the right wing of the building. From the roof of the left wing rose a lofty open tower, where was seen hanging the ponderous mass of bronze by whose sonorous peal the pious inmates were summoned to their devotions.

Urging his horse up the steep and winding path that led to the front of the convent, Don Baltasar seized and pulled a chain that hung beside the gate. The clank of a bell immediately followed, and Baltasar, receding

a little from the door, looked up at the windows. No light was visible at any of them, and the most profound stillness reigned. After waiting for about a minute, the Carlist colonel again rang, and he was about to repeat the summons for a third time, when a faint gleam of light in the court warned him that some one was afoot. Presently a small wicket in the centre of the gate was opened, and the pinched and crabbéd features of the lay-sister who acted as portress showed themselves at the aperture. In a voice rendered unusually shrill and querulous by vexation at having her rest broken, she demanded who it was thus disturbing the slumbers of the sisterhood.

"I come," said Baltasar, "to speak with your lady abbess, Doña Carmen de Forcadell, upon matters of the utmost importance. Admit me instantly, for my business presses."

"The lady abbess," peevishly returned the portress, "cannot be disturbed before matins. If you choose to wait till then, I will tell her you are here, and she will perhaps see you."

"I must see her at once," replied Baltasar, waxing wroth at this delay, when every moment was of importance to his projects. "Tell her that Don Baltasar is here, and she will give orders to admit me."

Whilst he spoke, the lay sister raised her glimmering lantern to the wicket, in order to take a survey of this peremptory applicant for admission. The view thus obtained of his features apparently did not greatly impress her in his favour, or at any rate did not render her more disposed to open the solid barrier between them.

"Baltasar or Benito," cried she, "it is all one to Mariquita. You may wait till the matin bell rings. Fine times, indeed, when every thieving guerilla thinks he may find free quarters where he pleases! No, no, señor, stay where you are; the fresh air will cool your impatience. It will be daybreak in an hour, and that will be time enough for your errand, whatever it is."

It was with no small difficulty that Don Baltasar restrained his spleen during the old woman's harangue.

When it came to a close, however, and he saw that she persisted in leaving him on the outside of the gate till the usual hour for opening it, he lost all patience. Before the portress could shut the wicket, close to which she was standing, he thrust his hand and arm through it, and grasped her by her skinny throat. The lay sister set up a yell of alarm and pain.

"Jesus Maria! *Al socorro!* Help, help!" screamed she; the last words dying away in a gurgling sound, as Don Baltasar tightened his hold upon her windpipe.

"Silence, you old jade!" cried the fierce soldier in a suppressed tone, "you will alarm the whole convent. You have the keys in your hand—I heard them clank. Open the gate instantly, or by all the saints in heaven, I throttle you where you stand."

The increased pressure of his fingers warned the old woman that he would keep his word; and, yielding to so novel and convincing a mode of argument, she made use of the keys whose jingle she had imprudently allowed to be heard. Two heavy locks shot back, and a massive bar was withdrawn; and when, by pushing against it, Don Baltasar had convinced himself that the gate was open, he released the gullet of the trembling sister, and entered the paved court. In grievous trepidation the portress was retreating to her lodge, which stood just within the gate, when an upper window of the convent opened, and a female voice enquired, in commanding tones, the cause of the uproar. Don Baltasar seemed to recognise the voice, and he rode up beneath the window whence it proceeded.

"Carmen," said he, "is it you?"

"Who is that?" was the rejoinder, in accents which surprise or alarm rendered slightly tremulous.

"Baltasar," replied the officer. "I must see you instantly, on a matter of life or death."

There was a moment's pause. "Remain where you are," said the person at the window; "I will come down to you."

The portress, finding that the intruder was known to the lady abbess, for she it was whom Baltasar

had addressed as Carmen, now re-fastened the gate, and crept grumbling to her cell. Don Baltasar waited. Presently a door in the right wing of the convent was opened, a tall female form, clothed in flowing drapery, and carrying a taper in her hand, appeared at it and beckoned him to enter. Tying his horse to a ring in the wall, he obeyed the signal.

The room into which, after passing through a corridor, Colonel Villabuena was now introduced, was one of those appropriated to the reception of guests and visitors to the convent. The apartment was plainly furnished with a table and a few wooden chairs; and in a recess hung a large ebony crucifix, before which was placed a hassock, its cloth envelope worn threadbare by the knees of the devout. But if the room of itself offered little worthy of note, the case was far different with the person who now ushered Don Baltasar into it. This was a woman about forty years old, possessed of one of those marked and characteristic physiognomies which painters are fond of attributing to the inhabitants of southern Europe. Her age was scarcely to be read upon her face, whose slight furrows seemed traced by violent passions rather than by the hand of time: she had the remains of great beauty, although wanting in the intellectual; and the expression of her face, her compressed lips, and the fixed look of her eyes, went far to neutralize the charm which her regular features, and the classical oval of her physiognomy, would otherwise have possessed. The outline of her tall figure was veiled, but not concealed, by her monastic robe, from the loose sleeves of which protruded her long thin white hands. After closing the door, she seated herself beside a table, upon which she reposed her elbow, and motioned her visitor to a chair. A slight degree of agitation was perceptible in her manner, as she waited in silence for Don Baltasar to communicate the motive of his unseasonable arrival. This he speedily did.

"You must do me a service, Carmen," said he. "My cousin Rita is now within an hour's ride of this place. She comes hither expecting

to find her father. She must be detained captive."

"What!" exclaimed the abbess, "is your suit so hopeless as to render such hazardous measures advisable? What is to be gained by such an act of violence? Her father will inevitably seek and discover her, and disgrace and disappointment will be the sole result of your mad scheme."

"Her father," replied Baltasar gloomily, "will give us no trouble."

"How?—no trouble! If all be true that I have heard of Count Villabuena, and of his affection for his only surviving child, he is capable of devoting his life to the search for her."

"Count Villabuena," said Baltasar, "now stands before you. The father of Rita is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed the abbess with a start. "How and when did he die?"

"He was shot in a skirmish."

"In a skirmish!" repeated Doña Carmen. "He held no military command."

"I was escorting him with a few men to attend a junta. We were attacked by a superior force, from which we escaped, thanks to an intervening river. A few shots were exchanged, the Count thrust himself into the fire, and fell."

The abbess seemed to reflect a moment, and then fixed a keen and searching look upon the countenance of Baltasar.

"Was your loss in men severe?" said she abruptly.

"No—yes—" replied Baltasar, slightly confused. "I believe there were several wounded. Why do you ask?"

"And the Count's death gives you the Villabuena estates?"

"It does so," answered Baltasar.

The dark penetrating eyes of the abbess still remained fixed, with a peculiar expression of enquiry and suspicion, upon the countenance of Colonel Villabuena. He tried at first to sustain their gaze, but was unable to do so. He looked down, and a slight paleness came over his features.

"I have no time to answer questions," said he, with a rough brutality of manner which seemed assumed to veil embarrassment. "My plan is arranged, but promptness of execu-

tion is essential to its success. Rita must be detained here, where none will think of seeking her, till she becomes my wife. Your power in this place is unlimited, and your word law; you will have no difficulty in secluding her in some corner where none shall see her but those in whom you can fully confide. Make the necessary preparations. Each moment she may arrive."

Whilst Baltasar was speaking, Doña Carmen remained with her brow supported on her hand, silent and sunk in reflection. She now sprang impetuously from her chair.

"I will have naught to do with it," cried she; "you would entangle me in a labyrinth of crime, whence the only issue would be ignominy and punishment. You must find others to aid you in your machinations."

In his turn Baltasar rose from his seat, and, approaching the abbess, led her back to her chair.

"Carmen," said he, in a suppressed voice, and from between his set teeth, "is it to me that you say 'I will not?'" —"Carmen," he continued, speaking low, and with his face very near to hers, "there was a time when, for love of you and to do your bidding, I feared no punishment here or hereafter. Have you already forgotten it? 'I hate him,' were your words, as I sat at your feet in yon sunny Andalusian bower—'I hate him, and in proportion to my hatred should be my gratitude to him who rid me of his odious presence.' That night the *serenos* found the body of Don Fernando de Forcadell stiff and cold upon the steps of his villa. He had had a dispute at the *monté* table, and two men were sent to Ceuta on suspicion of the deed. Only two persons knew who had really done it. Ha! Carmen, only two persons!"

During this terrible recapitulation, the abbess sat motionless as a statue, for which indeed, in her white robe and with her marble pale complexion, she might almost have been taken. She covered her face with her hands, and her bosom heaved so violently, that the loose folds of drapery which shrouded it rose and fell like the waves of a troubled ocean. When Baltasar ceased speaking she removed her hands, and exhibited a counte-

nance livid as that of a corpse. Her almost preternatural paleness, the dark furrows under her eyes, and the tension of every feature, added ten years to her apparent age.

"Is that all?" she said, in a hollow voice, to her tormentor.

"And one of those persons," resumed the pitiless Baltasar, without replying to her question, "swore by earth and by heaven, and by the God who made them both, never to forget the service that I—that the other person, I would say—had rendered her, and to be ready to requite it whenever he should point out the way. Years have flown by since that day, and the feelings that united those two persons have long since changed; but a promise made as that one was—a promise sealed with blood—can never pass away till it has been redeemed. Carmen, I claim its fulfilment."

Baltasar paused. "Fiend!" exclaimed the abbess, "what would you of me?"

"I have already told you," said Villabuena. "It is no crime, nothing that need alarm your conscience, recently grown so tender; but a good deed, rather, since it will prevent the daughter of a noble house from throwing herself away on an adventurer and a rebel, and give her hand to him for whom her father destined it. She is as yet unaware of the Count's death. She will learn it here, and no place fitter. Your pious consolations will soothe her grief. I shall leave her in your guardianship, and, when the first violence of her sorrow is over, return, to find means of overcoming her puerile objections to my suit. But I am a fool," exclaimed he, interrupting himself, "to lose in idle talk time that is so precious! They must already be in sight of the convent. Lead me to a window whence we may observe their approach, and whilst watching for it we can make our final arrangements."

He took the hand of the abbess, and she led the way, mechanically, to the door of an inner room. Passing through two other apartments, they reached one at the extremity of the wing, from the window of which a view was obtained for a considerable distance down the valley. The prospect that presented it-

self to them on pausing before this window, was so enchantingly beautiful, that it seemed to produce an effect, and to exercise a softening influence, even upon the depraved and vicious nature of Don Baltasar. At any rate, a full minute elapsed during which he stood in silence and contemplation.

The view afforded by the valley in question, upon that pleasant May morning, was indeed of almost unparalleled loveliness. The sun, which had already risen behind the eastern hills, but not yet surmounted them, threw its first rays across their summits, and illuminated the opposite mountains, bathing their pinnacles in a golden glow, whilst their lower steepes remained in comparative darkness. In the depths of the valley the last shades of twilight still seemed to linger, and masses of thin grey vapour rolled in billows over the rich vegetation and vivid verdure of the fields. The most fantastic variety of form was exhibited by the surrounding mountain wall; here it rose in turrets and towers, there spread out into crags, then again fell in blank abrupt precipices, their edges fringed with shrubs, the recesses of their sides sheltering wild-flowers of the most varied hues, whose sprays and blossoms waved in the sweet breath of morning. Equally varied, and as delicately beautiful, were the ethereal tints of the mountain tops, to which the cloudless sky seemed to impart a tinge of its azure. On the edge of a ravine, midway up a mountain, were seen a few crumbling walls, and a fragment of a broken tower, sole remains of some ancient stronghold, which, centuries before, had frowned over the vale. The hut of a goat-herd or charcoal-burner, here and there dotted the hill-side; and at the southern limit of the valley, just before its change of direction took it out of sight of the convent, were visible the houses of a small hamlet, surrounded by plantations, and half buried amidst blossoms of the tenderest rose-colour and most dazzling white. Masses of beech and ilex clothed the lower slopes of the mountains, and from out of their dark setting of foliage the grey walls of the Dominican convent arose like a pale and shadowy spectre. The

fresh brightness of spring was the characteristic of the whole scene; the year seemed rejoicing in its youthful vigour, and to express its delight by millions of mute voices, which spoke out of each leaf and twig that danced in the breeze. Nor were other and audible voices wanting. The lark was singing in the sky, the grasshopper had begun its chirp, the rills and rivulets that splashed or trickled from the hills, gave out their indistinct murmur; whilst, heard far above these voices of nature, the toll of the matin bell resounded through the valley, calling the devoutly disposed to their morning thanksgiving.

The angelus had ceased to ring when Rita and her party came in sight of the Dominican convent, their horses and mules giving evidence, by their jaded appearance, of having been ridden far, and over rough and painful roads. The gipsy rode in front, vigilant and unfatigued—although he had now been in the saddle, with little intermission, for a whole day and night—and was followed by Rita, to whose delicate frame the long ride had been an exertion as unusual as it was trying. But a resolute spirit had compensated for physical weakness, and, uncomplaining, she had borne up against the hardships of the preceding ten hours. She was pale and harassed; her hair, uncured by the night fogs, hung in dank masses round her face, and her fragile form was unable to maintain its upright position. Micaela, the waiting-maid, yawned incessantly, and audibly groaned at each rough stumble or uncomfortable movement of her mule. Several times during the drowsy morning hours, she had nearly fallen from her saddle, and had to thank Paco, who had taken his station beside her, for saving her from more than one tumble. Paco, either out of respect to the presence of Rita, or concern for the Count's misfortune, rode along, contrary to his custom, in profound silence, and without indulging in any of those snatches of muleteers' songs with which it was his wont to beguile the tedium of a march.

Upon nearing the place where she expected to find her father, Rita's impatience to behold him, and to ascertain for herself the exact extent of

the injury he had received, increased to a feverish degree, and on reaching the convent gate, already open for her reception, she sprang from her mule without assistance. But she had over-rated her strength; her limbs, stiffened by the long ride and the cold night air, refused their service, and she would have fallen to the ground, had not Paco, who was already off his horse, given her the support of his arm. The portress and another old lay sister were the only persons visible in the court, and the last of these invited Rita to accompany her into the convent. Paco held out his horse's bridle and those of the mules to Jaime, intending to follow his young mistress, but the gipsy hesitated to take them, and the lay sister, perceiving Paco's intention, interposed to prevent its execution.

"You must remain here," said she; "I have no orders to admit men into the convent, nor can I, without express orders from the lady abbess."

Paco obeyed the injunction, and the three women disappeared through a door of the right wing of the building. They had been gone less than a minute, when the lay sister again came forth, and, approaching the gipsy, desired him to follow her. He did so, and Paco remained alone with the horses.

With eager step, and a heart palpitating with anxiety, Rita followed her guide into the convent, making, as she went, anxious enquiries concerning her father's health. To her first question the old woman replied by an inarticulate mumble; and upon its repetition, a brief "I do not know; the lady abbess will see you,"—checked any further attempt upon a person who either could not or would not give the much wished-for information. Passing through a corridor and up a staircase, the lay sister ushered Rita into an apartment of comfortable appearance.

"I will inform the abbess of your arrival," said she, as she went out and closed the door.

Five minutes elapsed, and Rita, to whom this delay was as inexplicable as her impatience to see her father was great, was about to leave the room and seek or enquire the way to his apartment, when the abbess made her appearance.

"Holy mother!" exclaimed Rita, advancing to meet her with clasped hands and tearful eyes, "is my father doing well? Conduct me to him, I beseech you."

Struck by the beauty of the fair creature who thus implored her, and touched, perhaps, by the painful anxiety expressed in her trembling voice, and pale and interesting countenance, Doña Carmen almost hesitated to communicate her fatal tidings.

"I have painful intelligence for you, Señora," said she. "The Count, your father"——

"He is wounded; I know it," interrupted Rita. "Is he worse? Oh, let me see him!—This instant see him!"

"It is impossible," said the abbess. "The bullet that struck him was too surely aimed. Your father is dead!"

For an instant Rita gazed at the speaker as though unable fully to comprehend the terrible announcement, and then, with one shriek of heartfelt agony, she sank senseless to the ground.

The shrill and thrilling scream uttered by the bereaved daughter, rang through the chambers and corridors of the convent, and reached the ears of Paco, who had remained in the court, waiting with some impatience for the return of the gipsy, and for intelligence concerning the health of the Count. Abandoning his horse, he rushed instinctively to the door by which Rita had entered the building. It was closed, but not fastened, and passing through it he found himself in a long corridor, traversed by two shorter ones, and at whose extremity, through a grated window, was visible the foliage of the forest surrounding that side of the convent. Not a living creature was to be seen; and Paco paused, uncertain in what direction

to proceed. He listened for a repetition of the cry, but none came. Suddenly a door, close to which he stood, was opened, and before he could turn his head to ascertain by whom, he was seized from behind, and thrown violently upon the paved floor of the corridor. The attack had been so vigorous and unexpected, that Paco had no time for resistance before he found himself stretched upon his back; but then he struggled furiously against his assailants, who were no others than Don Baltasar and the gipsy. So violent were his efforts, that he got the gipsy under him, and was on the point of regaining his feet, when Colonel Villabuena drew a pistol from the breast of his coat, and with its butt-end dealt him a severe blow on the head. The unlucky muleteer again fell stunned upon the ground. In another minute his hands were tightly bound, and Don Baltasar and his companion carried him swiftly down one of the transversal corridors. Descending a flight of stone steps, the two men with their burthen entered a range of subterranean cloisters, at whose extremity was a low and massive door, which Don Baltasar opened, and they entered a narrow cell, having a straw pallet and earthen water-jug for sole furniture. Close to the roof of this dismal dungeon was an aperture in the wall, through which a strong iron grating, and the rank grass that grew close up to it, allowed but a faint glimmer of daylight to enter. Placing their prisoner upon the straw bed, Don Baltasar and Jaime took away his sabre and the large knife habitually carried by Spaniards of his class. They then unbound his hands, and, carefully securing the door behind them, left him to the gloom and solitude of his dungeon.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT MUSIC.

WE mused on music some while ago; and as the subject still haunts us—very much after the manner of an obstinate ghost that refuses to be laid, even by the choicest Latin—we are strongly disposed to try the effect of giving it full swing for once; and in idle mood, too idle to oppose ourselves to its tyranny, letting it carry us whither it will, in the hope that, in return for our complacency, it may in future suffer us to conduct our meditations according to our own pleasure, and give that sad and serious thought, which their merits demand, to the gravities of this life—to corn-laws and *poor-laws*, (of all sorts!) and the Irish question, and the debates to which all these give occasion, in reading which we have already worn out we know not how many pairs of spectacles, and one pair of excellent eyes; and last, not least, to the marchings and counter-marchings of the House of Commons, in which we are deeply interested.

With such a course of study before us, we are disposed to make the most of our holiday; and should we chance to be a little too frisky, it must be borne in mind that retribution is at hand, and that we shall speedily become as solemn as e'er a fool in the land, as dull as an owl bathing its eyes in the morning sunshine, which—having overslept itself—it takes for the full moon; and dismal enough to satisfy the most ardent advocate of the religious duty of being miserable, —eschewing laughter as we would the tax-gatherer, and refreshing our oppressed spirits alone with serious jokes, and such merriment as may be presented to us under the sanction and recommendation of a college of disesteemed divines!

But our harp will be a mingled one, for so is our theme; having a sympathy alike for our mirthful and sorrowful moments, which it alike spiritualizes; striking the light, gleesome chord to the one, and attuning the soul to more ethereal joy; while by its soft influence it tones down the harshness of bitter, *unavailing* sorrow, and woos the heart, misanthropizing un-

der the pangs of grief or unrequited love—pent up in its own solitude, unpitied and uncared for—and filled with dark thoughts, and sad sounds, and tones of plaintive winds, sighing through the cypress and doleful yew with mournful melody around the resting-place of the loved and lost, to submissive lamentings, and slow stealing tears that assuage its aching anguish and tranquillize the spirit, leading it to the hope of a brighter future, in whose dawning beams it will, ere long, show like “the tender grass, clear-shining after rain”—more glistening and beautiful for the invigorating dews of the cloud which had overhung it, and beneath whose gloom its beauty faded away—for very trouble!

How often have we found that hard, *bitter* mood into which the mind, under the pressure of suffering which is irremediable, and which has to be borne alone, is so apt to decline—feeling the harder and the bitterer for the careless, galling gaiety of all around—softened, subdued, yea, utterly broken up by the sweet notes of “some old familiar strain,” that steal on the willing ear, freshening and exhilarating the spirit like a breeze morning in June, when it seems a sin to be wretched; the twittering birds on dancing boughs crying shame on us, for what is not only wrong, but, as we begin to feel, needless—not to say foolish; and we return from our stroll, wondering what in the world we have done with that load on our chest with which we began our walk—ending in a regular ramble—and which it then seemed incumbent on us, nay, a sacred duty, to pant under for the term of our natural lives; relieving ourselves by such sighs and groans as appeared to us the appropriate forms of expression for all human beings under the sun—made on purpose to be unhappy; we especially, fulfilling the end of our creation. And as we mark the change that has passed upon us—the bounding circulation in place of flagging energies—full, calm breathing, instead of the slow, short respiration of sadness

—with reverent heart we bless nature, and, may we say also, nature's great Architect, all-merciful, all-loving!

Such on us is frequently the effect of music; the heaviness of heart, caused by the weary rubs of this rough world, or the result of a temperament that has a constitutionally jarring string in it, is as it were *drawn out*, and sweetness and calm-breathing tranquillity infused in its stead; while our nerves become as the harmonious strings of a harp, that respond in sympathy with the master chords of one with which it is in unison, and whereon the fresh breeze of morning lightly plays, calling forth sounds of joy and gladness. Therefore do we *love* it, with a warmth of affection that may perchance appear extravagant to those whose robust, well-balanced minds, clothed with strong, healthy, unsusceptible bodies—people who are always in good spirits, unless there be a reason for the contrary—may render them independent of such external influences; for we must acknowledge, that we do at times express this our affection in somewhat unmeasured phrase, as one who stays not accurately to calculate, and weigh with cool precision, the virtues of a friend; thus laying ourselves open to the unmitigated condemnation of those who soar above, (or sink below!) such sympathies.

Be it so! We are not about to enter into any vindication of ourselves; we shall not even attempt to convince these dull souls, that it is possible for elevated feeling, and repose and tenderness of mind, to be indebted for their origin to such insignificant and material sources as catgut and brass wire—and that they are not therefore to be undervalued; though by way of illustration of the influence of matter over spirit, we would remind them of their own humane and charitable feelings *after* dinner, compared with the fierce, nay, atrocious sentiments, which their consciences convict them of having entertained, before the pangs of their raging hunger had been appeased by that inestimable mollifier of men's hearts and tempers. For the cause of their insensibility to such impressions—a natural incapacity for receiving them—it is vain to seek

a remedy, however willing we might be to apply one; but where cure is impracticable, palliatives are frequently admissible, and we would suggest that one may be found in this case, in the patients' treating the unhappy privation under which they labour with greater tenderness than has been their wont, throwing over it that veil of oblivion and charity with which they so gracefully conceal their other defects, instead of obtruding it on public observation, under the singular misconception of its being an admirable feature in their character, a something of which a man ought to be proud. Conduct like this, they may rest assured, will not fail of being appreciated and rewarded by the corresponding delicacy with which all, who are not utterly barbarous, invariably treat him who, by the deprecating humility with which he seeks to conceal his deficiencies, betrays his painful cognisance of their existence.

We are aware that this is a turning of the tables upon them which they may not be disposed to admire—to be placed at the bar, when they expected a seat on the Bench, and were just smoothing down their ermine, and adjusting their wigs, in order to enter on their duties with the greater impressiveness and dignity;—but they must believe us when we tell them, that we, too, have an opinion on this subject, to which we must be permitted to attribute as high authority as they possibly can to their own; and that, tried by this standard, they, being found wanting, would inevitably have been brought up for judgment, but for a merciful leaning, (sanctioned by legal precedent,) which prompts us rather to try the salutary effect of admonition and good counsel, than to proceed at once to inflict extreme penalties on the offenders—in short, that we are not in a hanging humour, or they should swing for it!

Grim, rough Luther, laying about him with his ponderous mace, and making giant Pope tremble in the deepest recesses of his stronghold, lest he should grow utterly savage with his perpetual warfare—albeit a "Holy war"—humanized and spiritualized himself with his lute—(who does not sympathize with his unfailing "Deus

noster refugium," that divine stay of his stout heart that trembled not at men or devils!) Ken, undaunted opponent of the tyranny of a king—neek sufferer for that monarch's lawful rights, rose at day-dawn, or so soon as the first brief slumber had recruited his exhausted frame, to give thanks unto the King of kings in strains that, handed down to us, yet thrill the heart by their fervent piety, and plain, vigorous verse, and animate it to a stricter, more manly rectitude. Herbert—saintliest of men and priests—after his sacred toils, refreshed his spirit with "divine music;" the more melodious to his ear, that his heart was teeming with the harmony of that "good-will towards man," which seeks and finds its due expression in active exertions on their behalf—disdaining not the lowliest occasion of serving with hearty zeal the lowliest of his neighbours. Rest assured, then, O reader! whosoever thou art, that it is not for *thee* to pretend to despise it!

Ponder the rather on the *power* of that art, that could soothe the perturbed soul of Israel's wrath-sent king—mad and moody—and even expel the evil spirit that goaded him; and on its *dignity*—for prophets of old, when the Divine inspiration came upon them, revealing to their purified eyes the "vision of the Almighty," uttered their "dark sayings upon the harp."

What a plague it sometimes is to be hag-ridden by a tune, racing through one's head, with a never-ending always - beginningness, as though a thousand imps were singing it in one's ears. Wherever you may be, whomsoever with, whatsoever doing, still ring on those incessant tones of perchance the merriest of all jigs, till—it is Sunday morning, and you are preparing for church—you leave your house with the entire and miserable conviction, that, seated in your pew in the very face of the congregation—genteel sinners in silks, and satins, and feathers—you will betray your long-concealed suffering by giving vent to that interminable "Hory O'More," the moment you open your lips for the emission of "All people that on earth do dwell;" so ensuring your rapid transfer to the

street, under the escort of the man with the parti-coloured coat and black wand, whose Sabbath duties of jerking the Sunday scholars, and rapping their heads with that authoritative cane, are unceremoniously interfered with on your behalf. Misery and disgrace stare you in the face, and all through an undue titillation of that part of your sensorium that takes cognisance of musical sounds; a titillation not to be subdued by endeavouring to direct your attention from it to the very gravest of all subjects; nor propitiated even by audibly chanting the offending strain, previously retiring into the furthest corner of your coal-cellar, to prevent your unwilling profanity from shocking the strictly conscientious ears of your household. This is bad—and yet it is but a mild form of this morbid affection, which, in its most intense degree, torments the sufferer from fever, (or one stunned by some sudden and violent grief,) when certain sounds, words, or tunes, accidentally determined, thrill through the head with the steadiness and vehement action of the piston of a steam-engine—beat, beat, beat!—every note seeming to fall on the excited brain like the blow of a hammer; while, as the fever and pain increase, the more rapidly and heavily do those torturing notes pursue their furious chase. We well remember, under an attack of disorder in the neighbourhood of the brain, causing severe suffering, lying—we know not how long, it might be a thousand years for any thing we knew—singing over and over again *in our mind*, for we were speechless with pain, the 148th psalm, which we had just chanced to hear sung, in Brady and Tate's version, to a new and somewhat peculiar tune. Oh, how those "dreadful whales" and "glittering scales" did quaver and quiver in our poor head! Lying like a log—for pain neither permitted us to stir nor groan—still rattled on, hard and quick, the rumbling bass and shrill tenor of that most inappropriately jubilant composition—"cherubim and seraphim," "fire, hail, and snow," succeeding each other with a railway velocity that there was no resisting; no sooner had we got to "stands ever fast," than round again we went to the

"boundless realms of joy," and so on, on, on, through each dreary minute of those dreary hours, an infinity, or perchance but twenty-four, according as time is computed by clocks or by agonised human beings. It made a capital Purgatory; one which we have even deemed every way adequate to those slight delinquencies of which we may have been guilty, and which are appointed, as it is understood, to be expiated in this way.

At times some simple air, or even a single chord of unusual, but apparently obvious harmony, will haunt us with a peculiar sweetness, producing a soothing, gentle sadness, as though we listened to distant bells, whose music is borne in surges on the breeze that sways the golden corn on a sunny Sabbath, when our pathway lies through the undulating fields, already "white unto the harvest;" where the pleasant rustling of the ripened grain, as it is stirred by the soft wind, is sweet and soothing; and the gay poppy, and other less obtrusive, though not less beautiful wild-flowers, bloom at our loitering feet. In the power of exciting such feeling, what can equal our old English ballads? There is an inexpressible charm in these, and we would almost give our fingers to be able to describe that indescribable *something*, which constitutes their peculiar fascination and power over the imagination. Most plain, most artless, does their composition appear; like the natural out-breathing of the heart in its sunny moments; and yet—as with all earthly brightness—with a trace of cloud on that sunshine. They are redolent of the "olden time;" and as they fall softly on the ear, the antique hall, with its groined roof, and mullioned window, glowing with rich heraldic devices, through which the many-tinted lights fall tenderly on arch and pillar, and elaborately fretted walls, studded with ancestral armour, rises up before us; and with the melting tones of the lute, mingles the low, clear voice of a gentle maiden, whose small foot and brocaded train are just seen from behind yonder deeply sculptured oaken screen. What innocence is in that voice! and how expressive are the chords that accompany it—less elaborate and fantastic,

perchance, than might win favour in our vitiated ears; but natural, harmonious, full, and in exquisite subordination to the air, which they fill up and enrich, instead of overpowering with misplaced beauty.

And now a movement of the singer reveals still more of the quaint, beautiful costume, with its heavy, yet graceful folds, while—aha! what else do we see?—a plumed hat thrown carelessly on the ground; the armed heel, glittering rapier, and slashed sleeve, just visible, betokening that its owner is not far off, and that the lady fair has not, as we had thought, been wasting her sweetness, either of voice or countenance, on that comfortable-looking pet dog or caged linnet. Sing on, pretty one! for well do gallant knights love to hear their stern deeds sung by innocent lips; and *right well*, to listen to the strain that tells how the heart of "lady-bright" is won by noble daring. But what means that sudden break in the song, and the confused sweep of the strings, as though the lute had slipped from its owner's grasp; while the masculine paraphernalia which we had just discovered disappears altogether behind that most impervious and curiosity-mocking screen? No great harm done, or that light laugh had not escaped the lips so suddenly silenced; and the offending cavalier is doubtless forgiven on the spot, as they amicably retreat to that deep oriel, framed apparently for the express purpose of excluding *intrusionists* like ourselves, who would fain follow, where, it is evident, we are marvellously little wanted! Well, well!—maidens will be maidens, we trow, and lovemaking in the olden time is, we suppose, after all, vastly like the same performance by more modern actors. Leave we them to their light-heartedness:—and yet we could linger long in this ancient chamber,

"With quaint oak-carving lined and ceiled,"
so calm, so cool, so repose-breathing,—the shrill twitter of the swallow the only sound now heard amid its silence; the fleecy clouds, throwing that rich interior into alternate light and shade, as they sail lazily along the deep blue sky—the only moving objects, save

the long wreaths of ivy, that, green as the tender buds of spring, tap lightly against the casement, as they are swayed by the impulses of the summer breeze. Beyond, is an old-fashioned garden—a *pleasance*, as it would be called—and truly is it one; with its trim walks, its terraces, and moss-grown urns, around which luxuriant creepers are entwined—its impervious hedges—its close-shorn lawn, decked with appropriate statues, and its yew-trees, clipped into fantastic shapes; while the ivy-covered walls that bound it, afford a shelter from the blasts that too often allay the sunshine of our northern climate, and render it a spot where 'tis sweet to saunter, in idle or quiet contemplative mood, at glowing sunset; or chaster beauty of summer evening, when the pure, cold moon mingles her passionless lustre with the gorgeous hues that still linger around the portals of the west—bright train of the departing monarch that has passed to the sway of a new hemisphere!

Here could we linger in genial meditation, while from the dark pannelled walls look down upon us lovely countenances of those who, centuries ago, have called this *home*—portraits whose calm, meek dignity so far transcends the more active style in which it too often pleases us moderns to glare from our gilt frames, “looking delightfully with all our might, and staring violently at nothing;” costume and truth being utterly outraged,—the *roturier's* wife mapped in the ermine of the duchess, and perchance dandling on her maternal lap what appears to be a dancing dog in its professional finery, but which, on closer inspection, turns out to be an imp of a child, made a fool of by its mother and milliner; and my lady—in inadequate garments, and a pair of wings, flourishing as some heathen divinity or abstract virtue! Look at those girlish features, just mantling into fairest womanhood, with their sweet serious look, exhibiting all the self-possession of simplicity; the drapery and other accessories natural, and in perfect keeping with the unpretending character of the whole; and then turn to some recent “portrait of a lady,” with what toleration you may. Contrast for one moment

that fine ancestral face, dignified and unmoved as the mighty ocean slumbering in his strength, with the eager visage of one of the latest “batch,” (cooked, without much regard to the materials, for some ministerial exigency,) who would appear to be standing in rampant defence of his own bran-new coronet, emulative of the well-gilt lion which supports that miracle of ingenuity rather than research, his brightly emblazoned coat-of-arms; whose infinitude of charges and quarterings do honour to the inventive genius of the Herald's Office, and are enough to make the Rouge Dragon of three centuries ago claw out the eyes of the modern functionary.

But, oh dear, dear! where are our ballads all this while? Drifted sadly to leeward, we fear, according to a bad habit of ours, of letting any breeze, from whatever point of the compass it may chance to blow, fill our sails, and float us away before it, utterly unmindful of our original purpose and destination. Thus have we, to the tune of an old Hall and its garniture, sailed away from that which we were aiming—trying to find out, and describe the peculiar fascination of our loved old ballads; flattering ourselves, perhaps, that we were escaping a difficulty which we feared to meet.

There is a quaint cheerfulness in them, toned down with a shade—the shadow of a shade—of the most touching melancholy, effected, we can scarcely tell how, by an exquisitely felicitous, though but slight introduction of the minor key, perchance but a single note or chord. But that suffices, and it is as a sudden vision of our home, far off among the mountains, or in the “happy valley” of our fathers, passing before us in the gay crowded city, bringing plaintive thoughts of remembered joys, and quietude, and childish innocence. Old ballads are like April skies, all smiles and tears, sunshine and swift-flitting clouds, that serve but to heighten the loveliness they concealed for a while. They are like,—nay, we despair; none but our own Shakspeare can express what we should vainly puzzle ourselves to describe, the essence of the “old and antique song.”

"Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their
thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age."

Ay! like gray eld fondling sunny
childhood, gazing on the wavy hair,
and pure brow, and calm yet kindling
eye, with a fond sad pleasure; for in
that young exulting spirit he sees the
sure inheritor of his own fading
honours, the usurper of his strength,
and influence, and worship, rapidly
passing away from his feeble grasp;
and as he gazes, though his lips pour
willing benedictions on the uncon-
scious supplanter, there lingers in his
heart the sorrowful, "He shall in-
crease, but I shall decrease."

Something akin in their sad sooth-
ing effect, are the *waits*, (dear reader,
you do not need to be told what
these are? Wordsworth has immor-
talized them;) simple, rude, and in-
harmonious as they would be in the
clear, truth-telling daylight, but
strange, witching, and half unearthly,
when heard between the pauses of
some fantastic dream in the deep
mid-night; when,

"All around,

The stars are watching with their thou-
sand eyes;"

those same stars that peered down
on this earth, in "earnest gaze," on
the first act of that most awful drama,
when, in "the winter wild, the hea-
ven-born child"—Him in whom all
nations of the world were blessed—
was placed in his rude cradle at
Bethlehem: in commemoration of
whose advent—and *this* is one secret
of their pathos, waking high thoughts
in the soul, too long brooding over
and degrading itself with the mean
cares and hopes of this life—the
humble musicians make night tuneful,
"scraping the chords with strenuous
hand."

A blessing on them as they go,
softening our hard, unloving hearts!
In our childhood it was one of our
most cherished pleasures to lie—half-
sleeping, half-waking—listening to
them, as the sounds, at times discord-
ant enough, though of that we reck-
ed not, rose and fell in pleasing
cadence, as the winter wind rose and

fell, wafting the notes that, faint and
fainter still, at last died away in the
distance.

We and our room-companion were
under a solemn engagement, each to
other, to waken the little sleepy thing
beside him, when the more watchful
became aware of the approach of the
itinerant minstrels; and woe to the
one who had forgotten this duty! It
would have required no little "music"
to soothe the "savage breast" of the
aggrieved one; for—as we are pathet-
ically reminded by the old song—
"Christmas comes but once a-year,"
and so often, but no more, did we
know that our chance of hearing this
seductive harmony occurred. Hence
our wrath, if through the neglect,
the "breach of promise" of another,
so solemnly pledged, we missed it.
And even now, dear as is the oblivion
of night and dreamless sleep to the
spirit, harassed and world-worn, that
in outgrowing its child-like feelings
and happiness, has, alas! also out-
grown what its increase of worldly
wisdom can hardly make amends for
—the child-like purity, and intense
enjoyment of simple pleasures, which
marked its earlier years—even now,
weary and dull-hearted as we are
become, we would not willingly lose
this delight of our happier days, al-
though it fall on the still darkness
like wail for a departed friend, un-
sealing the fount of mournful memo-
ries, whose bitter waters gush from
their stricken rock; sad as are its as-
sociations, they are of that sadness
whereby the "heart is made better."

What think ye of the drum as a
musical instrument? Is there not
something magnificent in it, albeit
suggestive of a distant wheelbarrow
on rough paving-stones, or heavily
laden cart in the distance? This lat-
ter, by the way,—we appeal with
confidence to any musical soul present
for confirmation of our assertion—
being decidedly its equal, in effect,
any day; as in our *happy* infancy we
found out to our sorrow, from being
frequently deceived by its dull boom-
ing, which our vivid imagination at
once pronounced to be its parchment
representative; as we writhed and
wriggled with agony on our unhon-
oured bench (selected, and adhered
to, for constancy was our *forte*, chiefly

on account of its being out of the reach of the cane, and commanding a good view of the street) in a perfect fever, poor little soul, to squirl away books and slates, and scamper after the soldiers. Scarlet has been said to be like the sound of a trumpet; surely then a drum must be taken as the exponent of that ferocious mixture yeapt thunder and lightning, erst dear to country bumpkins, and rendered classical by Master Moses Primrose's coat. It can scarcely be described as *music*, but rather as sound with an idea in it—the connecting link between mere noise and musical expression. Kettle-drums,

“ Whose sullen dub,
Is like the hooping of a tub,”

we hate; and never see them in a concert-room without heartily wishing they and their tattooer might tumble, helter-skelter, from their topmost perch into the very lowest depth, if there be one lower than another, of the orchestra; and thereby sustain such a compound fracture, attended by loss of substance, as should put it out of their power, for that night at least, to torture our fastidious ears. Being of a melancholy temperament, we are unfortunately, at times, subject to most ludicrous fancies; and as these ungainly instruments loom on our disgusted eye, we cannot, for the life of us, help imagining them moulds for a couple of enormous gooseberry puddings; and we verily pant at the idea of the sea of melted butter, or yellow cream, requisite to mollify their acidity—and then we laugh like a hyena at the nightmareish vision, and so are disgraced, for it is at a “serious opera:” therefore, we repeat it, do we hate them, cordially and perseveringly. They are horrid things, and ought to be excommunicated. And when employed in military bands—why, a horse looks a complete fool between a couple of these gigantic basins, each with its long tag-rag of unmeaning velvet, beplastered and bedizened with lace and gold, streaming from it; and the unlucky performer perched between them, exactly like an old market-woman, bolstered up between a brace of paniers or milk-pails;—any thing but a fierce dragoon, or most chivalrous hussar. But peace be to the kettle-drums,

—ay, *peace be to them*, say we! and may our ears never again be subjected to the torture of hearing Handel's massive chorus, or Beethoven's fearfully dramatic harmony, disfigured by their most abominable bangs, or villanous rumble-grumble.

Now all this is rank nonsense—we are fully aware of it; and it is a most foolish, unjust prejudice of ours against drums—kettle or otherwise, as it may please Apollo—which are most respectable members of musical society, and good—very good—in their way; were it only as a foil to the enchanting, inspiring, maddening strains of the horn, the shrill pipe, the regal trumpet, and the various other instruments of our military music, of which we are more passionate admirers, almost ready to follow the drum ourselves. Oh, the supreme delight of having one's arms and legs shot off to such soul-elevating sounds, to the tune of Rule Britannia, and somebody or other's march! “Britons strike home” thrills through the air, and you scarcely feel that you are spitted by a Polish lancer; a flourish of trumpets, and enter a troop of horse, that trot briskly over you as you lie smashed by a round-shot, but heedless of the exhibition of their unceremonious heels to your injuries, for are you not sustained by that “point of war”—mercilessly beaten at your elbow, without the slightest regard to the effect it may have on your cracked head, for which you are indebted to the last trooper who spurred his charger over you: who would care for his vulgar limbs under such excitement? But if this part of our military economy be intended to inspire cowards with courage, and string them up to a disregard of all the chances of warfare, in the way of bullet and sabre, why—*why* is not so valuable an idea carried out to the full extent of its requirement, and a military band instituted for the comfort and encouragement of the patients (every whit as nervous as if they were under arms) of Guy's Hospital? Why should not the case of poor bedfast wretches in cap and gown, and pale faces, meet with as much consideration as that of your clodpole in scarlet and an ‘Albert hat?’ (Heaven forgive the prince for making such simpletons of our handsome Englishmen!) Look

to it, ye governors of such institutions, and look to it, ye charitable and humane, who empty your purses into the blandly presented plate to buy shoes and stockings for the kangaroos. Consider the case of your afflicted countrymen, and relieve the plethora of your coffers by providing them music, every way equal to that enjoyed by troops going into action; music so entrancing that an arm or leg whipped off shall, under its influence, be no object to them; and let them drink down their odious physic to such masterly compositions of the first artists as shall sweeten the bitterest potion, and elicit a chorus of blessings on the taste and liberality of their munificent benefactors. But we fear that our pleading will be vain—Englishmen, poor, sick, and suffering, are intolerably uninteresting; not to be named on the same day with the happy possessors of woolly locks, flat noses, and copper-coloured skins; these being personal qualifications calculated to excite the intense sympathies of the many whose charity neither begins nor ends “at home.” Yet, in the spirit of the little girl, who, on the denial of her request that she might be married, substituted the more modest one of a piece of bread and butter; if unsuccessful in this particular, we will be content to lower our tone, and, in place of the luxury we have recommended, simply require all whom it may concern to give the poor—their own!—honest wages for their honest labour.

We may perhaps be accused of having a Turkish taste in music (after the pattern of that Sultan’s, who was chiefly fascinated with the jarring process of tuning the instruments, a thing abhorred by “gods and men”) if we venture to own the strange, thrilling effect once produced on us by the discordant, yet withal imposing clangour of some half dozen regimental bands (all of them, mark you, playing different tunes!) which struck up simultaneously as my Lord —, the then commander-in-chief, (whose spirit has since mingled with the shades of the heroes who had preceded him, not to the hall of Odin, but we trust to a more Christian place,) made his appearance, with his brilliant staff, on — Moor; whither he came down ostensibly for the purpose of review-

ing the troops—really, to marry his nephew and heir to the grand-daughter of a manufacturing millionaire. (Commercial gold, or heraldic *or*, is a good modern “tricking;” though we query whether our ancestors would have countenanced such bad heraldry, or been content with such abatements of honour on their old shields!)

The wild sounds streamed on the crisp morning air—’twas one of those September days whose mature beauty rivals the budding grace of spring—with a strange wayward beauty, a barbaric grandeur, that carried away both our heart and ears; and we enjoyed it to the full as much as did the steed of a military lady present, that verily danced with the tingling delight. We had a fellow feeling with the brute, and could ourselves, grave and sensible as we are, have pranced about in an ecstasy of admiration, which was by no means allayed when the deep-toned sullen music—for such it is to us—of the artillery uttered its majestic bass to the sharp ringing fire of musketry. While, as wreath after wreath of the light morning mist floated away before the breeze, the glittering files and compact bristling squares, the centaur-like cavalry, and stealthy riflemen gliding along the windings of the copse, became apparent, stretching far into the distance; now hidden for a moment by the rolling vapour from a discharge of fire-arms, then, as it curled above them, dimming the clear sky, glancing bright in the sun, which blithely kissed sabre and epaulet, and dancing plume, and the knightly-looking pennoned weapon of the picturesque lancer. Truly the scene was beautiful, and one to breathe a warlike spirit into the most unexcitable. And we gazed in a paroxysm of admiration at the exquisite evolutions and fierce charges that seemed as though they must bear all before them, till this perfection of discipline came to an end, and the long files of troops had taken their slow dusty departure; when, hot and fagged, and with bright colours still dancing before our eyes, we returned to our home. There, as each “pleasure has its pain,” we found that one was superinduced on ours, in the shape of a robbery of our plate committed while we were staring ourselves out of

countenance at the gay spectacle; our faithless domestics having taken that opportunity of indulging their own taste for the "sublime and beautiful." 'Tis to be hoped they got enough of the "beautiful" at the show, as we indulged them with a touch of the "sublime" (which has one of its sources in *terror*) when we discovered our loss. But we enjoyed the review thoroughly for all that, and are ready for another to-morrow, first taking the precaution to "lock up all our treasure," warned by a catastrophe which nearly reduced us to wooden spoons and hay-makers.

Military music! But to feel its power fully, let it be heard when the exulting strains that are wont to fill the air with exuberant harmony are saddened into the sweet, mournful, heart-breaking notes that steal on the ear at a soldier's funeral, and the gaudy splendour of military array has passed into the drear pomp of that most touching, most monitory sight. Faint mournful bugle-notes are wafted fitfully on the wind, plumes and glittering weapons glance and disappear as the procession advances, now hidden by the hedge-rows, now flashing on the sight, in the autumnal sun, as it winds slowly along the devious road; louder and louder swell those short abrupt trumpet-notes as it draws near, till the whole sad array, in its affecting beauty, is presented to the eye. The *life in death* that pervades the melancholy ceremonial!—"Our brother is not dead, but sleepeth," seems written on the impressive pageant; and we almost expect, while we gaze, to see the deep slumber chased from the closed eyelids, and the recumbent form start up again to claim the warlike weapons with which it was wont to be girt, and that now lie as if awaiting their master's grasp, in unavailing display on the funereal pall. But a mightier than he has for ever wrenched them from his hold, and vain the sword, the helm, the spear, in that unequal conflict. The last contest is over, and "he is in peace."

"Prother, wrapp'd in quiet sleep,
Thou hast ceased to watch and weep;
Wipe the toil-drops from thy brow,
War and strife are over now;
Bow the head, and bend the knee,
For the crown of victory."

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But suppose not pathos confined to the "bugle's wailing sound," and the sad subdued bursts of well-modulated military music—to the long files of slow-pacing troops with reversed arms, and the riderless steed, vainly caparisoned for the battle, that proclaim the obsequies of a chief. We are not ashamed to confess that the tear has been wrung from our eye by the plaintive notes of the few rude instruments that alone lament over the poor private's simple bier—the inharmonious fife, and the measured beats of the muffled drum; while the dull tramp of the appointed mourners following a comrade to his obscure resting-place falls chilly on the heart. Though even he, lowly in death as in life, shares with his leader in the brief wild honours of a soldier's grave—the sharp volleys of musketry pealing over his narrow home; a strange farewell to its passionless inhabitant, on whom the sanctity of the tomb has already passed; the unholy sound falls voiceless on his dull ear, fast closed until

"The last loud trumpet-notes on high
Peal through the echoing sky,
And cleave the quivering ground"—

breaking, with dreadful summons, "the eternal calm wherewith the grave is bound."

"Facilis descensus!" We cannot say that we admire the burdy-gurdy, that synthesis of a grindstone and a Jew's-harp, yea, of all that is detestable, musically speaking, which must have owed its origin to a desire on the part of Jupiter *Musicus*, in a bad temper, to invent a suitable purgatory for expiating the sins of delinquent musicians; affording, on this supposition, an exquisite illustration of the perfect adaptation of means to an end—one well worthy the attention of all future writers on that subject. Independently of the nuisance of its inexpressibly harsh-jingling tones, (as, if you were being hissed by a quantity of rusty iron wire,) it always gives us the fidget to hear it for the sake of poor Abel, (surely its only admirer,) grinding away for dear life, to the extreme exacerbation of the bears growling beneath, under the combined irritation of no supper and his abominable tinkling. How they must have longed to

gobble him up, were it only for the sake of popping an extinguisher on the "zit zan zounds" overhead! It was the reverse of the old tale, "no song no supper;" for they got the song, instead of a supper on the nice plump artist, which they would have liked much better. We wish he had stuck to his text, and persisted in his refusal to play; for then the fate that awaited him would but have been poetical justice for his utter and criminal want of taste—an adequate retribution on a wretch patronising an instrument whose demerits transcend every adjective that occurs to us at this present moment.

But as we cannot, even in the wildest freaks of our imagination, conceive of any one really liking the hurdy-gurdy—nay, we are prepared to demonstrate much affection absolutely impossible—we incline to think there must have been some corruption of this tradition in the course of its being handed down to us, so far at least as concerns the name of the instrument played at such a price; and on the antiquarian principle that consonants are changeable at pleasure, and vowels go for nothing, we take leave for hurdy-gurdy (what a vulgar sound it has!) to read flute, violin, lute, or, in short, any other presentable musical instrument that may chance to find the greatest favour in our eyes. A change which has the twofold merit of saying Abel's character for taste, and preserving so excellent a story from carrying a lie on the face of it; and for this service of ours, we desire alike the thanks of musicians and moralists, to whom we most respectfully present our improved version, as suitable for circulation by the most fastidious artist, or rigid precisian.

Mercy on us! What a rattling and clattering of doors and windows! The windows will certainly be blown in at last, for they strain and creak like a ship at sea; and how the wind roars and bellows in the chimney, as if Æolus and all his noisy crew were met on a tipsy revel! There—that last gust shook the house! It is to be hoped the chimneys stand with their feather-edge to it, or we shall have a stack or two about our ears in a trice. We wonder whether the cellars would be the safest place, or, indeed, whether there is a safe place

about the house at all! We have often heard of the music of the wind, but never felt less disposed to admire it in our life—for the gale has been howling in our ears all day; and this last hour or two, there has been, as the sailors say, a fresh hand at the bellows; so that we are in no humour to sentimentalize on what is, within a few yards of us, curling the dark waves, that, since the day in which their fluctuation was first decreed, have swallowed up so much of what is goodly and beloved of this earth, and that now roar as if for their prey! of which may the great God that ruleth over the sea, as well as the dry land, disappoint their ravening jaws! We shrink and are half appalled at their clamour, while we are on the point of uttering a hasty vow never again to locate ourselves at the seaside, though it were prescribed by fifty physicians; or, at all events, not so very near that dun mass of troubled waters, blending on the horizon in strange confusion with the lowering, tempestuous sky. Who could believe, as he views them in their milder mood, as we did yesterday—lying placid as a clear lake among the mountains, wherein the bright face of heaven is mirrored, reflecting each light cloud that floats in the deep azure, or the many-tinted hues of evening—that anon, lashed into foaming wrath, they should devour "rich fruit of earth, and human kind," the gold, and the gems, and the priceless treasures wrung from both hemispheres; and the young, the brave, the loved—the bright locks, and the manly beauty, and the hoary head; crushing their diverse hopes into one watery ruin, surging a wild tumultuous dirge over their one fathomless tomb! And then, sated with destruction, smile and glisten beneath the morning sunbeams with all the sportiveness of childlike innocence.

No, no—speak not to us of the "music of the wind." For to us, in our gloomy moods, it breathes but of desolation, sorrow, and suffering; while, as the blast rises higher, its sentimental mournfulness is mingled with painful thoughts, which press on our spirit, of the peril in which it places so many of our fellow-creatures; and, "God help the poor souls at sea!" rises ear-

nestly in our heart, and even unconsciously passes the barrier of our lips, as we retire, utterly unsympathizing with the selfish enjoyment of those who delight to wrap up themselves, warm and cozy, in their curtained and downy repose, lulled to deeper slumber by the blustering cold in which others are shivering, or, haply, contending with the winds and waves so soon to overwhelm them. And in our more ordinary everyday humour—if it chance to rise above what in our humble opinion ought to be its maximum, a gentle refreshing breeze, just enough to waft sweet woodland sounds, or ripple the quiet stream—why, it discomposes and discomforts us, whistling, howling, and rattling among slates and chimney-tops, and making whirligigs of the dust, in the town; and in the country, *soughing* among the boughs, as though the trees had got some horrible secret which they were whispering to each other, while their long arms lash each other as if for a wager; the whole exciting in us a most uneasy and undefinable sensation, as though we had done something wrong, and were every minute expecting to be found out! A sensation which might fairly be deemed punishment sufficient for all the minor offences of this offensive world, and which we most decidedly object to having inflicted on us for nothing.

“The music of the wind!” Why, what can be more detestable than the wind whistling through a key-hole? or singing its shrill melancholy song among the straining cordage of the storm-threatened ship? Then, uninteresting accidents happen during squally weather: hats are blown off; coat-tails, and eke the flowing garments of the gentler sex, flap, as if waging war with their distressed wearers; grave dignified persons are compelled to scud along before the gale, shorn of all the impressiveness of their wonted solemn gait, holding, perchance, their shovel-hat firmly on with both hands; and finally, there is neither pathos nor glory in having your head broken by a chimney-pot, or volant weathercock. No, the wide sea is an emblem of all that is deceitful and false, smiling most blandly when preparing to devour you; and the wind is only one shade more respectable—nay, perchance the

worse of the two; for the waters, in the self-justifying, neighbour-condemning spirit, apparently inherent in human nature—and for which Father Adam be thanked—may very possibly lay the blame of their fickleness upon it, and bring a host of witnesses into court to testify to their general good behaviour—their calmness, and amenity, and inoffensiveness, till exposed to the evil influence of Æolus's unruly troop—the most wholesale agitators going, and never so happy as when raising a riot.

N.B.—The whole tribe of zephyrs, gentle airs, and evening and morning breezes, will please to consider themselves as *not* included under the term *wind*; to which alone, in its commonplace hectoring style, this tirade is meant to apply.

(We hate any thing important being popped within a parenthesis, but as the literary sin pinches us less than the immorality, we must here state what truth requires us to say—that the above, being written during a fit of the spleen, induced by the hubbub of winds and waters adverted to, must be received by the candid reader with considerable allowance.)

So much for the wind, which has blown *music* completely out of our head for a while. What a pity we did not bethink us of placing our Æolian harp in the window, before it had sunk into those short angry gusts which are now alone heard—the mere dregs of the gale; and so have drawn our inspiration from that which puffed it out! But, somehow or other, our bright thoughts generally present themselves too late to be of any use; and this is one in that predicament!

Some people profess to be never tired of music, but to enjoy it *à l'outrance*, at all times and in all places. With such, we must own, we have no sympathy. With all our *love*—not mere liking—for the art, we still hold that it is indebted for its charm to the categories of time and place, at least as much as its neighbours; for (but this confession should be made in the smallest, most modest-looking type in the world) there are both times and places when we hate it cordially, and fervently wish that neither harmony, nor its ancestor, melody, had ever been invented. In

some such mood as made the very heavens themselves odious and pestilential to Hamlet, does music appear to us as unlike itself, as they really were to his crazed imagination of them; and we look forward with malicious pleasure to the time when, if Dryden is to be believed—but your poets are not always prophets—"music shall untune the sky," as a period when all the miseries it has inflicted on us shall be amply revenged by its perpetrating, or assisting at, this gigantic mischief. 'Tis then that your first-fiddle is but impertinent cat-gut—your fluent organ a vile box of whistles, fit representative of its *Tube*-al inventor—and the sweetest pipe ever resonant with the clear, music-breathing air of Italy, or bravely struggling against the damper atmosphere of our humid isle, sounds harsh and shrilly in our ears, instead of soothing our "savage breast," which seems to marshal all its powers the more emphatically to give the poet the lie. This—now that we are in the confessional—we are free to own—yea, it is incumbent on us to do ourselves this justice—is only when we are in one of our unamiable moods, luckily about as rare as snow at mid-summer, but correspondingly chilling and shocking to the genial ones around us,—ourselves usually most so, like quiet sunshine in November. We are, by nature, the meekest of individuals—a "falcon-hearted dove," or any thing else, pretty and poetical, that might give the idea of our possessing a brave heart under a most gentle exterior; but when roused, then indeed are we a very dragon; or rather, to keep up our former simile, (which we think a taking one, though, alas! it is not our own,) and delineate, by one expressive phrase, a mouldering rage kept in check by the constitutional cowardice on which it is superinduced—then are we a pigeon-hearted hawk, wanting only the courage to be desperately cross! (An impertinent friend, who has been looking over our shoulder, suggests that ourselves, under the two above-named phrases, would be better adumbrated by the figure of a dish of skimmed milk, and that same milk curdled! A plague on friends, say we! the most impertinent impertinencies that fall to our lot in this

cross-cornered world are sure to emanate from them.)

Another of our sins which—to make "a clean breast"—we must confess, is that of fickleness in our loves; an occasional flirting with other arts and sciences, in their turn—for we protest against the profligacy of making love to more than one at once! We string together fearful and unreadable lengths of iambics, and dactyles, and trochaics, and write sonnets to the bright queen of night, beginning "O thou!" and stick fast in the middle of sorely-laboured and at length baffling extempores to this, that, and t'other; and, wickeder still, then we din them into the ears of a wretched friend, who having once, in the extremity of his courtesy, unhappily proved himself a good listener, is, for his sins, fated to continue so to the end of the chapter—*i.e.*, our interminable rhymes; till, tired of exchanging our bad prose for worse poetry, (and having the fear of his maledictions before our eyes,) we throw it aside in a pet. Then comes a change over our spirit; and we dabble in paint-pots, and flourish a palette, and are great on canvases, and in chalks, and there is a mingled perfume of oil and turpentine in our *studio* (whilome study) that is to us highly refreshing, and good against fainting; and we make tours in search of the picturesque, climbing over stone walls, and what not, to gain some hill-top whence we may see the sun set or the moon rise, haply getting soused in a peat-drain for our pains—and we pencil sketches from nature, really very like; and the blue mountains, the solemn sunsets, and purple shadows among the woods, or falling on the tawny sands, girdling the sea, whose blue-gray melts into the horizon, throw us into quick ecstasies of delight that almost paralyse the adventurous hand as it seeks, often vainly, to transfer the quick-changing loveliness to the enduring canvass. And then we fling away our pencils in despair, and worship, with all the devotion of which ignorance is the mother, (for we never handled the chisel,) the serene beauty of sculpture; most passionless, most intellectual art, breathing the repose of divinity, the grand inaction of the All-powerful; shadowing forth in this

its perfection, sublime truth, with its faint, troubled, yet still sublime reflection, error;—the “without passions” of Divine revelation, and its perversion, its undue development, the unconsciousness, issuing in the final perfection of annihilation, of Braminical deity. So are the extremes of truth and error linked—the error depending for its existence on its antagonist truth. Painting is objective, sculpture subjective, throwing the mind more upon itself, to seek there the hidden forms of grace and beauty yet unmanifested by pencil or chisel. The one appeals more to the senses, the other to the imagination and the mind; exciting ideas rather than presenting them. Painting, sublimate it as you will, is still of the earth; albeit a purer one than this desolated habitation in which the sons of Adam mourn their exile—even the unviolated Eden; of which it is one of the fairest, tenderest emanations, reaching forward to the angelic, yet still a child of earth with mortality on its brow. Sculpture is of the gods, with its Titanic majesty, and calm, celestial grace.

But next succeeds one of our hard, stern, misanthropical fits, in which verjuice and aloes might be taken as the type of our condition, and we propound strange heresies concerning the affections, social and domestic; the leading one being that they are greater inlets to misery than happiness, and that mankind would have been less wretched had they grown up, like blades of grass, alone and separate; a cheerless doctrine, but one which misanthropical logic legitimately deduces from the more comprehensive one, that in this world evil is more potential than good—more active and influential in its own nature. And we bitterly call to mind all the treachery with which our trustfulness has been met—our leaning on that broken reed, friendship—the placing our whole hope and stay on some loved one who has failed us in our extremity;—we call up (and how they throng at that call!) these gloomy recollections, clad in all the terrors of the dark and indistinct past, to build ourselves up in our gloomy creed. And in our utter weariness of soul, the thought of an uninterrupted sentient existence is oppressive: and we passionately wish

that the rest of the grave might not be vouchsafed to our body alone, but that our spirit also might sleep a deep, tranquil sleep, until the great day of awakening. 'Tis a dreary mood—like clouded moonlight on troubled, turbid waters! And we could roast Love with his own torch—and we see every thing through crape spectacles, and have no charity for the softer, more refined emotions and contemplations; so we plunge our head and ears into a chaos of most musty, dusty metaphysics; and by the time we are nearly choked with them, and have reasoned ourselves, first, out of all intercourse with an external world, secondly, out of its existence, thirdly, out of our own, we are right glad to be brought back to our senses, and our old love, whom we embrace with all the ardour of reconciliation after a lover's quarrel, and willingly yield ourselves to the humanizing effect of music—grave or gay, as our mood may dictate, either perfect after its kind.

Reader, should you haply be of the extreme North, has it ever chanced to you to be present at our glorious English cathedral service? If not, congratulate yourself on this enjoyment in reserve for you; and when you next visit our end of the little island, pass not, we beseech you, those Gothic towers, massive and rich, or taper spires rising majestically above the cloistered arches, buttresses, and pinnacles, of these monuments of the piety, consummate skill, and humility of our ancestors; for no modern black board, with gilt letters, proclaims the name of their founders, who have sought a simple, perchance a nameless, tomb within the sacred walls they have reared. Pass within that lofty doorway; and the silence, the stillness, the vastness within, awe the heart! From the care and turmoil without, one step has placed us lonely as in a desert;—from the surges of life to the presence of the dead, who sleep around as if under the more immediate keeping of the Mighty One in His holy temple! And if, entering, a solitary memorial of the more clouded faith which they inherited from their fathers—the jewel, dimmed by its frail setting—should meet the eye, start not, with the pride of knowledge, from the meek petition,

"Ora pro me," enscribed beneath that mitred effigy, worn by the thoughtless feet of the generations passed away; but believe, and fear not to do so, that "it is accepted according to that a man hath," and that the sincere devotion of the heart, even when erroneously expressed, through *involuntary* ignorance, shall not be rejected by that just Being who seeks not to reap where He hath not sowed; but that it may come up as holy incense before Him, when our cold, unloving, orthodox prayers, backed by our heathenish lives, and meaner offerings on the altar of our God, shall return, blighted and blighting, into our own bosoms. Or should you be too petrified with pious horror at this—Popery, as with your longest, dismalest face, you will style it—to think with any charity of those who dwelt but in the twilight of your open day—the very verger, sleek, round, and smiling, as he stands by you in his sake-ropes, shall, in his honest zeal, supply an antidote for the evil, moralizing on the vanity of such supplications, and winding up his simple homily with the significant—"Where the tree falleth, there it shall lie!" Think on that, rigid critic, and take heed how *you* fall!—nor, if you have the capacity for finding "good in every thing," will you disdain to learn the lesson of instruction, which your own heart had failed to supply, from so lowly a source.

But you still curl your sanctimonious lip, and shrug your pious shoulders, in intimation of your knowing vastly better than your poor, ignorant forefathers! Ah, well—then *live* better; that is all we have got to say to you!

Our very parish churches are now emulating the impressive ceremonial and exquisite musical service of the cathedral. Enter, then, with us one that has seemed, in some degree, to revive the glory of the olden time, when men, as they received, gave lavishly for the service of the altar; nor meted out their offerings with the niggard hand that is moved by the heart of this generation; unmoved, unwarmed, but boastful of its *light*—the light of a moonbeam playing on an iceberg! There is the long sweep of the nave, with the open chancel (not separated from the former by the

richly carved and fretted screen, which, however beautiful in itself, mars the grand effect of the whole) leading to the altar—we are old-fashioned people, and fear not to offend by this old-fashioned term—whose sacred garniture glows beneath the many tints of the fine eastern window, with its monograms and emblems, and flowing-robed apostles, through which the mellowed summer sun shines obliquely, throwing strange, grotesque, many-coloured shadows on the walls and pavement; while on either side tall lancet-shaped windows, thickly covered with heraldic devices, bear modest record to the willing service of those whose munificence has reared the pile, and give increased light and richness to the scene. The great western window, also covered with armorial bearings, throws a dim, yet kindling, tint on the stone font aptly placed beneath it, as figurative of its character—initial to that further sacrament, meetly celebrated where the star of Him who first blessed it proclaimed His advent to the expectant world. While throughout the holy building, high-springing arch, and sombre aisle, and vaulted ceiling, and curiously-wrought oaken roof, all combine to impress the mind with awe and admiration, with thoughts of the past and hopes for the future.

But this is not all: these are but the glories of art, worthily employed, indeed, in the service of the temple; 'tis but the body without the life, the soul that animates it. Return at the decline of day, when "man, who goeth forth unto his labour, even unto the evening," has received a respite from his ordained toil, and seeks to refresh and elevate his spirit, wearied and worn down with the low, inevitable cares of the day, with the mingled prayer and chant, "rising and falling as on angels' wings," that duly, at each appointed eve, swell through the consecrated structure, filling its concave with solemn melody. The last flush of evening has died in the west, and the scattered worshippers are indistinctly seen by the dim lights, which, bringing out into strong relief the parts immediately adjacent to the massive yet graceful pillars to which they are attached, throw the rest of the interior into deeper gloom, brought into sharp contrast with the illuminated portions,

by intersecting arch, clustered shaft, and all the endless intricacies of Gothic architecture; exuberant with profusely decorated spandrels, sculptured bosses, light flying buttresses, and delicate fan-like tracery. How beautiful and hushed is all around! Now the stillness is broken by approaching footsteps, and the white-robed train of priests and choristers is seen advancing along the aisle, the organ uttering its impressive modulations to soothe the heart, and still its tumult of worldly care and feelings, that these may not, "like birds of evil wing," mar the sacrifice about to be offered on its unworthy altar. And then, amid the succeeding silence, fall on the ear—ay, on the very soul!—the words of Holy Writ, deprecating the wrath of an offended Creator, announcing pardon to the repentant, and cleansing from the pollution of guilt to the heart, vexed with the defilement of this evil world, and yearning after the purity of that higher existence for which, erst designed, the inherited frailty of its nature, and the threefold temptations that unweariedly beset it, have rendered it unfit and unworthy.

How clear, simple, yet most thrilling, is the enunciation of those words! and mark the superb harmony with which, proceeding in the sacred service, the single plaintively modulated voice of the officiating minister is answered by the choral supplications of the assembled worshippers—swelling out in joyous exulting tones, and dying away in sorrowful minor cadence, as though the shadow of sin and suffering fell on those pathways to the highest heaven, clouding the radiance unmeet for mortal eye! And if rude tremulous notes, from some of the lowly ones who, still habited in their garb of daily toil, kneel by our side—for, in that house, distinctions are there none—mingle with the harmony, they mingle not harshly, for there is melody in the heart, and it is the voice of a brother; not the less "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," that the blessings of this life have been more sparingly bestowed on him—perchance to crown him more abundantly with

glory and honour in that which is to come. Succeeding each other, the antiphonal chant—venerable with the port of near eighteen centuries; yea, with the hoar of Jewish, as well as Christian antiquity—the exuberant anthem with its ponderous chorus, and again, the joyous, melancholy, choral response, wherein blend the voices of childish innocence, strong manhood, and plaintive age, bear us on to the close;—that threefold blessing which none may hear unmoved, and whose magnitude seems to transcend our poor belief, as we reverently bow, in awed silence, musing on its unfathomable import; while the deep, mellow voice that pronounced it still lingers on the ear.

How imposing is the sight! One kneeling throng around—the indistinct light, that clothes with mysterious grace the beautiful lineaments of the Gothic structure—the bright gleam on the white and flowing vestments;—and the *stillness*! broken at length by a low, sad melody, in accordance with the subdued tone resting on all, gradually rising into the more swelling chords of the solemn organ, that, earthly strains though they be, seem not unmeet to mingle with those exalted ones that have gone before—rousing the heart from its more celestial contemplations, and by gentle transition—like a descending dove—bringing it down from its heavenward flight to that earth with which its present daily and active duties are concerned, the more fitly and cheerfully performed when thus hallowed; for, be it remembered, the preparation for that unseen world to which we are tending, is the best preparation for our continuance in this.

But the last wave of harmony has died away in the sounding aisles; one by one the lights are extinguished, throwing the varied beauty of arch, and niche, and pillar, into indistinguishable and fast deepening shade; and, last of the train, we, with heart tranquillized and elevated by the service of that evening hour, slowly follow the departing worshippers into the still, clear night.

M. J.

MARTHA BROWN.

BY AN ANCIENT CONTRIBUTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—It is twenty years since I first contributed to your Magazine;—it was rather a brief article, and was not inserted in the early part of the work. In short, it consisted of a few lines in the Obituary at the end of the Number, and was as follows:—"Died at Bunderjumm, in the East Indies, Thomas Sneezum, Esq., much and justly regretted by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances." He was my uncle, sir, and I was his heir,—a highly respectable man, and a remarkable judge of bullocks. He was in the Commissariat, and died worth forty thousand pounds. If you saw his monument, on the wall of our parish church, and read his character, you would know what a beautiful sympathy exists between a dead uncle and a grateful nephew. I took the name of Sneezum in addition to my own—bought an estate, and an immense number of books—and cultivated my land and literature with the greatest care. I planted trees—I drained meadows—and wrote books. The trees grew—the meadows flourished—but the books never came to an end. Something always interfered. I never could get the people in my novels disposed of. When they began talking, they talked for ever; when they fought duels, they were always killed; and, by the time I had got them into the middle of a scrape, I always forgot how I had intended to get them out of it. In history, it was very nearly the same. Centuries jostled against each other like a railway collision. I confused Charlemagne with Frederick Barbarossa, and the Cardinal Richelieu with M. Thiers. So, with the exception of the article I alluded to, in your Magazine, and a few letters on the present potato disease in the Gardener's Guide, I am a Great Unpublished—in the same way as I understand there are a number of extraordinary geniuses in the dramatic line, who have called themselves the Great Unacted. I can only hope that advancing civilization will bring better days to us both—types for me—actors for them.

At the time of the lamented death of my uncle, I was about thirty years of age, and for ten years before that, had been sleeping partner in a house in Liverpool; and I can honestly say I did my part of the duty to the perfect satisfaction of all concerned. I slept incessantly—not exactly in a house in Liverpool, but in a very comfortable one—the drawing-room floor, near the Regent's Park. Twice a-year a balance-sheet came in, and a little ready money. I put the money carefully away in a drawer, and threw the balance-sheet in the fire. It was a very happy life, for I subscribed to a circulating library, and wrote the beginnings of books continually.

One day, about six months after I was in possession of the fortune, I heard a ring at the bell. There was something in the ring different from any I had ever heard before—a sort of sweet, modest tingling kind of a ring. I felt as if somebody was shaking my hand all the time; and, on looking back on the event, I think there must be something in mesmerism and every thing else—homœopathy and the water cure included; for it was certainly quite unaccountable on ordinary principles—but so it was. The maid was very slow in answering the bell. There was another pull. The same mysterious effects—a sort of jump—a tremor as it were, not at all unpleasant, but very odd—so I went to the door myself; and there fixed on me, in the most extraordinary manner, were two of the blackest eyes I ever saw—illuminating cheeks of a dark yellow colour, and increasing the whiteness of the most snowy teeth—the brightest, glistenest, shiningest, teeth that can possibly be imagined. She wore—for I may as well tell you it was a woman—she wore a flowing white veil upon her head, the queerest petticoats, and funniest shoes—at that time I had not seen the Chinese Collection, and thought it was Desdemona (whom I had seen Mr Kean put to death a few nights before) "walk-

ing" in some of Othello's clothes. What she said, or if she said any thing, I was too much astonished to make out; but she walked into my room, smiling with her wonderful teeth, and curtsying with the extraordinary petticoats down to the very floor—and calling me "Massa Sib."

"My good woman," I said, "I am afraid you make a mistake. I don't know any one of the name of Sib;" but I checked myself, for I thought she perhaps mistook me—I wore prodigious whiskers at that time—for a gallant colonel, whose name begins with that euphonious syllable.

"No, no—no colonel," she said; "me wants *you*—me no care for colonels." What could she possibly want with me? I had never seen the woman before, or any body like her, except a picture of the Queen of Sheba when she was on a visit to Solomon. Could this woman come from Sheba? Could she take me for—no, no—she couldn't possibly take me for Solomon. So I was quite nonplussed.

"You no get no letter, Massa Sib, to tell you we vas to come—eh?"

A letter? a letter?—I had had a hundred and fifty letters, but put them all into a box. How was it possible for me to read such a number? and who did she mean by *us*? How many more of them were coming?

"Massa Sib vill be so fond of him's babba—him vill"——

A dreadful thought came into my head—a conspiracy to extort money—a declaration at Bow Street—a weekly allowance. "Woman!" I said, "what, in heaven's name, do you mean by babba?"

"Dee little babb; it is so pretty—so like him papa."

"And whose baby is it? for I suppose it's a baby you mean, by your chatter about a babb."

"Your's. Oh! you will so lubb it."

"Mine? you detestable impostor, I never had such a thing in all my life."

"And here it is—oh, dee pretty dear!"

And at that moment, another woman, dressed in the same outlandish style as herself, brought up a little round parcel, that looked like a bundle of clothes, and, before I had time to say a word, or shut the door, or fly,

placed it in my arms; and then both the women showed their glistening teeth, stretching from ear to ear, and screamed out in chorus, "You vill so lubb dee babba—it is such a pretty dear!"

I stood in a state of stupefaction for some time, but the dark-visaged visitors by no means shared my inactivity; they ran, and screamed, and bustled; trotted down stairs, jumped up again, and filled the whole passage; then the drawing-room; then the little bed-room behind it, with trunks, and bags, and band-boxes, and bird-cages full of parrots, and cloaks, and shawls; till at last, when I started from my trance—in doing which, I nearly let the baby fall—I found my whole house taken possession of, and the two women apparently as much at home as if they had lived with me twenty years.

I unrolled the shawls and things from the baby's face. It was an infant about a year old, and opened its eyes as I was looking at it, and looked so wisely and sagaciously at me in return, that I could almost believe it knew as much of the proceeding as I did—and this it might very easily have done, without being a miracle of premature information, for I had not the remotest conception of what the whole thing was about. So I laid the child on the sofa, and went to the bell to ring for a policeman.

"Oh, don't ring him bell, ve are so comfitable here!" said one of the women. "Yesha vill go home 'gain, and I vill habb little bed in t'oder room, and vill sleep vid dee babb—so nice!"

"Oh, you will—will you? We'll see about that," I answered, astonished at the woman's impudence. "I will get you and your little lump of Newcastle"—this was an allusion to her colour—"turned out into the street."

"Oh, Massa Moggan vill soon be here! Him wrote letter a week since; but him vill come to-day."

"Oh!"——

So I did not pull the bell, but looked at the two intruders just as Macready looks at the witches in *Macbeth*; for Mr Morgan was my legal adviser, and had been my uncle's agent, and transacted all the business connected

with the succession; and I had such confidence in him that I never opened his letters, and had of course thrown the note they talked of into the great wooden box that was the receptacle of all my correspondence.

In the mean time, the baby began to squall.

"Take the brat away, and I'll tell a little bit of my mind to Mr Morgan," I said, grinding my teeth in a horrible passion; and, in a moment, the two women disappeared with the child, roaring and screaming, as if they had stuck pins into it on purpose to drive me mad.

If I had been a man of a tragic turn of mind, and fond of giving vent to the passion of a scene, I would have walked up and down the room, striking myself on the brow or breast, and shouting, "Confusion! distraction!" and other powerful words which Mr Kean used to deliver with astonishing emphasis; but I had no talent for the intense, and threw myself on the sofa, exclaiming, "Here's a pretty go!"

And a pretty go it undoubtedly was—two black women and a saffron-coloured baby established with me, as if I had been married to a Hottentot; and my sister-in-law, as is very often the case, had come to attend to her nieces' morals and education.

"So! Mr Morgan, what is the meaning of all this?"

But before I had time for further exclamations, my friend Mr Morgan, who had come quietly into the room, interrupted me—

"Hush, my dear Sneezum—you are delighted, I'm sure. A most interesting incident—eh, Sneezum?"

"Oh! these things do all very well in a book," I began; "but, by jingo, sir, it's a very different thing in real life; and I tell you very fairly, I'd sooner be married at once than have all the troubles of bringing up a set of children that I have nothing to do with."

"Children! my dear Sneezum?"

"To be sure; how do I know that some more black women mayn't come—with some more children—till my house grows like a gallery of bronzed

figures; but I'll sell them—see if I don't; I'll pack them all on an Italian boy's head-board, and sell them to the doctors—every one."

"You labour under a mistake, my dear Sneezum. You've got my letter?"

"Yes—I got it—but"—

"Oh, then, of course you are too happy to show such respect to the wishes of the defunct?"

"What defunct?"

"Your uncle."

"What! uncle Sneezum?" and a wonderful light seemed to break in upon my mind.—"He sent this baby here?"

Mr Morgan nodded his head; and, being a man of great caution, he only put his finger in a mysterious manner alongside of his nose, and said—

"Secrets in all families, Sneezum."

"Oho! well—but the women—they're ugly customers, both of them; uncle Sneezum was no judge of beauty."

"The women! what do you mean?" said Mr Morgan.

"Ay, which of them is it? but you need hardly tell, for I should never know which of them you meant; they're a great deal liker each other than any two peas I ever saw. Are we to call her Mrs Sneezum?"

Here Mr Morgan burst into a great laugh.

"My dear Sneezum, you are always trying to find out some wonderful scene or other to put into one of your books. No, no—these are two nurses; one will remain in charge of the child, the other returns immediately to Calcutta."

"And where will the one that is to remain—where will she live?" I asked with a fearful presentiment of something shockingly unpleasant. But before he had time to answer, the black visage of the nurse herself appeared at the door, smiling with more blindingly white teeth than ever.

"We have took dee room below dis—dee babb is in dee beautiful bed, and ve vill never leave Massa Sib—never no more—so nice!"

So I was booked, and felt it useless to complain.

CHAPTER II.

Fifteen years passed on most happily. I established myself, or rather old Morgan established me, in my present house; he paid £25,000 for the estate; and I have gone on, as I told you at the beginning of this letter, cultivating my farm and my talents with the utmost care. The little girl grew and grew till I thought she would never stop; and by the time she was sixteen she was at least an inch taller than I was. Many people like those prodigious women of five feet six—I'm only five feet five myself, which I believe was the exact measurement of Napoleon; and I must confess that when I looked on Martha Brown—that was her name—a sort of compliment I always thought to the complexion of her Hindoo mother—I could not imagine how she could be the child of such a curious old-fashioned looking individual as I had heard my uncle Sneezum was. Well, she grew tall—and grew stout—and grew clever; and if old Morgan had been her father himself, he could not have taken more care of her. He was always down at Goslingbury, (that's the name of my place—I sometimes put "Park" after it; but the lawn is now in turnips, and not the least like Blenheim,) and his wife, and his two daughters, and his little boy—in fact, the whole family; and though, I confess, they were always most friendly and attentive to me, their principal cares were bestowed on Martha Brown. I never push myself where I perceive my company is not greatly desired; so I went out to see the planting, or thin the copses, or make new fences, or superintend the ploughing, or betook myself to my study, and gave full way to the wildest flights of fancy in my everlasting first chapters of a novel or romance.

Sir,—It was at that time—now nearly four years ago—that I began a work which I don't believe the most hostile criticism—but I will not boast; it will be enough to say that I consider it equal to any two introductory chapters I ever read. The whole of the first consists in a description of

my own house—the name of course changed, and the locality removed to another county. I give the number of the rooms, the width of the passages, the height of ceilings, and a description of the new lifting-hinges to the dining-room door, that raise it over the turkey carpet, without sacrificing, as is usual, an inch of the lower part, and leaving a great interval at the sill. The fields are also very particularly described, and in some instances the exact measurement given; it gives such an appearance of reality, as may be seen in Ainsworth and others; and the second chapter is devoted, or meant to be devoted, to the living interests of the story—the *dramatis personæ*, as it were—with hopes, fears, griefs, and the other passions alluded to in Collins's ode.

Mystery has an indescribable charm, which is the thing that makes me so fond of riddles; and so I determined to have a hero or a heroine, I did not care which, of a most unexampled kind. But how to invent an unexampled hero, I could not imagine. Some disgusting fellow had always done it before: even a blackamoor had been taken up—for there was that horrid Othello; a Jew—there was Sheva; a puppy—there was Pelham; a pickpocket—there was Jack Sheppard; and at last, as the sweet source of mystery, and the pleasantest one to unravel, I thought I would take myself. Yes, I would be the hero of my own book; and as to a heroine, why, one of the Misses Morgan, or Martha Brown, or old Mrs Morgan, or the Indian nurse, (whose name was Ayah, which is Sanscrit or Cherokee for her situation,) any body would do. I was not at all particular; so I began my own description.

It is amazing how little difference there is between man and man. A very few touches judiciously applied, would make Roebuck into Wellington, especially if Roebuck held the brush himself. Involuntarily I found my height increasing, my *embonpoint* diminishing, my eyes brightening, my

hair disporting in wavy ringlets over a majestic brow, till at the end of the second page I was Theodore Fitzhedingham, twenty-five years of age, with several grandfathers and grandmothers distinguished in history before the Norman conquest, and a clear rent-roll of forty thousand a-year. And yet, after all, it was my own individual self, Thomas Smith Sneezum—not, perhaps, exactly as I was at that moment—but as I had often and often fancied myself when I had gone through a course of Thaddeus of Warsaw, and other chronicles of the brave and beautiful. For, I confess, I was no wiser than other people, and it is well known they have an amazing tendency to identify themselves with the characters of the books they read, which perhaps accounts for the contempt that Doctors' or Clergymen's wives in country villages entertain for any body of the name of Snookes; and gives them so prodigious an opinion of their own importance, that they wouldn't visit a stockbroker or flannel manufacturer for the world. But there I was, stuck in the third page of the second chapter—Theodore Fitzhedingham—blessed with all that handsomeness, and rolling in all that money, and not able to move hand or foot, or in short make the least progress towards the *dénouement* of the story. For, with all my study, I could not manufacture a heroine out of any of the girls around me. Miss Letitia Morgan had false teeth—I found it quite impossible to make a heroine of *her*; and besides, I was not even sure of the genuineness of the long curls at the side of her face. For, you will observe, that the beautifying process I have mentioned above, seems strictly confined to one's own particular case. No lying and swopping, and altering and amending, would make those long brown artificial incisors—you saw a roll of the gold wire every time she laughed—into a row of pearls encased in a casket of ruby. That is my description of white teeth in red lips, and I think it is far from bad. Then Miss Sophia was immensely tall, and immensely thin; and in the mornings when she appeared *en negligée*, as they say in the *Morning Post*, her clothes hung straight down in perpendicular de-

scent, so that she looked exactly like the canvass air funnels that you see in a steam-boat: and there were no outs and ins, or ups and downs, about her figure from top to toe; and I found it impossible, for a particular reason, to supply these deficiencies by the exercise of my ingenuity in description. And that particular reason was this,—that she did it herself. Lord! what a change took place on Miss Sophia as you saw her gliding about the room like a half emptied pillow-case in the morning, and the grand and *distinguée* (*Morning Post* again) individual that choked up all the doorways, and occupied whole sofas, when you met her at a party at night. Then there were such flounces, and tucks, and furbelows,—she sailed through the room enveloped in such awful circumgyrations of muslin—so pulled in at the waist, and so inflated every where else, that she looked—as you saw only her neck and shoulders emerging from the enormous circle in which the rest of her was buried—like an intrepid aeronaut who has fallen by some accident through a hole in the balloon, and you were lost in calculations of the length of darning-needle that would be needed to reach to the *vera superficies*. Now if I invent, I like to have the honour of the invention entirely to myself; and I found it impracticable to extract a heroine from seven or eight spring gauze petticoats, and a roll of millinery below the waist, that looked like a military cloak rolled up on the crupper of a life-guard'sman's saddle. Then poor Martha Brown was too young, and at that time too bashful, for a heroine; and besides, there was no getting over the blot on her birth. Theodore Fitzhedingham could never think of paying attention to the daughter of a Hindoo woman and old Sneezum, the bullock contractor of Bunderjumm. One day I had been at work in one of the plantations, and just as I was marking with my hand-axe a birch tree to be felled, a thought came into my head. I left the cross half executed, and threw the axe on the bank, hurried home, and locked myself in the study. Pen and paper were lying before me, and in a moment I had got deep into the introduction of my heroine. She was an orphan

thrown on Fitzhedingham's care— young, beautiful, accomplished, but of unknown mysterious parentage— and the *dénouement* to consist in the discovery that her father was— but I won't mention it just now, for half the value of these things consists in the surprise. I will give you a page or two of it, only begging you to remark how entirely a man's style alters when he gets into a serious work. Here I go gabbling on and on to you, without much regard to style, or perhaps to grammar—(if there are any slips in it, have the kindness to correct them before you show this to any one)— but the instant I take up my pen to write a portion of my novel, I get dignified and heroic, perhaps you will say a little stiff, but I assure you I have formed myself on the best models. The passage I alluded to was this:—

"To all the graces of external beauty Maria Valentine de Courcy united all the captivations of the intellect—all the attractions of the understanding—all the enchantments of the soul. Cast in the finest mould of earthly loveliness—radiant in all the charms of youth, of innocence, and of integrity—she was the loved of all approachers—the idol of all observers—the appropriator of all affections. A little more ethereal, she would have been a goddess—a little less celestial, she would have been a more ordinary woman than she was. For her nature was of too lofty a kind—her spirit of too sublimated a character—her disposition of too beatified a placidity, to allow her to be classed with the other individuals constituting the female sex." A period of many years had elapsed since she first took up her residence among the proud halls—the baronial corridors—the heraldic passages of Fitzhedingham Castle. Winter had found her wandering in the snowy lanes—Spring had noticed her career in the budding meadows—Summer had beheld her perambulating through the flowery grove—and Autumn had kept his eye on her as she galloped her managed palfrey through the umbrageous orchard, or skimmed in her light bark over the pellucid bosom of the silver lake. For many years such had been her unvarying course; and if loveliness

has a charm—if innocence has an attraction—if youth has a witchery—all—all—were concentrated in the noble figure and exquisitely-chiselled countenance of the subject of our sketch. The colouring of a Titian, the elasticity of a Rubens, the magnificence of a Michael Angelo Buonaparte!"—

"Sneezum, Sneezum!" cried old Morgan, kicking with all his might at the study-door; and interrupting me before I could exactly settle how the sentence was to be properly ended—"Come and bid poor Billy good-bye."

"Billy? who's Billy?" I thought—a little perplexed, perhaps, with the labours of composition.

"Come; he's off this minute for Dublin, where he joins the Trigonometrical Survey—a great honour for a fellow not six months in the Engineers."

The old fool was talking about his son William Morgan, who had been at Goslingbury (Park, when I get the turnips up and the grass sown) for a month—a nice merry young man; and so clever at mathematics, and hydraulics, and other scientific pursuits, that he had won all the prizes at Addiscombe; and, though only a second lieutenant, was chosen to conduct a great survey of Ireland.

"I'm coming," I said; and bundled away my description of Maria Valentine de Courcy; and away old Morgan and I went to the lawn, where we expected to find the soldier. But no soldier, nor any body else, was to be seen.

"His mother and sisters are making fools of themselves, I daresay," said I, "blubbing and crying over the boy, as if he was going out to settle in New Zealand."

"I suspect there's a good deal of crying going on," replied old Morgan; "let us look into the summer-house at the top of the garden." So we hurried up the grass walk; and just as we got to the door, I was in the very act of stepping into the bower, and old Morgan close on my heels, when a man, with a handkerchief held to his eyes, rushed distractedly upon us, and rolled us both down the steps, as if we had been pushed by a bull; and in a minute or so, when I came to myself, I found my heels in

a gooseberry bush, and my head tight-jammed into a flower-pot; old Morgan had rolled over into the next bed, which was prepared for celery, and he lay in one of the long troughs, with his hands folded across his breast, and evidently persuaded that he was his own effigy on the top of his own tomb. And this was all the leave-taking we had with the engineer; for, in an agony of grief at parting from his mother, and perhaps to hide his crying, he had hurried out blindfolded, and took no more notice of his host and his father than if we had been a couple of old cabbage-stalks. However, I got up as soon as I was able, and assisted Morgan once more upon his feet. This time we proceeded more cautiously into the summer-house; and on the bench we saw Martha Brown sitting and sobbing with all her might, with her head on Mrs Morgan's shoulder, and Miss Sophia holding a bottle of salts to her nose; while a tear, every now and then, rolled slowly over the tip of her own; and Miss Letitia chafing the sufferer's hands, and occasionally giving them a thump, as if to guard against a fit of hysterics.

Those Hindoos are certainly beautifully made. I never saw any thing more graceful than the recumbent figure of Martha Brown; and I think that was the first time I remarked that she was no longer a child. Up to that moment I had scarcely observed her size; but there she was—a regular full-grown woman—though, I must say, she was behaving rather like an infant, to keep whimpering and sobbing in such a ridiculous way, merely because I had fallen downstairs.

"What is all this?" I said; "has any body hurt the child?"

"No, no, Mr Sneezeum!" exclaimed Mrs Morgan, without looking at me; "leave her alone for a minute or two; it will soon be over."

"How do feel, dear?" enquired Miss Letitia.

"Are you any better, love?" asked Miss Sophia.

And it was very evident they gave themselves no concern about the nearly fatal accident we had met with, which had affected poor Martha so deeply; so I became a little warm.

"Very pretty—very pretty this—upon my word! What in heaven's name is the matter with you all? Here has been that blundering booby William, pushed his father and me down-stairs, and Martha seems the only one that would care a farthing if we had both been killed."

Upon this the girl made a great effort, and lifted up her head; but the moment her eyes rested on me she gave a great scream—wild laughter mixed with the most dreadful sobs; and she was fairly off in an hysterical attack.

"Why, she's worse than she was," I said; but old Morgan took me aside.

"Don't you see," he said, "that she's of a most affectionate, gentle nature, and that William's rushing off in the way he did"—

"Ay, to be sure, and upsetting me in such a dangerous manner. Poor thing! is it all for my sake do you think she's crying?" So I went and took her hand, and said—"Don't cry, Martha, don't cry—I'm not a bit hurt—so be a good girl, and don't vex yourself any more."

Upon this, Mrs Morgan looked at me as if she thought me deranged—so did Miss Letitia—and so did Miss Sophia; and even Martha, when she looked at me again, fell back in a fresh fit, holloing "His head! his head!"—and this time it was more laughter than sobs.

"Come away—come away," said old Morgan at last; "no wonder you frighten them all to death. What the deuce is that you've got on your head?"

And there stood I with my brows enveloped by the flower-pot.

CHAPTER III.

I saw the Morgans were making a dead set to take me in. Sometimes it was Miss Letitia, and sometimes Miss

Sophia—and always the mother. To hear that woman talk of her daughters, you would swear that two such

angels were never known on earth before. Their sweetness—their temper—their beauty—the numbers of people that were in love with them—the hosts of rich and handsome fellows they had rejected, and the decided turn both of them had for a quiet country life, and the society of a well-educated, intellectual man of a certain age. She was a wonderful woman Mrs Morgan, and I really believe she thought she was speaking the simple truth all the time. But it wouldn't do—I judged for myself, and never took the least notice of all her hints and boastings. I tried to have them less about the house than they used to be; but nothing would keep them away—they always pretended it was for the sake of Martha Brown—a very likely story that they should trouble their heads about my uncle's anonymous contribution to the population returns, when his veritable nephew and heir was to be had by hook or crook. But I don't mean any disparagement by that to the poor little girl herself—far from it—she was the nicest creature in the world, and really not so black as I had thought; and she was now nearly twenty-one, and played and sung—and such an excellent critic, too! I always read my writings to her the moment they were finished, and she never found the slightest fault in any of them. I had left my description of Maria Valentine de Courcy incomplete for several years—for it is a long time now since the foolish adventure of the flower-pot first showed me that she took a tenderer interest in me than merely that of a cousin—and I now determined to give my second chapter the finishing touch, and consult her on the farther conduct of the story.

"Martha," I said, "I wish you would listen for a minute or two to what I've written."

So she sat down in my study, and worked a flower in an Ottoman square, and was evidently prepared to listen with the utmost attention.

"It is the rest of the second chapter."

"Oh, are you only there yet? I was in hopes you had come to the end of the story."

To the end of the story! Could the girl be hinting that I ought to tell her

my mind; for I must tell you, I had so completely got over all prejudice about her birth, that I was strongly tempted to give an additional proof of my veneration for my uncle's memory, by giving his poor little orphan my name. Can she mean any thing by wishing me to come to the end of the story?

"How do you mean to wind up?" she asked.

"Oh! in a most mysterious and surprising manner; but we haven't got near the *dénouement* yet. There must be a duel, of course—a misunderstanding—and a rival."

"Oh! Theodore Fitzhedingham has no occasion to fear a rival," said Martha, pretending to have lost the stitch.

"No! 'Pon my word that's very good of you. Do you really think that Maria Valentine de Courcy will prefer him to every one else?"

"She will be a very foolish, a very ungrateful girl, if she doesn't—for hasn't he loved her ever since she was a child?"

"Well, Martha, you are certainly a very nice, a very affectionate girl; and I may as well put your mind at rest at once by telling you"—

"Sneezum! Sneezum!"

There was old Morgan again kicking at the study door, and holloing Sneezum with all his might. I had taken Martha's hand, and was just going to tell her to make preparations to become Mrs Sneezum in a week or two. I let go her hand, and rushed to the door.

"What the mischief do you want?"

"Why, here's Billy come back again," he said; "won't you come and give a welcome to poor Billy?"

"No; I be hang'd if I do. He has never apologized for pushing me down the steps; tell him to get out of my house; I have not forgot what alarm my accident caused to poor Martha. Don't you remember it, my dear?"

But there sat Martha—sometimes red and sometimes white—with tears in her eyes, and her lips half open, like the picture of St Cecilia.

"There! the very recollection of it frightens her to death. Go to your room, my dear, and I'll send this blustering fellow out of the house."

She glided out of the study without

speaking a word, and I hurried to the drawing-room, but no Billy was there. His mother and sisters were luckily in London, so I turned angrily round on the father.

"A pretty fellow this son of yours—never one word of apology, either to me or Martha—I won't have him roystering here at all hours, frightening affectionate little girls with his violence."

"Who is it he has frightened?" enquired old Morgan; "who are the affectionate girls you mean? I'm sure he has never caused the least alarm to his sisters in his life."

"Perhaps not—perhaps not, Mr Morgan; but there is another girl that I wouldn't have any injury done to on any account. In fact, I may as well tell you at once, that Martha evidently expects me to provide for her happiness, and I am going to do it."

"Well, nothing can be fairer—but how?"

"Why, as to any little blot on her birth, I don't care much about it, Uncle was a kind friend to me, and I really think I can't do better than give a good steady husband to his child."

"Bravo! bravo! when you have found her."

"What do you mean by—when I have found her?"

"Why, have you never read the letters?"

"No; I never read letters. They're all in the wooden box."

"Then where, when, or how, have you encountered a daughter of your uncle?"

"Why, Martha Brown. I tell you I don't dislike a little dash of Hindoo blood; it's like curry, and gives a flavour."

"And who is the husband you have chosen for her?"

"Myself."

Old Morgan burst into a prodigious laugh, but I was in no humour to stand such nonsense. I got into a furious passion—he answered in an insulting manner—and so I ordered him to get out of my house, him and his son, and all his baggage.

"Certainly, certainly, Mr Sneezum, but you'll repent of it; and, as to your

marrying Martha, you'll just as soon marry the Princess-Royal."

When he was gone, I went in search of Martha to settle the matter at once. There was a circular basin among the shrubs upon the lawn, with a nymph cowering under a waterfall that fell all round her like a veil—a very pretty ornament to the grounds—and at one side of it was a little arbour, where I used often to sit and see the sun make rainbows out of the spray that rose round the head of the nymph. To get to it, it was necessary to walk on the ledge of the wall that rose a little above the water in the basin, and this I was induced to do; for, as I was searching for Martha, I thought I heard a voice in the arbour, and I hurried on to tell her what I had done to old Morgan. I stepped steadily on tiptoe along the coping-stone—for I wished to surprise her—but on getting to the opening of the arbour, a sight met my eyes that made me lose my balance all of a sudden; and with a start of rage and indignation, I stepped backward into the pond, and was forced to battle among the water-lilies for my life. Martha rushed from the arbour and held out her hands in vain; but the person with her—a tall young man, with bushy whiskers and an enormous pair of mustaches—leapt into the basin and lifted me on to the bank, just as I had found it useless to try any longer to rise above the broad leaves that floated on the top, and made up my mind to give it up as a bad job. When I came to myself my preserver was gone, but Martha was supporting my head.

"Oh, you double-faced, deceitful gipsy!" I began. "Who would have thought you would be sitting, hand locked in hand, with a horrid fellow like the ruffian that was with you in the bower?"

"The ruffian! My dear guardian, don't you know him?"

"How should I? I never saw the vagabond's ugly face before."

"Why, it's William Morgan—how strange you shouldn't recognise him!"

"Well, if it were twenty William Morgans, that's no reason you should sit with your hand in his like the sign of the fire-office over our stable-door."

"Oh, he's such an old friend! Recollect, sir, we grew up together, and now how can you keep your anger against him? He has saved your life."

"After first startling me into the water. No, no; I'll have none of the Morgans here. I'll go and get changed, and then I'll finish what I was going to tell you when Morgan came to the door."

I was inflexible; I wouldn't let one of the Morgans into my house. Miss Letitia wrote a letter of four pages, and Miss Sophia enclosed a sonnet. Nothing would do. I resolved to keep Martha all to myself; and, for fear of other adventures in the bower, I gave her positive orders not to leave the house. I set people to watch her. I threatened to hang her Ayah with my own hands, and showed her the very bough of the tree I would do it on, if Martha was allowed to speak to any body but myself. I resolved to marry her in a week; and, merely to prevent her being harassed by the Morgans in the interval, I took all these precautions. After that, I determined to pardon the whole family, and had even prepared a letter asking them all to dinner on our wedding-day. Martha did not seem inconsolable. Day after day passed away; and, to show how easy I was in my mind, I went on with the last chapter of my novel, leaving all the middle part to be filled up at my leisure.

One morning—it was last Wednesday—I went into the study, and had just taken pen in hand, when I recollected that that was the very day I had summoned all the labourers on the estate to resist the approach of the levellers and engineers of a disgusting railway that was determined to force itself right through my garden, and close under the dining-room windows. I went out to the barn—all the men were there. I gave orders to them to warn the intruders off; if they resisted, to knock them down without ceremony, and keep them in custody till I could get them before a magistrate. Having satisfied my mind on these points, I felt so sure of my object being gained in both respects—that is, Martha and the railway—that I dispatched my letter to old Morgan, inviting the whole family to dine with me on Friday, the day I

had fixed on for the marriage. Martha sat by my side in the study, and went on with the everlasting Ottoman square. I read to her—

"'Is it in the circle of possible events—is it a contingency to be calculated on in the decrees of fate,' exclaimed Theodore Fitzhedingham—(this was the finest bit out of my last chapter)—'that the girl I have loved—the paragon I have worshipped—the angel I have adored, is, indeed, no longer the humbly born maid I thought her, but the descendant of princes—the kinswoman of emperors—the inheritor of kings?'"

"'It certainly is far from false, nay, it is absolutely true,' returned Maria Valentine de Courcy, with a condescending smile, 'that I am not the person you have taken me for; but oh! beloved Theodore—faithful Fitzhedingham, need I tell you that my love is unaltered, my affections are unabated, my heart unchanged?'"

"Sir! sir!" cried a voice at the door, "they be come." I hurried out; my servant was armed with the poker, I seized the hall tongs as I passed through; and on the lawn, in the coolest possible manner, were about half a dozen fellows, smoking their cigars, and occasionally looking through a bright brass instrument upon a three-legged stand, and noting down the result with the greatest nonchalance.

"Oho!" I cried, and rushed at the intruders, "run for the people in the barn, Thomas. Who are you, you infernal interloping vagabonds?"

"Engineers of the Episcopal and Universal Railway Company, sir, and we will trouble you to stand out of the way," said a tall blackguard, scarcely deigning to look at me.

"Oh, you are, are you? Just wait a minute till my men come up, and I'll have you and your railway ducked in the horsepond."

"Don't interrupt us, old man," replied the scientific ruffian; "if we do any damage, charge it to the Company—we have seventy-five thousand shares, and can afford to pay any claims."

"Here!" I cried to the men, "catch that long villain with the dwarf telescope, and take him into the house; if I don't get him six weeks of the

treadmill my name is not Tom Sneezum."

The man made a stout resistance, but at last was overpowered, and carried into the hall. I helped to repel the others, and as they were tolerably civil, now that the ringleader was gone, I contented myself with walking them to the very end of my boundaries, and gave them notice, that if they ventured to return, I would treat them exactly as I had done their chief. This whole business did not take up more than an hour; and before going home, I walked across to Major Slowtops, the nearest magistrate, and luckily found him at home. He promised to trounce the fellow handsomely when I brought him; and telling him I would be back with the culprit and the witnesses in half an hour, I returned in no little triumph to Goslingbury.

"Where is the vagabond?" I exclaimed, when I got into the house.

"He's been gone this hour, sir," said Thomas, hardly able to keep in a laugh.

"Gone! who let him go?"

"Why, he ordered the carriage, sir, and him and Miss Martha is off for London."

"Are you mad, Thomas?—what is it you're speaking of? Where is the rascally leveller of the railway?"

"Lor', sir—don't you know? It was only Mr William at one of his tricks. The moment he took off the spectacles we all knew him, and Miss Martha seemed so pleased"—

"Did she?"

"Oh, yes! and Mr William—but they say he's Captain Morgan now—laughed so. It was certainly a rare good surprise—wasn't it, sir?"

I rushed into my study. "Let her go!" I said, "the false, deceitful Hottentot, or Hindoo, or whatever she is; she's as black as my hat, and a disgrace to my old uncle." So I

stood very quietly, brooding over my misfortune—if a misfortune it was—and revenging myself by tearing into a million pieces the beginning and the end of my romantic novel.

* * * *

"Here we are, Sneezum, my boy!" said old Morgan, on the Friday, at about two o'clock; "I've come on before, to tell you to get into good-humour; for perhaps you've forgotten the invitations you gave us all for to-day."

"What has become of the young woman?" I asked, with a very disdainful look; "my uncle's unowned little girl?"

"Do you mean William's wife?" inquired Mr Morgan; "they were married this morning, at St George's, Hanover Square, and will take you for an hour or two on their way to the North."

"I think, sir, as her guardian—not to say her cousin"—

"There, my dear Sneezum, you are altogether wrong; she was no relation of your uncle. She was the daughter of a Mr Brown of the Commissariat, and left to your uncle's charge; you, of course, succeeded to the guardianship as his representative; but she is no more a Hindoo than you are."

"That makes it worse, sir."

"Come, come, old Sneezum, don't keep up your anger; recollect you are old enough to be her father, and that she likes you next in the whole world to William. Shake hands with them, and be friends; and if you ever had the folly to think of marrying her, keep your own secret, and nobody will be a bit the wiser."

I thought old Morgan advised very wisely—so, if you show this to any body, alter the names a little; for I would not have it known for the world.—Believe me, sir, your obedient servant,
T. S. S.

MARLBOROUGH.

No. III.

THE campaign of 1707 opened under very different auspices to the Allies from any which had preceded it:—Blenheim had saved Germany, Ramillies had delivered Brabant. The power of the Grande Monarque no longer made Europe tremble. The immense advantage which he had gained in the outset of the contest, by the declaration of the governor of Flanders for the cause of the Bourbons, and the consequent transference of the Flemish fortresses into his hands, had been lost. It was more than lost—it had been won to the enemy. Brussels, Antwerp, Menin, Ath, Ostend, Ghent, Dendermonde, Louvain, now acknowledged the Archduke Charles for their sovereign; the states of Brabant had sent in their adhesion to the Grand Alliance. Italy had been lost as rapidly as it had been won; the stroke of Marlborough at Ramillies had been re-echoed at Turin; and Eugene had expelled the French arms from Piedmont as effectually as Marlborough had from Flanders. Reduced on all sides to his own resources, wakened from his dream of foreign conquests, Louis XIV. now sought only to defend his own frontier; and the arms which had formerly been at the gates of Amsterdam, and recently carried terror into the centre of Germany, were now reduced to a painful defensive on the Scheldt and the Rhine.

These great advantages would, in all probability, notwithstanding the usual supineness and divisions of the Allied Powers, have led to their obtaining signal success in the next campaign, had not their attention been, early in spring, arrested, and their efforts paralyzed by a new and formidable actor on the theatre of affairs. This was no less a man than CHARLES XII. KING OF SWEDEN; who, after having defeated the coalition of the northern sovereigns formed for his destruction, dictated peace to Denmark at Copenhagen, dethroned the King of Poland, and wellnigh overturned the empire of Russia—had now advanced his victorious standards into the centre of

Germany, and at the head of an army hitherto invincible, fifty thousand strong, stationed himself at Dresden, where he had become the arbiter of Europe, and threatened destruction to either of the parties engaged in the contest on the Rhine against whom he chose to direct his hostility.

This extraordinary man approached closer than any warrior of modern times to the great men of antiquity. More nearly even than Napoleon, he realized the heroes of Plutarch—a Stoic in pacific, he was a Cæsar in military life. He had all their virtues, and a considerable share of their barbarism. Achilles did not surpass him in the thirst for warlike renown, nor Hannibal in the perseverance of his character and the fruitfulness of his resources; like Alexander, he would have wept because a world did not remain to conquer. Indefatigable in fatigue, resolute in determination, a lion in heart, he knew no fear but that of his glory being tarnished. Endowed by nature with a constitution of iron, he was capable of undergoing a greater amount of fatigue than any of his soldiers: at the siege of Stralsund, when some of his officers were sinking under the exhaustion of protracted watching, he desired them to retire to rest, and himself took their place. Outstripping his followers in speed, at one time he rode across Germany, almost alone, in an incredibly short space of time: at another, he defended himself for days together, at the head of a handful of attendants, in a barricaded house, against ten thousand Turks. Wrapt up in the passion for fame, he was insensible to the inferior desires which usually rouse or mislead mankind. Wine had no attractions, women no seductions for him: he was indifferent to personal comforts or accommodations; his fare was as simple, his dress as plain, his lodging as rude, as those of the meanest of his followers. To one end alone his attention was exclusively directed, on one acquisition alone his heart was set. Glory, military glory, was the ceaseless object of his ambition; all lesser desires were

concentrated in this ruling passion ; for this he lived, for this he died.

That his military abilities were of the very highest order, may be judged of by the fact that, with the resources of the poor monarchy of Sweden, not at that period containing two millions of inhabitants, he entirely defeated a coalition of Russia, Denmark, and Poland, headed by the vast capacity and persevering energy of Peter the Great, and numbering not less than forty millions of subjects under its various sovereigns. Nor let it be said that these nations were rude in the military art, and unfit to contend in the field with the descendants of the followers of Gustavus Adolphus. The Danes are the near neighbours and old enemies of the Swedes ; their equals in population, discipline, and warlike resources. Thirty years had not elapsed since the Poles had delivered Europe from Mussulman bondage by the glorious victory of Vienna, under John Sobieski, over two hundred thousand Turks. Europe has since had too much reason to know what are the military resources of Russia, against which all the power of Western Europe, in recent times, has been so signally shattered ; and though the soldiers of Peter the Great were very different, in point of discipline, from those that repelled the legions of Napoleon, yet their native courage was the same, and they were directed by an energy and perseverance, on the part of the Czar, which never has been exceeded in warlike annals. What then must have been the capacity of the sovereign, who, with the resources of a monarchy not equalling those of Scotland at this time, could gain such extraordinary success over so powerful a coalition, from the mere force of indefatigable energy, military ability, and heroic determination !

Charles, however, had many faults. He was proud, overbearing, and opinionative. Like all men of powerful original genius, he was confident in his own opinion, and took counsel from none ; but, unfortunately, he often forgot also to take counsel from himself. He did not always weigh the objections against his designs with sufficient calmness to give them fair play, or allow his heroic followers a practical opportunity of crowning

his enterprises with success. He had so often succeeded against desperate, and apparently hopeless, odds, that he thought himself invincible, and rushed headlong into the most dreadful perils, with no other preparation to ward them off but his own calmness in danger, his inexhaustible fecundity of resources, and the undaunted courage, as well as patience of fatigue and privation, with which he had inspired his followers. It is surprising, however, how often they extricated him from his difficulties ; and even in his last expedition against Russia, which terminated in the disaster of Pultowa, he would, to all appearance, have proved successful, if the Tartar chief, Mazeppa, had proved faithful to his engagement. Like Hannibal, his heroic qualities had inspired a multifarious army—*colluvies omnium gentium*—with one homogeneous spirit, rendered them subject to his discipline, faithful to his standard, obedient to his will. But in some particulars his private character was still more exceptionable, and stained with the vices as well as virtues of the savage character. Though not habitually cruel, he was stern, vindictive, and implacable ; and his government has been stained by some acts of atrocious barbarity at which humanity shudders, and which must ever leave an indelible stain on his memory.

Louis XIV., in his distress, was naturally anxious to gain the support of so powerful an ally, who was now at Dresden at the head of fifty-three thousand veteran soldiers, ready to fall on the rear of Marlborough's army, that threatened the defensive barrier of France in the Low Countries. Every effort, accordingly, was made to gain Charles over to the French interest. The ancient alliance of France with Sweden, their mutual cause of complaint against the Emperor, the glories of Gustavus Adolphus and the thirty years' war, in which they had stood side by side, were held forth to dazzle his imagination or convince his judgment. The Swedish monarch appeared ready to yield to these efforts. He brought forward various real or imaginary grounds of complaint against the German powers, for infractions of the

constitution of the empire, of which he put himself forth as the guarantee, as heir to the crown and fame of Gustavus Adolphus, as well as for sundry insults alleged to have been committed against the Swedish crown or subjects. These various subjects of complaint were sedulously inflamed by the French agents; and the weight of their arguments was not a little increased by the knowledge of the fact, that they were authorized to offer Count Piper, the prime minister of Charles, 300,000 livres (L.12,000), to quicken his movements in favour of the cabinet of Versailles, besides bribes in proportion to the subordinate ministers of the Swedish monarch.*

Marlborough, as well he might, was extremely uneasy at this negotiation, which he soon discovered by secret information, as well as the undisguised reluctance of the German powers to furnish the contingents for which they were bound for the ensuing campaign. Indeed, it could hardly be expected that the Northern powers in Germany should send their chief disposable forces to swell Marlborough's army beyond the Rhine,

when so warlike a monarch, at the head of fifty thousand men, was in the centre of the empire, with his intentions as yet undeclared, and exposed to the influence of every imaginable seduction. He dispatched, accordingly, General Grumbkow, an adroit and intelligent diplomatist, who had been sent by the King of Prussia on a mission to the Allied headquarters, to Dresden, to endeavour to ascertain the real intentions of the Swedish monarch. He was not long of discovering that Charles had assumed an angry tone towards the confederates, only in order to extract favourable terms of accommodation from them, and that Muscovy was the real object on which his heart was set. His despatches convey a curious and highly interesting picture of Charles and the Swedish court and army at this important juncture.† The negotiation went on for some time with varying success; but at length matters were brought to a crisis, by the King of Sweden declaring that he would treat with none but Marlborough in person.

This immediately led to the English general repairing to the court of

* *Coxe*, III. 156. *Instructions pour le Sieur Recoux. Cardonell Papers.*

† "Count Piper said, 'We made war on Poland only to subsist; our design in Saxony is to terminate the war; but for the Muscovite he shall pay *les pots cassés*, and we will treat the Czar in a manner which posterity will hardly believe.' I secretly wished that already he was in the heart of Muscovy. After dinner he conveyed me to headquarters, and introduced me to his Majesty. He asked me whence I came, and where I had served. I replied, and mentioned my good fortune in having served three campaigns under your Highness. He questioned me much, particularly concerning your Highness and the English troops; and you may readily believe that I delineated my hero in the most lively and natural colours. Among other particulars, he asked me if your Highness yourself led the troops to the charge. I replied, that as all the troops were animated with the same ardour for fighting, that was not necessary; but that you were every where, and always in the hottest of the action, and gave your orders with that coolness which excites general admiration. I then related to him that you had been thrown from your horse, the death of your aide-de-camp Borafeld, and many other things. He took great pleasure in this recital, and made me repeat the same thing twice. I also said that your Highness always spoke of his Majesty with esteem and admiration, and ardently desired to pay you his respects. He observed, 'That is not likely; but I should be delighted to see a general of whom I have heard so much.' 'They intend vigorously to attack the Muscovites, and expect to dethrone the Czar, compelling him to discharge all his foreign officers, and pay several millions as an indemnity. Should he refuse such conditions, the King is resolved to exterminate the Muscovites, and make their country a desert. God grant he may persist in this decision, rather than demand the restitution, as some assert, of the Protestant churches in Silesia! The Swedes in general are modest, but do not scruple to declare themselves invincible when the King is at their head.'—*General Grumbkow to Marlborough, Jan. 11 and 31, 1707. Coxe*, III. 159–161.

Charles XII. at Dresden. He left the Hague on the 20th April accordingly; and after visiting Hanover on the way, where, as usual, there were some jealousies to appease, arrived at the Swedish camp of Alt-Ranstadt on the 28th. The Duke drove immediately to the headquarters of Count Piper, from whom he received the most flattering assurance of the gratification which the Swedish monarch had felt at his arrival. He was shortly after introduced to the monarch, to whom he delivered a letter from the Queen of England, and at the same time addressed him in the following flattering terms:—"I present to your Majesty a letter, not from the chancery, but from the heart of the Queen, my mistress, and written with her own hand. Had not her sex prevented it, she would have crossed the sea, to see a prince admired by the whole universe. I am in this particular more happy than the Queen, and I wish I could serve some campaigns under so great a general as your Majesty, that I might learn what I yet want to know in the art of war."*

This adroit compliment from so great and justly celebrated a commander, produced an immediate effect on the Swedish monarch, who was passionately desirous of military glory. His satisfaction was visible in his countenance, and he returned a gracious answer in these terms:—"The Queen of Great Britain's letter and your person are both very acceptable to me, and I shall always have the utmost regard for the interposition of her Britannic Majesty and the interests of the Grand Alliance. It is much against my will that I have been obliged to give umbrage to any of the parties engaged in it. I have had just cause to come into this country with my troops; but you may assure the Queen, my sister, that my design is to depart from hence as soon as I have obtained the satisfaction I demand, but not till then. However, I shall do nothing that can tend to the prejudice of the common cause in general, or of the Protestant religion, of which I shall always glory to be a

zealous protector." This favourable answer was immediately followed by an invitation to dine with the King, by whom he was placed on his right hand, and honoured with the most flattering attention. In the course of the evening the conversation turned chiefly on military matters, in which Marlborough exerted himself with such skill and success, that he had another long private audience of Charles; and before his departure, that monarch even exceeded his views, and declared that there could be no security for the peace of Europe till France was reduced to the rank she held at the date of the treaty of Westphalia.

Though the address and abilities of Marlborough, however, had thus removed the chief danger to be apprehended from the presence of the Swedish monarch at Dresden, yet other matters of great delicacy remained still for adjustment, which required all his prudence and skill to bring to a satisfactory issue. Not the least of these difficulties arose from the zeal of the King of Sweden for the protection of the Protestant religion, and his desire to revive and secure the privileges granted to the German Protestants by the treaty of Westphalia. As Marlborough justly apprehended that the Court of Vienna might take umbrage at these demands, and so be diverted from the objects of the Grand Alliance, he exerted himself to the utmost to convince his Majesty that the great object in the mean time, even as regarded the Protestant faith, was to humble the French monarch, who had shown himself its inveterate enemy by the atrocious persecutions consequent on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and that, if this were once done, the Emperor would be unable to prevent any stipulations being inserted in favour of the Reformed faith in the general peace which might follow. Charles was convinced by these arguments, which, in truth, were well-founded, and even went so far as to propose a secret convention with England for the promotion of the Protestant interest;

* *Cowe*, III. 167-169. The authenticity of this speech is placed beyond doubt by Lediard, who was then in Saxony, and gives it *verbatim*.

a proposal which, so embarrassing at the moment when Great Britain was in close alliance with the Emperor, Marlborough contrived to elude with admirable dexterity. Another matter of great delicacy was the conduct to be observed towards the dethroned King of Poland, Augustus, who was also at Dresden, and of course viewed with the utmost jealousy the close intimacy between Marlborough and his formidable enemy Charles. Here, however, the diplomatic skill of the English general overcame all difficulties, and by skilfully taking advantage of his pecuniary embarrassments, after his territories had been ravaged and exhausted by the Swedish forces, and engaging that the Emperor should take a large part of his troops into his pay, he succeeded at once in gaining over the dethroned monarch, and securing a considerable body of fresh troops for the service of the Allies. By these means, aided by the judicious bestowing of considerable pensions on Count Piper and the chief Swedish ministers, paid in advance, Marlborough succeeded in entirely allaying the storm which had threatened his rear, and left the Saxon capital, after a residence of ten days, perfectly secure of the pacific intentions of the Swedish monarch, and having fully divined the intended direction of his forces toward Moscow.*

The brilliant success with which this delicate and important negotiation terminated, naturally induced a hope that vigorous operations would be undertaken by the Allied powers, and that the great successes of the preceding campaign would be so far improved, as to compel the Court of France to submit to such terms as the peace of Europe, and the independence of the adjoining States, required. It was quite the reverse, and Marlborough had again the indescribable mortification of seeing month after month of the summer of 1707 glide away, with-

out one single measure conducive to the common cause, or worthy of the real strength of the Allied powers, having been attempted. They had all relapsed into their former and fatal jealousies and procrastination. The Dutch, notwithstanding the inestimable services which Marlborough had rendered to their Republic, had again become distrustful, and authorized their field-deputies to thwart and mar all his operations. They made no concealment of their opinion, that their interests were now secured, and that the blood and treasure of the United Provinces should no longer be wasted in enterprises in which the Emperor or Queen of England alone were concerned. They never failed accordingly to interfere when any aggressive movement was in contemplation; and even when the Duke, in the course of his skilful marches and countermarches, had gained the opportunity for which he longed, of bringing the enemy to an engagement on terms approaching to an equality, never failed to interpose with their fatal negative, and prevent any thing being attempted. They did this, in particular, under the most vexatious circumstances, on the 27th May, near Nevilles, where Marlborough had brought his troops into the presence of the enemy with every prospect of signaling that place by a glorious victory. A council of war forbade an engagement despite Marlborough's most earnest entreaties, and compelled him in consequence to fall back to Branhelm, to protect Louvain and Brussels. The indignation of the English general at this unworthy treatment, and at the universal selfishness of the Allied powers, exhaled in bitter terms in his private correspondence.*

The consequence of this determination on the part of the Dutch field-deputies to prevent any serious operation being undertaken, was, that

* *Cowe*, III. 174-182.

† "I cannot venture unless I am certain of success; for the inclinations in Holland are so strong for peace, that, if we had the least disadvantage, it would make them act very extravagant. I must own every country we have to do with, acts, in my opinion, so contrary to the general good, that it makes me quite weary of serving. The Emperor is in the wrong in almost every thing he does."—*Marlborough to Godolphin, June 27, 1707; Cowe*, III. 261.

the whole summer passed away in a species of armed truce, or a series of manœuvres so insignificant, as to be unworthy of the name of a campaign. Vendôme, who commanded the French, though at the head of a gallant army above eighty thousand strong, had too much respect for his formidable antagonist to hazard any offensive operation, or run the risk of a pitched battle, unless in defence of his own territory. On the other hand, Marlborough, harassed by the incessant opposition of the Dutch deputies, and yet not strong enough to undertake any operation of importance without the support of their troops, was reduced to merely nominal or defensive operations. The secret of this ruinous system, which was at the time the subject of loud complaints, and appeared wholly inexplicable, is now fully revealed by the published despatches. The Dutch were absolutely set on getting an accession of territory, and a strong line of barrier towns, set apart for them out of the *Austrian* Netherlands; and as the Emperor, not unnaturally, objected to being shorn of his territories, as a remuneration for his efforts in favour of European independence, they resolved to thwart all the measures of the Allied generals, in the hope that, in the end, they would in this manner prevail in their demands with the Allied cabinets.*

It was not, however, in the Low Countries alone that the selfish views and jealousies of the Allies prevented any operation of importance from being undertaken, and blasted all the fair prospects which the brilliant victories of the preceding campaign had afforded. In Spain, the Allies had suffered a fearful reverse by the battle of Almanza, which in a manner ruined

the Austrian prospects in the Peninsula, and rendered some operation indispensable, to relieve the pressure felt by the Allies in that quarter. Peterborough, whose great military abilities had hitherto nearly alone sustained their sinking cause in Spain, had been deprived of his command in Catalonia, from that absurd jealousy of foreigners which in every age has formed so marked a feature in the Spanish character. His successor, Lord Galway, was far from possessing his military abilities, and every thing presaged that, unless a great effort was immediately made, the crown of Spain, the prize for which all contended in the war, would be lost to the Allied powers. Nor was the aspect of affairs more promising on the Rhine. The Margrave of Baden had there died; and his army, before a successor could be appointed, sustained a signal defeat at Stodhoffen. This disaster having opened the gates of Germany, Marshal Villars, at the head of a powerful French army, burst into the Palatinate, which he ravaged with fire and sword. To complete the catalogue of disasters, the disputes between the King of Sweden and the Emperor were again renewed, and conducted with such acrimony, that it required all the weight and address of Marlborough to prevent a rupture, threatening fatal consequences, from breaking out between these powers.

Surrounded by so many difficulties, Marlborough wisely judged that the most pressing danger was that in Spain, and that the first thing to be done was to stop the progress of the Bourbon armies in that quarter. As the forces in the Peninsula afforded no hopes of effecting that object, he conceived, with reason, that the

* *Despatches*, III. 142–207.—So much were the Dutch alienated from the common cause at this time, and set on acquisitions of their own, that they beheld with undisguised satisfaction the battle of Almanza, and disasters in Spain, as likely to render the Emperor more tractable in considering their proceedings in Flanders. “The States,” says Marlborough, “received the news of this fatal stroke with less concern than I expected. This blow has made so little impression in the great towns in this country, that the *generality of the people have shown satisfaction at it rather than otherwise*, which I attribute mainly to the aversion to the present government.”—*Marlborough to Godolphin*, May 13, 1707. *Coœe*, III. 204.

only way to make an effectual diversion in that quarter was to take advantage of the superiority of the Allies in Piedmont, since the decisive victory of Turin in the preceding year, and threaten Provence with a serious irruption. For this purpose, Marlborough no sooner heard of the disasters in Spain, than he urged in the strongest manner upon the Allied courts to push Prince Eugene with his victorious army across the Maritime Alps, and lay siege to Toulon. Such an offensive movement, which might be powerfully aided by the English fleet in the Mediterranean, would at once remove the war from the Italian plains, fix it in the south of France, and lead to the recall of a considerable part of the French forces now employed beyond the Pyrenees. But though the reasons for this expedition were thus pressing, and it afforded the only feasible prospect of bringing affairs round in the Peninsula; yet the usual jealousies of the coalesced powers, the moment it was proposed, opposed insurmountable objections to its being carried into effect. It was objected to the siege of Toulon, that it was a maritime operation, of value to England alone: the Emperor insisted on the Allied forces being exclusively employed in the reduction of the fortresses yet remaining in the hands of the French in the Milanese; while Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, between whom and the Imperialists the most violent jealousy had arisen, threatened to withdraw altogether from the alliance, unless Eugene's army was directed to the protection and consolidation of his dominion. The real reason of these obstacles thrown by the Emperor in the way of these operations, was, that he had ambitious designs of his own on Naples, and he had, to facilitate their accomplishment, concluded a secret convention with Louis for a sort of neutrality or understanding in Italy, which enabled that monarch to direct the forces employed, or destined to be employed there, to the Spanish peninsula. Marlborough's energetic representations, however, at length pre-

vailed over all these difficulties; and the reduction of the Milanese having been completed, the Emperor, in the end of June, consented to Prince Eugene invading Provence at the head of thirty-five thousand men.*

The invasion of the territory of the Grande Monarque accordingly took place, and was supported by a powerful English squadron, which, as Eugene's army advanced into Provence by the Col di Tende, kept the sea-coast in a constant state of alarm. No resistance, as Marlborough had predicted, was attempted; and the Allies, almost without firing a shot, arrived at the heights of Vilate, in the neighbourhood of Toulon, on the 27th July. Had Eugene been aware of the real condition of the defences, and the insubordination which prevailed in the garrison, he might, without difficulty, have made himself master of this important fortress. But from ignorance of these propitious circumstances, he deemed it necessary to commence operations against it in form; and the time occupied in the necessary preparations for a siege proved fatal to the enterprise. The French made extraordinary efforts to bring troops to the menaced point; and, amongst other reinforcements, thirteen battalions and nine squadrons were detached from Vendôme's army in the Netherlands. No sooner did Marlborough hear of this detachment, than he concentrated his forces, and made a forward movement to bring Vendôme to battle, to which the Dutch deputies had at length consented; but that general, after some skilful marches and countermarches, retired to an intrenched camp under the guns of Lille, of such strength as to bid defiance to every attack for the remainder of the campaign. Meanwhile the troops, converging towards Toulon, having formed a respectable array in his rear, Eugene was under the necessity of raising the siege, and he retired, as he had entered the country, by the Col di Tende, having first embarked his heavy artillery and stores on board the English fleet. But though the expedition thus failed in its ostensible object, it

* *Coxe*, III. 196-205.

fully succeeded in its real one, which was to effect a diversion in the south of France, and relieve the pressure on the Spanish peninsula, by giving the armies of Louis employment in the defence of their own territory.

Marlborough led his army into winter quarters in the end of October, and Vendôme did the same; the weather being so thoroughly broken as to render it impossible to keep the field. He repaired first to Frankfurt, where he met the Elector of Hanover, and then to the Hague, where he exerted himself to inspire a better feeling in the Dutch government, and to get Eugene appointed to the supreme command in Spain: a project which afforded the only feasible prospect of retrieving affairs in the Peninsula, and which, if adopted, might have changed the fate and ultimate issue of the war. Neither the Emperor nor the court of Madrid, however, would consent to this arrangement; the former, because he feared to lose that great general in Italy, the latter because they feared to gain him in Spain. Marlborough, meanwhile, embarked for England on the 7th November, where his presence had now become indispensably necessary to arrest the progress of court and parliamentary intrigues, which threatened to prove immediately fatal to his influence and ascendancy.

The origin of these intrigues was to be found not merely in the asperity of party feeling which, at that time, owing to the recent Revolution, prevailed to a degree never before paralleled in English history, and the peculiar obloquy to which Marlborough was exposed, owing to the part he had taken in that transaction; but to another cause of a private nature, but which, in all courts, and especially under a female reign, is likely to produce important public results. During Marlborough's absence from court, owing to his commanding the armies in Flanders, his influence with the Queen had sensibly declined, and that of another materially increased. Queen Anne had become alienated from her former favourite, the Duchess of Marlborough, and, what is very remarkable, in consequence of the growing ascendancy of

a person recommended by the duchess herself. Worn out with the incessant fatigue of attendance on the royal person, the duchess had recommended a poor relative of her own, named Abigail Hill, to relieve her of part of her laborious duties. This young lady, who possessed considerable talents, and a strong desire for intrigue and elevation, had been educated in High Church and Tory principles, and she had not been long about the royal person before she began to acquire an influence over the Queen's mind. Harley, whose ambition and spirit of intrigue were at least equal to her own, was not slow in perceiving the new source of influence thus opened up in the royal household, and a close alliance was soon established between them. These matters are not beneath the dignity of history; they are the secret springs on which its most important changes sometimes depend. Abigail Hill soon after bestowed her hand on Mr Masham, who had also been placed in the Queen's household by the duchess, and, under the name of MRS MASHAM, became the principal instrument in Marlborough's fall, and the main cause of the fruit of the glorious victories of the English general being lost by the treaty of Utrecht.

Though the ascendancy of Mrs Masham, and the treacherous part she was playing to her benefactress, had long been evident to others, yet the Duchess of Marlborough long continued blind to it. Her marriage, however, opened the eyes of the duchess, and, soon after the promotion of Davies and Blackhall, both avowed Tories, not free from the imputation of Jacobitism, to the Episcopal bench, in opposition to the recommendation of Marlborough and Godolphin, gave convincing proof that their influence at court in the disposal even of the highest offices, had been supplanted by that of the new favourite. The consequences were highly prejudicial to Marlborough. The Whigs, who were not fully aware of this secret influence, and who had long distrusted him on account of his former connexion with James II., and envied him on account of his great services to the country, and lustre at court, now joined the Tories in bitter enmity against him.

He was accused of protracting the war for his own private purposes; and the man who had refused the government of the Netherlands, and £60,000 a-year, lest it should breed jealousies in the alliance, was accused of checking the career of victory from sordid motives connected with the profits of the war. His brother Churchill was prosecuted by Halifax and the Whigs on the charge of neglect of duty; and the intercession of the duke, though made in humble terms, was not so much as even honoured with a reply. The consequences of this decline of court favour were soon apparent. Recruits and supplies were forwarded to the army with a very scanty hand—the military plans and proposals of the duke were either overruled or subjected to a rigid and often invidious examination—and that division of responsibility and weakening of power became apparent, which is so often in military, as well as political transactions, the forerunner of disaster.

Matters were in this untoward state, when Marlborough, in the middle of November, returned from the Hague to London. The failure before Toulon, the disasters in Spain, the nullity of the campaign in Flanders, were made the subject of unbounded outcry in the country; and the most acrimonious debates took place in Parliament, in the course of which violent reproaches were thrown on Marlborough, and all his great services to his country seemed to be forgotten. Matters even went so far, that it was seriously proposed to draft fifteen thousand men from Flanders to reinforce the armies in Spain, although it might easily be foreseen that the only effect of this would be to drive the Dutch to a separate peace, and lose the whole of Brabant, wrested at such an expense of blood and treasure from the French arms. The Session of Parliament was one incessant scene of vehement contention; but at length the secret league of Harley with Mrs Masham and the Tories became so apparent, that all his colleagues refused to attend a cabinet council to which he was summoned, and he was obliged to retire. This decisive step restored confidence between Marlborough and the Whigs, and for a time re-established his in-

fluence in the government; but Mrs Masham's sway over the Queen was not so easily subverted, and, in the end, proved fatal both to his fortune and the career of glory he had opened to his country.

Desirous of retaliating upon England the insult which the Allied armies had inflicted upon France by the invasion of Provence, Louis XIV. now made serious preparations for the invasion of Great Britain, with the avowed object of re-establishing the Chevalier of St George, the heir of James II., on the throne from which that unhappy monarch had been expelled. Under Marlborough's able direction, to whom, as commander-in-chief, the defensive measures were entrusted, every thing was soon put in a train to avert the threatened danger. Scotland was the scene where an outbreak was to be apprehended, and all the disposable forces of the empire, including ten battalions brought over from Flanders, were quickly sent to that country. The *habeas corpus* act was suspended. Edinburgh Castle was strongly garrisoned, and the British squadron so skilfully disposed in the North Seas, that when the Chevalier with a French squadron put to sea, he was so closely watched, that after vainly attempting to land, both in the Firth of Forth and the neighbourhood of Inverness, he was obliged to return to Dunkirk. This auspicious event entirely restored Marlborough's credit with the nation, and dispelled every remnant of suspicion with which the Whigs regarded him in relation to the exiled family; and though his influence with the court was secretly undermined, his power, to outward appearance, was unbounded; and he resumed the command of the army in the beginning of April 1708, with authority as paramount as he had enjoyed on any former occasion.

Every thing announced a more important campaign than the preceding had proved in the Low Countries. Encouraged by the little progress which the Allies had made in the former campaign, Louis XIV. had been induced to make the most vigorous efforts to accumulate a preponderating force, and re-establish his affairs in that quarter. Vendôme's army had, by great exertion, been raised to

a hundred thousand men, and at the same time secret communications were opened with a considerable portion of the inhabitants in some of the frontier fortresses of Brabant, in order to induce them on the first favourable opportunity to surrender them to the French arms. The unpopularity of the Dutch authorities in those towns, and the open pretensions which they put forth to wrest them from the Emperor, and deliver them over at a general peace to the hated rule of Protestant Holland, rendered those advances peculiarly acceptable. Vendôme's instructions were to act on the offensive, though in a cautious manner; to push forward in order to take advantage of these favourable dispositions, and endeavour to regain the important ground which had been lost during the panic which followed the battle of Ramillies.

On their side the Allies had not been idle; and preparations had been made for transferring the weight of the contest to the Low Countries. The war in Italy being in a manner terminated by the entire expulsion of the French from that peninsula, and their secret convention for a sort of suspension of active operations with the Emperor in that quarter, Prince Eugene had been brought to the theatre of real hostilities on the northern frontier of France. It was agreed that two great armies should be formed, one in Brabant under Marlborough, and the other on the Moselle under Eugene; that the Elector of Hanover should act on the defensive on the Rhine; that Eugene should join the English general, and that with their united force they should force the French general to a battle. This well conceived plan met with the usual resistance on the part of the Allied powers, which compelled Marlborough to repair in person to Hanover, to smooth over the objections of its Elector. Meanwhile the dissensions and difficulties of the cabinet in London increased to such a degree, that he had scarcely quitted England when he was urged by Godolphin, and the majority of his own party, to return, as the only means of saving them from shipwreck. Marlborough, however, with that patriotic spirit which ever distinguished him,

and not less than his splendid abilities formed so honourable a feature in his character, refused to leave the seat of war, and left his political friends to shift for themselves as they best could. Having obtained a promise from Eugene that he would join him before the month expired, he joined the army at Ghent on the 9th May 1708, and on the same day reviewed the British division stationed in that city.

An event soon occurred which showed how wide-spread were the intrigues of the French in the Flemish towns, and how insecure was the foundation on which the authority of the Allies rested there. An accidental circumstance led to the discovery of a letter put into the post-office of Ghent, containing the whole particulars of a plan for admitting the French troops into the citadel of Antwerp. Vendôme at the same time made a forward movement to take advantage of these attempts; but Marlborough was on his guard, and both frustrated the intended rising in Antwerp, and barred the way against the attempted advance of the French army. Discouraged by the failure of this enterprise, Vendôme moved to Soignies at the head of an hundred thousand men, where he halted at the distance of three leagues from the Allied armies. A great and decisive action was confidently expected in both armies; as, although Marlborough could not muster above eighty thousand combatants, it was well known he would not decline a battle, although he was not as yet sufficiently strong to assume the offensive. Vendôme, however, declined attacking the Allies where they stood, and, filing to the right to Braine la Lende, close to the field of Waterloo, again halted in a position, threatening at once both Louvain and Brussels. Moving parallel to him, but still keeping on the defensive, Marlborough retired to Anderlecht. No sooner had he arrived there, than intelligence was received of a farther movement to the right on the part of the French general, which indicated an intention to make Louvain the object of attack. Without losing an instant, Marlborough marched on that very night with the utmost expedition, amidst torrents of rain, to Parc, where he established himself in such strong

ground, covering Louvain, that Vendôme, finding himself anticipated in his movements, fell back to Braine-le-Leude without firing a shot.*

Though Marlborough, however, had in this manner foiled the movement of the French general, he was in no condition to undertake offensive operations until the arrival of Eugene's army from the Moselle raised his force nearer to an equality with the preponderating masses of the enemy, headed by so able a general as Vendôme. The usual delays, however, of the German powers, for long prevented this object being attained. For about a month Marlborough was retained in a state of forced inactivity from this cause, during which period he bitterly complained, "that the slowness of the German powers was such as to threaten the worst consequences." At length, however, the pressing representations of the English general, seconded by the whole weight of Prince Eugene, overcame the tardiness of the German Electors, and the army of the Moselle began its march towards Brabant. But the Prince was too far distant to bring up his troops to the theatre of active operations before decisive events had taken place; and fortunately for the glory of England, to Marlborough alone and to his army belongs the honour of one of the most decisive victories recorded in its annals.

Encouraged by his superiority of numbers, and the assurances of support he received from the malecontents in the Flemish towns, Vendôme, who was both an able and enterprising general, put in execution, in the beginning of July, a design which he had long meditated, for the purpose of expelling the Allies from Brabant. This was by a sudden irruption to make himself master of Ghent, with several of the citizens of which he had established a secret correspondence. This city commands the course of the Scheldt and the Lys, and lay in the very centre of Marlborough's water communications; and as the fortifications of Oudenarde were in a very dilapidated state, it was reasonable to suppose that its re-

duction would speedily follow. The capture of these fortresses would at once break up Marlborough's communications, and sever the connecting link between Flanders and Brabant, so as to compel the English army to fall back to Antwerp and the line of the Scheldt, and thus deprive them of the whole fruits of the victory of Ramilies. Such was the able and well-conceived design of the French general, which promised the most brilliant results; and against a general less wary and able than Marlborough, unquestionably would have obtained them.

Vendôme executed the first part of this design with vigour and success. On the evening of the 4th July he suddenly broke up from Braine-le-Leude, and marching rapidly all night, advanced towards Hall and Tubise, dispatching, at the same time, parties towards such towns in that quarter as had maintained a correspondence with him. One of these parties, by the connivance of the watch, made itself master of Ghent. At the same time Bruges was surrendered to another party under the Count de la Motte; the small but important fort of Plasendaël was carried by storm, and a detachment sent to recover Ghent found the gates shut by the inhabitants, who had now openly joined the enemy, and invested the Allied garrison in the citadel.

Marlborough no sooner heard of this movement than he followed with his army; but he arrived in the neighbourhood of Tubise in time only to witness their passage of the Senne, near that place. Giving orders to his troops to prepare for battle, he put himself in motion at one next morning, intending to bring the enemy to an immediate action. The activity of Vendôme, however, baffled his design. He made his men, weary as they were, march all night and cross the Dender at several points, breaking down the bridges between Alort and Oerdegun, and the Allies only arrived in time to make three hundred prisoners from the rearguard. Scarcely had they recovered from this disappoint-

* *Marlborough's Despatches*, IV. 49.

ment, when intelligence arrived of the surprise of Ghent and Bruges; while, at the same time, the ferment in Brussels, owing to the near approach of the French to that capital, became so great, that there was every reason to apprehend a similar disaster, from the disaffection of some of its inhabitants. The most serious apprehensions also were entertained for Oudenarde, the garrison of which was feeble, and its works dilapidated. Marlborough, therefore, dispatched instant orders to Lord Chandos, who commanded at Ath, to collect all the detachments he could from the garrisons in the neighbourhood, and throw himself into that fortress; and with such diligence were these orders executed, that Oudenarde was secured against a *coup-de-main*, before the French outposts appeared before it. Vendôme, however, felt himself strong enough to undertake its siege in form. He drew his army round it; the investment was completed on the evening of the 9th, and a train of heavy artillery ordered from Tournay, to commence the siege,* while he himself, with the covering army, took post in a strong camp at Lessines, on the river Dender.

Such was the chagrin experienced by Marlborough at these untoward events, that he was thrown into a fever, the result of fatigue, watching, and anxiety. His physician earnestly counselled him to leave the camp, and retire to Brussels, as the only means of arresting his distemper; but nothing could induce him to leave his post at such a crisis. He continued in his tent accordingly, and the orders were issued by Marshal Overkirk. He was greatly relieved on the 7th, by the arrival of Prince Eugene, who, finding his troops could not come up in time, had left his cavalry at Maestricht, and hastened in person, though without any followers but

his personal suite, to take a part in the approaching conflict. Great was the joy of Marlborough on learning the arrival of so illustrious a general; not a feeling of jealousy crossed the breast of either of these great men. His first words to Eugene were—"I am not without hopes of congratulating your Highness on a great victory; for my troops will be animated by the presence of so distinguished a commander." Eugene warmly approved the resolution he had taken of instantly attacking the enemy: and a council of war having been summoned, their united opinion prevailed over the objections of the Dutch deputies, who were now seriously alarmed for their barrier, and it was resolved to give battle to the enemy in his position in front of OUDENARDE.†

The Allies broke up at two in the morning of the 9th July, and advanced towards the French frontiers at Lessines in four great columns. So rapid and well ordered was the march, that before noon the heads of the columns reached Herflingen, fourteen miles from Asche, whence they had started. Bridges were rapidly thrown over the Dender, and it was crossed early on the following morning in presence of Eugene and Marlborough, whom the animation of the great events in progress, had, in a manner, raised from the bed of sickness.‡ Here the duke halted, and the troops encamped in their order of march, with their right on the Dender and their front covered by a small stream which falls into that river. By this bold and rapid movement, Vendôme's well-concerted plan was entirely disconcerted; Marlborough had thrown himself between the French and their own frontier; he had rendered himself master of their communications; and, instead of seeking merely to cover his own fortresses, threaten-

* *Desp.* IV. 95-101. *Cowe*, IV. 128-131.

† *Desp.* IV. 79-102. *Cowe*, IV. 130-132.

‡ "The treachery of Ghent, continual marching, and some letters I have received from England, (from the Queen and the Duchess,) have so vexed me, that I was yesterday in so great a fever, that the doctor would have persuaded me to have gone to Brussels; but I thank God I am now better, and by the next post I hope to answer your letters. The States have used this country so ill, that I noways doubt but all the towns in it will play us the same trick as Ghent if they have the power."—*Marlborough to Godolphin*, July 9, 1708. *Cowe*, IV. 38.

ed to compel them to fall back, in order to regain their communications, and abandon the whole enterprise which had commenced with such prospects of success. Vendôme was extremely disconcerted at this able movement, and he gave immediate orders to fall back upon Gavre, situated on the Scheldt below Oudenarde, where it was intended to cross that river.

No sooner was this design made manifest, than Marlborough followed with all his forces, with the double design of raising the investment of Oudenarde, and if possible forcing the enemy to give battle, under the disadvantage of doing so in a retreat. Anxious to improve their advantage, the Allied generals pushed forward with the utmost expedition, hoping to come up with the enemy when his columns and baggage were close upon the Scheldt, or in the very act of crossing that river. Colonel Cadogan, with a strong advanced guard, was pushed forward by daybreak on the 11th towards the Scheldt, which he reached by eleven, and immediately threw bridges over, across which the whole cavalry and twelve battalions of foot were immediately thrown. They advanced to the summit of the plateau on the left bank of the river, and formed in battle array, the infantry opposite Eynes, the cavalry extending on the left towards Schaerken. Advancing slowly on in this regular array down the course of the river on its left bank, Cadogan was not long of coming in sight of the French rear-guard under Biron, with whom he had some sharp skirmishing. Meanwhile, Marlborough and Eugene were pressing the passage at the bridges with all imaginable activity; but the greater part of their army had not yet got across. The main body was still half a league from the Scheldt, and the huge clouds of dust which arose from the passage of the artillery and carriages in that direction, inspired Vendôme with the hope that he might cut off the advanced guard which was over the Scheldt, before the bulk of the Allied forces could get across to their relief. With this view he halted his troops, and drew them up hastily in order of battle. This brought on the great and glorious action which

followed, towards the due understanding of which, a description of the theatre of combat is indispensable.

"At the distance of a mile north of Oudenarde, is the village of Eynes. Here the ground rises into a species of low, but spacious amphitheatre. From thence it sweeps along a small plain, till it nearly reaches the glaciis of Oudenarde, where it terminates in the village of Bevere. To the west the slope ascends to another broad hill called the Bosercanter; and at the highest point of the eminence stands a windmill, shaded by a lofty lime-tree, forming conspicuous objects from the whole adjacent country. From thence the ground gradually declines towards Mardlen; and the eye glancing over the humid valley watered by the Norken, rests on another range of uplands, which, gently sinking, at length terminates near Asper. Within this space, two small streams, descending from the lower part of the hill of Oycke, embrace a low tongue of land, the centre of which rises to a gentle elevation. The borders of these rivulets are crossed by frequent enclosures, surrounding the farm-yards of Barwaen, Chobon, and Diepenbeck. Near the source of one of these streams is a castellated mansion; at that of the other is the hamlet of Rhetelhouk, embosomed in a wooded nook. These streams unite at the hamlet of Scharcken, and their united current flows in a marshy bed to the Scheldt, which it reaches near Eynes. The Norken, another river traversing the field, runs for a considerable distance parallel to the Scheldt, until, passing by Asper, it terminates in a stagnant canal, which joins the Scheldt below Gavre. Its borders, like those of the other streams, are skirted with copice-wood thickets; behind are the enclosures surrounding the little plain. Generally speaking, this part of Flanders is even not merely of picturesque beauty and high cultivation, but great military strength; and it is hard to say whether its numerous streams, hanging banks, and umbrageous woods, add most to its interest in the eye of a painter, or to its intricacy and defensive character in warlike operations."*

As fast as the Allies got across the

* The above description of the field of Oudenarde is mainly taken from *Cowe*,

Scheldt, Marlborough formed them along the high grounds stretching from Bevere to Mooreghem Mill, with their right resting on the Scheldt. Vendôme's men stretched across the plain, from the hill of Asper on the left, to Warreghem on the right. A considerable body of cavalry and infantry lay in front of their position in Eynes, of which they had retained possession since they had repulsed Cadogan's horse. No sooner had the English general got a sufficient number of troops up, than he ordered that gallant officer to advance and retake that village. The infantry attacked in front, crossing the rivulet near Eynes; while the horse made a circuit, and passing higher, made their appearance in their rear, when the conflict was warmly going on in front. The consequence was, that the village was carried with great loss to the enemy, three entire battalions were cut off and made prisoners, and eight squadrons cut to pieces in striving to make their way across the steep and tangled banks of the Norken. This sharp blow convinced the French leaders that a general action was unavoidable; and though, from the vigour with which it had been struck, their remained little hope of overpowering the Allied advanced guard before the main body came up, yet they resolved, contrary to the opinion of Vendôme, who had become seriously alarmed, to persist in the attack, and risk all on the issue of a general engagement.*

It was four in the afternoon when the French commenced the action in good earnest. The Duke of Burgundy ordered General Grimaldi to lead Sestern's squadron across the Norken, apparently with the view of feeling his way preparatory to a general attack; but when he arrived on the margin of the stream, and saw the Prussian cavalry already formed on the other side, he fell back to the small plain near the Mill of Royeghorn. Vendôme, meanwhile, directed

his left to advance, deeming that the most favourable side to attack; but the Duke of Burgundy, who nominally had the supreme command, and who was jealous of Vendôme's reputation, countermanded this order; alleging that an impassable morass separated the two armies in that quarter. Those contradictory orders produced indecision in the French lines, and Marlborough, divining its cause, instantly took advantage of it. Judging with reason that the real attack of the enemy would be made on his left by their right, in front of the castle of Bevere, he drew the twelve battalions of foot under Cadogan from Heurne and Eynes, which they occupied, and reinforced the left with them; while the bridges of the Norken were strongly occupied, and musketeers disposed in the woods on their sides. Marlborough himself, at the head of the Prussian horse, advanced by Heurne, and took post on the flank of the little plain of Diepenbeck, where it was evident the heat of the action would ensue. A reserve of twenty British battalions, with a few guns, took post near Schaerken, and proved of the most essential service in the struggle which ensued. Few pieces of artillery were brought up on either side; the rapidity of the movements on both having outstripped the slow pace at which those ponderous implements of destruction were then conveyed.†

Hardly were these defensive arrangements completed, when the tempest was upon them. The whole French right wing, consisting of thirty battalions, embracing the French and Swiss guards, and the flower of their army, debouched from the woods and hedges near Groemvelde, and attacking four battalions stationed there, quickly compelled them to retreat. Advancing then in the open plain, they completely outflanked the Allied left, and made themselves masters of the hamlets of Barwaen and Banlaney. This success exposed the Allies to imminent dan-

IV. 134-135; but the author, from personal inspection of the field, can attest its accuracy.

* *Cowe*, IV. 140-145.

† *Marlborough to Count Piper*, 15th July 1708.—*Desp.* IV. 115. *Cowe*, IV. 144-145.

ger; for in their rear was the Scheldt, flowing lazily in a deep and impassable current, through marshy meadows, crossed only by a few bridges, over which retreat would be impossible in presence of a victorious enemy; and the success against the Allied left exposed to be cut off from their only resource in such a case, the friendly ramparts of Oudenarde.

Anxiously observing the rapid progress of the French on his left, Marlborough successively drew brigade after brigade from his right, and moved them to the quarter which was now severely pressed. The hostile lines fought with the most determined resolution. Every bridge, every ditch, every wood, every hamlet, every enclosure, was obstinately contested; and so incessant was the roll of musketry, that, seen from a distance, the horizon seemed an unbroken line of fire. Hitherto Marlborough and Eugene had remained together; but now, as matters had reached the crisis, they separated. The English general bestowed on Prince Eugene the command of his right, where the British battalions, whose valour he had often praised, were placed. He himself, with the Prussian horse on the banks of the Norken, kept the enemy's left in check; while with his own left he endeavoured to outflank the enemy, and retaliate upon them the manœuvre which they had attempted against him. This bold movement was attended with severe loss, but it proved completely successful. Eugene was soon warmly engaged, and at first wellnigh overpowered by the superior numbers and vehement onset of the enemy. But Marlborough, whose eye was every where, no sooner observed this, than he dispatched Cadogan with his twelve English battalions to his support. Encouraged by this aid, Eugene moved forward General Natzmer, at the head of the Prussian heavy horse and cuirassiers, to charge the enemy's second lines near the Mill of Royeghem; while he himself renewed the attack on their infantry near Helehorn. Both attacks proved successful. The enemy were expelled on the right from the enclosure of Avelcheas, and the battle restored in that quarter; while, at the same time,

their second line was driven back into the enclosures of Royeghem. But this last success was not achieved without a very heavy loss; for the Prussian horse were received by so terrible a fire of musketry from the hedges near Royeghem, into which they had pushed the enemy's second line, that half of them were stretched on the plain, and the remainder recoiled in disorderly flight.

Meanwhile, Marlborough himself was not less actively engaged on the Allied left. At the head of the Hanoverian and Dutch battalions, he there pressed forward against the hitherto victorious French right. The vigour inspired by his presence quickly altered the state of affairs in that quarter. Barlancy and Barwaen were soon regained, but not without the most desperate resistance; for not only did the enemy obstinately contest every field and enclosure, but, in their fury, set fire to such of the houses as could no longer be maintained. Despite all these obstacles, however, the English general fairly drove them back, at the musket's point, from one enclosure to another, till he reached the hamlet of Diepenbeck, where the resistance proved so violent that he was compelled to pause. His vigilant eye, however, ere long observed, that the hill of Oycke, which flanked the enemy's extreme right, was unoccupied. Conceiving that their right might be turned by this eminence, he directed Overkirk, with the reserve cavalry, and twenty Dutch and Danish battalions, to occupy it. The veteran marshal executed this important, and, as it proved, decisive movement, with his wonted alacrity and spirit. The wooded dells round the castle of Bevere soon rung with musketry; the enemy, forced out of them, was driven over the shoulder of the Bosercanter; soon it was passed, and the mill of Oycke, and the plateau behind it, occupied by the Danish and Dutch battalions. Arrived on the summit, Overkirk made his men bring up their left shoulders, so as to wheel inwards, and form a vast semicircle round the right wing of the French, which, far advanced beyond the centre, was now thrown back, and grouped into the little plain of Diepenbeck.

Observing the effect of this movement, Marlborough directed Overkirk to press forward his left still farther, so as to seize the passes of Mullem and mill of Royeghem, by which the communication between the enemy's right and centre was maintained. This order was executed with vigour and success by the Prince of Orange and General Oxenstiern. The progress of the extreme Allied left round the rear of the French right, was observed by the frequent flashes of their musketry on the heights above Mullem, down to which they descended, driving the enemy with loud cheers, which re-echoed over the whole field of battle, before them. The victory was now gained. Refluent from all quarters, enveloped on every side, the whole French right was hurled together, in wild confusion, into the plain of Diepenbeck; where seven regiments of horse, which made a noble effort to stem the flood of disaster, was all cut to pieces or taken.

Seeing his right wing on the verge of destruction, Vendôme made a gallant effort to rescue it. Dismounting from his horse, he led the infantry of his left near Mullem, to the aid of their devoted comrades. But the thick and frequent enclosures broke their array; the soldiers were dismayed by the loud shouts of victory from their right; and when they emerged from the enclosures, and approached the plain of Diepenbeck, the firm countenance of the British horse, drawn up on its edge, and the sturdy array of their infantry under Eugene, which advanced to meet them, rendered the effort abortive. Meanwhile darkness set in, but the battle still raged on all sides; and the frequent flashes of the musketry on the heights around, intermingled with the shouts of the victors, showed but too clearly how nearly the extremity of danger was approaching to the whole French army. So completely were they enveloped, that the advanced guard of the right under Eugene, and the left

under the Prince of Orange, met on the heights in the French rear, and several volleys were exchanged between them, before the error was discovered, and, by great exertions of their respective commanders, the useless butchery was stopped. To prevent a repetition of such disasters, orders were given to the whole troops to halt where they stood, and to this precaution many owed their safety, as it was impossible in the darkness to distinguish friend from foe. But it enabled great part of the centre and left of the French to escape unobserved, which, had daylight continued for two hours longer, would have been all taken or destroyed. Their gallant right was left to its fate; while Eugene, by directing the drums of his regiments to beat the French *assemblée*, made great numbers of their left and centre prisoners. Some thousands of the right slipped unobserved to the westward, near the castle of Bevere, and made their way in a confused body towards France, but the greater part of that wing were killed or taken. Vendôme, with characteristic presence of mind, formed a rearguard of a few battalions and twenty-five squadrons, with which he covered the retreat of the centre and left; but the remainder of those parts of the army fell into total confusion, and fled headlong in wild disorder towards Ghent.*

We have the authority of Marlborough for the assertion, that "if he had had two hours more of daylight, the French army would have been irretrievably routed, great part of it killed or taken, and the war terminated on that day."† As it was, the blow struck was prodigious, and entirely altered the character and issue of the campaign. The French lost six thousand men in killed and wounded, besides nine thousand prisoners, and one hundred standards wrested from them in fair fight. The Allies were weakened by five thousand men; for the French were superior in number, and fought well, having been

* *Coxe*, IV. 146-151. *Marlborough to Count Piper*, 16th July 1708.—*Desp.* IV. 115. *Duke of Berwick's Mem.* II. 12.

† *Marlborough à M. De Themgue*, 15th July 1708.—*Desp.* IV. 111.

defeated solely by the superior generalship of the Allied commanders.*

No sooner did daylight appear, than forty squadrons were detached towards Ghent, in pursuit of the enemy; while Marlborough himself, with characteristic humanity, visited the field of battle, doing his utmost to assuage the sufferings, and provide for the cure of the numerous wounded—like friend and foe—who encumbered its bloody expanse. Count Lottnow was sent with thirty battalions and fifty squadrons, to possess himself of the lines which the enemy had constructed between Ipres and Warneton, which that officer did with vigour and success, making five hundred prisoners. This was the more fortunate, as, at the moment they were taken, the Duke of Berwick, with the French army from the Moselle, was hastening up, and had exhorted the garrison to defend the lines to the last extremity. At the same time, the corresponding Allied army, commanded by Eugene, arrived at Brussels, so that both sides were largely reinforced. Berwick's corps, which consisted of thirty-four battalions and fifty-five squadrons, was so considerable, that it raised Vendôme's army again to an hundred thousand men. With this imposing mass, that able general took post in a camp behind the canal of Bruges, and near Ghent, which he soon strongly fortified, and which commanded the navigation both of the Scheldt and the Lys. He rightly judged, that as long as he was there at the head of such a force, the Allies would not venture to advance into France; though it lay entirely open to their incursions, as Marlborough was between him and Paris.†

Encouraged by this singular posture of the armies, Marlborough strongly

urged upon the Allied council of war the propriety of relinquishing all lesser objects, passing the whole fortified towns on the frontier, and advancing straight towards the French capital.‡ This bold counsel, however—which, if acted on, would have been precisely what Wellington and Blücher did a century after, in advancing from the same country, and perhaps attended with similar success—was rejected. Eugene, and the remainder of the council, considered the design too hazardous, while Vendôme with so great an army lay intrenched in their rear, threatening their communications. It was resolved, therefore, to commence the invasion of the territory of the Grande Monarque, by the siege of the great frontier fortress of LILLE, the strongest and most important place in French Flanders, and the possession of which would give the Allies a solid footing in the enemy's territory. This, however, was a most formidable undertaking; for not only was the place itself of great strength, and with a citadel within its walls still stronger, but it was garrisoned by Marshal Boufflers, one of the ablest officers in the French service, with fifteen thousand choice troops, and every requisite for a vigorous defence. On the other hand, Vendôme, at the head of an hundred thousand men, lay in an impregnable camp between Ghent and Bruges, ready to interrupt or raise the siege; and his position there extremely hampered Marlborough in bringing forward the requisite equipage for so great an undertaking, as it interrupted the whole water navigation of the country, by which it could best be effected. The dragging it up by land, would require sixteen thousand horses. Nevertheless it was resolved to undertake the enterprise, sanguine hopes being

* *Desp.* IV. 111. Berwick himself states the prisoners at 9000.—*Marlborough*, II. 12. *Marlborough to the Duchess*, July 16, 1708.—*Coxe*, IV. 157.

† *Marlborough to Lord Godolphin*, July 16 and 19, 1708.—*Coxe*, IV. 158, 159.

‡ Conscious of the panic which prevailed in France, and aware that some brilliant enterprise was requisite to prevent the Dutch from listening to separate overtures for peace, Marlborough proposed to meet at Lille, and penetrate by the northern frontier into the heart of France. An expedition fitted out in England was to co-operate on the coast. But the design of penetrating direct into France seemed too bold even to Eugene, and, of course, encouraged strong opposition from a government so timid and vacillating as that of Holland.—*Coxe*, IV. 165.

entertained, that, rather than see so important a fortress fall, Vendôme would leave his intrenched camp, and give the Allies an opportunity of bringing him again to battle on equal terms.*

No sooner was the undertaking resolved on, than the most vigorous measures were adopted to carry it into execution. The obstacles which presented themselves, however, were great indeed, and proved even more formidable than had been at first anticipated. Every gun, every waggon, every round of ammunition, required to be transported from Holland; and even the nearest dépôt for ordinary and military stores for the Allies, was Brussels, situated twenty-five leagues off. Sixteen thousand horses were requisite to transport the train which brought these stores, partly from Maestricht, partly from Holland; and when in a line of march, it stretched over fifteen miles. Prince Eugene, with fifty-three battalions and ninety squadrons, covered the vast moving mass—Marlborough himself being ready, at a moment's notice, in his camp near Menin, to support him, if necessary. Between these two great men there existed then, as ever, the most entire cordiality.† Their measures were all taken in concord, and with such ability, that though Vendôme lay on the flank of the line of march, which extended over above seventy miles, not a gun was taken, nor a carriage lost; and the whole reached the camp at Helchin in safety, on the 12th August, whither Marlborough had gone to meet it. So marvellous were the arrangements made for the safe conduct of this important convoy, and so entire their success, that they excited the admiration of the French, and in no slight degree augmented the alarm of their generals, who had hitherto treated the idea of Lille being besieged, with perfect derision. "Pos-

terity," says the French annalist, Feuquieres, "will scarcely believe the fact, though it is an undoubted truth. Never was a great enterprise conducted with more skill and circumspection."‡

Prince Eugene was entrusted with the conduct of the siege, while Marlborough commanded the covering army. The former commenced the investment of the place on the 13th August, while Marlborough remained at Helchin, taking measures for the protection of the convoys, which were incessantly coming up from Brussels. At length the whole were passed, and arrived in safety in the camp before Lille, amounting to one hundred and twenty heavy guns, forty mortars, twenty howitzers, and four hundred ammunition waggons. Eugene's army for the siege consisted of fifty-three battalions and ninety squadrons, in all about forty thousand men. Marlborough's covering force was sixty-nine battalions and one hundred and forty squadrons, numbering nearly sixty thousand men. But the force of the French was still more considerable in the field. Vendôme and Berwick united on the 30th, on the plain between Grammont and Lessines, and on the 2d September advanced towards Lille with one hundred and forty battalions and two hundred and fifty squadrons, mustering one hundred thousand combatants, besides twenty thousand left, under Count de la Motte, to cover Ghent and Bruges. But Marlborough had no fears for the result, and ardently longed for a general action, which he hoped would one way or other conclude the war. "If we have a second action," says he, "and God blesses our just cause, this, in all likelihood, will be our last campaign; for I think they would not venture a battle, but are resolved to submit to any condition, if the success be on our side; and if they get the better, they will think

* *Marlborough to Godolphin, July 23, 1708.*—*Coxe*, IV. 165.

† "I need not tell you how much I desire the nation may be at last eased of a burdensome war, by an honourable peace; and no one can judge better than yourself of the sincerity of my wishes to enjoy a little retirement at a place you have contributed in a great measure to make so desirable. I thank you for your good wishes to myself on this occasion. *I dare say, Prince Eugene and I shall never differ about our laurels.*"—*Marlborough to Mr Travers, July 30, 1708.*

‡ *Coxe*, IV. 216–219.

themselves masters; so that, if there should be an action, it is like to be the last this war. If God continues on our side, we have nothing to fear, our troops being good, though not so numerous as theirs. I dare say, before half the troops have fought, success will declare, I trust in God, on our side; and then I may have what I earnestly wish for quick.”*

No sooner was Marlborough informed of the junction of Vendôme and Berwick, than, anticipating the direction they would follow, and the point at which they would endeavour to penetrate through, and raise the siege, he marched parallel to the enemy, and arrived on the 4th September at a position previously selected, having his right at Noyelle, and his left at Peronne. So correctly had he divined the designs of the able generals to whom he was opposed, that, within two hours after he had taken up his ground, the united French army appeared in his front. Notwithstanding their great superiority of forces, the enemy, however, did not venture to attack, and the two armies remained watching each other for the next fortnight, without any movement being attempted on either side.†

Meanwhile, Eugene was actively prosecuting the siege of Lille. Trenches were opened on the 22d, and a heavy fire was opened from eighty pieces of cannon. On the following night, an outwork, called the Chapel of St Magdalene, was stormed and taken. The second parallel was soon completed, and some farther outworks carried; and the whole battering guns having at length been mounted, a breach was effected in the salient angle of one of the horn-works, and on the same night a lodgement was effected. A vigorous sortie, on the 10th September, hardly retarded the progress of the operations, and a sap was made under the covered way. Marlborough, who visited the besiegers' lines on the 18th. however, expressed some displeasure at the slow progress of the

siege; and in consequence, on the 20th, another assault was hazarded. It was most obstinately resisted, but at length the assailants overcame all opposition, and bursting in, carried a demi-bastion and several adjoining works, though with a loss of two thousand men. Great as this loss was, it was not so severe as that of one officer who fell; for Eugene himself, transported with ardour, had taken part in the assault, and was seriously wounded. This grievous casualty not only gave the utmost distress to Marlborough, but immensely augmented his labours; for it threw upon him at once the direction of the siege, and the command of the covering army. Every morning at break of day he was on horseback to observe Vendôme's army; and if all was quiet in front, he rode to the lines and directed the siege in person till evening, when he again returned to the camp of the covering force. By thus in a manner doubling himself, this great man succeeded in preventing any serious inconvenience being experienced even from so great a catastrophe as Eugene's wound, and he infused such vigour into the operations of the siege, that, on the 23d September, great part of the tenailons were broken, with a large portion of the covered way. At the same time the ammunition of the garrison began to fail so much in consequence of the constant fire they had kept up for above a month, that Marshal Boufflers sent intimation to Vendôme, that unless a supply of that necessary article was speedily obtained, he should be obliged to surrender.‡

The French generals, aware how much the fortress was straitened, were meanwhile straining every nerve to raise the siege; but such was the terror inspired by Marlborough's presence, and the skill with which his defensive measures were taken, that they did not venture to hazard an attack on the covering army. But a well-conceived project of Vendôme's,

* *Marlborough to Godolphin, August 30, 1708.—Coxe, IV. 222.*

† *Desp. IV. 241-260.*

‡ *Desp. IV. 260-271. Marlborough to Godolphin, September 24, 1708.—Coxe, IV. 213.*

for throwing a supply of powder into the fortress, in part succeeded; although many of the horsemen who carried it were cut off, some succeeded in making their way in through the Allied lines, and considerably raised the spirits of the garrison, as well as prolonged their means of defence. But meanwhile the ammunition of the besiegers was falling short, as well as that of the besieged; and as the enemy were completely masters of the communication with Brussels, no resource remained but to get it up from Ostend. A convoy was formed there accordingly by General Erle, and set out on the 27th September, consisting of seven hundred waggon, escorted by General Webb with ten thousand men. Count de la Motte instantly set out with the troops under his command from the vicinity of Ghent, and came up with the convoy in the defile of Wynandals. A sharp action ensued, and the French advanced to the attack with their wonted impetuosity. But Webb's defensive arrangements were so skilful, and the fire kept up by his troops so vigorous, that the enemy were utterly routed; and the convoy forcing its way, reached Menin on the following day, and entered the Allied camp, amidst the acclamations of the whole army, on the 30th September.*

The safe arrival of this convoy gave new energy to the operations of the siege; while the recovery of Eugene relieved Marlborough of half the labour under which, to use his own words, he had been for a fortnight "rather dead than alive." Three days after the whole *tenaillon* was carried, and the troops established directly opposite the breaches of the ramparts. Meanwhile Vendôme opened the sluices, and inundated the country to the very borders of the dyke, so as to intercept Marlborough's communication with Ostend, and prevent the arrival of stores from it. But the English general defeated this device by bringing the

stores up in flat-bottomed boats from Ostend to Leffinghen, and thence conveying them in carriages, mounted on very high wheels, to the camp. Cadogan greatly distinguished himself in this difficult service. Overkirk died at this critical juncture, to the great regret of Marlborough, who could then ill spare his ardent and patriotic spirit. Meanwhile, however, the siege continued to advance; and fifty-five heavy guns thundered from the counterscarp on the breaches, while thirty-six mortars swept all the works which commanded them. Finding himself unable to withstand the assault which was now hourly expected, Boufflers, on the 22d October, beat a parley, and capitulated; having sustained, with unparalleled resolution, a siege of sixty days, of which thirty were with open trenches. Penetrated with admiration at his gallant defence, Eugene granted the French general and his brave garrison the most honourable terms. The gates were surrendered on the 23d, and the remainder of the garrison, still five thousand strong, retired into the citadel,† where they prolonged their defence for six weeks more.

Thus had Marlborough the glory, in one campaign, of defeating, in a pitched battle, the best general and most powerful army possessed by France, and capturing its strongest frontier fortress, the masterpiece of Vauban, under the eyes of one hundred and twenty thousand assembled from all quarters for its relief. He put the keystone at the same time into this arch of glory, by again declining the magnificent offer of the government of the Low Countries, with its appointment of sixty thousand a-year for life, a second time pressed upon him by King Charles, from an apprehension that such an offer might give umbrage to the government of Holland, or excite jealousy in the Queen's government at home.‡

* *Marlborough to Godolphin, October 1, 1708.—Coxe, IV. 254.*

† *Desp. IV. 271, Marlborough to Godolphin, October 24, 1708.—Coxe, IV. 263, 264.*

‡ "You will find me, my Prince, always ready to renew the patent for the government of the Low Countries, formerly sent to you, and to extend it for your life."
—*King Charles to Marlborough, August 8, 1708. Coxe, IV. 245.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LOVER OF SOCIETY.

MANY years ago, I was struck with the remark—that if any one would write down, from week to week, the prominent events which occurred in his time, he must make a book which many would like to read.

I took the hint; and here I give a portion of my Recollections. Not that I have ever kept a regular Journal, a matter which I now regret; but I have mingled a good deal in general life, I have seen nearly all the remarkable characters of Europe in the most stirring period of the world, and I have seen the beginning as well as the end of that most extraordinary of all national catastrophes, the French Revolution.

At all times fond of associating with my fellow men, taking a strong interest in public opinions, having strong opinions of my own, and witnessing the most singular changes in almost every form of public, of personal, and of national impressions, I have had my full share of experience in the ways of men. And I now offer it to those who would refresh their remembrances of memorable men, things, and times.

For the purpose of dealing in the fairest possible manner with my readers, I have looked into the various records of those events which might have escaped my memory. But I have not suffered them to bias opinions conceived long since, and conceived in the spirit of sincerity. Such is my design. It is given to the public with a perfect freedom from all party influence; with a total avoidance of all personality; with that calmness of retrospect which best becomes one who has no desire to share in the passions of the world; and with that wish of the French almanack-maker, which lies at the bottom of many a bulkier enterprise than mine—

“Je veux infiniment qu’on me lise.”

1800.

January 1.—The nineteenth century has commenced with one of those events, which deserve to mark

epochs. On this day the UNION of Ireland with England has begun. The church bells are ringing, at this moment, in all quarters. Flags are flying on the various government establishments. A new Imperial flag is hoisted at the Tower, and I now hear the guns saluting it with their roar.

The last century was the era of Intrigue in politics, in war, in courts, in every thing. In England, the Revolution at the close of the Century before had extinguished the power of Despotism. Popery had perished under the heel of Protestantism. The Jacobite had fled from the face of the Williamite. The sword was seen no longer. But the strifes of party succeeded the struggles of Religion; and Parliament became the scene of those conflicts, which, in the century before, would have been fought in the field.

I strongly doubt which age exhibits the national character in a more elevated point of view. The war of Charles I. was a period of proud feeling. It was the last burst of Chivalry. Men of rank and fortune periled both from a sense of honour, and some of the noblest who fell on the royal side, were as fully convinced of the royal errors as the orators of Parliament; but their sense of honour urged them to the sacrifice, and they freely shed their blood for a King, whose faithlessness and folly were to be redeemed only by his martyrdom.

From the period of the Revolution, the character of the country had changed. Still bold, sensitive, and capable of sacrifice, it had grown more contemptuous of political romance, more clear-sighted as to public merits, and more fixed on substantial claims. The latter part of the seventeenth century had seen the worthless and treacherous Charles II. brought back by the nobles and gentry of the land in a national triumph. The middle of the eighteenth century saw the expulsion of the Pretender, a gallant and adventurous prince, whose only adherents were the Scottish chiefs, and

whose most determined opponents were the whole multitude of England.

France had lost her Chivalric spirit nearly a hundred years before. It had died with Francis I. The wars of the League were wars of Chicane; Artifice in arms, Subtlety in steel coats. The profligacy of the courts of Louis Quatorze, and his successors, dissolved at once the morals and the mind of France. That great country exhibited, to the eye of Europe, the aspect of the most extravagant license, and the most rapid decay. There lay the great voluptuary, under the general gaze; like one of its feudal lords dying of his own debauch—lying helpless from infirmity, surrounded with useless pomp, and in the sight of luxuries which he could taste no more—until death came, and he was swept away from his place among men.

Germany was unknown even in Europe, but by the military struggles of Prussia and Austria. But the objects were trifling, and the result was more trifling still. Prussia gained Silesia, and Austria scarcely felt the loss, in an Empire extending from the Rhine to the Euxine. Then came peace, lassitude, and oblivion once more. But this languid century was to close with a tremendous explosion. A Belgian revolt was followed by a French Revolution. The wearisome continuance of the calm was broken up by a tornado, and when the surges subsided again, they exhibited many a wreck of thrones flung upon the shore.

What is to be the next great change? What inscription shall be written by the historian on the sepulchre of the coming hundred years? Will they exhibit the recovery of the power of opinion by Kings, or the mastery of its power by the People? Will Europe be a theatre of State intrigue, as of old, or a scene of Republican violence? It would require a prophet to pronounce the reality.

But I can already see symptoms of change; stern demands on the higher classes; sullen discontents in every country; an outcry for representative government throughout Europe. The example of France has not been lost upon the populace; the millions of

Europe, who have seen the mob of the capital tear down the throne, will not forget the lesson. They may forget the purchase, or they may disregard the miseries of the purchase, in the pride of the possession. But we shall not have another French Revolution. We shall have no more dedications of the axe, no more baptisms in blood, no more display of that horrid and fearful ceremonial with which France, like the ancient idolators, offered her children to Moloch, and drowned the shrieks and groans of the dying in the clangour of trumpets and the acclamations of the multitude. Those scenes were too terrible to be renewed. The heart of man shrinks from liberty obtained by this dreadful violation of all its feelings. Like the legendary compacts with the Evil One, the fear of the Bond would embitter the whole intermediate indulgence; and even the populace would be startled at a supremacy, to be obtained only by means of such utter darkness, and followed by such awful retribution.

31.—A piece of intelligence has arrived to-day, which has set all the World of London in commotion. It is no less than a direct challenge to our good King. Chivalry is not yet dead, as I supposed. After expulsion from the sunny plains of Italy and Spain, it has revived among the polar snows.

The Russian Emperor has actually published this defiance to the world, in the *St Petersburg Gazette*. "It is said that his majesty the Emperor, perceiving that the European powers cannot come to an accommodation, and wishing to put an end to a war which has raged eleven years, has conceived the idea of appointing a place, to which he will invite the other potentates to engage together with himself in single combat, in Lists which shall be marked out. For which purpose they shall bring with them, to act as their esquires, umpires, and heralds, their most enlightened ministers and able generals, as Thugut, Pitt, and Bernstorff. He will bring, on his part, Counts Pahlen and Kutusoff."

The first impression on the appearance of this singular document was

surprise ; the next, of course, was ridicule. The man must have utterly lost his senses. He has been for some months playing the most fantastic tricks in his capital : cutting off people's beards if they happen to displease his taste as a barber, cutting off coat-skirts if they offend his taste as a tailor, ordering the passers-by to pay him a kind of Oriental homage, and threatening to send every body to Siberia. Under such circumstances, the air of Russia is supposed to be unfavourable to royal longevity.

The death of a singular character occurred a few days since, a *protégée* of Hannah More, and, as might be expected from that lady's publishing habits, rendered sufficiently conspicuous by her pen. She was a total stranger, apparently a German by her pronunciation of English, yet carefully avoiding to speak any foreign language. She was first found taking refuge under a haystack, apparently in a state of insanity, and determined to die there. The peasantry, who occasionally brought her food, of course soon gave her a name, and, as she was evidently a gentlewoman, they called her the lady of the haystack. Hannah More, who had unquestionably some humanity, though she was rather too fond of its public exhibition, made her the heroine of a tale, and thus drew upon her considerable notice. She was prevailed on, though with some difficulty, to leave the haystack ; and after a residence of a considerable period in the country, supported by subscriptions, she was removed, on its being ascertained that she was incurably insane, to an hospital in London, where, after continuing several years, she died.

Her case excited great curiosity for the time, and every effort was made in Germany to ascertain her family, and give some notice of her condition. One of the most remarkable circumstances in her insanity, was her guarded silence on the subject of her relatives. Though she rambled into all conceivable topics, she could not be induced to give the slightest clue to their names. The moment any attempt at their discovery was made, all her feelings seemed to be

startled ; she shrank at once, looked distressed, and became silent. Hannah More's "Tale of Woe," was therefore a well-meant effort to attract attention to an unhappy creature, who was determined to give no knowledge of herself to the world.

Lord Camelford's eccentricities are well known ; but the world has given him credit for more than he deserves. He was unluckily a duellist almost by profession, and thus as dangerous to associate with as a mad bull. Yet I have heard traits of a generosity on his part as lavish as his manners are eccentric. He is, however, so well known to be alert in the use of the pistol, and to be of fiery temper, that some curious stories are told of the alarm inspired by his presence. One of those is now running the round of the Clubs.

Some days ago, his lordship, walking into a coffee-house, and taking up the evening paper, began poring over its paragraphs. A coxcomb in an adjoining box, who had frequently called to the waiter for the paper, walked over to Lord Camelford's box, and, seeing him lay down the paper for the moment while he was sipping his coffee, took it up, and walked off with it without ceremony. His lordship bore the performance without exhibiting any sign of disturbance, but waited till he saw the intruder engaged in its paragraphs. He then quietly walked over, and with all the eyes of the Coffee-house upon him, snuffed out the fellow's candles, and walked back to his own seat. The fellow, astonished and furious, demanded the name of the person who had served him in this contemptuous manner. His lordship threw him his card. He took it—read "Lord Camelford" aloud—seemed petrified for a moment, and in the next snatched up his hat, and made but one step to the door, followed by the laugh of the whole room.

But his lordship has, like Hamlet, method in his madness. A report was lately spread that he had resolved, in case of Horne Tooke's rejection by the House as member for Old Sarum, that he would bring in his own black footman. This report he resented and denied, sending a letter

to the newspapers, of which this is a fragment :—

“A report, as preposterous as unfounded, has lately found its way abroad, stating that I meditated a gross and indecent insult upon the dignity of the legislature, by using an influence which I am supposed to possess, for the purpose of introducing an improper character into the formation of its body.

“It becomes me to set the public right, by solemnly assuring them, that no such idea was ever in contemplation for one moment; and that I am at a loss to discover how the rumour originated; as, so far from being capable of harbouring a wish to add to the embarrassments of an unhappy and dejected people, it would be the pride and glory of my heart, if I had the power to place such persons in situations of responsibility, as, by their talents and integrity, might preserve our Laws and Government and Constitution.”

The eccentricities of the unfortunate Emperor of Russia have come to even a more rapid end than I had expected. A courier has just arrived with the startling intelligence, that the Czar was found dead in his chamber. The whole transaction is for the moment covered with extreme obscurity; but it is to be feared that what the Frenchman, with equal cleverness and wickedness, called the Russian trial by Jury, has been acted on in this instance, and that the Russian annals have been stained with another Imperial catastrophe.

How natural and magnificent are Shakspeare's reflections on the anxieties that beset a crown—

“Oh, polished perturbation! golden care,
That keeps the ports of Slumber open wide
To many a watchful night: O Majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.”

If Voltaire's definition be true, that swindling is the perfection of civilization, and that the more civilized, the

more subtle we become, England may boast of a swindler that seems to have brought the art to its highest perfection. She is a female, not at all of the showy order, which beguiles so many understandings through the eyes—an insignificant and mean person, with an ordinary face, not at all exhibiting manners superior to her appearance, yet certainly of the most superb ambition in the art of tricking the World. Where she began her adventures first, remains to be developed by future biography. At length she appeared in the neighbourhood of Greenwich, and, representing herself there as an heiress, took a handsome house, and contrived, in the usual way, to make all the tradesmen in the neighbourhood contribute to its furnishing. By the simplicity and plausibility of her manner, she even obtained loans to the amount of some thousands, to set her household in motion, until her affairs were settled. An heiress must, of course, have a carriage; but this clever person was not content with doing things in an ordinary way, but set up three. While her house was being prepared,—which she ordered to be done by the first artists in their way, the walls being painted in fresco,—she drove down to Brighton in her travelling-carriage, with four horses and two outriders. She gave an order for the furnishing of her house to the amount of £4000, and commissioned from Hatched, the celebrated coachmaker, a first-rate chariot, with all kinds of expensive mountings and mouldings, to be ready for the Queen's birth-day, when she was to be introduced at court by the wife of one of the Secretaries of State. In the interval, she drove daily through the West End, dropping her cards at the houses of persons of public name. She thus proceeded for a while triumphantly; but having, in the intoxication of her success, given the names of some persons of rank as her relatives, inquiry was made amongst them, and the relationship being of course disowned, suspicion was suddenly excited. Nothing could exceed her indignation on the subject; but the tradesmen, thus rendered only more suspicious, attempted to recover their furniture. The capitation was at last made, and bailiffs

were put into the house, with the expectation of apprehending the lady herself. However, she was adroit enough to discover her danger, and to her house she returned no more. Search was made after her, and it was said that she was discovered and thrown into jail. But she suddenly disappeared; and, failing her own legacy, left to the unlucky people who had given her credit, a long legacy of general quarrel and mutual disappointment.

When Fox was asked whether he had any faith in Political Economy, the doctrines of which had become fashionable in his day, from the writings of Turgot and the French school, he answered—"That it was too undefined for his comprehension; that its views were either too large, or too indistinct, to give his mind the feeling of certainty."

He well might say this, when no two of the modern Political Economists agree, and when all the theories of the last age are laughed at by all the theorists of the present. In the middle of the seventeenth century Sir William Petty, one of the most acute, and also one of the most practical men of his time, pronounced that the population of England would take three hundred and sixty years to double—the fact being, that it has doubled within about a seventh part of that period. Of London he predicts, that its growth must finally stop in 1842; and that then its population must amount to half the population of England. Yet London is still growing, day by day, and yet its population scarcely exceeds a twentieth of the whole.

The Emperor Paul, in the beginning of his reign, was a favourite with the soldiery, whom he indulged in all possible ways, giving them money, distributing promotion lavishly among them, and always pronouncing them the bulwark of his throne. But when his brain began to give way, his first experiments were with the soldiery, and he instantly became unpopular. The former dress of the Russian soldier was remarkable alike for its neatness and its convenience. He wore large

pantaloon of red cloth, the ends of which were stuffed into his boots; the boots were of flexible leather, and an excellent and easy protection for the legs and feet. He wore a jacket of red and green, with a girdle round the waist; his head was protected by a light helmet. The whole dress thus consisting of two garments, light, showy, and looking the true dress for a soldier.

Paul's evil genius, which induced him to change every thing, began with that most perilous of all things to tamper with—the army of a great military power. He ordered the Austrian costume to be adopted. Nothing could equal the general indignation. The hair must be powdered, curled, and pomatumed; a practice which the Russian, who washed his locks every day, naturally abhorred. The long tail made him the laugh of his countrymen. His boots, to which he had been accustomed from his infancy, and which form a distinctive part of the national costume, were to be taken off, and to be substituted by the tight German spatterdash and the shoe, the one pinching the leg, and the other perpetually falling off the foot, wherever the march happened to be in the wet. The consequence was, infinite discontent, and desertion to a great extent—a thing never heard of in the service before.

It may be conceived with what disdain those frivolous, yet mischievous, innovations must have been regarded by those Russian officers who had known the reality of service. Suvaroff was then in Italy with his army. One morning a large packet was brought to him by an Imperial courier. To his astonishment, and the amusement of his staff, it was but models of tails and curls. Suvaroff gave vent to a sneer, a much more fatal thing than a sarcasm, in some Russian verses, amounting to—

"Hair-powder is not gunpowder;
Curls are not cannon;
Tails are not bayonets."

The general's rough poetry was instantly popular; it spread through the army, it travelled back to Russia, it reached the Imperial ear; the Czar

was stung by the burlesque, and Suvaroff was recalled.

Few things are more remarkable, than the slowness with which common sense acts, even in matters which should evidently be wholly under its guidance. It might appear that the mere necessities of war would dictate the equipment of the soldier; namely, that it should be light, simple, and safe, as far as is possible. Yet the equipment of the European soldier, at the commencement of the French war, seemed to be intended only to give him trouble, to encumber him, and to expose his personal safety. The Austrian soldier's dress was an absolute toilette. The Prussian, even with all the intelligence of the Great Frederic to model it, was enough to perplex a French milliner, and to occupy the wearer half the day in putting it off and on. The English uniform was modelled on the Prussian, and our unlucky soldier was compelled to employ his hours in tying his queue, powdering his hair, buttoning on his spatterdashes, and polishing his musket-barrel. The heavy dragoons all wore cocked hats, of all coverings of the head the most unprotecting and the most inconvenient. The French light troops, too, all wore cocked hats. The very colour of the royal French uniform, as well as the Austrian, was white, of all colours the most unfitted for the rough work of the bivouack, and also injurious, as shewing the immediate stain of blood.

It actually took twenty years to teach the general officers of the European armies, that men could fight without spatterdashes, that hair-powder was not heroism, and that long tails were only an imitation of the monkey; that muskets did not fire the worse for having brown barrels, and that the cuirass was a better defence for the body of the dragoon than a cloth waistcoat, however covered with embroidery. But why shall not improvement go a little farther? why shall not the arm of the dragoon be a little protected as well as his body? a slight and simple covering of steel

rings would effect the purpose, and it is an important one; for a slight wound in the arm disables him even more than a wound in the body, unless the latter wound should be mortal at once. But why, also, should not the foot soldier wear something equivalent to the cuirass? The weight might be made trifling, it might be carried at the back of his knapsack except when in actual engagement, and it would save thousands of lives; for the most dangerous wounds are in the front, and a wound in the abdomen is almost incurable. Five shillings' worth of tinfoil might protect the soldier for his lifetime; and there can be no doubt, that the consciousness of having such a protection would render troops more efficient. Of the bravery of the British there can be no doubt; but there can be just as little doubt, that every increase to the personal security of troops renders them calmer under fire, and of course fitter for obedience in the exigencies of service. Besides, it is a public duty to the brave men in our service, not to expose them needlessly on any occasion; and they are exposed needlessly, when they are sent into the field without every protection which our skill can give. But are we demanding armour for the foot soldiers? No; the armour of the old times of Chivalry would be too heavy, and impede the activity of those movements, on which so much of military success depends. The defensive arms of the Roman soldier were simply a small light helmet, a light cuirass, and greaves, or boots bound with brass. Yet with these his average march was twenty miles a-day, carrying sixty pounds weight of provisions and baggage on his back. The weight of his sword, his two lances, and his intrenching tools and palisade, was not reckoned.

Buonaparte has made a Concordat with the Pope. The laughers have attacked him in the following epigram:—

Politique plus fin que General Eublee,
 Bien plus ambitieux que Louis dit le Grand.
 Pour être Roi d'Egypte, il croit à l'Alkoran,
 Pour être Roi de France, il croit à l'Évangile.

Our English epitaphs are often as disgraceful to the national taste, as their levity is unsuitable to the place of the dead. I am not aware whe-

ther this epitaph, by the most amiable of poets, Cowper, has been preserved among his works. It is on the tomb of a Mrs Hamilton :—

“ Pause here and think—a monitory rhyme
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time,
Consult Life’s silent clock. Thy glowing vein
Seems it to say—‘ Health here has long to reign ? ’—
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth ? an eye
That beams delight : a heart untaught to sigh ?
Yet fear. Youth oft-times, healthful and at ease,
Anticipates a day it never sees.
And many a tomb, like Hamilton’s, aloud
Exclaims—Prepare thee for an early shroud ! ”

In the course of this year died three remarkable men, Lavater, Gilbert Wakefield, and Heberden, the famous physician. Perhaps no man of his day excited more general attention throughout Europe than John Gaspar Lavater ; and this is the more remarkable, when we recollect that he was but a simple Swiss pastor at Zurich—minister of the church of St Peter. When about thirty years’ old, his mind was first turned to the study of Physiognomy. He shortly after published some parts of a work on the subject, in which he broached a new theory ; viz. that the countenance gave representative evidences of the powers and comparative vigour of the understanding. The subject of Physiognomy had been already treated of by the German writers ; but, as Voltaire observes, the business of German philosophy is to make philosophy inaccessible ; and their treatises had sunk into oblivion. Yet the science itself, if science it is to be called, is so natural, so universally, however involuntarily, practised, and frequently so useful in its practice, that its revival became instantly popular :—a large part of its popularity, however, being due to the novelty of Lavater’s system, the animation of his language, and that enthusiastic confidence in his discovery, which is always amongst the most powerful means of convincing the majority of mankind. Something also is due to the happy idea of illustrating his conceptions by a great number of portraits, which added amusement to the general interest of the volumes. Passion possesses great influence in the world, and Physiognomy became the fashion. His books spread through every part of the Continent, and nothing can be

more striking than the ardour with which they were received. If Switzerland is proud of his popularity, the mysticism of Germany was delighted with his mysticism ; and the literary coteries of France, at whose head were all the ladies of the court, were his most vehement disciples. Nothing was read, for a considerable period, but the pages of Lavater. It has been said, that scarcely a domestic would be hired without a physiognomical examination, and reference to the pages of Lavater.

His personal conduct sustained his public popularity ; his gentle manners, his general benevolence, and his eloquence in the pulpit, endeared him to the people. He was the most popular preacher in Zurich, less from his abilities, than from the softness of his voice, and the tenderness of his manner.

The objections occasionally started to his theories only increased his hold upon the national affections. For the period he was the physiognomical apostle of Switzerland. Some of his admirers went so far, as to lay his quarto on the table beside the Scriptures, and regard it as a species of Natural Revelation.

Even when the novelty lost its charm, the locality preserved his reputation. Switzerland, in those days, was the peculiar resort of all the leading personages of Europe ; all travelers of distinction visited the country, and generally made some stay in its cities ; and all visited Lavater. What has become of his Album, I have not heard ; but its autographs must have made it invaluable to a collector of the signatures of eminent names.

But, whether tempted by vanity, or betrayed by original feebleness of

intellect, the harmless physiognomist at length suffered himself to announce doctrines equally hazardous to the Religion, and the Policy, of the Canton. The habits of the times were latitudinarian in religion, and revolutionary in politics. Some unlucky opinions, uttered in the folly of the hour, brought Lavater under the charge of a leaning to Rome in the one, and to France in the other; he bore up for a while against both. But the invasion of Switzerland by the French armies, suddenly made him a vigorous denouncer of Republican ambition, and he was soon to be its victim. In the storming of Zurich by Moreau, he was severely wounded in the streets; and though he was rescued, and his wounds were healed, he never recovered the injury. He languished, though in full possession of his intellectual powers, until he died.

What his theology was, can scarcely be defined; but if he had not adopted Physiognomy as the study of his life, his temperament might have excited him to try the effect of a new Religion. He was said to have believed in the continuance of the power of working miracles, and to have equally believed in the modern power of exorcists. Fortunately his talent was turned to a harmless pursuit; and he amused, without bewildering, the minds of men.

The grand principle of his physiognomical system is, that human character is to be looked for, not, as is usually supposed, in the moveable features and lines of the face, but in its solid structure. And he also imagined that the degree of intellectual acuteness is to be ascertained by the same indications. But his theory in the former instance, is but feebly supported by fact; for it is by the movements of the features that the passions are most distinctly displayed: and in the latter, his theory is constantly contradicted by facts, for many of the most powerful minds that the world has ever seen have been masked under heavy countenances.

Perhaps the true limit of the Science is to be discovered by the knowledge of its use. Every man is more or less a physiognomist. It is of obvious importance for us to have some knowledge of the passions and propensities of our fellow men; for

these constitute the instruments of human association, and form the dangers or advantages of human intercourse. Thus, a countenance of ill temper or of habitual guile, of daring violence or of brutish profligacy, warns the spectator at once. But the knowledge of intellectual capacity is comparatively unimportant to us as either a guide or a protection, and it is therefore not given, but left to be ascertained by its practical operation.

Phrenology has since taken up the challenge which Physiognomy once gave to mankind:—equally ingenious and equally fantastic, equally offering a semblance of truth, and equally incapable of leading us beyond the simple observation which strikes the eye. A well-formed head will probably contain a well-formed brain; and a well-formed brain will probably be the fittest for the operations of the intellect. But beyond this, Phrenology has not gone, and probably will never go. The attempts to define the faculties by their position in the structure of the bone or the brain, have been so perpetually contradicted by fact; its prognostics of capacity have been so perpetually defeated; and its mistakes of character have been so constantly thrown into burlesque by the precipitancy and presumption of its advocates—that common sense has abandoned it altogether; it has by common consent been abandoned to enthusiasts; and to assert its right to the name of a Science, would now hazard the title of its advocate to rationality.

The life of Gilbert Wakefield is one among the many instances of vigorous learning and strong intellect, made a source of misery to their possessor by a want of common prudence. His whole life might be characterized in three words—courage, caprice, and misfortune. After having attained a Cambridge fellowship, acquired distinction in classical criticism, and entered into the Church, he suddenly began to entertain notions hostile to the liturgy, and became classical tutor of the dissenting academy of Warrington. For ten years he laboured in this obscure vocation, or with private pupils, now chiefly turning his classical studies to the illustration of the New Testament. At the end of this

period, he became classical tutor of the dissenting College in Hackney. But even Dissent could not tolerate his opinions; for a volume which he published, tending to lower the value of public worship, gave offence, and speedily dissolved the connexion. His classical knowledge was now brought into more active use, and he published Annotations on the Greek tragedies, and editions of some of the Roman poets. Unfortunately, the popular follies on the subject of the French Revolution tempted him to try his pen as a Pamphleteer; and a letter written in reply to the Bishop of Llandaff, rendered him liable to a prosecution: he was found guilty, and sentenced to an imprisonment of two years in Dorchester jail. This imprisonment was unfortunately fatal; for whether from his confinement, or the vexation of mind which must be the natural consequence, his liberation found him exhausted in strength, though still the same bold and indefatigable being which he had been through the whole course of his wayward life. Still he had many friends, and between the spirit of party, and the more honourable spirit of personal regard, the large subscription of £5000 was raised for his family. But his career was now rapidly drawing to a close. He had been but a few months relieved from his prison, when his constitution sank under an attack of typhus, and he died in his forty-sixth year, at an age which in other men is scarcely more than the commencement of their maturity—is actually the most vigorous period of all their powers; and in an undecayed frame gives the securest promise of longevity. With all his eccentricities, and he had many, he had the reputation of being an amiable man.

Heberden was at the head of English Medicine in his day. He was a man of vigorous understanding and accomplished knowledge. He began life as a scholar, entering Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship. Adopting physic as his profession, he continued in Cambridge for ten years; until the usual ambition of country practitioners to be known in the metropolis, urged him to try his fortunes in London.

The example of this able, and ulti-

mately successful man, is not without its value, as an encouragement to perseverance under the most discouraging obstacles, when they happen to come in the way of individuals of sound scholarship and substantial strength of mind. Heberden lingered in London without success for some years; and at length, conceiving that his ill-fortune was beyond remedy, had formed his resolution to return to the country.

At this period some lucky chance changed his purpose. He became known; rapidly rose into practice, and assumed the rank due to his ability. Similar circumstances had occurred in the career of the celebrated Edmund Burke, who was at two different periods on the point of leaving England for America, in despair of distinction at home. The late Lord Eldon had even given up his chambers in London, and announced his intention of commencing as a country practitioner of the law; when, at the suggestion of a legal friend, he made the experiment of "trying another term." Business suddenly flowed in upon him, and the disheartened barrister was soon floated on to the highest dignities of his profession. Even the illustrious Wellington himself is said, at one time, to have entertained serious thoughts of directing himself to a civil career, and to have been prevented only by the difficulty of finding an immediate employment. The delay gave room for the fortunate change in his prospects, which soon made him the first officer in Europe.

Heberden wrote a great variety of Tracts on his own science; suffered no improvement in medicine, or public topic connected with general health, to escape him; cultivated his original scholarship to the last; enjoyed the friendship of the scientific world throughout his career; and enjoyed life itself to an unusual duration, dying in his ninety-first year.

The anxieties of Europe are, for a while, at least, at an end. The preliminaries of peace with France were signed on October the 1st, and yesterday the 9th, Lauriston, first aide-de-camp to Bonaparte, arrived in town. The populace were all civility to him so were the ministers. The French ambassador, Otto, immediately took

him to Downing Street, where he was complimented by Lord Hawkesbury. Lauriston is a general in the Republican service, with a handsome figure, which, covered with lace, and the showy decorations of his rank, quite enchanted the multitude of gazers.

At the peace of 1782, the pleasantry of George Selwyn, on the arrival of the French ambassador, a remarkably little man, was, "That France had sent them the preliminaries of peace, by the preliminaries of an ambassador." Whatever may be the fate of the present preliminaries, the jest will not apply to the present envoy, who looks the soldier, and would evidently make a dashing hussar. His progress through the streets was, from the first, followed by acclamation. But at length it became a kind of triumph. The zeal of the rabble, (probably under good guidance, for the French *employés* comprehend those little arrangements perfectly,) determined on drawing the carriage. The harness was taken off, the horses enjoyed a sinecure, the coachman sat in uneasy idleness on his box, and the crowd tugged away in their best style. The procession slowly moved through the principal streets of the West End, till it reached the Foreign Office. After a pause there, for the delivery of his credentials, Lauriston went to the Admiralty, where St Vincent, the first lord, (albeit no lover of Frenchmen,) received the stranger with a good-humoured shake of the hand, and, on parting with him, made a little speech to the mob, recommending it to them "to take care and not overset the carriage."

In the evening London was illuminated, and looked as brilliant as lights and transparencies could make it. An odd incident during the day, however, showed of what tetchy materials a great populace is made. Otto, the French resident, in preparing his house for the illumination, had hung in its front a characteristic motto, in coloured lamps, consisting of the three words—"France, Concord, England." A party of sailors, who had rambled through the streets to see the preparations for the night, could not bring their tongues to relish this juxtaposition; which they read as if it were, "France *conquered* England." The mob gathered,

and were of the same opinion. Jack began to talk loud, and to speak of the motto as a national insult. Fortunately, however, before the matter could proceed to breaking windows, or perhaps worse, some of the envoy's servants informed their master of the equivocal nature of his motto. The obnoxious word was changed accordingly, and the illumination in the evening (which was most splendid,) displayed the motto—"France—Peace—England."

The North, too, has not been without its festivities. Alexander of Russia has been crowned with all the pomp of a successor of Catherine, and the Lord of an Empire five thousand miles long, and touching almost the Tropics, and almost the Pole. Moscow, of course, was the scene. All that barbaric pomp and European luxury could combine, was to be seen in the displays of the double coronation of the Czar and Czarina. Alexander, disdaining the royal habit of being drawn in a carriage, however gilded; or remembering that he was the monarch of a nation of horsemen, King of the Tartar world, moved in the midst of his great lords and cavalry, mounted on a fine English charger, and was received every where with boundless acclamations.

The memory of kings is seldom long-lived in despotic governments. But Paul's is already extinguished, or survives only in the rejoicing of the people to have got rid of him. His nature was not ungenerous, but his caprice had become so intolerable, that his longer life would probably have seen some desperate outbreak in the Empire.

The Czar is handsome, according to Russian ideas of beauty,—tall, and well-proportioned. The people are delighted to find themselves under his authority, and the peculiar affability of his manner to the English at Moscow, is regarded as a pledge of the reconciliation of Russia to the system of our politics and our trade.

Russia, more than any other monarchy, requires a powerful, direct, and vigilant administration. The enormous extent of her territory exposes her to perpetual abuses in her provincial governments. The barbarism of a vast portion of her population,

demands the whole capacity of an enlightened Sovereign, to raise it in the rank of human nature.

To this hour the question is doubtful, whether Moscow ought not to have continued the seat of government. It is true that then Russia would probably have had no Baltic fleet. But ought she ever to have had a Baltic fleet? Ought she to have attempted a maritime superiority, with a sea locked up in ice for six months in the year; a territory meant for a wilderness, and incapable of becoming any thing better, in which the Russian sovereigns have condemned themselves to the life of one of their own bears, cold, wild, and comfortless? All the stoves on earth cannot make a St Petersburg winter endurable by any thing but a fish or a marmozet; while Moscow offered a glorious climate, unlimited space for a capital city, a fertile country, a fine landscape, a central position for the head of an empire, with Europe in its front, and Asia at its back.

The choice of St Petersburg has probably cramped the growth of Russian power. Even Poland has only given her a desert, a kingdom scantily cultivated, scantily peopled, a discontented serfdom and a broken frontier. Yet all may be for the best. Moscow, as the head of the Empire, might have made her too powerful, and Europe might have seen a Russian Gengis Khan.

The Town is ringing with an extraordinary feat of pedestrianism; the first exploit of a young Scotchman, Barclay of Ury. He had betted £5000 that he would walk ninety miles in twenty-one and a half hours, and has won, leaving an hour and seventeen minutes to spare.

Feats of this order have a value, as showing the powers of the human frame. They would otherwise be merely vulgar gambling. But if it is of importance to know the extent of the mental powers, those of the body also have their uses; and an effeminate generation would only have to prepare themselves by the exercises of this young gentleman, to be able to dispense with post-chaises and the

gout. The walker is but twenty-two years old; and he has finished his exploit without any injury to his frame, and, it may be presumed, with a considerable advantage to his finances. All the "Sporting world," as they are named, were on the ground, which was a measured mile, on the road between York and Hull; lamps were erected to light the principal performer during the night. A cottage at the road-side received him for refreshment, and change of dress, at intervals. A militia regiment, which happened to be on its march from Hull, halted and filed on either side of the road, with the gallantry of sportsmen, to give him free way; and the general interest taken in this singular performance was surprising. The only drawback was the evident activity of his frame, and his power of endurance; for after the first thirty miles the betting began to be wholly in his favour, and the spirit of speculation shrunk from that period, and long before the close no bets would be taken. From daylight, multitudes thronged to the course. All the carriages, of which such numbers pass along this communication between the two great northern towns, went to the side of the road; even the mails gave way. The affair seemed national, and if the gallant pedestrian had failed, it might have been followed by a general mourning in the Ridings.

One of the great Histrionic Dynasty, Stephen Kemble, has lately amused the Town by his performance of Falstaff. He exhibited the humours of the jovial knight with skill enough to make the audiences laugh. But he was perhaps the first actor who ever played the *fat* knight to the life. His remarkable corpulence qualified him to play the character without stuffing. The good-humour of his visage was fully equalled by the protuberance of his stomach; and if the "*totus in se teres atque rotundus*" of Horace, is the poet's definition of a good man, the actor rose to the summit of human virtue. The best prologue, since the days of Garrick, ushered in this singular performance.

"A Falstaff here to-night, by nature made,
Lends to your favourite bard his pond'rous aid;
No man in buckram he, no stuffing gear!

No feather bed, nor e'en a pillow here!
 But all good honest flesh, and blood, and bone,
 And weighing, more or less—some *thirty* stone.
 Upon the northern coast, by chance, we caught him;
 And hither, in a broad-wheel'd waggon, brought him;
 For in a chaise the varlet ne'er could enter,
 And no mail-coach on such a fare would venture.
 Blest with un wieldiness, at least his size
 Will favour find in every critic's eyes;
 And should his humour, and his mimic art,
 Bear due proportion to his outer part,
 As once 'twas said of Macklin in the Jew,
 'This is the very Falstaff Shakspeare drew.'
 To you, with diffidence, he bids me say,
 Should you approve, you may command his stay,
 To lie and swagger here another day.
 If not, to better men he'll leave his sack,
 And go as ballast, in a collier, back."

1802.

This French peace will not last. The parties to this unnatural wedlock are beginning to grumble already; and this, too, when the bans are still in every body's ears. The French, however, have begun the quarrel, by sending out a huge fleet, with 30,000 men on board, to St Domingo. This our minister regards as a daring exploit, which may finish by turning on Jamaica. The negroes are every where in exultation; for they cannot be made to believe that France intends any thing but a general emancipation; and that her expedition, however it be apparently against Touissant, is sent for a general overthrow of the whites.

Long discussions have taken place between the two governments, all ending in the usual way. France protesting her honour, and England proclaiming her alarms; both amounting to so much paper wasted. But our West India squadron has been reinforced; and the First Consul has found employment for a daring soldiery, who cannot live in quiet; found offices for some hundreds of officials, the most petitioning and perplexing race of mankind; and found a topic for the Coffeehouses, which he naturally thinks much better employed in talking about St Domingo, than in criticising his proceedings at home.

Another source of grumbling between these two ill-assorted parties. At the very Marriage feast an apple of discord has been thrown in; and that apple is Switzerland. France will suffer but one republic, and

that must be the World. The presumption of a little pigeon-house of Republics among the Alps insults her feelings; and all must run under the wing of the great Republican Eagle, or be grasped by her talons. An army has been ordered to march to Berne. The Swiss will probably resist, but they will certainly be beaten. Republics are sometimes powerful in attack; they are always feeble in defence. They are at best but a mob; and, while the mob can rush on, they may trample down opposition. But a mob, forced to the defensive, thinks of nothing but running away. The strength of a monarchy alone can bind men together for an effectual resistance. Switzerland will get the fraternal embrace, and be as much fettered as St Domingo.

Who are to be the heirs of General Claude Martin? The man never knew that he had a grandfather, and probably was as much in doubt about his heirs. What he was himself, nobody seems to know. But this man of obscurity has died worth half a million sterling! So much for India and her adventurers.

When a boy, he entered into the French service. By some chance or other he found himself in India; there offered himself to the Nabob of Lucknow, disciplined his troops, rose to the rank of commandant of the Rajah's troops, or some similar position, and amassed the half million. He was a splendid distributor, however,

and has given away by his will six hundred thousand rupees—a sum large enough to buy any thing in France but the First Consul.

Francis, Duke of Bedford, has just died. The reports vary as to the cause. The general opinion is, that in playing rackets, or in some other rough exercise, he overstrained himself, and produced a return of a disease to which he had been for some years liable. The details of his death are too painful to be entered into. The first surgical assistance was brought down to Woburn. An operation was performed, which for some days gave hope, but it was too late. Mortification ensued, and he died, to the great regret of a large circle of personal friends; to the great loss of his party, which was Whig in the highest degree; and to the general sorrow of the country. He was a handsome man with a showy figure, and the manners, and, what was better, the spirit of a nobleman. He was magnificent in his household, and not less magnificent in his sense of duty as a landlord and country gentleman. He first established those great Agricultural Meetings by which the breed of British cattle was so greatly improved; Agriculture took the shape of science, and the Agricultural interest, the true strength of a country, took its place among the pillars of the Empire.

By a sort of fashion, the leading country gentlemen always began public life as Whigs. And although the Bedford family had gone through every form of politics, from the days of their founder, Russell, under Henry the VIII., and especially in the person of the Duke of Bedford's unpopular, but able, grandfather, the Duke espoused the party of Fox with the devotion of an enthusiast.

He was thus brought into some unfortunate collisions with the bolder spirits and more practised talents of the Treasury Bench; and though, from his position in the House of Lords, secure from direct attack by the great leaders of Government, he was struck by many a shaft which he had neither the power to repel nor to return.

An unlucky piece of hardihood, in attacking the royal grant of a pension of three thousand a-year to the great-

est writer, philosopher, and politician of the age, Edmund Burke, provoked a rejoinder, which must have put any man to the torture. Burke's pamphlet in defence of his pension, was much less a defence than an assault. He broke into the enemy's camp at once, and "swept all there with huge two-handed sway." He traced the history of the Bedford opulence up to its origin, which he loftily pronounced to be personal sycophancy and public spoil—the plunder of the Abbeyes, obtained by subserviency to a Tyrant. The eloquence of this terrible castigation unhappily embalmed the scorn. And so long as the works of this great man are read, and they will be read so long as the language endures, the honours of Francis Duke of Bedford will go down dismantled to posterity.

But his private character was amiable, and the closing hours of his career were manly. On its being announced to him that an operation was necessary, he asked only for "two hours' delay to settle his affairs;" and he occupied those two hours in writing to his brothers, and to some friends. He then offered to submit to be bound, if the operators should think it necessary; but they replied, "that they relied fully on his Grace's firmness of mind." He bore the trial with remarkable fortitude. But the disorder took an unfavourable turn, and on the third day he expired.

The retirement of Pitt from the Ministry, has given his successor, Addington, the honour of making the peace. But the services of the great Master are not eclipsed by the fortunes of the follower. Addington is universally regarded as the shadow of Pitt; moving only as he moves; existing by his existence; and exhibiting merely in outline his reality. Every one believes that Pitt must return to power; and those who are inclined to think sulkily of all ministers, look upon the whole as an intrigue, to save Pitt's honour to the Irish Roman Catholics, and yet preserve his power. Those rumours have received additional strength from a grand dinner given the other day in the city, on his birthday, at which his friends mustered in great force, and his name was toasted with the most lavish panegyric.

Among the rest, a song, said to be by George Rose, of whose claims to the laurel no one had ever heard before—

was received with great applause. Some of its stanzas were sufficiently applicable.

“ No Jacobin rites in our fêtes shall prevail,
Ours the true feast of reason, the soul’s social flow ;
Here we cherish the friend, while the patriot we hail,
As true to his country as stern to her foe.
Impress’d with his worth,
We indulge in our mirth,
And bright shiaes the planet that ruled at his birth.
Round the orbit of Britain, oh, long may it move,
Like the satellite circling the splendours of Jove !

“ To the name of a Pitt, in the day of the past,
Her rank ’mid the nations our country may trace ;
Though his statue may moulder, his memory will last,
The great and the good live again in their race ;
Ere to time’s distant day,
Our marble convey
The fame that now blooms, and will know no decay,
Our fathers’ example our breasts shall inspire,
And we’ll honour the Son as they honour’d the Sire.”

The public doubts of the peace are at length settled. A note has been sent from the Foreign Office to the Lord Mayor, announcing that the definitive treaty had been finally settled at Amiens, on the 27th of March, by the plenipotentiaries of England, France, Spain, and the Batavian Republic. The treaty, as it transpires, is the source of general cavil. It leaves to France all her conquests, while England restores every thing except Ceylon and Trinidad ; the one a Dutch colony, and the other a Spanish ; both powers having been our Allies at the commencement of the war. The Cape is to be given back to the Dutch ; but Malta, the principal bone of contention, is to be garrisoned by a Neapolitan force, until a Maltese garrison can be raised, and the island is then to be declared independent, under the guarantee of all the great powers of Europe. The French government affected to display great reluctance to conclude even this treaty, which has thus taken six months of negotiation since the exchange of preliminaries. At one time, orders were sent for the Channel fleet to put to sea. Yet there can be no question that France desired this Peace, whether as a resting time for a fresh attack, or from the mere exhaustion of war. She had already gained every object that she could hope to obtain by arms in her pre-

sent condition, and her natural policy was to secure what she had thus attained. The two grand prizes of her ambition, Egypt and the command of the Mediterranean, had been boldly aimed at, but she had lost both, and both were now evidently hopeless. Some of those straws, too, had been thrown up, which, if they show nothing else, show the direction of the wind ; and there were evident signs in the almost royal pomp of the First Consul, in the appointments of officers of state for ten years, and the constituting the Consulate an office for life ; in the preparations for the return of the emigrants, and in the superb receptions at the Tuilleries—that Bonaparte already contemplated the last days of the republic. To what new shape of power his ambition looks is yet only in conjecture. But he is ambitious, daring, and unscrupulous—the idol of the army, and the wonder of the people. He may shrink, like Cæsar, from the diadem, or he may assume, like Cromwell, the power of a king, without the name ; but the field is open before him, and France can offer no competition.

Darwin, the author of the “ *Botanic Garden*,” has just died at the age of seventy-one. His death will leave a chasm, though one not incapable of being filled up, in our didactic poetry. His “ *Loves of the Plants*” was a new

idea, thrown into agreeable verse; and a new idea is always popular. For a while his poem obtained great celebrity: but Nature alone is permanent; and after the first surprise wore off, the quaintness of his inventions, and the minute artifice of his poetic machinery, repelled the publictaste. The Linnæan system, partly indecent, and partly ridiculous, was felt to be wholly unfitted for the blazonry of versification; and his poem, the labour of years, sank into obscurity as rapidly as it had risen into distinction. It is now wholly unread, and almost wholly forgotten; yet it contains bold passages, and exhibits from time to time happiness of epithet, and harmony of language. Its subject degrades the poem; its casual allusions constitute its merit. Vegetable loves must be an absurdity in any language; but Darwin's mind was furnished with variety of knowledge, and he lavished it on his subject with Oriental profusion. He had eloquence, but he wanted feeling; knowledge, but he wanted taste; and invention, but he wanted nature. The want of any one of the three would have been dangerous to his fame as a poet; but his deficiency in the three together left him to drop into remediless oblivion.

A curious attempt has just shown the popular opinion of ministerial honesty. The Attorney-General has prosecuted, and brought to conviction, a fellow in some low trade, who, hearing that Mr Addington was prime minister, and thinking of course that a prime minister could do all things, sent an actual offer of £2000 to him for a place in the Customs, on which he happened to set his heart. Unluckily for the applicant, he was a century too late. However those matters might have been managed a hundred years ago, less tangible means than money now rule the world. Besides, no man who knew any thing of Addington, ever attached a suspicion of the kind to him. Erskine made a speech in the defence, the best that could be made on such a subject, but not the most flattering to the vanity of his client. It was that he was a blockhead, and had no idea of the absurdity that he was committing. Among other instances of his ignorance, he said, that when he saw the

subpoena served upon him, he thought that it was the appointment to his place. But even his idiotism could not save him, and the affair ended in his being sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and £100 fine.

Christie, the auctioneer, the other day, gave a happy specimen of the eloquence of the hammer. He is at the head of his trade, and sells all the remarkable things. On this occasion the Pigot diamond had come into his hands. It is a very fine brilliant, but objected to by the connoisseurs as not having sufficient depth. It was valued at £40,000. But at this sale the auctioneer could not raise its price above £9500, or guineas. He then appealed to his audience, a crowd of the fair and fashionable,—

"How unfortunate," said he, "is it, for the owners of this incomparable production, that they should have brought it into the market in a country so famed for female beauty as England! Here the charms of the sex require no such additions; here the eyes of the ladies sparkle with a brilliancy which outvies all the gems of the East. In other countries this incomparable stone would be sought as a necessary aid; here it can be valued only as a splendid superfluity." The room rang with applause.

One of the heroes of Junius has just died; the veteran Wellbore Ellis, Lord Mendip. This man's whole life was spent in public employments. He was the son of an Irish bishop, whose brother—such were the curious qualities of the time—took orders in the Popish Church, followed the Pretender, and died a Popish bishop. Young Ellis, after an education at Westminster and Oxford, was brought into parliament under the Pelhams, who made him a lord of the Admiralty. Under the Newcastle administration which followed, he was appointed to the lucrative post of Irish vice-treasurer, which he held undisturbed through all the struggles of the Cabinet till the Grenville administration, when he was raised still higher, and became Secretary at War.

The Grenvilles fell; the Marquis of Rockingham brought in his friends, and Ellis was superseded in his

Irish office by Colonel Barré. For five unlucky years he continued in that Limbo of patriots, exclusion from place. At length, the Premiership of Lord North recalled him. He again obtained the Vice-treasurership, and in the final distress of that unpopular administration, was for a short time raised even to the Colonial Secretaryship. But North was driven from power, and all his adherents fell along with him. Rockingham, the North and Fox coalition, and Pitt, exhibited a succession of premierships, which ended in the exclusion of the whole Whig principle, in all its shapes and shades, for twenty years. Ellis was now growing old; he was rich; he had been a public man for upwards of forty years; he had been fiercely abused by the opposition writers while he continued in office, and fiercely attacked by the government writers when in opposition. He had thus his full share of all that public life furnishes to its subjects, and he seemed inclined to spend the remainder of his days in quiet. But the French Revolution came. Startled at the ruin with which its progress threatened all property, he joined that portion of the Whigs which allied itself with the great Minister. The Duke of Portland entered the cabinet, and Wellbore Ellis was raised to the peerage. There his career, not unworthily, closed; and his remaining years were given to private society, to books, of which he had a celebrated collection, and to the recollections of the Classics, of which he possessed an early mastery. He was an acute and accomplished man. The fiery indignation of Junius rather threw a light than inflicted an injury on his character. That first of political satirists spared none; and the universal nature of his attacks made men receive them, as they receive a heavy shower, falling on all alike, and drenching the whole multitude together.

Bonaparte has taken the first step to a throne: he has established a nobility. The Republic having abolished all titles, a peerage was, for a while, impossible. But he has formed a military Caste, which, without hazarding his popularity with the Parisians, increases his popularity with the troops, and has all the advantages of

a noblesse, with all the dependency of its members on the head of the State. He has named this Institution the Legion of Honour. It is to consist of several classes, the first comprehending the great officers of state, generals who have distinguished themselves, and ancient men of science. It has sixteen Cohorts, with palaces allotted to them in Paris and the provinces, for the headquarters of the cohorts. Grants of land are also proposed for the support of these officers and their residences, with distributions and pensions for the lower ranks of the soldiery, to whom the "croix d'honneur" is given.

Thus the old reign of titles, orders, crosses, and an established Class of society, has begun once more; a large portion of the most influential personages of France are thus bound to the head of the government; the hopes of every man, however humble in soldiery or in science, are pointed to the attainment of this public honour, as well as personal provision, and the general purchase of power is virtually declared, with the general consent of this versatile nation.

Ten thousand pounds have just been voted to Jenner, for his discovery of the vaccine inoculation. The liberality of parliament was never more rationally employed. The history of the man, and the discovery, have been long before the public. But the most curious circumstance of the whole is, that the facts of the disease, and the remedy, should have remained for any one to discover in the nineteenth century. They were known to the peasantry of Gloucestershire probably from the first days of cow milking. That the most disfiguring of all diseases, in every country of Europe and Asia, and the most pestilential in a large portion of the globe, could be arrested by a disease from the udders of a cow, seems never to have entered into human thoughts, though the fact that those who had the vaccine disease never suffered from the small-pox, was known to the country physicians.

But Jenner's chief merit was his fortunate conjecture, that the infection might be propagated from one human subject to another. This was the greatest medical discovery since that of the Circulation of the Blood.

IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST.

CHAPTER I.

"It's all for the best, you may depend upon it," said Frank Trevelyan, addressing his companion, Vernon Wycherley, as those two young men were pursuing a beaten track across one of those wild wastes that form so prevalent a feature in most of the mining districts of Cornwall.

"All for the best, indeed?" repeated Vernon interrogatively. "Can it be all for the best to have a whole batch of poems I've been racking my brains about for the last year and a half—and which even you yourself, hard as you are to please, admitted were worthy of praise—to have all these, not only rejected by every publisher I offered them to, but to be actually returned with a recommendation to give up all idea of ever offering them to public notice?"

"But which convinces me still more that matters have turned out for the best; and that if your poetical effusions had been published, they would have brought you far more ridicule than praise," thought Frank. But at the same time, not wishing to hurt his companion's feelings, he said—"Yet, probably, when you have again revised the manuscripts, and bestowed some of your masterly finishing touches here and there, you will, after all, congratulate yourself upon the source of your present disappointment."

"That's an impossibility—an utter impossibility," returned Vernon Wycherley—"for were I to look through them a hundred times, I should never alter a word.—But stay—Look! look!—what is that I see? Two ladies on horseback, I declare! who could have anticipated meeting with such an occurrence in so outlandish a place?"

The place was by no means underserving of the remark, being devoid of any kind of vegetation, except some straggling heath and a few patches of stunted gorse, which here and there sprung up amidst the rugged spar-
stones that, intermixed with rude

craggs of granite, were thickly scattered over this wide waste, which, throughout its vast extent, afforded as perfect a picture of sterility as can be well conceived. With this brief outline of the scenery, we must next attempt to describe the parties who were wandering over it.

Frank Trevelyan was about two-and-twenty. In figure he was rather below the middle height, and being slightly made, and with the proportions of a tall man, he looked much less than he actually was. His features were not handsome, but he possessed what in a man is far more important—a highly intelligent and intellectual cast of countenance. He wore his hair, which was light and curly, cut very close, and incipient whiskers adorned the outline of his lower jaw. He was dressed in a gray tweed wrapper, with trousers of the Brougham pattern, and he sported a hat—black, but whether beaver or gossamer we are uninformed—high in the crown, but very narrow in the brim, bearing altogether no very remote resemblance to an inverted flower-pot.

His companion was about the same age, but the latter had made so much better use of his growing years, as to have shot up to something more than six feet in height; yet his figure, though slender, exhibited no appearance of weakness. His features were passably good—the nose perhaps rather too projecting; but his teeth were unexceptionable. He had a clear complexion, with a good fresh colour in his cheeks, which were still covered with the down of youth, but without imparting the slightest appearance of effeminacy. A foraging-cap of gray woven horse-hair, with a preposterous shade projecting out in front, covered his head; a loose blouse enveloped the upper, whilst checkered inexpressibles enclosed the lower man. Unlike his companion, he wore his hair, which was rather dark, very long, both at the sides and behind; and the

rudiments of mustaches were perceptible upon his upper lip; but whether they were to be allowed to attain a more luxuriant maturity, or their brief existence was to be prematurely cut short by the destroying razor, was, at the time we speak of, involved in doubt, that being a subject which, though it engrossed much of his thoughts, the proprietor had hitherto been unable to make up his mind upon. Each of our two heroes bore a light kind of knapsack upon his back; their general appearance marked them to be gentlemen, whilst their attire and accoutrements denoted they were pursuing a pedestrian tour.

But softly! the ladies approach. See how elegantly they canter their steeds over the only smooth piece of turf our travellers had met with throughout the whole extent of gloomy commons they had that morning traversed.

"Ay, that's right! Pull up in time, my lovely ones, ere you get amongst the rascally mole-hills; and then you'll not only ride the safer, but afford us at the same time a chance of obtaining a view of your pretty faces," thought friend Frank; whilst similar thoughts, although perhaps arranged in more elegant terms, were passing through the mind of his companion. But if the curiosity of the two pedestrians was great, their admiration proved far greater when the objects which excited those feelings, on a nearer approach, proved to be two as lovely young women as the most fastidious admirer of beauty could wish to gaze upon. One of them, indeed, displayed such matchless charms to the youthful poet's eyes, as at the very first glance to form to his excited fancy the bean-ideal of perfect loveliness.

"What an angel!" he mentally exclaimed; "upon such a form I could continue to gaze enraptured for!"—

How long he never said, for ere he had time to give utterance to the thought, he stumbled over one of the surrounding mole-hills, and staggering forward several paces with extended arms, he ultimately fell prostrate on the ground, close by the side of the innocent yet moving cause of his misadventure, and with such

force, as to bury the whole of his countenance in the soft heavings of a similar hillock to the one he had so inadvertently tripped over.

Luckily for him, the place his physiognomy alighted upon was of so soft and yielding a nature, that though he stamped a perfect model of his features in the clay, the features themselves were unimpaired, otherwise than by the earthy colouring communicated to them by so pressing a contact, which perfectly satisfied the fair equestrians (who had the kindness to pull up and express their hopes that he was not seriously hurt) that the actual damage sustained was of a very superficial nature.

"And I suppose you intend to say that this is all for the best?" observed Vernon in rather a rueful tone, as, the ladies having ridden on, he was attempting to rub off the dirt from his face with his pocket handkerchief—the first wipe of which was sufficient to show him how much the effects of his tumble had changed the natural hue of his complexion.

"To be sure I do," answered Frank; "and any man less unreasonable than yourself would say so too."

"What! say it was all for the best for him, like an awkward booby, to fall sprawling in the dirt, thereby making himself a laughing-stock to that beautiful, angelic creature? Oh! only look, my dear Frank, only look—see her—see both of them! Why, as I live, they are almost ready to fall off the very backs of their horses from the laughter my blundering awkwardness has excited. Oh, it's really dreadful—I must turn my head another way. I can bear the sight of it no longer!"

"But only think how much worse it would have been if your phiz, instead of the soft earth, had encountered one of the hard spar-stones that are so plentifully strewn about here?"

"And supposing it had—wouldn't it have been better, at the cost of a little pain and suffering, to have excited the compassion, instead of the laughter of that heavenly creature?"

"But hardly at the sacrifice of your nose, I should say," rejoined Frank, "which, from the deep impression it has made in the clay,

must have been smashed flat as a pancake had it battled out the matter with the stones."

The young poet had a great regard for his nose, and his companion's remarks upon the subject were so palpable, that he was not only silenced but convinced.

"I say here, my man. Here, Jan, Jan, I say," bawled out our friend Frank, to what he was pleased to style a straw-yard savage in the disguise of a gentleman's servant on horseback, who, whilst engaged in the pleasant employment of munching an apple, had allowed the ladies he was attending to canter off some distance a-head, and was then in the act of passing, at a very moderate pace, close by our two heroes, but pulled up his nag at the summons, and, touching his hat, replied, in the singing accent of the western Cornishmen—"Your sarvant, gen'lmen both; what 'ud ye plaze to have, sir?—though my name b'aint Jan, plaze yer honours."

"What is it then?—Bill, Dick, Tom, Harry, Ben, Jim, Nic, Mike, Mathey, or Peter?"

"Neither, maester, plaze your honour, sir," said the man, with a grin that denoted he was entering into the humour of the thing, and who, as well as Frank, was a bit of a wag in his way. "Timothy's my name, at your sarvice, gen'lmen—what 'ud your honours plaze to have of I?"

"What I would have, Timothy," answered Frank, "is for you to tell me who those two young ladies are that you are in attendance upon?"

"Maester's two dafters," replied Timothy.

"And who's maester?" asked Frank.

"The squire, to be sure," answered his man.

"And what's squire's name?" inquired Frank.

"Potts—Squire Potts," replied Timothy—at which announcement Vernon Wycherley lifted up both eyes and hands in unfeigned amazement.

"And the young ladies?" resumed the questioner.

"Lor, sir! I ha'n't a got time to bide and tell'ee no more. See they be 'most out of sight a'ready, and I shall have to ride a brave pace to

catch mun again—and most dead wi' thest, too, I be's a'ready."

Frank, who plainly saw Timothy's drift, dived his hand into the deep recesses of his trousers' pockets.—Timothy, who witnessed the act, not altogether an unexpected one, drew nearer and nearer, and when close alongside of Frank, cramming the remainder of the apple into his mouth, he dropped the hand that had conveyed it there, as if by the merest accident in the world, within easy reach of the interrogator's, who, slipping into it a coin of sufficient importance, small as it was, to raise a grin of delight in the groom's countenance, again asked him the names of the two young ladies.

"Heerken, and I'll tell'ee," he answered. "She with the light hair and eyes, she's Miss Bessie; and she with the dark hair and eyes, she's called Miss Molly—that's she's name." And having so said, Timothy rode off at a rapid pace.

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed Vernon Wycherley—"can it be possible that so lovely a being—one who seems too beautiful to tread the earth"——

"And so rides on horseback over it; is that what you mean?" interrupted Frank.

"No, you know very well it is not what I mean," answered Vernon petulantly. "My wonder is, how one so elegant could be called by such a name as that knave uttered."

"What! Molly Potts, eh? that I believe was the name he mentioned?" interposed Frank.

"Pshaw, nonsense!" retorted his companion; "it can't be her name. The idea's too preposterous to be true. That insolent clown has dared to try to hoax us; for which I promise him, if I were his master, I'd break every bone in his good-for-nothing body. Molly Potts! It never can be so. The thing's quite out of the question—utterly impossible!"

"Impossible or not, I don't see that it's likely to make much difference either to you or me," observed Frank; "for the chances are, we never set eyes upon either of them again."

"Then," said Vernon, "I almost wish that I, at least, had never set

eyes upon one of them at all. To know that such an angel moves about on earth, and to think that I may never see her more, must ever form a source of deep regret; and yet it seems strange—very strange—that I—I—who have ever looked upon the fairest of the sex unmoved, should be so struck as I was here by a mere glance.”

“A very hard hit, certainly,” said Frank: “I never saw a fellow more completely floored.”

CHAPTER II.

Frank Trevelyan's statement proved tolerably correct as to distance, for little more than two miles brought our travellers clear of the rugged moorlands; when, after ascending the brow of a steep hill, a sight broke suddenly upon them, which, though unlike the scenery they had previously passed over, presented if possible a more dreary picture. As far as the eye could reach, nothing could be discerned but one vast wilderness of undulating sandy hillocks, totally devoid of vegetation, except a kind of coarse rush, which, in spite of the shifting nature of the soil, had here and there contrived to spring up and take root; and now, to add to this cheerless aspect, the sky, which hitherto had been bright and clear, began to lower with those dark threatening clouds which form the sure forerunner of a heavy squall of wind and rain—no pleasant thing for two lightly-clad pedestrians to be overtaken with in a bleak open country on a chill November day. Even Frank, who, with his merry chat, had latterly kept his companion's spirits alive, the latter of whom had begun to complain both of hunger and fatigue—even Frank felt disconcerted at the desolate prospect before him, as well as disappointed at not discovering the mining village, containing the snug little public-house, which he had been informed he should fall in with at the termination of the stony moorlands. Resolved however to put the best face he could upon the matter, our little hero assured his tall comrade that another half hour would be sure to bring them to the desired spot, where

“Better book that to tell again,” retorted Vernon; “it really is so seldom you do say a witty thing, that it's a pity it should be lost upon these dull moors.”

“Then, unless we intend to follow the fate of my wit,” resumed Frank, “we must step out a little faster to get out of them; which we sha'n't do under a couple of miles' walk more, I promise you.”

he was certain they would obtain both rest and refreshment—two things they much needed—having walked on unceasingly for several hours since their early morning's meal without having eaten or drunk any thing, and the sun by this time had begun to sink low in the horizon. Scarcely, however, had they crossed the narrow valley that divided these two barren wastes from each other, and had commenced ascending the steep beaten path that passed through the sandy desert, than the storm, which had been previously brewing, burst forth with relentless fury, the rain descending in torrents, accompanied by fierce gusts of wind, that, whirling aloft the loose drifting sands, swept them onwards in dense clouds before the gale, forming an overpowering and blinding deluge that perplexed our tourists exceedingly.

“This is all for the best, I suppose,” suggested Vernon Wycherley, who, uncomfortable as he was, couldn't help enjoying the luxury of having a hit at his fellow-traveller, and thus proving himself for once at any rate to have been on the right side of the argument.

“All for the best, did you say?” replied Frank. “All for the best?—ay, to be sure it is—though we ourselves may perhaps be too short-sighted to see the drift of it.”

“See the drift!” interposed Vernon—“See the drift! Why, we not only see it, but feel it. The benefit to be derived from it is what I want you to convince me of, Master Frank.”

The truth of Vernon's observation was too palpable to be denied; for both he and his companion were half-choked and nearly blinded by the clouds of

said that, in the course they were pursuing, blew directly in their faces, and which even the rain seemed to have no effect in allaying; till at last the peppering became so severe, that our travellers were actually compelled to turn their backs upon the enemy. Hardly, however, had they done this, ere Frank joyfully exclaimed—"It is all for the best after all, and that I'll soon convince you of, Master Vernon. Cast your piercing peepers through the thick of it, and you'll see the very place we want to find, which, if the storm hadn't compelled us to face to the right about, we should have passed by without discovering, concealed as it is in the narrow gorge we have just crossed. So cheer up, I say, old fellow, and let us both put our best foot foremost, and see how soon we can get there."

Vernon required no further persuasion, and the desired house of entertainment was soon reached. Here our wet and weary travellers had the good fortune to meet with that comfort of all comforts to persons so situated—a blazing kitchen-fire, which afforded them an opportunity of drying their wet clothes, and at the same time to enjoy the sight of the cookery of some tempting rashers and eggs, which, with the unequalled accompaniment of fried potatoes, "was soon after duly set out for them in the sole parlour the house afforded, where they found a good fire had been prepared for their reception.

"Would you like a bottle of Guinness's porter with your dinners, gentlemen?" asked a very pretty and tidily dressed young woman, who waited upon them.

"To be sure we would, my pretty Mary," replied Mr Vernon Wycherley, "and thank you for the hint into the bargain; I'm sure I should never have dreamt of meeting with Dublin stout amidst the wilds of Cornwall."

"Us do always kip it," observed Mary.

"Then a bottle of it, if you please, my pretty girl," resumed the poet. "Ay, that's right, out with the cork—never mind the froth, Mary—never mind the froth."

"It is indeed prime stuff!" he added, replacing his empty glass upon the table; "and upon my life, Frank, this is a perfect feast; and never did I enjoy one more. Things really have

turned out a great deal better than I expected."

"Or, in other words, have turned out all for the best," observed Frank, looking up for a moment from his plate, the contents of which had previously absorbed his whole attention; and elevating his glass as a signal for Mary to fill it with the tempting beverage, which she, well understanding, instantly obeyed; and having drained every drop of it, he resumed—"So you see, Master Vernon, you stand convicted by your own confession, that your former doubts and misgivings were without foundation; added to which, you can't help agreeing with me, that our present gratification is still further enhanced by the few trivial difficulties we just before met with."

Vernon was not inclined to concede to all his companion had just said, and, in fact, was mentally arranging the proper language in which to express his dissent, when a fresh arrival of piping-hot rashers turned the current of his thoughts towards the eggs and bacon, about which, instead of saying any thing, he quietly helped himself to, and then handed over the dish to his friend.

"I feel rather tired with my walk to-day," observed Mr Vernon Wycherley, who, having at last eaten to his heart's content, had pressed an extra chair into his service, for the purpose of resting his long and wearied legs thereupon. "Every thing here," he continued, glancing his eye around the tidily furnished little room—"every thing here looks clean and comfortable. I wonder if we could get accommodated with beds, instead of having to tramp it three miles further over the sandbanks in this uncertain weather, in order to reach our original destination at the next village?"

"I wish we could, with all my heart," answered Frank; "and here comes Mary with some more stout, who can tell us all about it." And so the handmaiden was questioned accordingly, who replied, in a tone of evident disappointment, "Lar bless ee, sir, there b'aint a bed to be had in the whole place; fay there b'aint, I can assure ee not, if ye'd offer pounds o' gold for 'un; for ever since Wheal

Costly, just handy by here, has turned out so rich, there's no quarters to be had for the sight of folks that be employed about her. There's only saven beds in all this here housen; and, besides the family, there be no less than sex-and-thirty miners a quartering here; they takes sex out o' the saven beds, and mistus and I and all the childer do fill the t'othern all night, and when us do turn out, then maister and his comarade do turn in—and 'tis the same all through town*—an' by ma fath an' troth, I zem there b'aint, at this very moment, a bed without a pair in 'un for miles round."

"But how do the folks here contrive to pig it away together six in a bed?" inquired Mr Vernon Wycherley. "Your beds must be very large, otherwise I should fancy such close stowage to be hardly possible."

"O na, sir, you don't onderstand," replied the maid, hardly able to restrain herself from laughing outright at the stranger's gross ignorance of mining habits; "not a pair † o' six all to bed together to one time; you da see miners do work to half eight hours to a spell, and has sixteen to stay 'bove ground; so one and his comarade sleeps their first eight hours 'bove ground, and then turns out for the next pair; and so they goes on, one pair in and t'otherpair out, so that between sex on 'um, the bed's never to saay quite empty."

"And can never, of course, require a warming-pan," remarked Frank.

"Lar! tha b'est a queer little chap," thought Mary; but being too polite to say as much, she merely smiled pleasantly at the remark, as she tripped out of the room.

"Well, as we must toddle further, it's of little use to put so grave a face upon it, old fellow," observed Frank to his poetical friend, who was indulging in a reverie, with his eyes fixed in vacancy towards the burning embers in the grate.

"Eh! what?" demanded Vernon, with the usual start of an absent literary man, whose attention is suddenly awakened. Frank repeated his previous remark.

"My thoughts were far, far away from hence," said Mr Vernon Wycherley; "the subject of them was my comedy, which, as you know, I intend to offer for the prize at the Hay-market."

"Your comedy be hanged!" interrupted Frank.

"I fear that even a direr fate than that awaits it," resumed its author. "Oh! if I had but seen *her* before I arranged my female characters—have carried her beauteous image in my mind, as now I mentally behold her"——

"What! Molly Potts?" interposed Mr Frank Trevelyan, with a look of arch innocence—such a funny look it was, as no man living but Frank himself could possibly have given.

"Pshaw," said Vernon impatiently, "how can you find the heart to mention her name, if such indeed it be, in that disagreeable tone and manner? It is enough to drive away every poetic idea connected with her. If you can only mention her name in that cold tone of contempt, I'd thank you to hold your tongue about her altogether."

With this remark, the poet took a manuscript book from a pocket in his blouse, and with contracted brow, he made an entry there in pencil of some happy thought the moment had just then suggested, which occupying some minutes, his companion in the interval walked to the window to examine into the appearance of the weather, and perceiving that the rain had ceased, and one bright star already twinkled in the sky, he suggested the propriety of preparing for their immediate departure, in order that they might get over as much of their ground as they possibly could before dark.

Having been directed to the path they were to pursue, which was a different one from that they had gone over when overtaken by the storm, though apparently leading in the same direction, our travellers again resumed their route. There was still good light when they started, and as long as it continued—but which was a very short

* Any collection of houses, or even a single farm-house, is termed a town in Cornwall.

† In Cornwall, any number beyond two is termed a pair.

‡ "Bal" signifies a mine.

time—the novelty of the surrounding desert of sand imparted some degree of interest to the scene ; but, in proportion as the darkness closed in, the spirits of the pedestrians began to flag. Still, however, Frank strove to cheer up his companion, who was by far the most weary and dispirited of the two, and, as a never-failing remedy, began to talk to him about his intended comedy—its plot, and some of the most striking scenes and characters. The result was just as he had anticipated, and its author, who just before had dragged himself along in moody silence, or only replied in listless monosyllables, began to chat away upon the much-loved topic in the most animated manner possible ; and so much were both engrossed with the subject, as not to perceive that, whilst traversing one of those level pieces of turf that few and far between formed a kind of tiny oasis in this desert, they had altogether missed the footpath.

Just at this unfortunate crisis it had become exceedingly dark, and the heavy clouds fast gathering overhead promised another shower ; which promise was fulfilled even more speedily than they anticipated, and down came the rain pouring away in hissing torrents upon our pedestrians, who, unable to regain the lost footpath, strolled on for some time without the remotest notion of the direction they ought to take. They were not, however, very long in finding that they had again gotten amongst the loose sandbanks, which, being dispersed around in steep undulating hillocks, were exceedingly fatiguing to traverse even by daylight ; it is needless, then, to say how much this difficulty was increased when the traveller was involved in darkness, and at the same time ignorant of the direction he ought to pursue. Nor was this the worst evil to which our two wanderers were exposed. A considerable number of mines had been opened in these wastes, and though the working of them had been abandoned for several years, yet the shafts were still open, many of them wholly unprotected either by rail or embankment, and the aperture being even with the surface, and not wider than the mouth of an ordinary-sized well, no one could possibly dis-

cern his danger in a night so dark as it then was. A more fatal snare for entrapping a benighted traveller could scarcely have been devised. But neither Vernon nor Frank had the remotest suspicion of this danger ; or, in fact, any fears beyond the dread of spending the night in this howling wilderness.

At last, to their great relief, the rain subsided, and the clouds breaking away disclosed the great bear and polar star, which afforded them an unerring point to steer by, and raised strong hopes that if the sky remained clear, and their legs would only hold out long enough against the excessive fatigue of scrambling over the steep hillocks, they might, by pursuing a perfectly straight course, at last get clear of this desert spot, and reach a better kind of country, where they might meet with some habitation or other that would at least afford them rest and shelter until daybreak.

Now, when matters have become very bad, any change for the better, however slight it be, imparts some cheering influence ; and the relief our drenched pedestrians felt from the mere ceasing of the rain, and exchanging the dull lowering sky for the clear dark-blue starlight, proved enough to renovate their drooping hearts, and to excite them to make the best use they could of their limbs ; so that by persevering they at last reached a part of the waste where the travelling became less irksome, the drifting sand having, in this particular part, formed itself into larger hills, which, in course of time, had become coated with short grass, and thus afforded very pleasant ground to walk over. But this relief from fatigue was attended with increased peril to the erring wanderers, who were now in the very midst of abandoned mines, whose shafts yawned around them in every direction, many of which they passed almost within a hair's-breadth of, unaware of the dangers that thus lay in their path, and only congratulating themselves on the improved state of the ground they had to walk over.

Now Vernon Wycherley, who had been for some short time turning the matter over in his mind, began to fancy he had found a poser for his

fellow-traveller, to whom he remarked, that however fortunate they might consider themselves when they got out of their present difficulties, there could be no possible advantage whatever in their having gotten into them.

"I don't agree with you even there," said Frank; "one advantage there will be on the score of experience, as it cannot fail to furnish us with an accurate knowledge of what a person's sensations are when he loses his way in a wilderness of sand-banks in a dark and stormy night in November."

"And is that all the advantage you can point out?" interposed Mr Vernon Wycherley.

"All? No, not one-half," resumed Frank. "Will it not supply both of us with everlasting materials for spinning yarns to match other travellers' tales, as well as furnish you with an endless topic for your poetic and dramatic pen? And besides, I've no doubt there are lots of other advantages we shall eventually derive benefit from, though they may for ever remain hidden amongst the many mysteries that man is never designed to know."

"You really are the most extraordinary fellow I ever met with," rejoined Vernon, "striving, as you ever do, to cook up good of some kind or other out of the most evil materials; and every misfortune, by some wonderful philosophy hatched up by your ingenious brain, you pretend to convert into a benefit. Why, old fellow, Mansel of Trinity actually told me—mind I've only his word for it, perhaps not the best authority in the world either—but he positively assured me, that you tried to convince him that your being taken ill on the third day of your examination, which was thus cut short in the middle, and which caused you to rank far lower than you otherwise would have done amongst

the wranglers, was the most fortunate event that possibly could have happened to you."

"And that is my firm conviction still," said Frank, with the utmost coolness.

"What!" exclaimed Vernon in amazement, "you surely cannot be in earnest in what you say?"

"Indeed I am," resumed Frank; "for, had I taken higher honours, my dear old governor would never have rested satisfied unless I had devoted myself either to study of the law or politics, both of which I hate, instead of permitting me, at some future time, to become a quiet country parson. —But what extraordinary light is that?" he exclaimed, on perceiving a narrow stream of fire, apparently at no great distance, shoot up above the brow of a low hill just before them?"

"A singular kind of meteor, certainly," observed the poet. "I never saw one like it before."

"Very like a sky-rocket; wasn't it?" observed Frank; "and a sky-rocket I've no doubt it was; and as this happens to be the night of the 5th of November, I dare say it proceeds from the very village to which we are bound—an important place too, it should seem, from sporting sky-rockets. Ah! there goes another. Huzza! we shall soon be amongst them.—Oh! merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed, as his companion suddenly vanished from his sight, having stepped inadvertently into the mouth of one of those dangerous shafts we have before alluded to. A heavy sound denoted the fearful depth to which he had been precipitated, which was shortly followed by a loud, hollow crash, caused by a fall of some fragments of detached earth, which, from the great depth it had to descend, occupied several seconds ere it reached the bottom of this deep abyss.

CHAPTER III.

Frank Trevelyan, almost petrified with horror at the dreadful catastrophe, which there was just then sufficient light to enable him to discern the nature of, remained for some moments riveted to the spot from whence he had witnessed its occurrence; but

soon partially recovering his bewildered faculties, he fell upon his hands and knees, and approaching the mouth of the shaft, called out, in a tone of agonizing anxiety to his companion, but with scarcely a hope of being responded to, when a faint voice, though

from an awful depth, assured him he was yet alive; but, it was to be feared, dreadfully injured; and, in plain truth, he was in a situation of even greater danger than his fellow-traveller was then aware of. Poor Vernon Wycherley had fallen upwards of sixty feet perpendicularly, and had alighted on a projection of the ground, occasioned by a drift that had been made in the workings, which alone prevented him from being hurled to the bottom of the pit, which was of vast depth, though partially filled with water. As it was, his situation was so perilous, that it seemed only to add to the agony of impending death, with a very remote prospect of deliverance. Every thing depended upon his being able to secure himself upon the point of ground where he then rested; and this being loosened by the force with which he had fallen upon it, was gradually crumbling from beneath him, every particle of which, as it gave way, splashing in the water at the bottom of the shaft, produced a deafening crash, whose sound rendered him fearfully conscious of the probability of the whole mass, upon which his sole chance for safety depended, sinking under him, before the necessary assistance could arrive. This it soon did to such a degree, that, in spite of all his efforts, he gradually sank lower and lower, until, unable longer to retain a footing, his legs were overhanging the awful gulf, and he was rapidly sliding off, when, by a desperate effort, he threw up his feet, so that they reached the opposite side of the shaft, whilst his body still remained on the projecting drift, against which he firmly planted his back, and with his feet on the opposite side, he was thus enabled to gain a stationary position; yet, even then, the soil continually crumbling away, rendered it doubtful how long he might be able to retain it.

Frank Trevelyan was, however, as we before mentioned, unaware of the full extent of his friend's peril, and only dreading the effects of what had already occurred, he no sooner heard the welcome sound of his voice, than, bidding him keep up a good heart, for that he plainly heard the voices of a number of persons at no great dis-

tance, from some of whom he should be able to procure all the aid he required. Having so said, he started off at speed towards the spot from whence he could still hear the humming noise of many voices, indicating an assemblage of a large company of persons no great way off—and so towards this spot he ran at a rapid pace, regardless of the risk he incurred in thus racing along, as it were blindfold, in so dangerous a locality. But the fact is, a thought of his own personal safety never once entered his head: Vernon's accident, and its probable consequences, engrossed his every thought. Another rocket served to show him he was taking the right direction; and at so rapid a pace did he proceed, that the enlivening sounds of voices became more and more distinct, when, topping the brow of the hill, a blue light, most opportunely lighted up, disclosed to him at a very short distance on the opposite side of the valley, a substantial gentleman's house, in front of which a motley and mixed medley of some couple of hundred people or more—some of them gentlemen, but the majority consisting of miners and agricultural labourers—were assembled, either as actors, assistants, or lookers-on, at a display of various kinds of fire-works that was then going forward.

A sight so welcome to our little hero's hopes imparted fresh vigour to his limbs; and he darted down the steep declivity at the imminent danger of his neck, but happily reached the bottom in safety, just as the light which had aided him in his descent expired, which then made every thing appear even darker than before. Consequently, Frank, not espying the brook that intervened betwixt himself and the object he was striving to reach, tumbled over head and ears into one of its deepest pools; but being a swimmer, and the stream but narrow though the pool was deep, he soon attained the summit of the opposite bank; when a hedge, almost close at hand, alone seemed to separate him from the people whose assistance he was so anxious to secure. The hedge was easily clambered over, though an impediment he had not anticipated awaited him on the other side,

in the form of a small fishpond, into which he bundled, and so got a second ducking. But as this pond, or rather that portion of it into which he had fallen, was not deep, he soon splashed across it, to the amazement of the assembled party who witnessed the feat, which a fresh blue-light, just then ignited, afforded them ample means of doing—the heavy souse he had made in tumbling in, and the splutter he made in floundering out again, having already attracted their attention to the spot—which, as he seemed to have selected the very widest part of the whole pool, was the very last of all others any one could have suspected an entry to have been made on the premises.

Unconscious of the surprise he had thus excited, Frank Trevelyan rushed forward into the midst of the assembled group, and seizing hold upon a stout little old gentleman who seemed to be the leading man of the party, endeavoured, as well as his exhausted state would permit, to explain the fearful misadventure which had just occurred. The intelligence excited an exclamation of horror from all who heard it.

"What a dreadful death!" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Oh! don't say so, for heaven's sake," cried Frank—"He may be, and I fear is, much hurt; but I trust he may yet be saved."

"Impossible!" said half a dozen voices. "Why, the shaft's hundreds of feet deep."

"But my companion is yet far from the bottom of it," resumed Frank—"Something or other has interposed to prevent his falling lower. He spoke, and told me so—Oh! for mercy's sake make haste, and you may yet preserve his life."

"What a horrible situation!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "but no time must be lost in talking about it, or inquiring into the why or the wherefore. So here you, Timothy, John Clarke, Harris, Tom Carpenter, run for your lives, every man Jack of you to the farm, where you'll find plenty rope;—and here, miners, my dear men—do you bestir yourselves—succeed or not, I'll pay you well. Could any thing be more fortunate?" continued the old gentleman, soliloquising to himself—"could any thing be more

fortunate than our show of fire-works bringing all the miners of the parish about our ears; the very best hands in the world, from woeful experience in like matters, to render aid in an accident of this kind."

No one required to be told a second time; and almost ere the words were out of the worthy squire's mouth, every body had dispersed here and there to procure ropes, and whatever might be required; all of which were collected with a celerity almost incredible; and then off started plenty of able and willing hands, all in eager haste to accomplish the charitable object they were bent upon.

And now we must return to poor Vernon Wycherley, whom we left pent up in a narrow dungeon many feet beneath the surface, enveloped in darkness, and with difficulty sustaining an irksome and even painful position, by keeping his body jammed across, and, as it were, forming a kind of bridge over this awful chasm; whilst the loose soil, upon whose unstable foundation his only chance of safety depended, gradually crumbling away, kept his attention unceasingly alive to the certain fate that awaited him when unable longer to retain his hold; the horrors of which were still further augmented by the deafening din that thundered forth as each detached mass reached the water far, far below. Few men, indeed, could have sustained a sufficient degree of self-possession to have held on a minute under such trying circumstances; but our tall young hero was possessed of that true kind of courage, which, though disinclined to seek out danger for mere danger's sake, is never daunted by its approach, however fearful or unexpected it may be; and thus he was enabled to await his impending fate with calm resignation. Strange, too, as it may appear, his thoughts, notwithstanding his appalling situation, would now and then wander to common everyday matters. Even the events of that very afternoon occurred to him, and the beauteous form he had been so much struck with passed in fancy before his eyes. "Would she pity his fate?" he asked himself—"alas! no—how was she to know any thing about it? Poor Frank, too," he thought, "what can he say to my unexpected, and proba-

bly fatal accident? I fear all his philosophy will, at least this time, fail of convincing him;—it is *all for the best*, but better for myself, perhaps, than him, as far as chances of being saved go; for with his little legs, it must have been all over with him some time before this. But, gracious Heaven! may not such a catastrophe have already happened to him?"

The start this last thought excited had wellnigh proved fatal—a large quantity of earth became detached even by this slight movement, and at the same time caused a change of position, which, though very slight, was yet sufficient to produce a fresh action on the muscles, previously cramped from the unusual strain upon them, and thereby causing so much pain, that the sufferer was nearly relaxing his hold, the retention of which became more arduous every moment; whilst the time thus occupied seemed prolonged to almost tenfold the term of its ordinary duration. Never, therefore, was sound more welcome to his ears, than the hoarse and agitated tone with which his friend, Frank Trevelyan, shouted out to him down the mouth of the shaft; whilst the cheers with which his reply was hailed from several persons who had already reached the spot, assured him that the much-wished-for relief was at hand. Nor was there, indeed, a moment then to lose; for even during the short time it took in adjusting the rope, and getting ready a light, with which an adventurous miner, well skilled in such matters, was about to descend, poor Vernon's strength was rapidly declining; and, conscious of his increasing weakness, he called out earnestly to those above to make haste, as he could hold on no longer, and that the ground was fast slipping away from under him. Anxiously indeed throbbed every breast during the interval occupied by the miner's descent, and breathless was the suspense with which each awaited the signal to pull away again upon the rope, which had scarcely been given, when a heavy rumbling sound, followed by a whirring noise, and terminating in a tremendous booming crash, whose fearful din and uproar it is impossible to

describe, caused a thrill of horror to pass through the frame of every bystander; whilst Frank, uttering a loud cry, threw himself with his face upon the ground, and grasped the turf in all the frenzied agony of grief, till the loud cheers that made the welkin ring again, aroused him to a state of consciousness, when all his grief was turned into joy by discovering the friend whose loss he had just begun to deplore, again safely landed on the earth's surface, and apparently but little the worse for his extraordinary tumble.

The noise which had caused so much unnecessary alarm was produced by the projecting mass, which, loosened by Vernon's violent descent upon it, had given way the instant it lost the partial support caused by the pressure of his body against it.

Fortunately for the sufferer, there was no lack of medical aid. The village doctor, who had been present at the fire-works, had the humane, or business-like consideration to betake himself as speedily as possible from thence to the place where his services were so likely to be needed; whilst the old gentleman, who had taken so active a part in the late transaction, had himself also practised the healing art in the early part of his life. To the gratification of all present, these two gentlemen, after a cursory examination, reported that no bones were broken, and that although the right wrist was sprained, and the left leg much bruised, yet that the other injuries were of a very trifling nature; so much so indeed, that being helped on the back of the pony which had brought the old gentleman to the scene of action, the patient rode without much difficulty to the mansion from whence the assistance had been derived; and which, although then attained by a more circuitous route than the one Frank had previously gone, was less than a mile distant.

Nothing, indeed, could exceed the kind hospitality of the old gentleman, who, as Frank had supposed, turned out to be the proprietor of the house and grounds he had made his entry upon in so unusual and unexpected a manner. Determined to

act out the character of the good Samaritan to the very letter, the squire, for so every body called him, would insist upon taking the patient to his own house, as well as that Frank should remain to assist in taking care of him; alleging that there was no other place for miles around where they could be properly accommodated; and if there was, they should not go there as long as he had a house to shelter them. Vernon was too glad to find any kind of resting-place to refuse so generous

an offer, and it required very little pressing to induce Master Frank Trevelyan to accept the invitation; for, somehow or other, he had just at the very moment begun to fancy that the late occurrence was but the commencement of a series of adventures, which a further acquaintance with their new friend might lead to. But the reasons which induced him to take such a fancy into his head, we must for the present forbear mentioning.

CHAPTER IV.

Vernon Wycherley, in spite of all his late perils, enjoyed a good night's rest, and on awakening about daylight on the following morning, he found that, barring a little pain and a great deal of stiffness about his sprained wrist and bruised leg, combined with a slight soreness all over, he was not much the worse for his accident, and so he told Frank, who just at that very moment had popped his head into the room to see how he was getting on.

"And really, friend Frank," observed the patient, "I ought to be thankful for the snug quarters I've fallen into, as well as for my providential and almost miraculous escape."

"Which," interrupted Frank, "your medical friends here say you must at present think as little about as you can, and not talk about at all."

"Well, well, old fellow, their advice is doubtless very good; but it shall not for all that prevent my indulging in feelings of thankfulness to heaven for my deliverance."

"Not an uncomfortable room this," observed Frank, looking around it.

"Can any thing convey an air of greater comfort?" said Vernon. "There's a look of cheerful cleanliness about it that's quite delightful; and as for the bed, I never rested my wearied limbs before on one I liked better."

"Ay," said Frank, "and all through the house, from attic to cel-

lar, I'll venture to say you'll find things just the same."

"Why, you can scarcely have had sufficient time or opportunity to ascertain that yet, I should imagine," observed Vernon; "for, with all the modest assurance with which you are so superabundantly blessed, you can't have already been paul-prying, and poking that impudent nose of yours into every hole and corner of it."

"Certainly not," answered Frank, "but I've seen quite enough to form a pretty accurate judgment that the bulk will tally with the sample—a conclusion I can arrive at without the aid of my nasal organ. A fact may be ascertained without one's poking their nose to the bottom of it—a very unsatisfactory, as well as uncertain, mode of proceeding, take my word for it. Why, I wouldn't undertake to ascertain even the height or depth of a molehill by so uncertain a process."

"And will you never forget that unlucky blunder of mine?" asked Mr Vernon Wycherley.

"Never, I promise you," replied Frank.

"Well, then, if you can't forget it, I suppose you can cease talking about it; and, by way of a more pleasing subject, suppose you tell me something about the people here—the old gentleman, the only member of the family I've yet seen, appears to possess a very host of good-nature."

"And a very good-natured host he has proved," interrupted Frank.

"That's right," said Vernon;—

"very well for you; so book it, to tell again, and make the most of it."

"I shall do no such thing," rejoined Frank, "as no words I can employ would do justice to our honest entertainer, who is without exception the happiest and merriest little fellow I ever met with, possessing a countenance full of mirth and good-humour, and a heart overflowing with benevolence—a downright hearty good fellow, a thorough trump—a regular brick, and no mistake at all about the matter, as our little friend, Major Rodd, would say. And I say, Vernon, you've no idea what a delightful evening I spent after I'd tuck'd you in for the night. I never in my life met so entertaining a man before—a mere glimpse of his good-natured face is sufficient to drive away a very legion of blue-devils, although, by the by, those are fiends that never haunt me; and then we had a famous spread by way of supper—jugged hare—a woodcock—the first I've yet seen for the season—and lots of snipes."

"All of which, I dare say, you did ample justice to," interposed Mr Vernon Wycherley.

"More than justice, friend Vernon—more than justice; for I ate the best portion of the woodcock, in addition to a fair allowance of the jugged hare I'd taken before—and then finished off with the snipes—the whole being accompanied with some excellent home-brewed ale."

"Well, enough about the supper; but tell me, was there nobody but yourself and the squire to partake of it?"

"Oh yes! the doctor staid to supper, but was obliged to start and visit a patient who had sent for him, which compelled him to commence a five miles' ride ere he had well time to finish his meal."

"You saw no ladies, then?"

"Yes, but I did though—that is, I saw the lady of the house; and much as I liked master, I don't know but I liked mistress more—such a dear, kind-hearted creature—and so good-looking, Vernon—one of the sort that would never look old, or grow ugly, even if she lived to the age of Methusalem. And her fondness for her old man is quite delightful—none of your my-dearing or my-loving nonsense, or

anxiety about every thing he likes to eat and drink disagreeing with him; but good, downright, honest, hearty affection, which was beautifully displayed in the happy smile with which she regarded the old fellow, and witnessed how truly he seemed to be enjoying himself. That's what I'd recommend all wives to do who wish to preserve their good looks. A woman's beauty depends so much upon expression, that if that's spoilt, farewell to all her charms, and which nothing tends more to bring about than a countenance soured with imaginary cares, instead of lighted up with thankfulness for innumerable blessings—that's what makes half the women wither away into wrinkles so early in life; whilst nothing renders their beauty so lasting as that placid look of pure benevolence, which emanates from a heart full of thankfulness to God—affection for those nearest and dearest to them, and good-will towards all mankind."

"Thank ye, Frank—thank ye for these pretty little sentiments—very good remarks, certainly, and true; but I think you'd better keep them to bestow upon the future Mrs Trevelyan; I dare say you may find them useful then. And now, have you any further news to tell me this morning?"

"Yes, I believe I have. I was just going to tell you about the fair ladies we met on the downs yesterday; but I've a great mind not to do so."

"Eh? what? where?" interrupted Vernon. "Oh! do tell me—have you seen them?"

"No," answered Frank demurely, "I haven't seen even the shadow of their petticoats."

"Is this Squire Potts', then? eh!"

"Not impossible," rejoined Frank with most provoking coolness; "at least," he continued, "I know nothing to the contrary, for never having heard our worthy squire's cognomen, I see no reason why he may not be called Potts as well as any thing else."

"Pshaw," said Vernon impatiently, "and is that all you have to tell me? I really fancied you had heard or seen something."

"And so I have," rejoined Frank.

"Whom, then? eh! Do tell me!" demanded Vernon, eagerly.

"Timothy," replied Frank.

"Timothy!" reiterated the poet.

"Ay, Timothy, to be sure; what d'ye think of that, Mr Vernon Wycherley?"

"Why, it leads me to hope," replied that gentleman, "that we may meet the ladies themselves ere long, or"—

"No or in the matter," interrupted Frank; "I've made up my mind to meet them both at breakfast this very morning; and no mistake, as our gallant little friend the major says—for I'm pretty certain those lovely birds of paradise roosted last night somewhere or other about the premises."

"But as you say you've seen Timothy, haven't you been able to get any thing out of him?"

"No," replied Frank; "for as all his business seems to be confined to out-of-doors work, he only came once or twice into the room where we were upon some trifling excuse or other; but, in reality, I've no doubt to have a peep at your humble servant, whom the rogue instantly recognised; and when no one was looking, he tipped me a sly wink of the eye, at the same time pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, and directing his eyes towards the ceiling, thereby indicating, as I thought, that those I wished the most to see had already betaken themselves to bed."

"Then I trust they were not packed off on purpose that you might not see them?" observed the young poet.

"Quite the reverse, Vernon, I assure you, for I'm quite confident they were so packed off in order that they mightn't see me."

"You surprise me indeed—can it be possible that one so affable and open-hearted as our squire here appears to be, should hesitate to let his daughters see so harmless a specimen of the human race as my particular friend Mr Francis Trevelyan? But ah! I see how it is," Vernon continued, and his countenance fell as he said so. "I see how it is—he doubts our being gentlemen; a circumstance quite sufficient to account for the absence of the young ladies."

"Don't let that notion trouble you," interposed our little hero; "your particular friend, Mr Francis Trevelyan,

as you have been pleased to style him, has removed every unfavourable impression a first glance of your two yards of humanity might have produced—you know the old saying, 'Show me your associates and I'll tell you what you are.'"

"Then," interposed Vernon, "the impression here must be, that I'm one of the most impudent dogs living."

"Nothing of the kind," resumed Frank; "that is, if they judge of you by your humble servant, whom they consider an exceedingly modest young man, which was the sole reason the two girls were kept out of the way, and sent off so early to bed; though by the by I'm almost ashamed to say"—

"Don't talk of your shame, Frank," interrupted Vernon, "a very different kind of thing, though too often confounded with modesty. It's the latter—It's your modesty—I wish to hear about."

"Why, the plain state of the case," rejoined Frank, "was, that our good-natured friend the squire, from an imperfect knowledge of the natural boldness of my disposition, (call it impudence, if you will,) supposed me incapable of facing the battery of laughter my extraordinary appearance would have exposed me to, had I come within view of his fair daughters."

"Your appearance is queer enough at all times I must confess," observed Vernon, "and still more so in your travelling costume; but still hardly enough so, I should have thought, to have produced quite so powerful an effect as you have just mentioned."

"You wouldn't say so, or have thought so, either, had you seen the strange figure of fun I made. Just now for a moment fancy my limited proportions enveloped in the squire's ample toggery—(who more than makes up in breadth all he wants in height,)—only fancy me so attired and where could you look for a more complete personification of a living scarecrow?"

"I can fancy it all," said Vernon Wycherley, laughing exceedingly at the idea of his companion so arrayed; "but do tell me," he continued, "what could have induced you to put on so ridiculous a masquerade."

"What else could I do?" rejoined Frank, "unless I turned in supperless to bed, or had it brought up to me there, neither of which suited my inclination—for, you see, what the rain we encountered had left undone in the drenching way, the brook I blundered over head and ears into had completely effected; and though my subsequent souse just afterwards into the fishpond could make me no wetter, that deficiency was amply made up for in mud; and as I had thrown off my knapsack, I had no precise notion where, in order that I might run all the lighter without it, which has only just now been picked up and returned to me, and so not a dry rag of my own to help myself to, I was right glad to rig myself out in the squire's clothes, which, fitting me like what our friend the admiral would say, 'a purser's shirt upon a handspike,' made me look for all the world like an unstuffed effigy of a Guy Fawkes—a figure so superlatively ridiculous, that two light-hearted young girls, who were unable to help wellnigh laughing themselves from off their horses' backs at the sight of a youthful poet employing his nose as a pick-axe, could scarcely be expected to look unmoved on so ludicrous an object as I was."

"Spare me, Frank—spare me!" exclaimed Vernon. "How shall I be able to remove the ridiculous association which must be connected with that unlucky tumble?"

"The more important one you made so shortly afterwards, I'll undertake to say, will produce the desired effect," said Frank.

"Oh! don't talk about that now,

pray," interposed Vernon with a shudder, and turning pale at the sudden recollection of his recent peril; which Frank perceiving, and aware of the indiscretion he had so thoughtlessly committed by alluding to, and to avert his friend's mind from dwelling any longer upon it, he rattled on as fast as he could about various other matters, describing in glowing terms all he had seen, heard, or conjectured, about the place they were then in. "What a contrast," he said, "the mere separation of a narrow valley has made between the desolate wastes we have traversed for the last two days, and the fertile spot where we now are, which, though deficient in timber, is beyond measure fertile in corn, and contains, I am told, some excellent shooting—that is, partridge shooting; for a pheasant is here a kind of *rara avis in terris*, and as little likely to be met with as the very black swan itself; but then it's a fine country for woodcocks, whilst the bottoms almost swarm with snipes; all of which the squire has promised to show me in the course of the day, and for days to come, if I feel so inclined; for he won't hear a word of our leaving for at least ten days, or a week at the very shortest."

"But how, my dear fellow, can we accept an invitation of this kind from an utter stranger, whom"—

"No stranger at all," interrupted Frank. "He tells me your governor is one of his oldest and most esteemed friends; and as for myself—but stay—hush!—hark! I hear the old gentleman's voice, and he's coming this way too, or I'm very much mistaken."

CHAPTER V.

The squire was one of those persons who generally give audible notice of their approach as soon as they enter their house, or pass through from one part of it to another; and our two heroes heard him, whilst in the act of ascending the stairs, bawling out to the ladies above that it was high time for them to be up and moving; and hammering away at the first door he came to, he called out—"Come, come, young ladies, wake up, wake

up—chase away your balmy slumbers, and kick Morpheus out of bed without further ceremony.

"Come Miss Mary,

[*"Her loved name!" exclaimed Vernon within.*]

All contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells,
And cockle shells,
And cockles all of a row."

"Nothing like early rising for plant-

ing the roses in your cheeks—and if that argument,” said he to himself, “won’t make a young woman bundle herself from under the bed-clothes, I don’t know what will.” And then he walked on to the room in which Frank had slept, and which was the adjoining one to Vernon’s, he began to drum away upon the door there; calling out, at the same time—“Come, Frank—Mr Trevelyan—if you intend to have a view of the sea before breakfast, as you proposed last evening, it’s high time you should be up and stirring.”

“I’m up and stirred already, sir,” said Frank, popping his head out of the adjoining room door.

“Yes; you’re up to any thing, I see,” said the squire, good-humouredly extending his hand to his guest, as he entered the room; “and how’s my patient this morning?” he continued, advancing towards the bed. “Ah!” he said, having felt Vernon’s pulse, “just as I hoped, and indeed fully expected—you couldn’t possibly be doing better; a little—very little care for a day or two, is all you seem to require. I looked in before this morning to see how you were getting on, and found you snoring away so comfortably, that, judging all was as it should be, I wouldn’t disturb you with my inquiries.”

“Snoring!” repeated Vernon, in alarmed surprise, looking exceedingly disconcerted, and doubting almost whether he had heard aright.

“Ay, snoring,” resumed the squire; “but never mind that, my hearty fellow—the best men snore sometimes, take my word for it; and, I dare say, it wasn’t loud enough to disturb the young ladies. It was pretty loud, though, I must confess; but still I think it could hardly reach so far, particularly when your door was shut.”

“But I found it wide open,” observed Frank, by no means ill-amused to see how annoyed his companion was at the conviction of having snored, and the possibility of such sounds having reached the ears of one *so lovely*. Oh, how Vernon longed to hurl his pillow, or even any harder missile within his reach, at the saucy little

fellow’s head who was looking so provokingly pleased with his distress, and which the presence of the squire alone restrained him from making a left-handed attempt at, for his right was, as we before mentioned, disabled for the present by his late accident. But Vernon was too good a judge to attempt any thing of the kind, or show any exhibition of displeasure before his kind entertainer; who, telling him he must act as his doctor, having, as he said, been bred to, and practised for several years in the medical profession, examined into the state of his sprains and bruises, and told him he would soon be all right again, but that he must be content to spend a few hours longer in bed, where his breakfast of gruel should be sent up to him; and then, accompanied by Frank, he took his departure.

The old gentleman, however, gave the ladies a fresh hail as he passed by their bedroom door, to which two or three voices replied simultaneously, but in tones far less musical than Frank expected; and it seemed to him very different from what he had heard from the fair equestrians of the preceding day, when they kindly expressed their hopes that the sprawling poet had received no injury from his tumble.

“Ah! I see how it is,” thought he to himself; “these pretty creatures, like too many of their sex, have a couple of tones to their voices—one for home, and the other for company. There’s one-half of my admiration gone already.” But wishing, at the same time, to put the best construction he could upon the matter, he tried to persuade himself that they must have taken cold, poor things! in consequence of having been caught in the heavy shower of the preceding day; and this it was which had caused the hoarseness of their voices. “I have known it have that effect before now on other people,” he thought, “and why might not the same happen to these fair damsels; who, though lovely as angels, can scarcely escape from ‘all the ills that flesh is heir to,’ amongst which a cold, attended with hoarseness, can hardly be reckoned the worst?”

A PEEP INTO THE WHIG PENNY POST-BAG.

MY DEAR MEMBER—I send you a powerful petition,
 For absolute, instant, entire abolition.
 This question our Chamber is taking a lead in,
 Composed, as you know, of the Flowers of Dunedin,
 Intelligent Druggists, rhetorical Quakers,
 Broad acres—a few—but no want of wiseacres.
 All are perfectly clear that these horrid restrictions
 Are the proximate cause of our present afflictions,
 Obstructing the bowels, as 'twere, of the nation,
 And entirely deranging our whole circulation.

To expel these bad humours, we earnestly urge
 A dose, night and morning, of Russell's *new* Purge ;
 Not the old wishy-washy affair of the *fixture*,
 But the new out-and-out Morisonian mixture.

In the mean time 'tis well that the Noble concoctor
 Has succeeded in ousting the family Doctor.
 Peel's a perfect old wife—twaddles on about diet,
 About exercise, air, mild aperients, and quiet ;
 Would leave Nature alone to her vigour elastic,
 And never exhibit a drug that is drastic.
 Doctor Russell's the man for a good searching pill,
 Or a true thorough drench that will cure or will kill.
 For bleeding and blistering, and easy bravado,
 (Not to speak of hot water,) he passes Sangrado.
 He stickles at nothing, from simple phlebotomy,
 As our friend Sidney said, to a case of lithotomy :
 And I'll venture to say, that this latest specific,
 When taken, will prove to be no soporific.
 Might I just hint how happy 'twould make me to be
 Sole Agent down here for the great Patentee ?

Entre nous, what can mean these unpleasant surmises ?
 I scarce know what prognosis to form of the crisis :
 And our friends, quite perplex'd at this puzzling delay,
 Can't imagine how scruples should stand in the way.
 Must the grand Opus Magnum be brought to a fix,
 Because some jarring drugs are unwilling to mix ?
 His lordship, I'm certain, would cut the thing shorter,
 If he'd borrow a touch of my pestle and mortar.

Ere we part, I must give you a hint of the truth :
 We Free Churchmen can't stomach your views of Maynooth.
 If you value your seat, as a friend I would urge ye,
 Steer clear of endowing the Catholic Clergy ;
 A bolus (or bonus) so very unhallow'd
 Would in Scotland, I'm sure, not be easily swallow'd.

By an early reply we should all be elated,
 And 'twould tell if from Windsor again it were dated.

DEAR DRUGGIST—You've open'd your jocular vein,
 And I fain would reply in the same pleasant strain ;
 But let those laugh who win—I have only to say,
 That we are—as we were : and all done by Lord Grey—

The most arrogant, wayward, capricious of men,
 (Though this last little sketch must not seem from my pen.)
 Only think of objecting that Palmerston's name
 In a fortnight would set East and West in a flame :
 About mere peace or war a commotion to make,
 When the Party's existence was plainly at stake !
 When office was offer'd, to cast it behind,
 And to talk of such trash as the good of mankind !
 It is clear, my good friend, such a crotchety prig
 Has but little pretence to the title of Whig.

On the part I have played in this luckless transaction,
 I confess I look back with unmix'd satisfaction.
 From the first I said *this*—and 'tis pleasant to feel
 Thus at ease with one's self—" I'm for total repeal.
 Stick to that, my Lord John, and all scruples I stifle :
 Any office, or none, is to me a mere trifle ;"
 (Though, of course, my dear Mac, for the purest of ends,
 I was willing to help both myself and my friends.)
 " Any office I'll take, that can give you relief—
 From the Whip of the House to Commander-in-chief."
 Oh ! If all of the party had acted as I did,
 In how noble a band would Lord John have presided !

But—" 'tis best as it is : " we may grieve, yet we shouldn't :
 Peel can carry the measure—'tis certain we couldn't :
 Though we hoped, if our reign was once fairly begun,
 It might last till—we did what was not to be done.

I think, (though thus leaving old views in the lurch,)
 We should *not* have establish'd the Catholic Church.
 To speak for my colleagues, in me would be vanity :
 They might differ ; but I should have thought it insanity.

In the hope that our friends in Auld Reeky are " brawly,"
 I remain yours, in confidence, T. B. Mac—y.

EAST AND WEST.

SWEET is the song, whose radiant tissue glows
 With many a colour of the orient sky ;
 Rich with a theme to gladden ear and eye—
 The love-tale of the Nightingale and Rose.

Nor speeds the lay less surely to the mark
 That paints in homely hues two neighbours sweet,
 Born on our own bleak fields, companions meet,
 The modest Mountain-daisy and the Lark.

The fond attachments of a flower and bird !
 That things so fair a mutual bond obey,
 And gladly bask in love's delightful ray,
 Who would deny, and doubt the poet's word ?

Or who would limit love's and fancy's reign ?
 Their hardy growth here springs as fresh and fair,
 Far from the sun and summer gale, as there
 Where Gul for Bulbul decks her gay domain.

'Tis poesy, whose hands with kindly art,
 Of kindred feelings weaves this mystic band,
 To knit the Scottish to the Iranian strand,
 And reach wherever beats a human heart.

AN APOLOGY FOR A REVIEW.

It is not our general practice to review books of travels; nor, in truth, in noticing these little volumes, do we introduce any exception to that general rule. Under what precise category in literature they may fall, would admit, as Sir Thomas Browne observes as to the song sung by the Sirens, of a wide solution. Plainly, however, in the ordinary sense of the term, travels they are not. They will form no substitute for Murray's admirable hand-books; for on the merits or demerits of competing hostelrys, which Mr Murray justly regards as a question of vital importance—the very be-all, and often end-all of a tour—these volumes throw no light. In statistics they are barren enough. To the gentlemen of the rule and square, who think that the essential spirit of architecture can be fathomed by measurement, they will be found a blank. And though abounding in allusions, which betray, without obtruding, an intimate acquaintance with ancient literature, and sufficient in congenial minds to awaken a train of memories, classic or romantic, medieval or modern; they contain few dates, no dissertations, no discussion of vexed questions as to the ownership of statues, baths, temples, or circuses; or the other disputed points which have so long been the subject of strife in the antiquarian arena. And, really, when we consider the way in which, in the course of a century, all the old landmarks on the antiquarian map have been broken up, and the monuments of antiquity made to change hands; how Nibbi supersedes Winckelman, only to be superseded in turn; how a temple is converted into a senate-house; one man's villa into another; how Caracalla is driven from his circus to make way for Romulus; how Peace resigns her claim to a Pagan temple to make way for a Christian basilica of Constantine; how statues, arches, gardens, baths, forums, obelisks, or columns, are in a constant state of transition,

so far as regards their nomenclature; and, to borrow the conceit of Quevedo, nothing about Rome remains permanent save that which was fugitive—namely, old Tiber himself; we rather feel grateful to the tourist who is content to take up the last theory without further discussion, and to spare us the grounds on which the last change of title has been adopted. What, indeed, matters it, in so far as the imagination is concerned, by what emperor, consul, or dictator, these mighty remains were reared or ruined? Whether these Titanian halls first echoed to the voices of Pagan, or the chant of Christian priests? Whether this inexplicable labyrinth of vaults and cells, and buried gardens which overrun the Esquiline, where the work of art and nature is so strangely melted and fused together by “the alchymy of vegetation,” really formed part of the golden house of the monstrous Nero; or of the baths of him, the gentlest of the Cæsars, who, when he had gone to rest without doing a good action, regretted that he had lost a day? Equally they remain monuments of the grandeur of the minds which gave them birth; mysterious, suggestive—perhaps the more suggestive, the more awakening curiosity and interest, from the very obscurity in which their origin, purposes, or fortunes are shrouded. And if individual associations become dim or doubtful, they merge in the clear light which these gigantic fragments, betraying, even in ruin, their original beauty of proportion and grandeur of conception, throw upon the lofty and enduring character of the Roman people.

These volumes, then, as we have said, will neither replace Murray, nor form a substitute for Eustace. Neither is their interest mainly owing to mere vivid or literal portraiture; by painting in words, as an artist would do by forms and colours, and enrolling before us a visible panorama, such

as might present a clear image of the scenes described here to those who had never witnessed them. Their charm—for a charm, we trust, they will have to a considerable number of readers—arises simply from the truth with which they seize, and the happy expression in which they embody, *the spirit of the spot*: marking, by a few expressive touches, the moral as well as the physical aspect of the scene, and awakening in the reader a train of associations often novel in conception, as well as felicitous in expression; but which appear in general so congenial and appropriate, that we are willing to persuade ourselves they are a reproduction of thoughts, and dreams, and fancies, which had occurred to ourselves in contemplating the same objects. Hence it is to those, who have already witnessed the scenes described, that these volumes address themselves. They do not paint pictures, but revive impressions; they call up or steady imperfectly defined images; bring forward into light struggling memories;—and, by a union of brief description, classic or historical allusions, picturesque and significant epithets, and reflections hinted at, rather than wrought out, they very successfully accomplish their object—that of realizing to the eye of the mind that distinctive and prevailing expression which each aspect of nature, like each movement of the human face, wears in itself, and is calculated to awaken in others—cheerful, sombre, majestic, or awe-inspiring, according to the nature of the scene, the associations past and present with which it is surrounded, and the conditions, or, as a painter would term it, accidents under which it has been viewed.

While we say that Mr Whyte has generally been very successful in his aim, we must not be understood to express by any means an unqualified approbation of the taste in which these volumes are conceived, or the plan on which they are constructed. The train of reflection is *sometimes* too obviously an afterthought—not spontaneously evoked at the moment by the influences of the scene, but evidently devised and wrought up into point and *apparent* application by a subsequent process. We have dreams which were never dreamt, and

reveries which are any thing but involuntary. There are too many Tristram Shandy transitions, sundry cockneyisms in expression, (we use the word in a wide sense,) and one or two jokes which make the blood run cold. Lastly, we are compelled to say that we repose much more confidence in the writer's taste in architecture than in painting. It is enough to say that he evinces no feeling for the more simple and majestic compositions of Raphael; while the powerful contrasts, and magic of light and shadow displayed by Guercino and Tintoret, seem to exercise an undue fascination on his mind. It is only to the injurious effect produced by these blemishes that we can attribute the slender success with which the volumes have been attended; for at this moment we do not recollect having seen them noticed by any of those who assume to themselves the right of distributing the rewards and punishments of criticism.

Let us now look at one or two of Mr Whyte's sketches of Rome, or rather of the train of thought called up by wanderings among its ruins, tracing the broken sweep of its ancient walls, or wandering among the stately aqueducts and nameless tombs of its dreary Campagna.

THE WALLS OF ROME.

“I wonder whether it be the fault of mine own inattention, or the absence of good taste in others, that I have heard and read so little of the Walls of Rome! To me they rank among the few, out of all the Wonders of the Eternal City that have exceeded my expectations. Solitude, their peculiar characteristic, has great charms for a companionless enthusiast like myself: it is, moreover, a description of solitude, the very reverse of melancholy. Mile after mile have I repeatedly roamed along the outer Pomœrium of those solitary rampires, and encountered perhaps a goatherd and his pretty flock, the tinkle of whose bells formed the only accompaniment to the honey notes of the blackbird:—or, perhaps, in sonorous solemnity, some great Bell would suddenly boom upon the silence, and be taken up in various tones from a hundred quarters, no vestige, mean time, of Minster or Monastery being visible; nothing but that enormous Adamantine Circlet rearing itself into the sky on one side, and the gate-

ways and walls of villas and vineyards occupying the other. You might fancy those tolling chimes belonging to some City hidden by Enchantment.

"Still, as I have proceeded in my mood, half enjoying, half moralizing the scene, those hundred towers, like Titan warders placed around the Seven Hills, would each after each look down upon me from their high and silent stations; till, as I came to know them, they seemed to meet my gaze with the sedate and pleasant welcome of a venerable friend. They were the incessant associates of my solitude, and I was never wearied of them. Of a surety their vast Circuit (fifteen miles) gives ample time and space enough for rumination!

"Their colossal cubits are the most perfect exemplar of Architectural sublimity. Their dismantled Battlements have no Watchman but Antiquity, no Herald but Tradition, and hear no clamour louder than the Church or Convent bells, or the dirge which the wind wails over them through the melancholy Cypress and the moaning Pine. The broad old belt of short flowery turf at the base, the Violet, the Gilliflower, and the vermilion spotted Mignonette, on their breast, and the chaplet of wilding shrubs upon their brows, give them a charm in the most common-place observation. With me, true as I have been to the Classic page, it seemed a natural process of my cesultory mind, to revert from a contemplation of such pensive dreamy realities of waking enjoyment as I have described, to visions, startling in their august grandeur, of the everlasting Past,—visions of their great Architect, Aurelian; of their greater Restorer, Belisarius!

"These monstrous walls! I cannot divest myself of a certain awe and fascination, as if of a supernatural appearance, which attracts and detains me about them; not even the Colosseum more. There seems something so ghastly, so spectral, in the mockery of their unnecessary circuit, their impregnable strength, their countless towers, arrogating to themselves the circumference of a day's journey—and all for what? To guard a city, which, once drospied with grandeur, has now shrunk under the disease into comparative atrophy; a city, which, having boastfully demanded their aid, has now abandoned them for bailes. It is as though one should wrap a triumphal robe about a corpse, or place a giant's helmet upon a skeleton's skull.

It is no poetical figure to look upon them as an eternal satire upon the great littleness of empire. The melancholy pride of their dimensions needs not the hollow wind, which howls around their towers, or the wondering sun, which lingers over their shrubby ramparts, to proclaim in the ears of thrones and senates the warning of Rome's ambition, the moral of Rome's downfall! It is but a poor recompense to their present unhonoured solitude, that their melancholy battlements are emblazed at intervals with the pontifical escutcheons. Those triple tiaras and cross keys, so perpetually recurring, do not half so much consecrate as they are themselves consecrated by the lonely bulwarks of this desolated city of the Cæsars!"

THE VILLA BORGHESE.

"With the exception of an ostentatious parade of paltry equipages, tarnished liveries, and wretched horses on the Corso, and a frantic attempt at an opera, Rome, in May, is a picturesque receptacle for monks, and goatherds, and nightingales, and bells. Like some haunted place, it appears to be beloved and frequented only by the apparitions of an obsolete race. Yet many minds will find it infinitely more congenial thus, than amidst all the popular splendours of its holy week.

"Her tranquillity, nay, her very desolation, is enchanting. The summer-day circuit of the Seven Hills seems all your own. You wander whither you will, meeting few, and disturbed by none. In short, the very antiquity of the place is one perpetual novelty, and its grave monotony a serene recreation. I write this in the Villa Borghese, beneath groves of acacias, redolent with odours, and booming with myriads of bees, the yellow hay in aromatic quiles, pitched like pavilions below the old red walls of Rome, and nightingales and blackbirds contending in gushes of ecstatic song!

"Though not new to me, I had little conception of the intrinsic loveliness of the Villa Borghese till to-day. Picture to yourself a large village of the most variegated and romantic character; Church, casino, albergo, and farm, scattered amidst the turfy glades of a forest; and that forest composed of such trees as the beech, the elm, the ilex, and, above all, the sovereign pinaster, whose enormous trunks seem to have condescended to arrange themselves into avenues; the most charmingly artificial

glades of the glossiest verdure, and vistas haunted by legions of dim waning statues; hero or demigod, nymph or faun, for ever intermingling but never interfering with each other; their various places of rendezvous emblazoned with flowers of a thousand colours, and flashing with fountains of the most graceful fancies possible; while every vista discloses some antique portico, or rotunda, or vestibule of those gems that men call temples! Picture these scenes on some such May-day as this,

“When God hath shower’d the earth;”

the dark evergreens rejoicing in the rain-drops, and the new-born leaves of silky green, transparent with the moisture, which had reluctantly ceased to shine on their delicate tapestries. Crown all this with a country palace, of lofty Italian magnificence, a treasure-house of antiquity, painting, and sculpture, disclosing the statues, frescoes, and gilding, of its noble façade and massive campaniles, at the extremity of its darkest grove of evergreens, glittering in this rainbow sunlight, and you may have some impression of the Villa Borghese.

“Such silence and solemnity, that you would never dream you were near the busy haunt of men, were it not, that a long linked diapason of bells, modulated by every possible inflection of their lofty language, convinced you that you were basking amidst all this voluptuous quiet, beneath the walls of a concealed city, and that city—Rome!”

THE RUINS.—THE CAMPAGNA.

“This afternoon we drove along the Via Appia Nova. The sun, rolling his chariot amidst a cavalcade of wild clouds, along the ruddy array of shattered arches, variegating the grassy plain with its uncouth palatial and sepulchral ruins, in ebony and gold, illuminated the purple and green recesses of the Sabine hills, and caressing with capricious fleetness their woody towers and towns, bequeathed to the north a calm blue vault, wherein, as in some regal hall of state, the dome of St Peter’s, the rotunda of the Colosseum, the vast basilicas of Santa Maria Maggiore, and San Giovanni Laterana, that embattled sepulchre of Cecilia, and those lofty masses of the Pamphiline, which hovered in the horizon like a feathery vapour, proclaim the illustrious domicile of Rome.

“The Temple of the Divus Rediculus (or whatever other title it may re-

joice in) is one of those lovely little phantasies of architecture that one might imagine a London citizen would have coveted for a summer-house. The brilliant contrast between its vermilion pilasters and its pale yellow wall, the delicate moulding of its slender bricks, and the elaborate elegance of its decoration, not to omit its pleasing, though diminutive proportions, arising from the wild green turf of this melancholy region, can scarcely fail of affecting with at least a spark of fancy, the flattest spirit of this work-day world. For my own part, I should be much less disposed to pronounce it a temple than a tomb; and, in fact, the whole appearance of this wide dull tract seems eminently adapted to sepulchral piles. It is most melancholy, most funereal; and even that glorious sun, and those majestic aqueducts, soaring, as they do, to salute his lustre, and to emulate his glory, cannot efface the feeling, that such a scene, and such memorials, should be visited only in the gloom of a sad and stormy sky; either amidst the sympathetic moans of an autumnal tempest, or the waning and mournful glimpses of an autumnal twilight.”

THE COLOSSEUM.

“It was the twilight, that brief, that exquisite interval, which flings its purporoseate veil between the palace gates of day and night. You might have fancied it the car of Diana rolling on to some Olympian festival, and preceded by Venus, the only other planet visible in the sky. What a canopy!—Not the gaudiest velabrum that the ostentatious munificence of her Cæsars extended above its gilded cordage, ever equalled the empyrean pomp of this soft sky. Never could the artificial rains of perfumed water surpass the dewy fragrance that steals around from evening’s thousand urns.

“I say it was the twilight when we entered these gloomy corridors, whose solemn circuit uncoils its colonnades around the lordly pile; but before we had traversed half their extent night began her reign, and when we entered the arena it was difficult to say whether those faintly flushed skies, that single sparkling star, or the pallid hectic of the youthful moon produced the pathetic light that illuminated this enormous architecture.

“As it now stands, the Colosseum is indeed a wreck, rendered absolutely frightful by repair; and whether by

sunlight or moonlight, compels you to lament the 'melancholy activity' which, utterly inadequate to the restoration of its pristine glory, has deprived it of all those adventitious ornaments, trees, and herbage, and a thousand beautiful flowers, which, if they could not conceal, at least served to soften its injuries, and which mitigated the desolation they were unable to repair.

"Of course a thousand imaginations and memories hunt each other through one's head and heart in such a place and at such an hour as this, but to-night there were realities, which, where they do not dispel, must always reinforce such phantasies.

"Before the steps of the great cross in the centre, garnished with all the emblems of the passion, knelt a respectably dressed group, apparently father, mother, and daughter, absorbed in a rapture of devotion. The lamps were lighted before the fourteen shrines, which Benedict the Fourteenth erected around the arena, and flung a dusky light upon the successive stations of our Saviour's sufferings, by which each is distinguished; and we saw a solitary peasant, in the dark costume of his country, evidently faint and toil-worn, rise from his oraisons at one shrine, only to sink upon his knees before another.

"Ah! it was at once a simple and sagacious stroke of that priestly sovereign, who, in these prophaned ruins, planted the Cross, and, by a mightier spell than the magician's wand, arrested the rapacity of its patrician plunderers!"

Do not sketches such as these revive for us all those feelings which Rome awakened in ourselves, bringing back the clime, the sky, the loneliness, the mingled feeling of grandeur and situation—the gentle melancholy with which the eternal city impresses even the least imaginative mind? To us they appear to embody more of the poetry of travel than many a work which figures under the mask of poesy.

How much has been written on Venice, from Schiller and Radcliffe to Madame de Staël and Madame Dudevant! and yet we hardly know if any one, with the exception of the last, has more completely imbued his mind with the peculiar spirit of Venice, or reflected its impressions with more truth than Mr Whyte. Schiller, indeed, and Mrs Radcliffe, had

never witnessed the scenes they described; their portraiture is the result merely of reading and description, warmed and vivified by the glow of their own imagination. Hence the glimpses of Venice conveyed in Schiller's beautiful fragment of the *Armenian*, are mere general outlines—true enough so far as they go, but faintly drawn, and destitute, as we might say, of local colour. Mrs Radcliffe's moonlight landscapes—masques and music—exhibit with great beauty one aspect of the city, but only one.

Very different are the Venetian *Sketches* of Madame Dudevant. She has drunk in the inspiration of Venice on the spot, has penetrated the very heart of its mystery, and reproduces the impressions which an intimacy with its peculiarities produces, with a degree of truth, force, and poetical feeling, that impart the most captivating charm to her Venetian *Letters*. Mr Whyte's *Fragments* exhibit much of the same sensibility, the same just perception of the spirit of Venice; and though they have not that brilliancy of style which the pictures of the French authoress possess, there is often even in this respect great beauty both of thought and expression. Mr Whyte, indeed, took the right course to enable him thoroughly to understand and appreciate Venice. Instead of confining himself to the stately vision of the Grand Canal, or the wizard magnificence of St Mark's, he seems to have habitually traced all the lesser canals; the little Rii, which, like small veins, shoot off from the great arteries of the Grand Canal and the Giudecca, carrying the circulation of the Adriatic through this unique city; exploring their high, dark, and narrow recesses, pondering on the strange contrasts of misery and magnificence, squalid filth and luxurious ornament, which they present side by side; and heightening the impression thus created, by selecting all varieties of aspects, from the bright flashing sunshine pouring down into these dark chasms, as into a well, to the shadowy evening, the magic contrasts of moonlight, the gloom of wind and rain howling through the balconies, driving the ocean wave impetuously through these water-ways, and beating against their thousand bridges; or those thunder-storms—nowhere

more magnificent than at Venice—where the gleam of the lightning forms so fearful a contrast with the Cimmerian gloom of the canal, and the peals are reverberated with such magnificence from those piles of masonry with which they are lined. There is, indeed, no spectacle that can be conceived, more impressive than some of these smaller canals, particularly if you enter them towards sundown. You glide into a gulf of buildings, rising high on each side—almost meeting above your head—most of them ruinous and dilapidated, sinking by piecemeal into the green element which they have displaced for centuries, but which, through the slow agency of the sap and mine, is visibly resuming his oozy empire. You pass some church with its unfinished marble face. Again, a set of poor rickety and mean edifices follow; when suddenly you come upon some pile of massy grandeur, looming gigantic in the twilight, in whose colossal, but beautiful proportions, you can trace the hand of Sammichele or Sansovino. You come nearer, and perceive the fretted windows broken, stuffed with rags, and patched with paper; rough boards nailed up against the gilded beams; grand portals, of which the doors have disappeared, allowing the eye to penetrate into a dark perspective within: perhaps a sign-board overtops a glorious cornice of grim masks or armorial bearings; and from latticed windows, on which Palladio had lavished all the delicate beauty of his architecture, some flaunting and gaudy rags are hung out to dry. You enquire what is the building, and to whom it belongs, and you are answered: It is the palace of one of the classic nobility of ancient Venice—now tenanted by a Hebrew, who lets out the apartments at so many *lire* a month!

But let Mr Whyte speak for himself.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"The Canal Orfano, the Ponte di Sospiri! what a day to behold these long pictured images of darkness and terror, for the first time! Such a blaze of May sunshine, such a soothing repose broken by a few distant bells or the nearer laugh of the gay Gondoliers. I looked upon the narrow, immured

waters under the Bridge of Sighs, then to the high arch that like the heavy embossed clasp of some old solemn book, united its decorated Gothic Piles (those volumes of bloody Story) on either side, and instead of shuddering at inquisitions and racks, and Piombi and Pozzi, as in common decency I ought, away fled my intractable thoughts to merry England's old Sabbath Chimes, her village spires, village greens, village elm lanes, and decent peasantry.

"Yet those high and antique abodes of venerable crime, those wild barbaric piles, in which old age palliates and almost hallows infamy! giving it somewhat the same prescriptive sanctuary as Milton bestows on the Palace of his Pandemonium! That cruel slinking flood, the only firmament the stone vaulted pits below were conscious of! Each looked as malignant and dangerous as they could, beneath the triumph of such a glorious sun; that light to which their aspect once was hateful, and their deeds untold.

"My gondolier dipt his oar into the canal just under the Bridge of Sighs, and at half its length it was arrested by a hollow substance which he told me was the marble roof of the Pozzi, whose unfathomable tiers of dungeons stretched one under another beneath this dreadful water gallery. It was not here, however, that the secret midnight drownings took place, (as I had fancied,) but in that widest, deepest portion of the Canal Orfano, far out in the Lagoons situated between the towery Isola Servilio and the lovely groves and monastery of San Grazia. This murder-hole of the Adriatic is called Marani, and to this day it is forbidden to fish in its accursed depth. To-day it looks not only innocent, but gloriously bright."

"I was out in the Lagoons this evening, for the purpose of visiting by twilight that solitary Isle of St Clements, where Monks exchange the voluntary seclusion for penal dungeons, (*l'un vaut bien l'autre!*) the sky glowing with its last light, lingered over its tall belfry and few old trees, and a sea as smooth as a crystal pavement slept at the base of its grim walls, all in vain; Campanile, Convent, Grove, and that pyramidal Powder Magazine, looked obdurately sullen enough to tell their own uses, had I not known their chronicle."

THE SMALL CANALS.

"I thence directed my gondolier to row under the Bridge of Sighs, through

the intricacies of the interior canals; and if ever a man wished to be fed to the full with solemn, ay, appalling gloom, he may be gratified by following my example. From the weltering surface of a labyrinth of channels, let him look up till it wearies him, to the awful roofs of the mansions, whose walls of immeasurable height, and scarfed with black masses of shadow and glaring moonlight, seem to close over his head and to barricade his path, as they interlace and confound each other in endless circuits; and he will have quite enough to kindle the torch of his darker imagination, even if he did not know those tremendous gulfs of masonry to be Venice, and those heart-sinking portals and windows of barbaric sculpture, the homes of her inexorable oligarchy. Yes, you may anticipate Naples, you may picture to yourself Rome, and Florence may have fulfilled much of your previous fancies; but no conceptions can prepare you for Venice.

"What enchantment lingers still about every stone of this mourning city! My affection for her dismantled palaces is almost morbid.

'Like an unrighteous and an unburied ghost,' do I nightly haunt that Tartarus of antique masonry, the interior canals of Venice, uniformly entering or departing from them by the Bridge of Sighs. To me their hideous height, their appalling gloom, (for the meridian cannot touch their waters, and the moon glides like a spectre over their huge parapets,) their bewildering intricacies, their joyless weltering floods, the countless bridges, each with its sculptured monster-heads yawning as if to swallow up the silently sweeping gondola in its arch of shadow; their deep dead silence only broken by the sullen plash of the oar, the dreary word of warning uttered by the gondoliers before turning a sharp angle, or the shrill rattling creak of innumerable crickets; but principally those old Gothic posterns with deep-ribbed archways, like rat-holes in proportion to the enormous piles, and their thresholds level with the water, some blockaded with ponderous doors, others developing their long withdrawn passage by a lamp, that not only makes darkness visible, but *frightful*; while others (as in the Martinengo palace to-night) disclose wide pillared halls, and stately staircases, and moonlight courts—to me, I say, all these attributes of the interior of Venice are irresistible. Were you to see these old porticos by a summer's daylight, you would not fail to find an

old fig-tree in broad leaf and full of fruit, or a lattice-work of vine, most pleasantly green in its deep court, where sun and shadow hold divided reign; while the hundred shaped windows of those gloomy walls are variegated with geranium and carnation, and perhaps a sweet dark eye fairer than either.

"They are so obviously the symbols of her hollow oligarchy itself, which to the world and to the sun in heaven, (like the brave palaces on her chief canal,) displayed a gallant guise, at once sublime, glittering, and august; while, within, its tortuous policy was twisted into murky and inextricable labyrinths, of which Necessity, Secresy, and Suspicion, formed the keystone; where Danger lurked at every winding, and whose darkling portals were watched by Mystery, and Stratagem, and Disgrace, and Fate!

"It is impossible to scrutinize these dread abysms of mansions, without experiencing that strange mixture of repugnance and attraction which certain spectacles are wont to call forth in animated nature. It is impossible to mark their melancholy and downfallen, yet portentous aspect, without deeming them at once the theatre and monument of those 'secret, black, and midnight crimes,' which history and tradition ascribe to the domestic, as well as to the state policy, of this Gehenna of fourteen centuries dominion.

'Visendus Ater flumine languido
Cocyus errans.'

"Perhaps it would be difficult to conceive any thing more abhorrent to the soul and body of man, than the time, manner, and place, of death, distinguishing those executions which have rendered the gulfs of the Canal Orfano immemorably infamous.

"To me, the element, in its most serene and smiling state, wears a look of furtive menace; and I am free to confess, that even when gliding on a midsummer night over that sweetest Lake of Derwentwater, beneath the shadows of its moonlit isles and fair pavilions, I have not been without a certain sensation of uncomfortable awe. But what must have been the feelings of the victim, whether criminal or innocent, who, from this accursed Maranna, cast around him his last straining look of agony, and uttered his last cry of supplication or despair! The conviction that his family, parent, wife, or son, were at that hour of horror in profound ignorance *sometimes* of his very absence, *often* of its cause, or at least, only perplexed with

conjecture, and *always* unconscious of its horrible event, must have constituted no trifling pang in that mortal hour. Then that old familiar, though melancholy, water, more terrible to his feelings than the dreariest wilderness of ocean! For, girdling the dusky horizon, could he not see the domes and campaniles of Venice, perhaps the very lamps in his own palace windows, from whose festal saloons he had just been decoyed; just distant enough to be beyond the reach of help? but too, too near for that despairing gaze that recognized and bade adieu for ever at the same glance? There too were not those nestling lovely islands, each with its convent tower gleaming to the moon, and from which the sonorous bells were tolling, the sacred Anthems swelling for the last time on his ear! Alas! those chaunted masses were not for *his* conflicting soul; yea, it would have a strange comfort to feel that passing bell was proclaiming to the world that his spirit was parting from its scarcely worn weeds! But no! even that miserable solace was prohibited to *him*; he was to be obliterated from society, and his inexorable judges had decreed that society was not to know that he was gone. No grave for his dust, no monument for his name, to palliate his faults and perpetuate his virtues. The ghastly element that moaned and shuddered under the Gondola, as if remorseful for its own involuntary cruelties, was to spread its weltering pall over his hearseless bones."

THE BELLS OF VENICE.

"The islands constituting the Venetian Archipelago are about fifty in number, of various size and extremely picturesque. They were each of them the seat of a monastery or nunnery, till Napoleon came, who overthrew these saintly receptacles, converting them into forts, mills, public gardens, &c. In short, these islands are among the most beautiful contingents of this magic scene. Each has its graceful campanile, and its various structures of castle, convent, mill, or summer-house; each its due girdle of blue sea, fenced by walls that rise round its margin, and embroidered with groves and arbours of the most delightful green.

"This evening I cruised past many of them in my gondola after sunset; and was particularly struck with the beauty

of the large Isle of Muranò, and its attendant San Michaelè (the latter one entire cemetery,) whose thin tall campaniles throw up their slender figures in fine relief against the long wavy purple of the Acharnean Hills in the west, at the head of the Adriatic.

"Night gathered round, as we floated under that prodigious monument of the departed majesty of the Republic, the arsenal, whose ramparts high and endless, and as ugly as either, lay weltering many a rood upon their wooden piles. Every bell in the city was tolling for Nones, and sang aloud to the surrounding islands, whose campaniles replied with sympathetic thunder, a solemn diapason of Corybantine brass, to my taste, wonderfully in unison with the funeral mole of the defunct Arsenal, the repose of the purple mountains, and the fainting splendour of that twinned vault and pavement, the opal sea and sky, smooth, soft, and bright enough for Juno and Amphitrite to hold a gossip, each from her own imperial element.

"Probably it is to the peculiarity of its situation, that one may attribute the sweetly solemn melodies produced by the bells of Venice. Flinging their prolonged notes down those immense hollows of architecture, sweeping round their narrow streets, and floating over their liquid pavement, they derive every advantage from that element which always so fondly detains and dallies with music, in addition to the depth and power with which they are endowed, by those pillared and winding concaves, that, like the tubes of some vast organ, receive and redouble the airy strain.

"Whatever be the case, I never felt anything so fully coming up to my idea, of 'most musical, most melancholy.'"

We bid Mr Whyte adieu, in the hope that, if a second edition of these volumes be called for, he will subject them to a very thorough revision—connecting together many passages, which, though relating to the same subject, are at present unnaturally disjointed—omitting much, which, instead of heightening, interferes with the effect which it is his object to produce—and, above all, eschewing the indulgence of pleasantries which certainly produces no corresponding impression on his readers.

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THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD,

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

[It may be thought idle or presumptuous to make a new attempt towards the naturalization among us of any measure based on the ancient hexameter. Even Mr Southey has not been in general successful in such efforts; yet no one can deny that here and there—as, for instance, at the opening of his *Vision of Judgment*, and in his Fragment on *Mahomet*—he has produced English hexameters of very happy construction, uniting vigour with harmony. His occasional success marks a step of decided progress. Dr Whewell also, in some passages of his *Hermann and Dorothea*, reached a musical effect sufficient to show, that, if he had bestowed more leisure, he might have rendered the whole of Goethe's masterpiece in its original measure, at least as agreeably as the *Faust* has been presented to us hitherto. Mr Coleridge's felicity, both in the Elegiac metre and a slight variation of the Hendecasyllabic, is universally acknowledged.

The present experiment was made before the writer had seen the German Homer of Voss; but in revising his MS. he has had that skilful performance by him, and he has now and then, as he hopes, derived advantage from its study. Part of the first book of the *Iliad* is said to have been accomplished by Wolff in a still superior manner; but the writer has never had the advantage of comparing it with Voss. Nor was he acquainted, until he had finished his task, with a small specimen of the first book in English hexameters, which occurs in the *History of English Rhythms*, lately published by Mr E. Guest, of Caius College, Cambridge.

Like Voss and Mr Guest, he has chosen to adhere to the Homeric names of the deities, in place of adopting the Latin forms; and in this matter he has little doubt that every scholar will approve his choice. Mr Archdeacon Williams has commonly followed the same plan in those very spirited prose translations that adorn his learned Essay, *Homerus*.

It is hardly necessary to interpret these names: as, perhaps, no one will give much attention to the following pages, who does not already know that ZEUS answers to Jupiter—and that KRONION is a usual Homeric designation of Zeus, signifying the son of KRONOS=SATURN: that HERA is JUNO; POSEIDON, Neptune; ARES, Mars; ARTEMIS, Diana; APHRODITÉ, Venus; HERMES, Mercury; and so forth.

Should this experiment be received with any favour, the writer has in his portfolio a good deal of Homer, long since translated in the same manner: and he would not be reluctant to attempt the completion of an *Iliad* in English Hexameters, such as he can make them.

N. N. T.

LONDON, Jan. 31, 1846.]

Now the assembly dissolv'd; and the multitude rose and disperst them,
 Each making speed to the ships, for the needful refreshment of nature,
 Food and the sweetness of sleep; but alone in his tent was Achilles,
 Weeping the friend that he lov'd; nor could Sleep, the subduer of all things,
 Master his grief; but he turn'd him continually hither and thither,
 Thinking of all that was gracious and brave in departed Patroclus,
 And of the manifold days they two had been toilfully comrades,
 Both in the battles of men and the perilous tempests of ocean.

Now on his side, and anon on his back, or with countenance downward,
 Prone in his anguish he sank: then suddenly starting, he wander'd,
 Desolate, forth by the shore; till he noted the burst of the morning
 As on the waters it gleam'd, and the surf-beaten length of the sand-beach.
 Instantly then did he harness his swift-footed horses, and corded
 Hector in rear of the car, to be dragg'd at the wheels in dishonour.
 Thrice at the speed he encircled the tomb of the son of Menœtius,
 Ere he repos'd him again in his tent, and abandon'd the body,
 Flung on its face in the dust; but not unobserv'd of Apollo.
 He, though the hero was dead, with compassionate tenderness eyed him,
 And with the ægis of gold all over protected from blemish,
 Not to be mangled or marr'd in the turbulent trailing of anger.

Thus in the rage of his mood did he outrage illustrious Hector;
 But from the mansions of bliss the Immortals beheld him with pity,
 And to a stealthy removal incited the slayer of Argus.
 This by the rest was approv'd; but neither of Hera, the white-arm'd,
 Nor of the Blue-eyed Maid, nor of Earth-disturbing Poseidon.
 Steadfast were they in their hatred of Troy, and her king, and her people,
 Even as of old when they swore to avenge the presumption of Paris,
 Who at his shieling insulted majestic Hera and Pallas,
 Yielding the glory to her that had bribed him with wanton allurements.
 But when suspense had endured to the twelfth reappearance of morning,
 Thus, in the midst of the Gods, outspake to them Phœbus Apollo:
 "Cruel are ye and ungrateful, O Gods! was there sacrifice never
 Either of goats or of beeves on your altars devoted by Hector,
 Whom thus, dead as he lies, ye will neither admit to be ransom'd,
 Nor to be seen of his wife, or his child, or the mother that bore him,
 Nor of his father the king, or the people, with woful concernment
 Eager to wrap him in fire and accomplish the rites of departure?
 But with the sanction of Gods ye uphold the insensate Achilles,
 Brutal, perverted in reason, to every remorseful emotion
 Harden'd his heart, as the lion that roams in untameable wildness;
 Who, giving sway to the pride of his strength and his truculent impulse,
 Rushes on sheep in the fold, and engorges his banquet of murder;
 So has the Myrmidon kill'd compassion, nor breathes in his bosom
 Shame, which is potent for good among mortals, as well as for evil.
 Dear was Patroclus to him, but the mourner that buries a brother,
 Yea, and the father forlorn, that has stood by the grave of his offspring,
 These, even these, having wept and lamented, are sooth'd into calmness,
 For in the spirit of man have the Destinies planted submission.
 But because Hector in battle arrested the life of his comrade,
 Therefore encircling the tomb, at the speed of his furious horses,
 Drags he the corse of the fall'n: Neither seemly the action nor prudent;
 He among Us peradventure may rouse a retributing vengeance,
 Brave though he be, that insults the insensible clay in his frenzy."

Hera, the white-arm'd queen, thus answer'd Apollo in anger:
 "Thou of the Silvern Bow! among them shall thy word have approval,
 Who in equivalent honour have counted Achilles and Hector.
 This from a man had his blood, and was nurs'd at the breast of a woman;
 He that ye estimate with him, conceiv'd in the womb of a Goddess,
 Rear'd by myself, and assign'd by myself for the consort of Peleus,
 Whom above all of his kindred the love of Immortals exalted.

And ye were witnesses, Gods! Thou, too, at the feast of the Bridal,
Thou, with the lyre in thy hand, ever-treacherous, friend of the guilty!"

But the Compeller of Clouds thus answer'd her, interposing:

"Hera! with Gods the debate, nor beseems the upbraiding of anger.
Not in equivalent honour the twain; yet was generous Hector
Dearest at heart to the Gods among Ilion's blood of the death-doom'd;
Dearest to me; for his gifts from his youth were unfailingly tender'd;
Never to altar of mine was his dutiful sacrifice wanting,
Savour, or costly libation; for such is our homage appointed.
Dear was the generous Hector; yet never for that shall be sanction'd
Stealthy removal, or aught that receives not assent from Achilles.
Daily and nightly, be sure, in his sorrow his mother attends him;
Swiftly some messenger hence, and let Thetis be moved to approach me:
So may some temperate word find way to his heart, and Peleides
Bend to the gifts of the king, and surrender the body of Hector."

Zeus having spoken, up sprang, for his messenger, swift-footed Iris;
And between Samos anon and the rocks of precipitous Imber
Smote on the black sea-wave, and about her the channel resounded:
Then, as the horn-fixt lead drops sheer from the hand of the islesman,
Fatal to ravenous fish, plung'd she to the depth of the ocean:
Where in a cavern'd recess, the abode of the sisterly Sea-nymphs,
Thetis the goddess appear'd, in the midst of them sitting dejected;
For she was ruefully brooding the fate of her glorious offspring,
Doom'd to a Phrygian grave, far off from the land of his fathers.
Near to her standing anon, thus summon'd her wind-footed Iris:
"Thetis, arise! thou art call'd by Zeus whose decrees are eternal."
But she was instantly answer'd by Thetis the silvery-footed:—
"Why hath the Mightiest call'd for me? Overburthen'd with sorrow,
How shall I stand in the place where the Gods are assembled in splendour?
Yet will I go: never word that He speaketh in vain may be spoken."

So having spoken, the Goddess in majesty peerless, arising,
Veil'd her in mantle of black; never gloomier vesture was woven;
And she advanced, but, for guidance, the wind-footed Iris preceded.
Then the o'erhanging abyss of the ocean was parted before them,
And having touched on the shore, up darted the twain into Æther;
Where, in the mansion of Zeus Far-seeing, around him were gather'd
All the assembly of Gods, without sorrow, whose life is eternal:
And by the throne was she seated; for Blue-eyed Pallas Athena
Yielded the place; and, the goblet of gold being tender'd by Hera
Softly with comforting words, soon as Thetis had drank and restored it,
Then did the Father of gods and of men thus open his purpose:
"Thou to Olympus hast come, O Goddess! though press'd with affliction;
Hearing, I know it, within thee a sorrow that ever is wakeful.
Listen then, Thetis, and hear me discover the cause of the summons:
Nine days ago there arose a contention among the Immortals,
Touching the body of Hector and Town-destroying Achilles:
Some to a stealthy removal inciting the slayer of Argus,
But in my bosom prevailing concern for the fame of Peleides,
Love and respect, as of old, toward Thee, and regard of hereafter.
Hasten then, Thou, to the camp, and by Thee let thy son be admonished:
Tell that the Gods are in anger, and I above all the Immortals,
For that the corse is detain'd by the ships, and he spurns at a ransom;
If there be awe toward me, let it move the surrender of Hector.
It is the while will I send to bid generous Priam adventure,
That he may rescue his son, straightway to the ships of Achaia,
Laden with gifts for Achilles, wherewith to appease and content him."

Nor was the white-footed Thetis unsay'd by the word of Kronion;
But she descended amain, at a leap, from the peaks of Olympus,
And to the tent of her son went straight; and she found him within it
Groaning in heavy unrest—but around him his loving companions

Eager in duty appear'd, as preparing the meal for the midday.
 Bulky and woolly the sheep they within the pavilion had slaughter'd.
 Then by the side of the chief sat Thetis the mother majestic,
 And shecaress'd with her hand on his cheek, and address'd him and named him—
 "How long wilt thou, my child, thus groan, in a pauseless affliction
 Eating thy heart, neither mindful of food nor the pillow of slumber?
 Well were it surely for thee to be mingled in love with a woman;
 Few are, bethink thee, the days thou shalt live in the sight of thy mother;
 Near even now stands Death, and the violent Destiny shades thee.
 Listen meantime to my word, for from Zeus is the message I bear thee;
 Wrathful, he says, are the Gods, but himself above all the Immortals,
 For that in rage thou detainest the dead, nor is ransom accepted.
 Haste thee, deliver the corse, and be sooth'd with the gifts of redemption."

Ceased then Thetis divine, and Peleides the swift-footed answer'd:
 "So let it be: let a ransom be brought, and the body surrender'd,
 Since the Olympian minds it in earnest, and sends the commandment."

Thus at the station of ships had the son and the mother communion.
 Iris from Zeus meanwhile had descended to Ilion holy:
 "Go," said he, "Iris the swift, and make speed from the seat of Olympus
 Down into Ilion, bearing my message to generous Priam.
 Forth to the ships let him fare with a ransom to soften Peleides—
 Priam alone; not a man from the gates of the city attending:
 Save that for driving the mules be some elderly herald appointed,
 Who may have charge of the wain with the treasure, and back to the city
 Carefully carry the dead that was slain by the godlike Achilles.
 Nor be there death in the thought of the king, nor confusion of terror;
 Such is the guard I assign for his guiding, the slayer of Argus,
 Who shall conduct him in peace till he reaches the ships of Achaia.
 Nor when, advancing alone, he has enter'd the tent of Peleides,
 Need there be fear that he kill: he would shield him if menac'd by others;
 For neither reasonless he, nor yet reckless, nor wilfully wicked:
 But when a suppliant bends at his knee he will kindly entreat him."

Swift at the bidding of Zeus arose wind-footed Iris, and nearing
 Soon the abode of the king, found misery there and lamenting:
 Low on the ground, in the hall, sat the sons of illustrious Priam,
 Watering their raiment with tears, and in midst of his sons was the old man,
 Wrapt in his mantle, the visage unseen, but the head and the bosom
 Cover'd in dust, wherewith, rolling in anguish, his hands had bestrewn them;
 But in their chambers remote were the daughters of Priam bewailing,
 Mindful of them that, so many, so goodly, in youth had been slaughter'd
 Under the Argive hands. But the messenger charged by Kronion
 Stood by the king and in whispers address'd him, and hearing he trembled:

"Strengthen thy spirit within thee, Dardanian Priam, and fear not:
 For with no message of evil have I to thy dwelling descended,
 But with a kindly intent, and I come from the throne of Kronion,
 Who, though afar be his seat, with concern and compassion beholds thee.
 Thee the Olympian calls to go forth for the ransom of Hector,
 Laden with gifts for Peleides, wherewith to appease and content him.
 Go thou alone: not a man from the gates of the city attending;
 Only for guiding the mules be some elderly herald appointed,
 Who may have charge of the wain with its treasure, and back to the city
 Carefully carry the dead that was slain by the godlike Achilles."

Thus having spoken to Priam, the wind-footed Iris departed;
 And he commanded his sons straightway to make ready the mule-wain,
 Strong-built, sturdy of wheel, and upon it to fasten the coffer.
 But he himself from the hall to his odorous chamber descended,
 Cedarn, lofty of roof, wherein much treasure was garner'd,
 And unto Hecuba calling, outspake to her generous Priam:—

"Mourner! but now at my hand hath a messenger stood from Kronion;
 Me he commands to go forth to the ships for redeeming of Hector,

Carrying gifts for Peleides, wherewith to appease and content him.
 Answer me truly, my spouse, and declare what of this is thy judgment,
 For of a surety my heart and my spirit with vehement urgency
 Move me to go to the ships and the wide-spread host of Achaians."

Thus did he say; but the spouse of the old man shriekt, and made answer :
 "Wo to me! whither are scatter'd the wits that were famous aforetime,
 Not with the Trojans alone, but afar in the lands of the stranger?
 Wo to me! thou to adventure, alone, to the ships of Achaia,
 Into the sight of the man by whose fierceness thy sons have been murder'd,
 Many, and comely, and brave! Of a surety thy heart is of iron;
 For if he holds thee but once, and his eyes have been fasten'd upon thee,
 Bloody and faithless is he, hope thou neither pity nor worship.
 Him that is taken away let us mourn for him here in our dwelling,
 Since we can see him no more; the immoveable Destiny markt him,
 And it was wove in his thread, even so, in the hour that I bare him,
 To be the portion of dogs, who shall feast on him far from his parents,
 Under the eyes of the foe: whose liver if I could but grapple
 Fast by the midst to devour, he then should have just retribution
 For what he did to my son; for in no misbehaving he slew him,
 But for the men of his land and the well-girt women of Troia
 Firm stood Hector in field; neither mindful of flight nor avoidance."

This was her answer from Priam, the old man godlike in presence :—
 "Hold me not back when my will is to go; nor thyself in my dwelling
 Be the ill-omening bird:—howbe, thou shalt not persuade me.
 Had I been bidden to this by a mortal of earth's generation,
 Prophet, or Augur, or Priest might he be, I had deem'd him deceitful;
 Not to go forth, but to stay, had the more been the bent of my purpose:
 But having heard her myself, looking face unto face on the Goddess,
 Go I, nor shall the word be in vain; and, if Destiny will'd me,
 Going, to meet with my death at the ships of the brass-coated Argives,
 So let it be. I refuse not to die by the hand of Achilles,
 Clasping my son in mine arms, the desire of my sorrow accomplish'd."

So having spoken, he open'd the coffers that shone in his chamber,
 Whence he selected, anon, twelve shawls surpassingly splendid;
 Delicate wool-cloaks twelve, and the like of embroidered carpets;
 Twelve fair mantles of state, and of tunics as many to match them.
 Next, having measur'd his gold, did he heap ten plentiful talents;
 Twain were the tripods he chose, twice twain the magnificent platters;
 Lastly, a goblet of price, which the chieftains of Thracia tender'd
 When he on embassy journey'd: a great gift, yet did the old man
 Grudge not to pluck from his store even this, for his spirit impell'd him
 Eager to ransom his son: But the people who look'd on his treasure
 Them did he chase from the gate, and with bitter reproaches pursued them:—
 "Graceless and worthless, begone! in your homes is there nothing to weep for,
 That ye in mine will harass me—or lacks it, to fill your contentment,
 That the Olympian god has assign'd to me this tribulation—
 Loss of a son without peer? But yourselves shall partake my affliction;
 Easier far will it be for the pitiless sword of the Argives,
 Now he is dead, to make havoc of you. For myself, ere I witness
 Ilium storm'd in their wrath, and the fulness of her desolation,
 Oh, may the Destiny yield me to enter the dwelling of Hades!"

Speaking, he smote with his staff, and they fled from the wrath of the old man;
 But, when they all had disperst, he upbraided his sons and rebuked them;
 Deiphobus and Alexander, Hippothöus, generous Dius,
 Came at the call of the king, with Antiphonus, Helenus, Pammon,
 Agathon, noble of port, and Polites, good at the war-shout:—
 These were the nine that he urged and admonish'd with bitter reproaches:—
 "Hasten ye, profitless children and vile! if ye all had been slaughter'd,
 Fair were the tidings to me, were but Hector in place of ye skaitless!
 O, evil-destinied me! that had sons upon sons to sustain me,

None to compare in the land, and not one that had worth is remaining!
 Mentor the gallant and goodly, and Trôilus prompt with the war-team;
 Hector, a god among men—he, too, who in nothing resembled
 Death-doom'd man's generation, but imaged the seed of Immortals—
 Battle hath reft me of these:—but the shames of my house are in safety;
 Jesters and singers enow, and enow that can dance on the feast-day;
 Scourges and pests of the realm; bold spoilers of kids and of lambkins!
 Will ye bestir ye at length, and make ready the wain and the coffer,
 Piling in all that ye see, and delay me no more from my journey?"

So did he speak; but the sons, apprehending the wrath of their father,
 Speedfully dragg'd to the portal the mule-wain easily-rolling,
 New-built, fair to behold; and upon it the coffer was corded.
 Next from the pin they unfasten'd the mule-yoke, carv'd of the box-tree,
 Shaped with a prominent boss, and with strong rings skilfully fitted.
 Then with the bar was unfolded the nine ells' length of the yoke-band;
 But when the yoke had been placed on the smooth-wrought pole with adroit-
 ness,

Back at the end of the shaft, and the ring had been turn'd on the holder,
 Hither and thither the thongs on the boss made three overlappings,
 Whence, drawn singly ahead, they were tight-knit under the collar.
 Next they produced at the portal, and high on the vehicle seemly
 Piled the uncountable worth of the king's Hectorean head-gifts.
 Then did they harness the mules, strong-hoof'd, well-matcht in their paces,
 Sent of the Mysi to Priam, and splendid the gift of the stranger:
 Last, to the yoke they conducted the horses which reverend Priam
 Tended and cherish'd himself, of his own hand fed at the manger;
 But in the high-built court these harness'd the king and the herald,
 None putting hand to the yoke but the old men prudent in counsel.

Hecuba, anxious in soul, had observ'd, and anon she approach'd them,
 Goblet of gold in her hand, with the generous juice of the vine-tree,
 Careful they might not go forth without worshipful rite of libation.
 "Take," said she; "pour unto Zeus, and beseech him in mercy to shield thee
 Home again safe from the host, since thy vehement spirit impels thee
 Forth to the ships, and my warning avails not to stay thee from going:
 Pour it, and call on the Lord of the Black Cloud, greatest Kronion,
 Him who, on Ida enthron'd, surveys wide Troia's dominion.
 Pray for his messenger fleet to be issued in air on the right hand,
 Dearest of birds in his eyes, without peer in the might of the wingéd:
 Trustful in whom thou may'st go to the ships of the Danaïd horsemen.
 But if the Thunderer God vouchsafe not his messenger freely,
 Ne'er can I will thee to go, howsoever intent on the ransom."

Thus to her answer'd the king, old Priam, the godlike of presence:
 "Spouse, not in this shall mine ear be averse to the voice of thy counsel;
 Good is it, lifting our hands, to implore for the grace of the Godhead."

Priam demanded amain of the handmaiden, chief of the household,
 Water to lave on his hands; and the handmaiden drew from the fountain
 At the command of the king, and with basin and ewer attended:
 Then having sprinkled his hands, and from Hecuba taken the wine-cup,
 Standing in midst of the court did he worship, and pour it before them,
 Fixing his eyes upon heaven, and thus audibly made supplication:

"Father, enthron'd upon Ida, in power and in glory supremest!
 Grant me, approaching Peleides, to find with him mercy and favour.
 Now, let thy messenger fleet issue forth in the sky on the right hand,
 Dearest of birds in thine eyes, without peer in the might of the wingéd,
 Seeing and trusting in whom I may go to the ships of Achaia."

So did he make supplication, and Zeus All-Provident heard him,
 And on the instant an eagle, of skyborne auguries noblest,
 Dark and majestic, the hunter of Æther, was sent from his footstool.
 Wide as the doorway framed for the loftiest hall of a rich man
 Shows, when the bolts are undrawn and the balancing valves are expanded,

Such unto either extreme was the stretch of his wings as he darted
Clear from the right, oversweeping the city : and gazing upon him,
Comforted inly were they, every bosom with confidence gladden'd.

Now to his sumptuous car with alacrity Priam ascending,
Forth from the vestibule drove, and the echoing depth of the portal.
First was the fourwheel'd wain with the strong-hoof'd Mysian mule-team,
Guided by careful Idæus, the herald : behind him the horses,
Whom with the scourge overstanding, alone in his chariot the old man
Eagerly urged through the city. But many the friends that attended,
Trooping in sorrowful throng, as if surely to death he were driving.

These, when advancing apace he went down to the plain from the rampart,
Turn'd them to Ilion again, both the sons and the sorrowing kindred.

But as he enter'd the plain, he escap'd not the eye of Kronion.

He took cognisance then, and with merciful favour beholding,
Forthwith spake to his son, ever loving in ministry, Hermes :—
“ Go ! ” said he, “ Hermes ! for ever I know it thy chiefest contentment
Friendly to succour mankind, and thy pity attends supplication ;
Go, and be Priam thy charge, till he reaches the ships of Achaia,
Watching and covering so that no eye of an enemy sees him,
None of the Danaïds note, till he comes to the tent of Peleides.”

So Zeus ; nor disobey'd him the kindly ambassador Hermes.
Under his feet straightway did he fasten the beautiful sandals,
Wingéd, Ambrosian, golden, which carry him, now over ocean,
Now over measureless earth, with the speed of the wind in its blowing.
Also he lifted the wand which, touching the eyelid of mortals,
Soothes into slumber at will, or arouses the soul of the sleeper.
Grasping it, forth did he fly in his vigour, the slayer of Argus,
And to the Hellespont glided apace, and the shore of the Trojan ;
Walking whereon he appear'd as a stripling of parentage royal,
Fresh with the beard first-seen, in the comeliest blossom of manhood.

But having reach'd in their journey the mighty memorial of Ilus,
Now were the elders at pause—while the horses and mules in the river
Under the sepulchre drank, and around them was creeping the twilight :
Then was the herald aware of the Argicide over against them,
Near on the shadowy plain, and he started and whisper'd to Priam :
“ Think, Dardanides ! think—for a prudent decision is urgent ;
Yonder a man is in view, and I deem he is minded to slay us.
Come, let us flee on the horses ; or instantly, bending before him,
Supplicate, grasping his knees, if perchance he may pity the agéd.”

So did he speak ; but confusion and great fear fell upon Priam,
And every hair was erect on the tremulous limbs in his faintness.
Dumb and bewilder'd he stood ; but beneficent Hermes, approaching,
Tenderly took by the hand, and accosted and question'd the old man :
“ Whither, O father ! and why art thou driving the mules and the horses
Through the ambrosial night, when the rest of mankind are in slumber ?
Is there no terror for thee in the pitiless host of Achaia,
Breathing of fury and hate, and so near to thy path in their leaguer ?
Say, if but one of them see thee, 'mid night's swift-vanishing blackness,
Urging so costly a freight, how then might thy courage avail thee ?
Thou art not youthful in years, and thy only attendant is agéd ;
How, if a spearman arise in thy way, may his arm be resisted ?
But fear nothing from me, old man ; were another assailing,
Thou would I help, for the father I love is recall'd when I view-thee.”

Then to him answered Priam, the old man godlike in presence :
“ These things are of a truth, dear child, as thy speech has exprest them ;
Nevertheless, some God has extended the hand of protection ;
He that vouchsafes me to meet in my need a benevolent comrade,
Helpful and gracious as thou, in the blossom of vigorous manhood ;
Prudent withal in thy mind—fair offspring of fortunate parents.”

Him again answer'd in turn heaven's kindly ambassador, Hermes :
 " True of a surety and wise, old man, are the words thou hast spoken ;
 But now freely resolve me, and fully discover thy purpose :
 Whether the treasures thou bearest, so many, so goodly, are destined
 Forth to some distant ally, with whom these may at least be in safety ?
 Or is it so that ye all are abandoning Ilion the holy—
 Stricken with dread since the bravest and best of thy sons is removéd,
 He that was ever in battle the peer of the prime of Achaia ? "

Thus unto Hermes replied old Priam, the godlike of presence :
 " Who, then, noblest ! art thou, and from whom is thy worshipful lineage,
 Who makest mention so fair of the death of unfortunate Hector ? "

But to him spake yet again the ambassador mild of Kronion :
 " Dost thou inquire, O king ! as to mention of Hector the godlike ?
 Him have I seen full oft with mine eyes in the glorious battle,
 Yea, and when urging the chase he advanced to the ramparted galleys,
 Trampling the Argive bands, and with sharp brass strew'd them in slaughter.
 We, from the station observing, in wonderment gazed ; for Achilles
 Held us apart from the fight in his wrath at the wrong of Atreides.
 For in his train am I named, and the same fair galley convey'd me ;
 Born of the Myrmidon blood, in the house of my father, Polyctor.
 Noble and wealthy is he in the land, but like thee he is agéd :
 Six were the sons in his hall, but myself was the seventh and the youngest,
 Whom, when the lots had been cast, it behov'd to depart with Peleides.
 Now from the ships to the plain have I come, for to-morrow at dawning
 Close to the city again the Achaians will plant them in battle :
 Ill do they bear within ramparts to sit, and the kings of Achaia
 Now can restrain them no longer, so hot their desire for the onslaught. "

Him thus eagerly answer'd old Priam, the godlike in presence :
 " Be'st thou indeed of the train of the Peleïades Achilles ?
 Come then, discover the truth ; be there nothing, I pray, of concealment.
 Is my son still at the galleys, or has he already been flung forth,
 Piecemeal torn, for a feast to the dogs, by the hand of Achilles ? "

This was in turn the reply of the kindly ambassador Hermes :
 " Fear it not ; neither the dogs, old man, nor the birds have devour'd him :
 Still to this hour 'mid the tents, by the black-hull'd ship of Peleides,
 He forsakenly lies : but though morning has dawn'd on him twelve times
 Since he was reft of his breath, yet the body is free from corruption ;
 Nor have the worms, for whom war-slain men are a banquet, approach'd
 him.

Truly Peleides, as oft as the east is revived with the day-beam,
 Ruthlessly drags him around by the tomb of his brotherly comrade ;
 But yet he mars not the dead ; and with wonder thine eyes would behold him
 How he in freshness lies : from about him the blood has been cleanséd,
 Dust has not tarnisht the hue, and all clos'd are the lips of the gashes,
 All that he had, and not few were the brass-beat lances that pierc'd him.
 Guarded so well is thy son by the grace of the blessed Immortals,
 Dead though he be ; of a surety in life they had favour'd him dearly. "

So did he speak : but the elder was gladden'd in spirit, and answer'd :—
 " Verily, child, it is good to attend on the blessed Immortals
 Duly with reverent gifts ; for my son (while, alas ! he was living)
 Never forgot in his home the Supreme who inherit Olympus :
 Wherefore they think of him now, though in death's dark destiny humbled.
 But come, take from my hand this magnificent cup : it is giv'n thee
 Freely to keep for thyself ; and conduct me, the Gods being gracious,
 Over the shadowy field, till I reach the abode of Peleides. "

Him thus answer'd amain the beneficent messenger Hermes :—
 " Cease, old man, from the tempting of youth—for thou shalt not persuade
 me.
 Gift will I none at thy hand without knowledge of noble Achilles.

Great is my terror of him ; and in aught to defraud him of treasure,
Far from my breast be the thought, lest hereafter he visit with vengeance.
But for conducting of thee I am ready with reverent service,
Whether on foot or by sea, were it far as to glorious Argos.
None shall assail thee, be sure, in contempt of thy faithful attendant."

So did the Merciful speak : and he sprang on the chariot of Priam,
Seizing with strenuous hand both the reins and the scourge as he mounted :
And into horses and mules vivid energy pass'd from his breathing.
But when at last they arrived at the fosse and the towers of the galleys,
They that had watch at the gates were preparing the meal of the evening ;
And the Olympian Guide survey'd, and upon them was slumber
Fur'd at his will ; and the bars were undone and the gates were expanded,
And he conducted within both the king and the ransoming mule-wain.
Swiftly advancing, anon they were near to the tent of Peleides :
Lofty the shelter and large, for the King by the Myrmidons planted ;
Hewn of the pines of the mountain ; and rough was the thatch of the roof-tree,

Bulrushes mown on the meadow ; and spacious the girth of the bulwark
Spanning with close-set stakes ; but the bar of the gate was a pine-beam.
Three of the sons of Achaia were needful to lift it and fasten :
Three to withdraw from its seat the securement huge of the closure :
Such was the toil for the rest—but Achilles lifted it singly.
This the beneficent guide made instantly open for Priam,
And for the treasure of ransom wherewith he would soothe the Peleides ;
Then did the Argicide leap from the car to the ground and address'd him :—
" Old man, I from Olympus descended, a god everlasting,
Hermes, appointed the guide of thy way by my father Kronion.
Now I return to my place, nor go in to the sight of Achilles,
Since it beseems not Immortal of lineage divine to reveal him
Waiting with manifest love on the frail generation of mankind.
Enter the dwelling alone, and, embracing the knees of Peleides,
Him by his father adjure, and adjure by the grace of his mother,
And by the child of his love, that his mind may be mov'd at thy pleading."

Thus having spoken, vanish'd, to lofty Olympus ascending,
Hermes : but Priam delay'd not, and sprang from his car on the sea-beach ;
And, while Idæus remain'd to have care of the mules and the horses,
On did the old man pass ; and he enter'd, and found the Peleides
Seated apart from his train : two only of Myrmidons trustful,
Hero Automedon only, and Alkimus, sapling of Arēs,
Near to him ministr'ring stood ; he repos'd him but now from the meal-time,
Sated with food and with wine, nor remov'd from him yet was the table.
All unobserv'd of them enter'd the old man stately, and forthwith
Grasp'd with his fingers the knees, and was kissing the hands of Achilles—
Terrible, murderous hands, by which son upon son had been slaughter'd.
As when a man who has fled from his home with the curse of the blood-guilt,
Kneels in a far-off land, at the hearth of some opulent stranger,
Beggings to shelter his head, there is stupor on them that behold him ;
So was Achilles dumb at the sight of majestic Priam—
He and his followers all, each gazing on other bewilder'd.
But he uplifted his voice in their silence, and made supplication :—
" Think of thy father at home," (he began,) " O godlike Achilles !
Him, my cœval, like me within age's calamitous threshold !
Haply this day there is trouble upon him, some insolent neighbours
Round him in arms, nor a champion at hand to avert the disaster :
Yet even so there is comfort for him, for he hears of thee living ;
Day unto day there is hope for his heart amid worst tribulation,
That yet again he shall see his belov'd from Troia returning.
Misery only is mine ; for of all in the land of my fathers,
Bravest and best were the sons I begat, and not one is remaining.
Fifty were mine in the hour that the host of Achaia descended :

Nineteen granted to me out of one womb, royally mother'd,
 Stood by my side; but the rest were of handmaids born in my dwelling.
 Soon were the limbs of the many unstrung in the fury of Ares:
 But one peerless was left, sole prop of the realm and the people:
 And now at last he too, the protector of Ilion, Hector,
 Dies by thy hand. For his sake have I come to the ships of Achaia,
 Eager to ransom the body with bountiful gifts of redemption.
 Thou have respect for the Gods, and on me, O Peleides! have pity,
 Calling thy father to mind; but more piteous is my desolation,
 Mine, who alone of mankind have been humbled to this of endurance—
 Pressing my mouth to the hand that is red with the blood of my children.”

Hereon Achilles, awak'd to a yearning remembrance of Peleus,
 Rose up, took by the hand, and remov'd from him gently the old man.
 Sadness possessing the twain—one, mindful of valorous Hector,
 Wept with o'erflowing tears, lowlaid at the feet of Achilles;
 He, sometime for his father, anon at the thought of Patroclus,
 Wept, and aloft in the dwelling their long lamentation ascended.
 But when the bursting of grief had contented the godlike Peleides,
 And from his heart and his limbs irresistible yearning departed,
 Then from his seat rose he, and with tenderness lifted the old man,
 Viewing the hoary head and the hoary beard with compassion:
 And he address'd him, and these were the air-wing'd words that he
 utter'd:—

“ Ah unhappy! thy-spirit in truth has been burden'd with evils.
 How could the daring be thine to come forth to the ships of Achaia
 Singly, to stand in the eyes of the man by whose weapon thy children,
 Many and gallant, have died? full surely thy heart is of iron.
 But now seat thee in peace, old man, and let mourning entirely
 Pause for a space in our minds, although heavy on both be affliction;
 For without profit and vain is the fulness of sad lamentation,
 Since it was destined so of the Gods for unfortunate mortals
 Ever in trouble to live, but they only partake not of sorrow;
 For by the threshold of Zeus two urns have their station of old time,
 Whereof the one holds dolings of good, but the other of evil;
 And to whom mixt are the doles of the thunder-delighting Kronion,
 He sometime is of blessing partaker, of misery sometime;
 But if he gives of the ill, he has fixt him the mark of disaster,
 And over bountiful earth the devouring Necessity drives him,
 Wandering ever forlorn, unregarded of gods and of mortals.
 Thus of a truth did the Gods grant glorious gifts unto Peleus,
 Even from the hour of his birth, for above compare was he favour'd,
 Whether in wealth or in power, in the land of the Myrmaidons reigning;
 And albeit a mortal, his spouse was a goddess appointed.
 Yet even to him of the God was there evil apportion'd—that never
 Lineage of sons should be born in his home, to inherit dominion.
 One son alone he begat, to untimely calamity foredoom'd;
 Nor do I cherish his age, since afar from the land of my fathers
 Here in the Troad I sit, to the torment of thee and thy children.
 And we have heard, old man, of thine ancient prosperity also,
 Lord of whatever is held between Lesbos the seat of the Macar,
 Up to the Phrygian bound and the measureless Hellespontos;
 Ruling and blest above all, nor in wealth nor in progeny equall'd;
 Yet from the hour that the Gods brought this visitation upon thee,
 Day unto day is thy city surrounded with battles and bloodshed.
 How so, bear what is sent, nor be griev'd in thy soul without ceasing.
 Nothing avails it, O king! to lament for the son that has fallen;
 Him thou canst raise up no more, but thyself may have new tribulation.”

So having said, he was answer'd by Priam the aged and godlike:
 “ Seat not me on the chair, O belov'd of Olympus! while Hector
 Lies in the tent uninterr'd; but I pray thee deliver him swiftly,

That I may see with mine eyes : and, accepting the gifts of redemption,
Therein have joy to thy heart ; and return thou homeward in safety,
Since of thy mercy I live and shall look on the light of the morning."

Darkly regarding the King, thus answer'd the rapid Achilles:

"Stir me to anger no more, old man ; of myself I am minded
To the release of the dead, for a messenger came from Kronion
Hither, the mother that bore me, the child of the Ancient of Ocean.
Thee, too, I know in my mind, nor has aught of thy passage escap'd me ;
How that some God was the guide of thy steps to the ships of Achaia.
For never mortal had dared to advance, were he blooming in manhood,
Here to the host by himself ; nor could sentinels all be avoided ;
Nor by an imbecile push might the bar be dislodg'd at my bulwark.
Therefore excite me no more, old man, when my soul is in sorrow,
Lest to thyself peradventure forbearance continue not always,
Suppliant all that thou art—but I break the behest of the Godhead."

So did he speak ; but the old man fear'd, and obey'd his commandment.
Forth of the door of his dwelling then leapt like a lion Peleides ;
But not alone : of his household were twain that attended his going,
Hero Automedon first, and young Alkimus, he that was honour'd
Chief of the comrades around since the death of beloved Patroclus.
These from the yoke straightway unharness'd the mules and the horses,
And they conducted within the coëval attendant of Priam,
Bidding him sit in the tent : then swiftly their hands from the mule-wain
Raise the uncountable wealth of the King's Hectorean head-gifts.
But two mantles they leave and a tunic of beautiful texture,
Seemly for wrapping the dead as the ransomers carries him homeward.
Then were the handmaidens call'd, and commanded to wash and anoint him,
Privately lifted aside, lest the son should be seen of the father,
Lest in the grief of his soul he restrain not his anger within him,
Seeing the corse of his son, but enkindle the heart of Achilles,
And he smite him to death, and transgress the command of Kronion.
But when the dead had been wash'd and anointed with oil by the maidens,
And in the tunic array'd and enwrapt in the beautiful mantle,
Then by Peleides himself was he rais'd and compos'd on the hand-bier ;
Which when the comrades had lifted and borne to its place in the mule-wain,
Then groan'd he ; and he call'd on the name of his friend, the beloved :—
"Be not wroth with me now, O Patroclus, if haply thou hearest,
Though within Hades obscure, that I yield the illustrious Hector
Back to his father dear. Not unworthy the gifts of redemption ;
And unto thee will I render thereof whatsoever is seemly."

So said the noble Peleides, and ent'ring again the pavilion,
Sat on the fair-carv'd chair from whence he had risen aforetime,
Hard by the opposite wall, and accosted the reverend Priam :—
"Now has thy son, old man, been restor'd to thee as thou requiredst.
He on his bier has been laid, and thyself shall behold and remove him
Soon as the dawning appears : but of food meanwhile be we mindful.
For not unmindful of food in her sorrow was Niobe, fair-hair'd,
Albeit she in her dwelling lamented for twelve of her offspring.
Six were the daughters, and six were the sons in the flower of their manhood.
These unto death went down by the silvern bow of Apollo,
Wrathful to Niobe—those smote Artemis arrow-delighting ;
For that she vaunted her equal in honour to Leto the rosy,
Saying her births were but twain, and herself was abundant in offspring :
Wherefore, twain as they were, they confounded them all in destruction.
Nine days, then, did they lie in their blood as they fell, and approach'd them
None to inter, for mankind had been turn'd into stones of Kronion ;
But they had sepulture due on the tenth from the gods everlasting ;
And then, mindful of food, rose Niobe, weary of weeping.
Yet still, far among rocks, in some wilderness lone of the mountains—
Sipylos holds there, they say, where the nymphs in the desert repose them,

They that in beauty divine lead dances beside Achelöus ;—
There still, stone though she be, doth she brood on her harm from the god-heads.

But, O reverend king, let us also of needful refreshment
Think now. Time will hereafter be thine to bewail thy beloved ;
Home into Iliön borne—many tears may of right be his portion !”

So did he speak ; and upspringing anon, swift-footed Achilles
Slaughter'd a white-wool'd sheep, and his followers skinn'd it expertly.
Skilfully then they divided, and skewer'd, and carefully roasting,
Drew from the spits ; and Automedon came, bringing bread to the table,
Piled upon baskets fair ; but for all of them carv'd the Peleides ;
And each, stretching his hand, partook of the food that was offer'd.
But when of meat and of wine from them all the desire was departed,
Then did Dardanian Priam in wonderment gaze on Achilles,
Stately and strong to behold, for in aspect the Gods he resembled ;
While on Dardanian Priam gazed also with wonder Achilles,
Seeing the countenance goodly, and hearing the words of the old man.
Till, when contemplating either the other they both were contented,
Him thus first bespake old Priam, the godlike in presence :
“ Speedfully now let the couch be prepar'd for me, lov'd of Kronion !
And let us taste once more of the sweetness of slumber, reclining :
For never yet have mine eyes been clos'd for me under my eyelids,
Never since under thy hands was out-breath'd the spirit of Hector ;
Groaning since then has been mine, and the brooding of sorrows unnumber'd,
In the recess of my hall, low-rolling in dust and in ashes.

But now of bread and of meat have I tasted again, and the black wine
Pour'd in my throat once more—whereof, since he was slain, I partook not.”

So did he speak ; and Achilles commanded the comrades and handmaids
Under the porch of the dwelling to place fair couches, and spread them
Duly with cushions on cushions of purple, and delicate carpets,
Also with mantles of wool, to be wrapt over all on the sleepers.
But they speedily past, bearing torches in hand, from the dwelling,
And two couches anon were with diligence order'd and garnish'd.

Then to the king, in a sport, thus spoke swift-footed Achilles :
“ Rest thee without, old guest, lest some vigilant chief of Achaia
Chance to arrive, one of those who frequent me when counsel is needful ;
Who, if he see thee belike amid night's fast-vanishing darkness,
Straightway warns in his tent Agamemnon, the Shepherd of peoples,
And the completion of ransom meets yet peradventure with hindrance.
But come, answer me this, and discover the whole of thy purpose,—
How many days thou design'st for entombing illustrious Hector ;
That I may rest from the battle till then, and restrain the Achaians.”

So he ; and he was answer'd by Priam, the aged and godlike :
“ If 'tis thy will that I bury illustrious Hector in honour,
Deal with me thus, O Peleides, and crown the desire of my spirit.
Well dost thou know how the town is begirt, and the wood at a distance,
Down from the hills to be brought, and the people are humbled in terror.
Nine days' space we would yield in our dwelling to due lamentation,
Bury the dead on the tenth, and thereafter the people be feasted ;
On the eleventh let us toil till the funeral mound be completed,
But on the twelfth to the battle once more, if the battle be needful.”

Instantly this was the answer of swift-footed noble Achilles :
“ Reverend king, be it also in these things as thou requirest ;
I for the space thou hast meted will hold the Achaians from warring.”

Thus said the noble Peleides, and, grasping the wrist of the right hand,
Strengthen'd the mind of the king, that his fear might not linger within him.
They then sank to repose forthwith in the porch of the dwelling,
Priam the king and the herald coëval and prudent in counsel ;
But in the inmost recess of the well-built lordly pavilion
Slept the Peleides, and by him down laid her the rosy Briséis.

All then of Gods upon high, ever-living, and warrior horsemen,
 Slept through the livelong night in the gentle dominion of slumber;
 But never slumber approach'd to the eyes of beneficent Hermes,
 As in his mind he revolv'd how best to retire from the galleys
 Priam the king, unobserv'd of the sentinels sworn for the night-watch.
 Over his head, as he slept, stood the Argicide now, and address'd him :
 " Old man, bodings of evil disturb not thy spirit, who slumber'st
 Here among numberless foes, because noble Peleides has spared thee.
 True that thy son has been ransom'd, and costly the worth of the head-gifts ;
 Yet would the sons that are left thee have three times more to surrender,
 Wert thou but seen by the host, and the warning convey'd to Atreides."

Thus did he speak, but the king was in terror, and waken'd the herald.
 Then, when beneficent Hermes had harness'd the mules and the horses,
 Swiftly he drove through the camp, nor did any observe the departure.
 So did they pass to the ford of the river of beautiful waters,
 Xanthus the gulfy, begotten of thunder-delighting Kronion ;
 Then from the chariot he rose and ascended to lofty Olympus.

But now wide over earth spread morning mantled in saffron,
 As amid groaning and weeping they drew to the city ; the mule-wain
 Bearing behind them the dead : Nor did any in Ilion see them,
 Either of men, as they came, or the well-girt women of Troia :
 Only Cassandra, that imaged in grace Aphrodité the golden,
 Had to the Pergamus clomb, and from thence she discover'd her father
 Standing afoot on the car, and beside him the summoning herald ;
 And in the waggon behind them the wrapt corse laid on the death-bier.
 Then did she shriek, and her cry to the ends of the city resounded :

" Come forth, woman and man, and behold the returning of Hector !
 Come, if ye e'er in his life, at his home-coming safe from the battle
 Joyfully troop'd ; and with joy might it fill both the town and the people."

So did she cry ; nor anon was there one soul left in the city,
 Woman or man, for at hand and afar was the yearning awaken'd.
 Near to the gate was the king when they met him conducting the death-wain.
 First rush'd, rending their hair, to behold him the wife and the mother,
 And as they handled the head, all weeping the multitude stood near :—
 And they had all day long till the sun went down into darkness
 There on the field by the rampart lamented with tears over Hector,
 But that the father arose in the car and entreated the people :

" Yield me to pass, good friends, make way for the mules—and hereafter
 All shall have weeping enow when the dead has been borne to the dwelling."
 So did he speak, and they, parting asunder, made way for the mule-wain.
 But when they brought him at last to the famous abode of the princes,
 He on a fair-carv'd bed was compos'd, and the singers around him
 Rang'd, who begin the lament ; and they, lifting their sorrowful voices,
 Chanted the wail for the dead, and the women bemoan'd at its pausings.
 But in the burst of her woe was the beauteous Andromache foremost,
 Holding the head in her hands as she mourn'd for the slayer of heroes :—

" Husband ! in youth hast thou parted from life, and a desolate widow
 Here am I left in our home ; and the child is a stammering infant
 Whom thou and I unhappy begat, nor will he, to my thinking,
 Reach to the blossom of youth ; ere then, from the roof to the basement
 Down shall the city be hurl'd—since her only protector has perish'd,
 And without succour are now chaste mother and stammering infant.
 Soon shall their destiny be to depart in the ships of the stranger,
 I in the midst of them bound ; and, my child, thou go with them also,
 Doom'd for the far-off shore and the tarnishing toil of the bondman,
 Slaving for lord unkind. Or perchance some remorseless Achaian
 Hurl from the gripe of his hand, from the battlement down to perdition,
 Raging revenge for some brother perchance that was slaughter'd of Hector,
 Father, it may be, or son ; for not few of the race of Achaia
 Seiz'd broad earth with their teeth, when they sank from the handling of
 Hector ;

For not mild was thy father, O babe, in the blackness of battle—

Wherefore, now he is gone, through the city the people bewail him.
But the unspeakable anguish of misery bides with thy parents,
Hector! with me above all the distress that has no consolation:
For never, dying, to me didst thou stretch forth hand from the pillow,
Nor didst thou whisper, departing, one secret word to be hoarded
Ever by day and by night in the tears of eternal remembrance."

Weeping Andromache ceased, and the women bemoan'd at her pausing;
Then in her measureless grief spake Hecuba, next of the mourners:
"Hector! of all that I bore ever dearest by far to my heart-strings!
Dear above all wert thou also in life to the gods everlasting;
Wherefore they care for thee now, though in death's dark destiny humbled!
Others enow of my sons did the terrible runner Achilles
Sell, whomsoever he took, far over the waste of the waters,
Either to Samos or Imber, or rock-bound harbourless Lemnos;
But with the long-headed spear did he rifle the life from thy bosom,
And in the dust did he drag thee, oft times, by the tomb of his comrade,
Him thou hadst slain; though not so out of death could he rescue Patroclus.
Yet now, ransom'd at last, and restored to the home of thy parents,
Dewy and fresh liest thou, like one that has easily parted,
Under a pangless shaft from the silvern bow of Apollo."

So did the mother lament, and a measureless meaning received her;
Till, at their pausing anew, spake Helena, third of the mourners:—
"Hector! dearest to me above all in the house of my husband!
Husband, alas! that I call him; oh! better that death had befallen!
Summer and winter have flown, and the twentieth year is accomplish'd
Since the calamity came, and I fled from the land of my fathers;
Yet never word of complaint have I heard from thee, never of hardness;
But if another reproach'd, were it brother or sister of Paris,
Yea, or his mother, (for mild evermore as a father was Priam.)
Them didst thou check in their scorn, and the bitterness yielded before thee,
Touch'd by thy kindness of soul and the words of thy gentle persuasion.
Therefore I weep, both for thee and myself to all misery destined,
For there remains to me now in the war-swept wideness of Troia,
None either courteous or kind—but in all that behold me is horror."

So did she cease amid tears, and the women bemoan'd at her pausing;
But King Priam arose, and he spake in the gate to the people:—
"Hasten ye, Trojans, arise, and bring speedily wood to the city:
Nor be there fear in your minds of some ambush of lurking Achaians,
For when I came from the galleys the promise was pledged of Peleides,
Not to disturb us with harm till the twelfth reappearance of morning."

So did he speak: and the men to their wains put the mules and the oxen,
And they assembled with speed on the field by the gates of the city.
Nine days' space did they labour, and great was the heap from the forest:
But on the tenth resurrection for mortals of luminous morning,
Forth did they carry, with weeping, the corse of the warrior Hector,
Laid him on high on the pyre, and enkindled the branches beneath him.

Now, with the rose-finger'd dawn once more in the orient shining,
All reassembled again at the pyre of illustrious Hector.
First was the black wine pour'd on the wide-spread heap of the embers,
Quenching wherever had linger'd the strength of the glow: and thereafter,
Brethren and comrades belov'd from the ashes collected the white bones,
Bending with reverent tears, every cheek in the company flowing.
But when they all had been found, and the casket of gold that receiv'd them,
Carefully folded around amid fair soft veilings of purple,
Deep in the grave they were laid, and the huge stones piled to the margin.

Swiftly the earth-mound rose: but on all sides watchers were planted,
Fearful of rush unawares from the well-greaved bands of Achaia.
Last, when the mound was complete, and the men had return'd to the city,
All in the halls of the King were with splendid solemnity feasted.

Thus was the sepulture order'd of Hector the Tamer of Horses.

THE STUDENT OF SALAMANCA.

PART V.

Ya vienen chapelchurris
Con corneta y clarín,
Para entrar en Bilbao
A beber chacolin.

Mal chacolin tuvieron
Y día tan fatal,
Que con la borrachera
Se murió el general.

Christine Song.

"TEN—fifteen—thirty—all plump full-weighted coins of Fernando Septimo and Carlos Quarto. Truly, Jaime, the trade thou drivest is a pleasant and profitable one. Little to do, and good pay for it."

It was a June day, a little past the middle of the month. Just within the forest that extended nearly up to the western wall of the Dominican convent, upon a plot of smooth turf, under the shadow of tall bushes and venerable trees, Jaime, the gipsy, had seated himself, and was engaged in an occupation which, to judge from the unusually well-pleased expression of his countenance, was highly congenial to his tastes. The resting-place he had chosen had the double advantage of coolness and seclusion. Whilst in the court of the convent, and in the hollow square in the interior of the building, where the nuns cultivated a few flowers, and which was sprinkled by the waters of a fountain, the heat was so great as to drive the sisters to their cells and shady cloisters, in the forest a delicious freshness prevailed. A light air played between the moss-clad tree-trunks, and the soft turf, protected by the foliage from the scorching rays of the sun, felt cool to the foot that pressed it. Nay, in some places, where the shade was thickest, and where a current of air flowed up through the long vistas of trees, might still be seen, although the sun was in the zenith, tiny drops of the morning dew, spangling the grass-blades. Into those innermost recesses of the greenwood, however, the esquilador had not thought it necessary to penetrate; habituated to the African temperature of Southern Spain, he was satisfied with the moderate degree of shelter obtained in

the little glade he occupied; into which, although the sunbeams did not enter, a certain degree of heat was reflected from the convent walls, of whose grey surface he obtained a glimpse through the branches. The sheep-skin jacket, which was his constant wear—its looseness rendering it a more endurable summer garment than might have been inferred from its warm material—lay upon the grass beside him, exposing to view a woollen shirt, composed of broad alternate stripes of red and white; the latter colour having assumed, from length of wear and lack of washing, a tint bordering upon the orange. He had untwisted the long red sash which he wore coiled round his waist, and withdrawn from its folds, at one of its extremities, forming a sort of purse, a goodly handful of gold coin, the result of the more or less honest enterprises in which he had recently been engaged. This he was counting out, and arranging according to its kind, in glittering piles of four, eight, and sixteen-dollar pieces. A grim contortion of feature, his nearest approach to a smile, testified the pleasure he experienced in thus handling and reckoning his treasure; and, in unusual contradiction to his taciturn habits, he indulged, as he gloated over his gold, in a muttered and disjointed soliloquy.

"Hurra for the war!" so ran his monologue; "may it last till Jaime bids it cease. 'Tis meat and drink to him—ay, and better still." Here he glanced complacently at his wealth. "Surely 'tis rare fun to see the foolish Busné cutting each other's throats, and the poor Zincalo reaping the benefit. I've had fine chances, cer-

tainly, and have not thrown them away. Zumalacarregui does not pay badly; then that affair of the Christiano officer was worth a good forty ounces, between him and the fool Paco; and now Don Baltasar—but he is the worst pay of all. Promises in plenty; he rattles them off his tongue as glib as the old nuns do their *paters*; but if he opens his mouth he takes good care to keep his purse shut. A pitiful two score dollars are all I have had from him for a month's service—I should have made more by spying for Zumalacarregui; with more risk, perhaps—though I am not sure of that. Both the noble colonel and myself would stretch a rope if the general heard of our doings. And hear of them he will, sooner or later, unless Don Baltasar marries the girl by force, and cuts Paco's throat. Curse him! why doesn't he pay me the fifty ounces he promised me? If he did that, I would get out of the way till I heard how the thing turned. I must have the money next time I see him, or"—

What alternative the esquilador was about to propound must remain unknown; for, at that moment, the sound of his name, uttered near at hand, and in a cautious tone, caused him to start violently and interrupt his soliloquy. Hastily sweeping up his money, and thrusting it into the end of his sash, he seized his jacket, and was about to seek concealment in the neighbouring bushes. Before doing so, however, he cast a glance in the direction whence the sound had proceeded, and for the first time became aware that the spot selected for the telling of his ill-gotten gains was not so secure from observation as he had imagined. In the outer wall of the western wing of the convent, and at some distance from the ground, two windows broke the uniformity of the stone surface. Hitherto, whenever the gipsy had noticed them, they had appeared hermetically blocked up by closely-fitting shutters, painted to match the colour of the wall, of which they almost seemed to form a part. On taking up his position just within the skirt of the forest, the possibility of these casements being opened, and his proceedings observed, had not occurred to him; and it so happened

that from one of them, through an opening in the branches, the retreat he had chosen was completely commanded. The shutter of this window had now been pushed open, and the lovely, but pallid and emaciated countenance of Rita, was seen gazing through the strong bars which traversed the aperture.

"Jaime!" she repeated; "Jaime, I would speak with you."

Upon seeing whom it was who thus addressed him, the gipsy's alarm ceased. He deliberately put on and knotted his sash; and casting his jacket over his shoulder, turned to leave the spot.

"Jaime!" cried Rita for the third time, "come hither, I implore you."

The gipsy shook his head, and was walking slowly away, his face, however, still turned towards the fair prisoner, when she suddenly exclaimed—

"Behold! For one minute's conversation it is yours."

And in the shadow cast by the embrasure of the casement, Jaime saw a sparkle, the cause of which his covetous eye at once detected. Three bounds, and he stood under the window. Rita passed her arm through the bars, and a jewelled ring dropped into his extended palm.

"*Hermoso!*" exclaimed the esquilador, his eyes sparkling almost as vividly as the stones that excited his admiration. "Beautiful! Diamonds of the finest water!"

The shock of her father's death, coupled with previous fatigue and excitement, had thrown Rita into a delirious fever, which for more than three weeks confined her to her bed. Within a few hours of her arrival at the convent, Don Baltasar had been compelled to leave it, to resume his military duties; and he had not again returned, although, twice during her illness, he sent the gipsy to obtain intelligence of her health. On learning her convalescence, he dispatched him thither for a third time, with a letter to Rita, urging her acceptance of his hand—their union having been, as he assured her, her father's latest wish. As her nearest surviving relative, he had assumed the office of her guardian, and allotted to her the convent as a residence; until such time as

other arrangements could be made, or until she should be willing to give him a nearer right to protect her. Jaime had now been two days at the convent awaiting a reply to this letter, without which Don Baltasar had forbidden him to return. This reply, however, Rita, indignant at the restraint imposed upon her, had as yet, in spite of the arguments of the abbess, shown no disposition to pen.

With her forehead pressed against the bars of the window, Rita noted the delight manifested by the gipsy at the present she had made him. She had already observed him feasting his eyes with the sight of his money; and although she knew him to be an agent of Don Baltasar, his evident avarice gave her hopes, that by promise of large reward she might induce him to betray his employer and serve her. Producing a second ring, of greater value than the one she had already bestowed upon him, she showed it to the wondering esquilador. He held up his hands instinctively to catch it.

"You may earn it," said Rita; "and twenty such."

And whilst with one hand she continued to expose the ring to the greedy gaze of the gipsy, with the other she held up a letter.

"For Don Baltasar?" asked the Gitano.

"No," said she. "For Zumalacargui."

Jaime made a step backwards, and again shook his head. Rita feared that he was about to leave her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I entreat, I beseech you, assist me in this strait. Whatever sum your vile employer has promised you, I will give tenfold. Take my letter, and name your reward."

"That's what the other said," muttered Jaime; "'name your reward,' but he is in no hurry to pay it. If I thought her promises better than his"——

And again he looked up at the window, and seemed to hesitate.

"Listen," cried Rita, who saw him waver; "I am rich—you are poor. I have farms, estates, vineyards—you shall choose amongst them wherewith to live happily for the rest of your days. Convey this letter safely, and

exchange your comfortless and disreputable wanderings for a settled home and opulence."

Jaime made a gesture of refusal.

"Your lands and your vineyards, your fields and farms, are no temptation to the Zincalo, señora. What would they avail him? Your countrymen would say, 'Out upon the gipsy! See the thief!' and they would defraud him of his lands, and spit on him if he complained. No, señorita, give me a roving life, and the wealth that I can carry in my girdle, and defend with my knife."

"It shall be as you will," cried Rita, eagerly. "Gold, jewels, whatever you prefer. This letter will procure my freedom; and, once free, you shall find me both able and disposed to reward you beyond your wildest dreams."

"Yes, if the general does not hang me when he learns my share in the business."

"I have not named you to him, nor will I. The letter is unsealed; you can read before delivering it. Your name shall never be breathed by me, save as that of my preserver."

There was an accent of sincerity in Rita's promises that rendered it impossible to mistrust them. The gipsy, sorely tempted, was evidently about to yield. He gazed wistfully at the ring, which Rita still held up to his view; his eyes twinkled with covetousness, and he half extended his hand. Rita slipped the ring into the fold of the letter, and threw both down to him. Dexterously catching, and thrusting them into his breast, he glanced furtively around, to see that he was unobserved. He stood near the wall, just under the window, and the iron bars preventing Rita from putting out her head, only the upper half of his figure was visible to her. At that moment, to her infinite surprise and alarm, she saw an extraordinary change come over his features. Their expression of greedy cunning was replaced, with a suddenness that appeared almost magical, by one of pain and terror; and scarcely had Rita had time to observe the transformation, when he lay upon the ground, struggling violently, but in vain, against some unseen power, that drew him

towards the wall. He caught at the grass and weeds, which grew in profusion on the rarely-trodden path; he writhed, and endeavoured to turn himself upon his face, but without success. With pale and terrified visage, but in dogged silence, he strove against an agency invisible to Rita, and which he was totally unable to resist. His body speedily vanished from her sight, then his head, and finally his outstretched arms; the rustling noise, occasioned by his passage through the herbage, ceased; and Rita, aghast at this extraordinary and mysterious occurrence, again found herself alone. We will leave her to her astonishment and conjecture, whilst we follow the gipsy to the place whither he had been so involuntarily and unceremoniously conveyed, a description of which will furnish a key to his seemingly unaccountable disappearance.

It was a vault of considerable extent, surrounded by casks of various sizes, most of which would, on being touched, have given, by their ringing sound, assurance of their emptiness. In bins, at one extremity of the cellar, were a number of bottles, whose thick mantle of dust and cobwebs spoke volumes for the ripe and racy nature of their contents. A large chest of cedar-wood stood in the innermost nook of the cellar, with raised lid, disclosing a quantity of cigars, worm-eaten and musty from extreme age. In the massive wall, forming one end of the vault, and which was in fact the foundation of the outer wall of the convent, was a large doorway; but the door had been removed, and the aperture filled with stones and plaster, forming a barrier more solid in appearance than reality. This barrier had recently been knocked down; its materials lay scattered on the ground, and through the opening thus made, came the only light that was allowed to enter the vault. It proceeded from the cell in which Paco, the muleteer, had for more than a month been imprisoned.

Long, very long and wearisome, had that month of captivity appeared to Paco. Accustomed to a life of constant activity and change, it would have been difficult to devise for him a severer punishment than inaction and

confinement. The first day he passed in tolerable tranquillity of mind, occupied by vain endeavours to conjecture the motives of the violence offered to him, and momentarily anticipating his release; and although evening came without its taking place, he went to sleep, fully convinced that the next morning would be the term of his duration. Conscious of no crime, ignorant of Count Villabuena's death, and of Don Baltasar's designs, he was totally unable to assign a reason for his imprisonment. The next morning came, the bolts of his dungeon-door were withdrawn; he started from his pallet. The door opened, and a man entered, bringing a supply of fresh water and a meagre gaspacho. This he laid down, and was leaving the cell without replying to Paco's indignant and loudly-uttered interrogatories; when the muleteer followed, and attempted to force his way out. He was met by a stern "Back!" and the muzzle of a cocked blunderbuss touched his breast. A sturdy convent servant barred the passage, and compelled him to retreat into his prison.

Paco now gave free course to his impatience. During the whole of that day he paced his cell with the wild restlessness of a newly-caged panther; the gaspacho remained untasted, but the water-jug was quickly drained, for his throat was dry with cursing. The next morning another visit, another gaspacho and supply of water, and another attempt to leave the prison, repulsed like the previous one. On the third day, however, his hopes of a prompt liberation having melted away before the dogged silence and methodical regularity of his jailers, Paco began to cast about in his mind for means of liberating himself. First he shook and examined the door, but he might as well have attempted to shake the Pyrenees; its thick hard wood and solid fastenings mocked his efforts, and moreover he had no instruments, not so much as a rusty nail, to aid him in his attempt. The two side-walls next received his attention; but they were of great blocks of stone, joined by a cement of nearly equal hardness, and on which, although he worked till his nails were torn to shreds, and his fingers

ran blood, he could not make the slightest impression. As to the wall opposite to the door, he did not even examine it; for it was easy to judge, from the grass and bushes growing against the window in its top, that it was the outer wall of the convent. On this, since he could make nothing of the partition walls, all labour would of course be thrown away; and even if he could bore through it, he must find the solid earth on the other side, and be discovered before he could possibly burrow his way out. As to the window, or rather the iron-barred opening through which came light and air, for any purposes of escape it might as well not have been there, for its lower edge was nearly fourteen feet from the ground; and although Paco, who was a first-rate leaper, did, in his desperation, and in the early days of his captivity, make several violent attempts to jump up and catch hold of the grating, they were all, as may be supposed, entirely without result.

It was the thirty-fifth day of his imprisonment, an hour after day-break. His provisions for the next twenty-four hours had been brought to him, and, as usual, he had made an unsuccessful effort to induce his sullen jailer to inform him why he was confined, and when he should be released. Gloomy and disconsolate, he seated himself on the ground, and leaned his back against the end wall of his dreary dungeon. The light from the window above his head fell upon the opposite door, and illuminated the spot where he had scratched, with the shank of a button, a line for each day of his imprisonment. The melancholy calendar already reached one quarter across the door, and Paco was speculating and wondering how far it might be prolonged, when he thought he felt a stream of cold wind against his ear. He placed his hand where his ear had been, and plainly distinguished a current of air issuing from a small crevice in the wall, which otherwise was smooth and covered with plaster. Without being much of a natural philosopher, it was evident to Paco, that if wind came through, there must be a vault on the other side of the wall, and not the solid earth, as he had hitherto believed; and it also became probable

that the wall was deficient either in thickness or solidity. After some scratching at the plaster, he succeeded in uncovering the side of a small stone of irregular shape. A vigorous push entirely dislodged it, and it fell from him, leaving an opening through which he could pass his arm. This he did, and found that although on one side of the aperture the wall was upwards of two feet thick, on the other it was not more than six or eight inches, and of loose construction. By a very little labour he knocked out half-a-dozen stones, and then, weary of thus making an opening piecemeal, he receded as far as he could, took a short run, and threw himself against the wall with all his force. After a few repetitions of this vigorous but not very prudent proceeding, the frail bulwark gave way, and amidst a shower of dust and mortar, Paco entered the vault into which he had conquered his passage.

The vault had apparently served, during some former occupation of the convent by monks, as the wine-cellar of the holy fathers; and had been walled up, not improbably, to protect it from the depredations of the French soldiery during Napoleon's occupation of Spain. As already mentioned, it was well stocked with casks of all sorts and sizes, most of them empty, and with bottles, for the most part full. Several of the latter Paco lost no time in decapitating; and a trial of their contents satisfied him that the proprietors of the cellar, whatever else they might have been, were decidedly good judges of wine. Cheered and invigorated by the pleasant liquor of which he had now so long been deprived, he commenced, as soon as his eyes had got a little accustomed to the exceedingly dim twilight that reigned in the vault, a thorough investigation of the place, in hopes of finding either an outlet, or the means of making one. In the former part of his hopes he was disappointed; but after a patient search, his pains were rewarded by the discovery of several pieces of old rope, and of a wooden bar or lever, which had probably served to raise and shift the wine-casks. The rope did not seem likely to be of any use, but the lever was an invaluable

acquisition; and by its aid Paco entertained strong hopes of accomplishing his escape. He at once set to work to knock down the remainder of the stones blocking up the doorway, and when they were cleared he began to roll and drag empty casks into his cell. Of a number of these, and with some labour, he formed a scaffolding, by means of which he was enabled to reach the window, taking his crowbar with him. His hand trembled as it grasped the grating, on the possibility of whose removal every thing depended. Viewed from the floor of his prison, the bars appeared of a formidable thickness, and he dreaded lest the time that would elapse till the next visit of his jailer, should be insufficient for him to overcome the obstacle. To his unspeakable delight, however, his first effort caused the grating to shake and rattle. The stone into which the extremities of the bars were riveted was of no very hard description; the iron was corroded by the rust of centuries, and Paco at once saw, that what he had looked forward to as a task of severe difficulty, would be accomplished with the utmost ease. He set to work with good courage, and after a couple of hours' toil, the grating was removed, and the passage free.

Paco's first impulse was to spring through the opening into the bright sunshine without; but a moment's reflection checked him. He remembered that he was unarmed and unacquainted with the neighbourhood; and his appearance outside the convent in broad daylight, might lead to his instant recapture by some of those, whoever they were, who found an interest or a gratification in keeping him prisoner. He resolved, therefore, unwillingly enough it is true, to curb his impatience, and defer his departure till nightfall. Of a visit from his jailers he felt no apprehension, for they had never yet shown themselves to him more than once a-day, and that, invariably, at an early hour of the morning. Partly, however, to be prepared for instant flight, should he hear his dungeon door open, and still more for the sake of inhaling the warm and aromatic breeze, which blew over to him from the neighbour-

ing woods and fields, he seated himself upon the top of his casks, his head just on a level with the window, and, cautiously making a small opening in the matted vegetable screen that grew before it, gazed out upon the face of nature with a feeling of enjoyment, only to be appreciated by those who, like him, have passed five weeks in a cold, gloomy, subterranean dungeon. The little he was able to distinguish of the locality was highly satisfactory. Within thirty paces of the convent wall was the commencement of a thick wood, wherein he doubted not that he should find shelter and security if observed in his flight. He would greatly have preferred waiting the approach of night in the forest, instead of in his cell; but with a prudence hardly to be expected from him, and which the horror he had of a prolongation of his captivity, perhaps alone induced him to exercise, he would not risk crossing the strip of open land intervening between him and the wood; judging, not without reason, that it might be overlooked by the convent windows.

For some time Paco remained seated upon his pile of casks, feasting his eyes with the sunshine, to which they had so long been strangers; his ear on the watch, his fingers mechanically plucking and twisting the blades of grass that grew in through the window. He was arranging in his mind what route he should take, and considering where he was most likely to find Count Villabuena, when he was surprised by the sound of words, proceeding apparently from a considerable distance above his head, but some of which nevertheless reached his quick and practised ear. Of these the one most distinctly spoken was the name of Jaime, and in the voice that spoke it, Paco was convinced that he recognised that of Count Villabuena's daughter. A few moments elapsed, something else was said, what, he was unable to make out, and then, to his no small alarm, his old acquaintance and recent betrayer, Jaime the esquilador, stood within arm's length of his window. He instinctively drew back; the gipsy was so near, that only the growth of weeds before mentioned interposed between him and

the muleteer. But Paco soon saw that his proximity was unsuspected by Jaime, who had commenced the dialogue with Rita already recorded. Paco at once comprehended the situation; and emboldened by the knowledge that he, and even the aperture of the window, was concealed from sight by the grass and bushes, he again put his head as far forward as was prudent, and attentively listened. Not a word spoken by the esquilador escaped him, but he could scarcely hear any thing of what Rita said; for the distance between her and Jaime being diminished, she spoke in a very low tone. He made out, however, that she was endeavouring to bribe the gipsy to take a letter—to whom, he did not hear—and a scheme occurred to him, the execution of which he only deferred till he should see the missive in the possession of Jaime, on whose every gesture and movement he kept a vigilant watch. At the same instant that the letter was deposited in the gipsy's pocket, Paco thrust both his hands through the grass, seized the naked ankles of the esquilador in a vicelike grip, and by a sudden jerk throwing him upon his back, proceeded to drag him through the aperture, behind which he himself was stationed. His strength and adroitness, and the suddenness of the attack, ensured its success; and in spite of the gipsy's struggles, Paco speedily pulled him completely into the dungeon, upon the ground of which he cast him down with a force that might well have broken the bones, but, as it happened, merely took away the senses, of the terrified esquilador.

The strange and mysterious manner of the assault, the stunning violence of his fall, and his position on regaining the consciousness of which he had for a brief space been deprived, combined to bewilder the gipsy, and temporarily to quell the courage, or, as it should perhaps rather be termed, the passive stoicism, usually exhibited by him in circumstances of danger. He had been dragged into the wine-cellar, and seated with his back against a cask; his wrists and ankles were bound with ropes, and beside him knelt a man busily engaged in search-

ing his pockets. The light was so faint that at first he could not distinguish the features of this person; but when at last he recognized those of Paco, he conjectured to a certain extent the nature of the snare into which he had fallen, and, as he did so, his usual coolness and confidence in some degree returned. His first words were an attempt to intimidate the muleteer.

"Untie my hands," said he, "or I shout for help. I have only to call out, to be released immediately."

"If that were true, you would have done it, and not told me of it," retorted Paco, with his usual acuteness. "The walls are thick and the vault deep, and I believe you might shout a long while before any one heard you. But I advise you not to try. The first word you speak in a louder tone than pleases me, I cut your throat like a pig; with your own knife, too."

And, by way of confirming this agreeable assurance, he drew the cold blade across Jaime's throat, with such a fierce determined movement, that the startled gipsy involuntarily shrunk back. Paco marked the effect of his menace.

"You see," said he, sticking the knife in the ground beside him, and continuing his investigation of the esquilador's pockets; "you had better be quiet, and answer my questions civilly. For whom is this letter?" continued he, holding up Rita's missive, which he had extracted from the gipsy's jacket.

But although the esquilador (partly on account of Paco's threats, and partly because he knew that his cries were unlikely to bring assistance) made no attempt to call out, he did not, on the other hand, show any disposition to communicativeness. Instead of replying to the questions put to him, he maintained a surly, dogged silence. Paco repeated the interrogatory without obtaining a better result, and then, as if weary of questioning a man who would not answer, he continued his search without further waste of words. The two rings and Rita's letter he had already found; they were succeeded by a number of miscellaneous objects which he threw carelessly aside; and having

rummaged the esquilador's various pockets, he proceeded to unfasten his sash. The first demonstration of a design upon this receptacle of his wealth, produced, on the part of the gipsy, a violent but fruitless effort to liberate his wrists from the cords that confined them.

"Oho!" said Paco, "is that the sore place? Faith! there is reason for your wincing," he added, as the gold contained in the girdle fell jingling on the floor. "This was not all got by clipping mules."

"It was received from you, the greater part of it," exclaimed the gipsy, forced out of his taciturnity by his agony at seeing Paco, after replacing the money in the sash, deliberately bind it round his own waist. "I worked hard and ran risk for it, and you paid it me willingly. Surely you will not rob me!"

Without attending to this exposition, Paco secured the gold, and then rising to his feet, again repeated the question he had already twice put to his prisoner.

"To whom is this letter?" said he.

"You may read it yourself," returned Jaime, who, notwithstanding the intelligible hint to be tractable which he had already received, found it a hard matter to restrain his sulkiness. "It is addressed, and open."

Read it, was exactly what Paco would have done, had he been able; but it so happened that the muleteer was a self-educated man, and that, whilst teaching himself many things which he had on various occasions found of much utility, he had given but a moderate share of his attention to the acquirement of letters. When on the road with his mules, he could distinguish the large printed capitals painted on the packages entrusted to his care; he was also able, from long habit, fluently to read the usual announcement of "*Vinos y licores finos*," inscribed above tavern doors; and, when required, he could even perpetrate a hieroglyphic intended for the signature of his name; but these were the extent of his acquirements. As to deciphering the contents or superscription of the letter now in his possession, he knew that it would be mere lost labour to attempt it. He was far

too wary, however, to display his ignorance to the gipsy, and thus to strengthen him in his refusal to say for whom it was intended.

"Of course I may read it," he replied "but here it is too dark, and I have no mind to leave you alone. Answer me, or it will be worse for you."

Either suspecting how the case really stood, or through mere sullenness at the loss of his money, the gipsy remained, with lowering brow and compressed lips, obstinately silent. For a few moments Paco awaited a reply, and then walking to a short distance, he picked up something that lay in a dark corner of the vault, returned to the gipsy, and placing his hands upon the edge of the tall cask against which the latter was seated, sprang actively upon the top of it. Soon he again descended, and, upsetting the cask, gave it a shove with his foot that sent it rolling into the middle of the cellar. The gipsy, although motionless, and to all appearance inattentive to what passed, lost not one of the muleteer's movements. His head stirred not, but his sunken beadlike eyes shifted their glances with extraordinary keenness and rapidity. At the moment when, surprised by the sudden removal of the cask, he screwed his head round to see what was going on behind him, a rope was passed swiftly over his face, and the next instant he felt his neck encircled by a halter. A number of strong hooks and wooden brackets, used to support shelves and suspend wine-skins, were firmly fixed in the cellar wall, at various distances from the ground. Over one of the highest of these, Paco had cast a rope, one end of which he held, whilst the other, as already mentioned, was fixed round the neck of the gipsy. Retiring a couple of paces, the muleteer hauled on the rope; it tightened round the neck of the unlucky Jaime, and even lifted him a little from the ground. He strove to rise to his feet from the sitting posture in which he was, but his bonds prevented him. Stumbling and helpless, he fell over on one side, and would inevitably have been strangled, had not Paco given him

more line. The fear of death came over him. He trembled violently, and his face, which was smeared with blood from the scratches he had received in his passage through the bushes, became of an ash-like paleness. He cast a piteous look at Paco, who surveyed him with unrelenting aspect.

"Not the first time I've had you at a rope's end," said he; "although the knot wasn't always in the same place. Come, I've no time to lose! Will you answer, or hang?"

"What do you want to know?"

"I have already asked you three times," returned Paco, impatiently, "who this letter is for, and what about."

"For Zumalacarreui," replied Jaime; "and now you know as much as I do."

"Why have I been kept in prison?" demanded Paco.

"Why did you come with the lady?" replied the esquilador. "Had you stopped at Segura, no one would have meddled with you."

"I came because I was ordered. Where is Doña Rita?"

The gipsy hesitated, and then answered surlily. "I do not know."

Paco gave the rope a twitch which brought the esquilador's tongue out of his mouth.

"Liar!" he exclaimed; "I heard you speaking to her just now. What does she here?"

"A prisoner," muttered the half-strangled gipsy.

"Whose?"

"Colonel Villabuena's."

"And the Señor Conde. Where is he?"

"Dead."

"Dead!" repeated Paco, letting the rope go, grasping the esquilador by the collar, and furiously shaking him. "The noble count dead! When did he die? Or is it a lie of your invention?"

"He was dead before I fetched the young lady from Segura," said Jaime. "The story of his being wounded, and wishing to see her, was merely a stratagem to bring her here."

Relinquishing his hold, Paco took a step backwards, in grief and great astonishment. The answers he had forced from Jaime, and his own natu-

ral quickness of apprehension, were sufficient to enlighten him as to the main outline of what he had hitherto found a mystery. He at once conjectured Don Baltasar's designs, and the motives of Doña Rita's imprisonment and his own. That the count was really dead he could not doubt; for otherwise Baltasar would hardly have ventured upon his daughter's abduction. Aware that the count's duties and usual occupations did not lead him into actual collision with the enemy, and that they could scarcely, except by a casualty, endanger his life, it occurred to Paco, as highly probable, that he had met his death by unfair means, at the hands of Don Baltasar and the gipsy. The colonel he suspected, and Jaime he knew, to be capable of any iniquity. Such were some of the reflections that passed rapidly through his mind during the few moments that he stood beside Jaime, mute and motionless, meditating on what had passed, and on what he should now do. Naturally prompt and decided, and accustomed to perilous emergencies, he was not long in making up his mind. Suddenly starting from his immobility, he seized the end of the halter, and, to the horror of the gipsy, whose eyes were fixed upon him, began pulling furiously at it, hand over hand, like a sailor tugging at a hawser.

"*Misericordia!*" screamed the horror-stricken esquilador, as he found himself lifted from the ground by the neck. "Mercy! mercy!"

But mercy there was none for him. His cries were stifled by the pressure of the rope, and then he made a desperate effort to gain his feet. In this he succeeded, and stood upright causing the noose for a moment to slacken. He profited by the temporary relief to attempt another ineffectual prayer for pity. A gasping, inarticulate noise in his throat was the sole result; for the muleteer continued his vigorous pulls at the cord, and in an instant the unhappy gipsy felt himself lifted completely off the ground. He made one more violent strain to touch the earth with the point of his foot; but no—all was in vain—higher and higher he went, till the crown of his head struck against the long iron hook through the loop

of which the halter ran. When this was the case, Paco caught his end of the rope round another hook at a less height from the ground, twisted and knotted it securely; then stooping, he picked up the esquilador's knife, re-entered the dungeon, and ascended the pile of casks erected below the window. On the top of these he sat himself down for a moment and listened. There proceeded from the wine-cellar a sort of noise, as of a scraping and thumping against the wall. It was the wretched gipsy kicking and struggling in his last agony.

"He dies hard," muttered Paco, a slight expression of compunction coming over his features, "and I strung him up without priest or prayer. But, what then! those gitanos are worse than Jews, they believe neither in God nor devil. As for his death, he deserves it, the dog, ten times over. And if he didn't, Doña Rita's fate depends on my escape, and I could not leave him there to alarm the convent and have me pursued."

His scruples quieted by these arguments, the muleteer again listened. All was silent in the vault. Paco cautiously put his head out at the hole through which he had dragged the gipsy. The coast was clear, the forest within thirty yards. Winding his body noiselessly through the aperture, he sprang to his feet, and with the speed of a greyhound sought the cover of the wood. Upon reaching the shelter of its foremost trees he paused, and turning round, looked back at the convent, hoping to see Rita at a window. But she had disappeared, and the shutters were closed. It would have been folly, under the circumstances, to wait the chance of her return; and once more turning his back upon the place of his captivity, the muleteer, exulting in his newly recovered freedom, plunged, with quick and elastic step, into the innermost recesses of the forest.

Rightly conjecturing that Rita, informed of her father's death, and having no influential friend to whom to address herself for aid, had written to Zumalacarregui with a view to obtain her release, Paco determined to convey the letter to its destination as speedily as possible. To do this it

was necessary, first, to ascertain the whereabouts of the Carlist general, and secondly, to avoid falling in with Colonel Villabuena, a meeting with whom might not only prevent him from delivering the letter, but also again endanger his liberty, perhaps his life. Shaping his course through the forest in, as nearly as he could judge, a westerly direction, he reached the mountains at sunset, and continued his march along their base—avoiding the more frequented path by which he had approached the convent—until he reached an outlet of the valley. Through this he passed; and still keeping straight forward, without any other immediate object than that of increasing the distance between himself and his late prison, he found himself, some time after midnight, clear of the lofty range of mountains, a limb of the Spanish Pyrenees, in one of whose recesses the convent stood. The country in front, and on both sides of him, was still mountainous, but the elevations were less; and Paco, who had a good general knowledge of the geography of his native province, through most parts of which his avocations as muleteer had often caused him to travel, conjectured that he was on the extreme verge of Navarre, and about to enter the province of Guipuzcoa. He had deemed it prudent to avoid all human habitations whilst still in the vicinity of the convent; but having now left it half a dozen leagues in his rear, the necessity for such caution no longer existed, and he began to look about for a convenient place to take a few hours' repose. At the distance of a mile he perceived the white walls of houses shimmering in the moonlight, and he bent his steps in that direction. It was two in the morning, and the hamlet was buried in sleep; the sharp, sudden bark of a watch-dog was the only sound that greeted the muleteer as he passed under the irregular avenue of trees preceding its solitary street. Entering a barn, whose door stood invitingly open, he threw himself upon a pile of newly-made hay, and was instantly plunged in a sleep far sounder and more refreshing than any he had enjoyed during the whole period of his captivity.

It was still early morning when he

was roused from his slumbers by the entrance of the proprietor of the barn, a sturdy, good-humoured peasant, more surprised, than pleased, to find upon his premises a stranger of Paco's equivocal appearance. The muleteer's exterior was certainly not calculated to give a high opinion of his respectability. His uniform jacket of dark green cloth was soiled and torn; his boina, which had served him for a nightcap during his imprisonment, was in equally bad plight; he was uncombed and unwashed, and a beard of nearly six weeks' growth adorned his face. It was in a tone of some suspicion that the peasant enquired his business, but Paco had his answer ready. Taken prisoner by the Christinos, he said, he had escaped from Pampeluna after a confinement of some duration, and ignorant of the country, had wandered about for two nights, lying concealed during the day, and afraid to approach villages lest he should again fall into the hands of the enemy. The haggard look he had acquired during his imprisonment, his beard and general appearance, and the circumstance of his being unarmed, although in uniform, seemed to confirm the truth of his tale; and the peasant, who, like all of his class at that time and in that province, was an enthusiastic Carlist, willingly supplied him with the razor and refreshment of which he stood in pressing need. His appearance somewhat improved, and his appetite satisfied, Paco in his turn became the interrogator, and the first answers he received caused him extreme surprise. The most triumphant success had waited on the Carlist arms during the period of his captivity. The Christino generals had been on all hands discomfited by the men at whose discipline and courage, even more than at their poverty and imperfect resources, they affected to sneer, and numerous towns and fortified places had fallen into the hands of Zumalacarregui and his victorious lieutenants. The mere name of the Carlist chief had become a tower of strength to his followers, and a terror to his foes; and several ably managed surprises had greatly increased the panic dread with which the news of his approach now inspired the Christino troops. On the heights of Descarga a

strong column of the Queen's army had been attacked in the night, and routed with prodigious loss, by the Carlist general Eraso; in the valley of the Baztan General Oraa had been beaten by Sagastibelza, leaving ninety officers and seven hundred men in the hands of the victors; Estella, Vergara, Tolosa, Villafranca, and numerous other considerable towns, were held by the soldiers of the Pretender; and, to crown all, Paco learned, to his astonishment, that Zumalacarregui and his army were then in front of Bilbao, vigorously besieging that rich and important city.

Towards Bilbao, then, did Paco bend his steps. The remote position of the village where he had obtained the above information, caused it to be but irregularly supplied with intelligence from the army; and it was not till the evening of his first day's march, that the muleteer heard a piece of news which redoubled his eagerness to reach the Carlist headquarters. Zumalacarregui, he was informed, had received, whilst directing the operations of the siege, a severe and dangerous wound. Fearing he might die before he reached him, Paco endeavoured to hire or purchase a horse, but all that could be spared had been taken for the Carlist army; and he rightly judged that through so mountainous a country he should make better progress on foot than on any Rosinante offered to him. He pushed forward, therefore, with all possible haste; but his feet had grown tender during his imprisonment, and he was but indifferently satisfied with his rate of marching. On the following day, however, his anxiety was considerably dissipated by learning that Zumalacarregui's wound was slight, and that the surgeons had predicted a rapid cure. He nevertheless continued his journey without abatement of speed, and on the afternoon of the fourth day arrived on the summit of the hills that overlook Bilbao. The suburbs were occupied by the Carlists, whose slender battering train kept up a fire that was vigorously replied to by the forty or fifty cannon bristling the fortifications. Entering the faubourg known as the Barrio de Bolueta, he approached a group of soldiers lounging in front of their quarters,

and enquired where the general was lodged. The men looked at him in some surprise, and asked which general he meant.

"The general-in-chief, Zumalacarregui, to be sure," replied Paco impatiently.

"Where come you from, amigo?" said one of the soldiers, "not to know that Zumalacarregui left the lines the day after he was wounded, and is now getting cured at Cegama?"

Great was Paco's vexation at finding that the person he had come so far to seek, had been all the while at a village within a day's march of the Dominican convent. His annoyance was so legibly written upon his countenance, that one of the soldiers took upon himself to offer a word of consolation.

"Never mind, comrade," said he, "if you want to see Tio Tomas, you can't do better than remain here. You won't have long to wait. He has only got a scratch on the leg, and we expect every day to see him ride into the lines. He's not the man to be laid up long by such a trifle."

"Is Colonel Villabuena here?" said Paco, somewhat reassured by this last information.

"What, Black Baltasar, as they call him? Ay, that he is, and be hanged to him. It's only two days since he ordered me an extra turn of picket for forgetting to salute him as he passed my beat. Curse him for a soldier's plague!"

Paco left the soldiers and walked on till he came to a small house, which the juniper bush suspended above the door proclaimed to be a tavern. Entering the smoky low-roofed room upon the ground-floor, which just then chanced to be unoccupied, he sat down by the open window and called for a quartillo of wine. A measure of the vinegar-flavoured liquid known by the name of *chacolin*, and drunk for wine in the province of Biscay, was brought to him, and after washing the dust out of his throat, he began to think what was best to do in his present dilemma. He was desirous to get out of Don Baltasar's neighbourhood, and, moreover, if he did not rejoin his regiment or report himself to the military authorities, he was liable to be

arrested as a deserter. In that case, he could hardly hope that the strange story he would have to tell of his imprisonment at the convent would find credit, and, even if it did, delay would inevitably ensue. He finally made up his mind to remain where he was for the night, and to start early next morning for Cegama. A better and more speedy plan would perhaps have been to seek out one of Zumalacarregui's aides-de-camp, relate to him his recent adventures, produce Rita's letter in corroboration of his veracity, and request him to forward it, or provide him with a horse to take it himself. But although this plan occurred to him, the gain in time appeared insufficient to compensate for the risk of meeting Don Baltasar whilst searching for the aide-de-camp, and of being by him thrown into prison and deprived of the letter.

The day had been most sultry, and Paco had walked, with but a ten minutes' halt, from sunrise till afternoon. Overcome by fatigue and drowsiness, he had no sooner decided on his future proceedings, and emptied his quartillo, events which were about coincident, than his head began to nod and droop, and after a few faint struggles against the sleepy impulse, it fell forward upon the table, and he slept as men sleep after a twelve hours' march under a Spanish sun in the month of June. During his slumbers various persons, soldiers and others, passed in and out of the room; but there was nothing unusual in seeing a soldier dozing off his wine or fatigue on a tavern table, and no one disturbed or took especial notice of him. Paco slept on.

It was evening when he awoke, and rose from his bench with a hearty stretch of his stiffened limbs. As he did so, he heard the sound of footsteps in the street. They ceased near the window, and a dialogue commenced, a portion of which reached his ears.

"Have you heard the news?" said one of the speakers.

"No," was the reply, in a voice that made Paco start. "I am now going to Eraso's quarters to get them. I am told that a courier arrived from Durango half an hour since, covered with foam, and spurring as on a life or death errand."

Whilst this was saying, Paco noiselessly approached the window, which was large and square, about four feet above the street, and closed only by a clumsy shutter, at that moment wide open. Crouching down, he cautiously raised his head so as to obtain a view of the street, without exposing more than the upper part of his face to the possible observation of the persons outside. What he saw, confirmed the testimony of his ears: two officers in staff uniforms stood within twenty paces of the window, and in the one who had last spoken, Paco recognised Don Baltasar. His face was towards the tavern, but his eyes were fixed upon his interlocutor, who replied to his last observation—

“On an errand of death, indeed!” said he, in tones which, although suppressed, were distinctly audible to the muleteer. “Zumalacarregui is no more.”

In his consternation at the intelligence thus unwittingly conveyed to him, Paco forgot for a second the caution rendered imperative by his position. A half-smothered exclamation escaped him, and by an involuntary start he raised his head completely above the window-sill. As he did so, he fancied he saw Don Baltasar glance at the window, and in his turn slightly start; but the sun had already passed the horizon, the light was waning fast, and Colonel Villabuena took no further notice, but remained talking with his companion, Paco made sure that he had either not seen him, or, what was still more probable, not remembered his face. Nevertheless the muleteer retreated from the window that no part of him might be seen, and strained his hearing to catch what passed.

He missed a sentence or two, and then again heard Colonel Villabuena's voice.

“Most disastrous intelligence, indeed!” he said, “and as unexpected as disastrous. I will proceed to the general's quarters and get the particulars.”

The officers separated; Don Baltasar walking rapidly away, as Paco, who now ventured to look out, was able to ascertain. Satisfied that he had escaped the peril with which for

a moment he had thought himself menaced, he left the window and returned to his bench. But Don Baltasar had sharper eyes and a better memory than the muleteer gave him credit for. He had fully recognised Paco, whom he had several times seen in attendance on the count, and, without troubling himself to reflect how he could have made his escape, he at once decided what measures to take to neutralize its evil consequences. Had Paco remained an instant longer at his post of observation, he would have seen the Colonel stop at a house near at hand, in which a number of soldiers were billeted, summon a corporal and three men, and retrace his steps to the tavern. Leaving two of the soldiers outside the house, with the others he burst into the room occupied by the muleteer.

At the moment of their entrance, Paco, who, although he had heard their footsteps in the passage, did not suspect the new-comers to be other than some of the usual customers to the tavern, had taken up the heavy earthen jug in which his wine had been brought, and was decanting from it into his glass a last mouthful that still remained at the bottom. No sooner did he behold Don Baltasar, closely followed by two soldiers with fixed bayonets, than with his usual bold decision, and with his utmost strength, he dashed the jug full at him. The missile struck the officer on the chest with such force that he staggered back, and, for a moment, impeded the advance of his followers. That moment saved Paco's liberty—probably his life. Springing to the window, he leaped out, and alighting upon one of the soldiers who had remained outside, knocked him over. The other man, taken by surprise, made a feeble thrust at the fugitive. Paco parried it with his arm, grappled the man, gave him a kick on the shin that knocked his leg from under him, rolled him on the ground by the side of his companion, and scudded down the street like a hunted fox, just as Baltasar and his men jumped out of the window.

“Fire!” shouted the Colonel.

Two bullets, and then two more, struck the walls of the narrow sloping street through which the muleteer

ran, or buried themselves with a *thud* in the earth a short distance in front of him. Paco ran all the faster, cleared the houses, and turning to his right, scampered down in the direction of the town. The shouts and firing had spread an alarm in the Carlist camp, the soldiers were turning out on all sides, and the outposts on the alert. Paco approached the latter, and saw a sentinel in a straight line between him and the town.

"*Quien vive?*" challenged the soldier, when the muleteer was still at a considerable distance from him.

"*Carlos Quinto,*" replied Paco.

"Halt!" thundered the sentry, bringing his musket to his shoulder with a sharp quick rattle.

This command, although enforced by a menace, Paco was not disposed to obey. For the one musket before him, there were hundreds behind him, and he continued his onward course, merely inclining to his left, so as to present a less easy mark than when bearing straight down upon the sentry. Another "halt!" immediately followed by the report of the piece, was echoed by a laugh of derision from Paco. "Stop him! bayonet him!" shouted a score of voices in his rear. The sentinel rushed forward to obey the command; but Paco, unarmed and unencumbered, was too quick for him. Dashing past within a yard of the bayonet's point, he tore along to the town, amidst a rain of bullets, encouraged by the cheers of the Christinos, who had assembled in groups to watch the race; and, replying to their shouts and applause by a yell of "*Viva la Reyna!*" he in another minute stood safe and sheltered within the exterior fortifications of Bilbao.

Three weeks had elapsed since the death of Zumalacarregui, and that important event, which the partisans of the Spanish pretender had, as long as possible, kept secret from their opponents, was now universally known. Already did the operations of the Carlists begin to show symptoms of the great loss they had sustained in the person of a man who, during his brief but brilliant command, had nailed victory to his standard. Even during his last illness, he kept up, from his couch of suffering,

a constant correspondence with General Eraso, his second in command, and in some degree directed his proceedings; but when he died, the system of warfare he had uniformly, and with such happy results, followed up, was exchanged by those who came after him, for another and a less judicious one. This, added to the immense moral weight of his loss, which filled the Christinos with the most buoyant anticipations, whilst it was a grievous discouragement to the Carlists, caused the tide of fortune to turn against the latter. Dejected and disheartened, they were beaten from before Bilbao, the town which, but for Zumalacarregui's overstrained deference to the wishes of Don Carlos, they would never have attacked. On the other hand, the Christinos were sanguine of victory, and of a speedy termination to the war. The baton of command, after passing through the hands of Rodil, Sarsfield, Mina, and other veterans whose experience had struggled in vain against the skill and prestige of the Carlist chief, had just been bestowed by the Queen's government on a young general in whose zeal and abilities great reliance was placed. On various occasions, since the death of Ferdinand, had this officer, at the head of his brigade or division, given proof not only of that intrepidity which, although the soldier's first virtue, should be the general's least merit, but, as was generally believed, of military talents of a high order.

Luis Fernandez de Cordova, the son of a poor but noble family of one of the southern provinces of Spain, was educated at a military school, whence he passed with an officer's commission into a regiment of the royal guard. Endowed with considerable natural ability and tact, he managed to win the favour of Ferdinand VII., and by that weak and fickle monarch was speedily raised to the rank of colonel. His then bias, however, was for diplomacy, for which, indeed, his subsequent life, and his turn for intrigue, showed him to be well qualified; and at his repeated instance he was sent to various courts in high diplomatic capacities. "We are sorry to have to say," remarks a Spanish military writer who fought in the

opposite ranks, "that Cordova in part owed his elevation to the goodness of the very prince against whom he subsequently drew his sword." Be that as it may, at the death of Ferdinand, Cordova, although little more than thirty years of age, was already a general, and ambassador at Copenhagen. Ever keenly alive to his own interest, he no sooner learned the outbreak of the civil war, than he saw in it an opportunity of further advancement; and, without losing a moment, he posted to Madrid, threw himself at the feet of Christina, and implored her to give him a command, that he might have an opportunity of proving with his sword his devotion to her and to the daughter of his lamented sovereign. A command was given him; his talents were by no means contemptible; his self-confidence unbounded; intrigue and interest were not wanting to back such qualities, and at the period now referred to, Cordova, to the infinite vexation of many a grey-haired general who had earned his epaulets on the battle-fields of America and the Peninsula, was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of the north.

Upon assuming the supreme command, Cordova marched his army, which had just compelled the Carlists to raise the siege of Bilboa, in the direction of the Ebro. Meanwhile the Carlists, foiled in Biscay, were concentrating their forces in central Navarre. As if to make up for their recent disappointment, they had resolved upon the attack of a town, less wealthy and important, it is true, than Bilboa, but which would still have been a most advantageous acquisition, giving them, so long as they could hold it, command of the communications between Pampeluna and the Upper Ebro. Against Puente de la Reyna, a fortified place upon the Arga, were their operations now directed, and there, upon the 13th of July, the bulk of the Carlist army arrived. Don Carlos himself accompanied it, but the command devolved upon Eraso, the military capabilities of Charles the Fifth being limited to praying, amidst a circle of friars and shavelings, for the success of those who were shedding their heart's blood in his service. The neighbouring

peasants were set to work to cut trenches; and preparations were making to carry on the siege in due form, when, on the 14th, the garrison, in a vigorous sortie, killed the commandant of the Carlist artillery, and captured a mortar that had been placed in position. The same day Cordova and his army started from Lerin, which they had reached upon the 13th, and arrived at nightfall at Larraga, a town also upon the Arga, and within a few miles of Puente de la Reyna.

The next day was passed by the two considerable armies, which, it was easy to foresee, would soon come into hostile collision, in various movements and manœuvres, which diminished the distance between them, already not great. The Carlists, already discouraged by the successful sortie of the 14th, retired from before Puente de la Reyna, and, moving southwards, occupied the town and bridge of Mendigorria. On the other hand, two-thirds of the Christino forces crossed the Arga, and quartered themselves in and near the town of Artajona. The plain on the left bank of the river was evidently to be the scene of the approaching conflict. On few occasions during the war, had actions taken place upon such level ground as this, the superiority of the Christinos in cavalry and artillery having induced Zumalacarre-gui rather to seek battle in the mountains, where those arms were less available. But since the commencement of 1835, the Carlist horse had improved in numbers and discipline; several cavalry officers of rank and skill had joined it, and assisted in its organization; and although deprived of its gallant leader, Don Carlos O'Donnel, who had fallen victim to his own imprudent daring in an insignificant skirmish beneath the walls of Pampeluna, Eraso, and the other Carlist generals, had now sufficient confidence in its efficiency to risk a battle in a comparatively level country. Numerically, the Carlists were superior to their opponents, but in artillery, and especially in cavalry, the Christinos had the advantage. From various garrison towns, through which he had passed in his circuitous route from Bilboa to Lar-

raga, the Christino commander had collected reinforcements, and an imposing number of squadrons, including several of lancers and dragoons of the royal guard, formed part of the force now assembled at Larraga and Artajona.

It was late on the evening of the 15th of July, and on a number of gently sloping fields, interspersed with vineyards and dotted with trees, a Christino brigade, including a regiment of cavalry, had established its bivouac. In such weather as it then was, it became a luxury to pass a night in the open air, with turf for a mattress, a cloak for a pillow, and the branches for bed-curtains, instead of being cramped and crowded into smoky, vermin-haunted cottages; and the troops assembled seemed to feel this, and to enjoy the light and balmy breeze and refreshing coolness which had succeeded to the extreme heat of the day. Few troops, if any, are so picturesque in a bivouac as Spaniards; none, certainly, are greater adepts in rendering an out-door encampment not only endurable but agreeable, and nothing had been neglected by the Christinos that could contribute to the comfort of their *al-fresco* lodging. Large fires had been lighted, composed in great part of odoriferous shrubs and bushes abounding in the neighbourhood, which scented the air as they burned; and around these the soldiers were assembled cooking and eating their rations, smoking, jesting, discussing some previous fight, or anticipating the result of the one expected for the morrow, and which, according to their sanguine calculations, could only be favourable to them. Here was a seemingly interminable row of muskets piled in sheaves, a perfect *chevaux-de-frise*, some hundred yards of burnished barrels and bayonets glancing in the fire-light. Further on, the horses of the cavalry were picketed, whilst their riders, who had finished grooming and feeding them, looked to their arms and saddlery, and saw that all was ready and as it should be if called on for sudden service. On one side, at a short distance from the bivouac, a party of men cut, with their sabres and foraging hatchets, brushwood to renew the fires; in another

direction, a train of carts laden with straw, driven by unwilling peasants and escorted by a surly commissary and a few dusty dragoons, made their appearance, the patient oxen pushing and straining forwards in obedience to the goad that tormented their flanks, the clumsy wheels, solid circles of wood, creaking round their ungreased axles. In the distance were the enemy's watch-fires; nearer were those of the advanced posts; and, at more than one point of the surrounding country, a cottage or farmhouse, set on fire by careless or mischievous marauders, fiercely flamed without any attempt being made to extinguish the conflagration.

If the sights that met the eye were varied and numerous, the sounds which fell upon the ear were scarcely less so. The neighing of the picketed horses, the songs of the soldiery, the bugle-calls and signals of the outposts, occasionally a few dropping shots exchanged between patrols, and from time to time some favourite national melody, clanged forth by a regimental band — all combined to render the scene one of the most inspiring and lively that could be imagined.

Beside a watch-fire whose smoke, curling and wavering upwards, seemed to cling about the foliage of the large old tree near which it was lighted, Luis Herrera had spread his cloak, and now reclined, his head supported on his arm, gazing into the flaming pile. Several officers belonging to the squadron he commanded were also grouped round the fire, and some of them, less watchful or more fatigued than their leader, had rolled themselves in their mantles, turned their feet to the flame, and with their heads supported on saddles and valises, were already asleep. Two or three subalterns came and went, as the exigencies of the service required, inspecting the arrangements of the men, ascertaining that the horses were properly cared for, giving orders to sergeants, or bringing reports to the captains of their troops. Herrera as yet felt no disposition to sleep. The stir and excitement of the scene around him had not failed of their effect on his martial nature, and he felt cheered and exhilarated by the prospect of action. It was only in mo-

ments like these, during the fight itself, or the hours immediately preceding it, that his character seemed to lose the gloomy tinge imparted to it by the misfortunes which, so early in life, had darkened his path, and to recover something of the buoyancy natural to his age.

Whilst busied with anticipations of the next day's battle, Herrera's attention was suddenly attracted by hearing his name pronounced at a neighbouring fire, round which a number of his troopers had established themselves.

"Captain Herrera?" said a soldier, apparently replying to a question; "he is not far off—what do you want?"

"To see him instantly," answered a voice not unfamiliar to the ear of Luis. "I bring important intelligence."

"Come this way," was the reply; and then a non-commissioned officer approached Herrera, and respectfully saluting, informed him that a *paisano*, or civilian, wished to speak with him. Before Luis could order the person in question to be conducted to him, a man mounted on a rough but active mountain horse, rode out of the gloom into the fire-light, threw himself from his saddle, and stood within three paces of the Christino officer. By the blaze, Herrera recognized, with some surprise, one whom he believed to be then in the Carlist ranks.

"Paco!" he exclaimed; "you here? Whence do you come, and what are your tidings?"

The corporal, who had acted as master of the ceremonies to Paco, now returned to his fire, and Herrera and the muleteer remained alone. The latter had got rid of all vestiges of uniform, and appeared in the garb which he had been accustomed to wear, before his devotion to Count Villabuena, and the feeling of partisanship for Don Carlos, which he shared with the majority of Navarrese, had led him to enter the ranks.

"I have much to tell you, Don Luis," said he; "and my news is bad. Count Villabuena is dead."

Instead of manifesting astonishment or grief at this intelligence, Herrera replied calmly, and almost with a smile, "Is that all?"

"All!" repeated Paco, aghast at

such unfeeling indifference; "and enough, too. I did not think, that because you had taken different sides, all kindness was at an end between you and the Conde. His señoría, heaven rest him!"—and here Paco crossed himself—"deserved better of you, Don Luis. But for him your bones would long ago have been picked by the crows. It was he who rescued you when you were a prisoner, and ordered for execution."

"I know it, Paco," replied Herrera, "and I am grateful for my deliverance both to you and him. But you are mistaken about his death. I saw and spoke to the Count not three days ago."

"To the Count! to Count Villabuena?" exclaimed Paco. "Then that damned gipsy lied. He told me he was killed, shot by some of your people. How did you see him? Is he a prisoner?"

"The Count is alive and in safety, and that must satisfy you for the moment. But you have doubtless more to tell me. What of Doña Rita? Why and when did you leave the Carlists, and where was she when you left?"

"Since the Count is well," returned Paco, "the worst part of my news is to come. Doña Rita's own handwriting will best answer your question."

Opening his knife, Paco ripped up a seam of his jacket, and extracted from the lining a soiled and crumpled paper. It was the letter written by Rita to Zumalacarreui. By the light of the fire, Herrera devoured its contents. From them he learned all that Rita herself knew of the place and reasons of her captivity. She detailed the manner in which she had been decoyed from Segura, described what she conjectured to be the position of the convent, and implored Zumalacarreui to protect a defenceless orphan, and rescue her from the prison in which she was unjustifiably detained. After twice reading the letter, the handwriting of which recalled a thousand tender recollections, although the information it contained filled him with alarm and anxiety, Herrera again addressed Paco.

"How did you get this letter?" he asked.

In few words, Paco, who saw, by

the stern and hurried manner of his interrogator, that it was no time to indulge in a lengthened narrative of his adventures, gave a concise outline of what had occurred, from the time of his leaving Segura with Rita, up to his desertion from the Carlists in front of Bilboa. Upon finding himself in safety from Don Baltasar, and released from the obligations of military service, he deliberated on the best means to employ for the release of Doña Rita. Amongst the Christinos the only person who occurred to him as proper to consult, or likely to aid him, was Herrera, and him he resolved to seek. After waiting a week at Bilboa, he procured a passage in a small vessel sailing for Santander, and thence set out for the Ebro, in the neighbourhood of which he had ascertained that he should find Herrera's regiment. The money he had found in the gipsy's sash enabled him to supply all his wants and purchase a horse, and without further delay he started for the interior. But on reaching Miranda on the Ebro, he learned that Herrera's squadron had marched into Biscay. Thither he pursued it. Meanwhile the siege of Bilboa had been raised, and, whilst he followed one road, Herrera returned towards Navarre by another. Paco lost much time; but, though often disappointed, the faithful fellow was never discouraged, nor did he for a moment think of desisting from the pilgrimage he had voluntarily undertaken for the deliverance of his dead master's daughter. He pressed onwards, sparing neither himself nor his newly-acquired steed; but, in spite of his exertions, so rapid and continuous were the movements of the army, it was not till the evening now referred to that he at last caught it up.

Of all this, however, and of whatever merely concerned himself, Paco made little mention, limiting himself to what it was absolutely necessary that Herrera should know, clearly to understand Rita's position. In spite of this brevity, more than one sign of impatience escaped Luis during the muleteer's narrative. The tale told, he remained for a minute buried in thought.

"It is three weeks since you left

the convent?" he then inquired of Paco.

"Nearly four," was the answer.

"Do you think Doña Rita is still there?"

"How can I tell?" replied Paco. "You know as much as I do of Don Baltasar's intentions. He could hardly find a better corner to hide her in; for it is in the very heart of the mountains, far from any town, and, well as I know Navarre, I never saw the place till this time. So I *should* think it likely she is still there, unless he has taken her to France, or forced her to marry him."

"Never!" cried Herrera, violently; "he would not dare; she would never consent. Listen, Paco—could you guide me to that convent?"

"Certainly I could," answered the muleteer, greatly surprised, "as far as knowing the road goes; but the country swarms with Carlist troops; and even if we could sneak round Eraso's army, we should be sure to fall in with some guerilla party.

"But there must be paths over the mountains," exclaimed Herrera, with the painful eagerness of a man catching at a last faint hope; "paths unfrequented, almost unknown, except to fellows like you, who have spent their lives amongst them. Over those you could—you must, conduct me."

"I will try it, Don Luis, willingly," replied Paco, moved by Herrera's evident agony of mind. "I will try it, if you choose; but I would not give a *peseta* for our lives. There are hundreds amongst the Carlists who know every mountain pass and ravine as well as I do. The chances will be all against us."

"We could lie concealed in the day," continued Herrera, pursuing the train of his own thoughts, and scarcely hearing the muleteer's observations. "A small party of infantry—twenty picked men will be enough—the convent surprised at nightfall, and before morning, by a forced march, we reach a Christino garrison. I will try it, by heaven! at all risks. Paco, wait my return."

And before the muleteer had time to reply, the impetuous young man snatched his horse's bridle from his hand, sprang into the saddle, and,

spurring the tired beast into a gallop, rode off in the direction of Artajona.

The motive of Herrera's abrupt departure was to prepare for the execution of a plan so wild and impracticable, that, in his cooler moments, it would never have suggested itself to him, although, in his present state of excitement, he fancied it perfectly feasible. He had determined to proceed at once to the general-in-chief, one of whose favourite officers he was, to acquaint him with what he had just learned, and entreat his permission to set out that very night with a few chosen men on an expedition into the heart of the Carlist country, the object of it being to rescue Rita from her captivity. For reasons which will hereafter appear, he had the worst possible opinion of Don Baltasar, and so shocked and startled was he at hearing that the woman to whom, in spite of their long separation, he was still devotedly and passionately attached, was in his power, that for the time he lost all coolness of judgment, and overlooked the numerous obstacles to his scheme. The rapid pace at which he rode, contributed perhaps to keep up the whirl and confusion of his ideas, and he arrived at the door of Cordova's quarters, without the impropriety and positive absurdity of his application at such a moment having once occurred to him.

The Christino commander had taken up his quarters in the house of one of the principal inhabitants of Artajona. At the time of Herrera's arrival, although it was past ten o'clock, all was bustle and movement in and about the extensive range of building; the stables crammed with horses, the general's escort loitering in the vestibule, orderly officers and aides-de-camp hurrying in all directions, bringing reports and conveying orders to the different regiments and brigades; peasants, probably spies, conversing in low earnest tones with officers of rank: here a party of soldiers drinking, there another group gambling, in a third place a row of sleepers stretched upon the hard ground, but soundly slumbering in spite of its hardness and of the surrounding din. Pushing his way through the crowd, Herrera ascended

the stairs, and meeting an orderly at the top, enquired for the general's apartments. Before the soldier could reply, a door opened, a young officer came out, and, perceiving Herrera, hurried towards him. The two officers shook hands. The aide-de-camp was Mariano Torres, who had recently been appointed to the general's staff, upon which Herrera would also have been placed had he not preferred remaining in command of his squadron.

"What brings you here, Luis?" said Torres.

"To see the general. I have a favour to ask of him—one which he must grant. Take me to him, Torres, immediately."

Struck by the wild and hurried manner of his friend, and by the discomposure manifest in his features, Mariano took his arm, and walking with him down the long corridor, which was dimly lighted by lanterns suspended against the wall, led him into his own room. "The general is particularly engaged," said he, "and I cannot venture to disturb him; but in five minutes I will inform him of your arrival. Meanwhile, what is the matter, Luis? What has happened thus to agitate you?"

Although chafing at the delay, Herrera could not refuse to reply to this enquiry; and, in hurried and confused terms, he informed Torres of the news brought by Paco, and of the plan he had devised for the rescue of Rita. Thunderstruck at the temerity of the project, Torres undertook, but at first with small success, to convince Herrera of its impracticability, and induce him to abandon it, at least for the time.

"How can you possibly expect," he said, "ever to reach the convent you have described to me? In front is the Carlist army; on all sides you will meet bands of armed peasants, and you will throw away your own life without a chance of accomplishing your object."

"Don't speak to me of life!" exclaimed Herrera, impetuously interrupting him; "it is valueless. Spare yourself the trouble of argument; all that you can urge will be in vain. Come what may, and at any risk, I will make the attempt."

Every hour is a year of torture to me whilst I know Rita in the power of that villain."

"And much good it will do her," replied Torres, "to have you killed in her service. As to accomplishing her rescue, it is out of the question in the way you propose. You will inevitably be shot or taken prisoner. If, on the contrary, you have a little patience, and wait a few days, something may be done. This Don Baltasar, there can scarcely be a doubt, is with the army in our front, and his prisoner must therefore be free from his persecutions. Besides, admitting that your project had a shadow of common sense, how can you suppose, that on the eve of a battle against superior numbers, the general will spare even a score of men from the ranks of his army?"

"He will spare them, for me," cried Herrera. "He has known me since the beginning of the war: I have fought by his side; and more than once he has thanked me for my services, and expressed his willingness to reward them. Let him grant me this request, and I will die for him to-morrow."

"You would be likely enough to die if he did grant it," replied Torres; "but luckily there is no chance of his doing so."

"We will see that," said Herrera, impatiently. "This is idle talk and waste of time. You are not my friend, Mariano, thus to detain me. The five minutes have twice elapsed. Take me at once to the general."

"I will take you to him, if you insist upon it," answered Torres. "Hear me but one minute longer. What will be said to-morrow, when we move forward to meet the enemy, and it is found that Luis Herrera is wanting at his post; when it is known that he has left the camp in the night-time, on his own private business, only a few hours before a battle, which all agree will be a bloody and perhaps a decisive one? His advancement, although nobly deserved, has been rapid. There are many who envy him, and such will not fail to attribute his absence to causes by which his friends well know he is incapable of being influenced. It will be pleasant for those friends to hear

slandrous tongues busy with his good name."

Mariano had at last touched the right chord, and this, his final argument, strongly impressed Herrera. What no consideration of personal danger could accomplish, the dread of an imputation upon his honour, although it might be uttered but by one or two enemies, and disbelieved by a thousand friends, went far to effect. Moreover, during the quarter of an hour passed with Torres, his thoughts had become in some degree collected, and the truth of the aide-de-camp's observations as to the Quixotism and utter madness of his scheme began to dawn upon him. He hesitated, and remained silent. Torres saw his advantage, and hastened to follow it up.

"Hear me, Luis," said he. "You have ever found me willing to be guided by your opinion, but at this moment you are not in a state of mind to judge for yourself. For once then, be guided by me, and return to your squadron. To-morrow's fight will make a mighty difference. If we gain the day, and we are sure of it, we shall advance to Pampe-luna, and you will be at a comparatively short distance from the convent where your mistress is detained. Then, indeed, when the Carlists are scattered and dispirited after their defeat, the scheme you have in view may be executed, and then, but only then, are you likely to get permission to attempt it. I will accompany you if you wish it, and we will get some guerilla leader, skilled in such hazardous expeditions, to join us with his band."

By these and similar arguments, did Torres finally prevail with Herrera to abandon his project until after the approaching action. Even then, and even should the victory be complete and in favour of the Christinos, Mariano was doubtful whether it would be possible to attempt the dangerous excursion proposed by Herrera; but in the interim his friend would have time to reflect, and Torres hoped that he might be induced entirely to give up the plan. He, himself a light-hearted devil-may-care fellow, taking life as it came, and with a gentle spice of egotism in his character, was unsusceptible of such an

attachment as that of Herrera for Rita, and, being unsusceptible, he could not understand it. The soldier's maxim of letting a new love drive out the old one, whenever a change of garrison or other cause renders it advisable, was what he practised, and would have wished his friend also to adopt. He was unable to comprehend Herrera's deeply-rooted and unselfish love, which had grown up with him from boyhood, had borne up against so many crosses and discouragements, and which time, although it might prove its hopelessness, could never entirely obliterate.

"Time," thought Torres, as he returned to his room, after seeing Herrera mount his horse and ride away, "is a great healer of Cupid's wounds, particularly a busy time, like this. A fight one day and a carouse the next, have cured many an honest fellow of the heartache. Herrera is pretty sure of one half of the remedy, although it might be difficult to induce him to try the other. Well, *qui vivra verra*—I have brought him to his senses for the present, and there'd be small use in bothering about the future, when, by this time to-morrow, half of us may be food for ravens."

And with this philosophical reflection, the insouciant aide-de-camp threw himself upon his bed, to sleep

as soundly as if the next day's sun had to shine upon a feast instead of a fray.

Midnight was approaching when Herrera reached the bivouac, which had now assumed a character of repose very different from the bustle reigning there when he had left it. The fires were blazing far less brightly, and some, neglected by the soldiers who lay sleeping around them, had dwindled into heaps of ashes, over which a puff of the night breeze would every now and then bring a red glow, driving at the same time a long train of sparks into the faces of the neighbouring sleepers. There was no more chattering or singing; the distant shots had ceased, the musicians had laid aside their instruments, and were sharing the general repose; the only sounds that broke the stillness were the distant challenging from the outpost, the tramp of the sentry faintly audible upon the turf, the rattling of the collar chain of some restless horse, or the snore of the sleeping soldiery. Restoring his horse to Paco, whom he found waiting beside the watch-fire, Herrera desired him to remain there till morning, and then wrapping himself in his cloak, he lay down upon the grass, to court a slumber, of which anxious and uneasy thoughts long debarred his eyelids.

MOSES AND SON.

A DIDACTIC TALE.

CHAPTER I.

"It's no good your talking, Aby," said a diminutive gentleman, with a Roman nose and generally antique visage; "you must do the best you can for yourself, and get your living in a respectable sort of vav. I can't do no more for you, so help my ——"

"You're a nice father, aint you?" interrogatively replied the gentleman addressed—a youth of eighteen, very tall, very thin, very dressy, and very dirty. "I should like to know why you brought me into the world at all."

"To make a man of you, you ungrateful beast," answered the small father; "and that's vot you'll never be, as true as my name's Moses. You aint got it in you. You're as big a fool as any Christian in the parish."

"Thankee, old un," replied he of six feet. "*'Twas nature's fault that made me like my father,*" he added immediately, throwing himself into a theatrical posture, and pointing irreverently to the individual referred to.

"There he goes again!" exclaimed Moses senior, with a heavy sigh. "That's another of his tricks that'll bring him to the gallows. Mark my words, Aby—that acting of yours will do your business. I vish the amytors had been at the devil before you made their acquaintance!"

"In course you do, you illiterate old man. What do you know of literature? Aint all them gentlemen as I plays with chice sperits and writers? Isn't it a honour to jine 'em in the old English drammy, and to eat of the wittles and drink of the old ancient poets?"

"Aby, my dear," proceeded the other sarcastically, "I've only two vurds to say. You have skulked about this 'ere house for eighteen years of your precious life, without doing a ha'porth of work. It's all very fine while it lasts; but I am

sorry to say it can't last much longer. To-morrow is Sabbath, make much of it, for it's the last blessed day of rest you'll see here. Sunday morning I'll trouble you to pack."

"Do you mean it?"

"Upon my soul—as true as I'm here."

"*Hear that, ye gods, and wonder how you made him!*" exclaimed Abraham, turning up his nose at his parent, and then looking to the ceiling with emotion—"You unnatural old Lear! you bloodless piece of earth!"

"Go 'long, go 'long!" said the pro-saic Moses, senior; "don't talk rub-bish!"

"Father!" cried the youth, with an attitude, "when I'm gone, you'll think of me, and want me back."

"Vait, my dear, till I send for you."

"When the voice is silent, you'll be glad to give a ten pun' note for an echo."

"No, my boy; I don't like the security."

"When you have lost sight of these precious featers, you'll be glad to give all you have got for a picter."

"Vot a lucky painter he'll be as draws you off!" said the stoic father.

Abraham Moses gazed upon the author of his being for one minute with intensest disgust. Then taking a chair in his hand, he first raised it in the air, and afterwards struck it with vehement indignation to the ground. That done, he seated himself with a mingled expression of injured innocence and lofty triumph.

"You old sinner," said he, "you've done for yourself."

"Sorry for it," replied the cool old gentleman.

"I've sounded you, have I? Oh! did I try to strike a chord in that hollow buzzum, and did I think to

make it answer? Now listen, you disreputable father. I leave your house, not the day after to-morrow, but this very hour. I shall go to that high sphere which you knows nothing about, and is only fit for a gent of the present generation. I don't ask you for nothing. I'm settled and provided for. If you were to take out your cheque-book and say, 'Aby, fill it up,' I can't answer for a impulse of nater; but I do think I should scorn the act, and feel as though I had riz above it. You have told me, all my wretched life, that I should take my last snooze outside o' Newgate. I always felt very much obliged to you for the compliment; but you'll recollect that I've told you as often that I'd live to make you take your hat off to me. The time is come, sir! I've got an appointment! Such a one! I came to tell you of it; but I considered it my religious duty to investigate your paternal feelings concerning me aforehand. I have investigated 'em. I am sorry to say it; I have put you into the weighing machine, and found you short."

"The fool's mad!"

"Is he? Wait a minute. If your shocking eddication permits, I'll trouble you to read that there."

Mr Abraham Moses drew from his pocket a despatch, ornamented with a huge seal, and some official red tape. The elder gentleman took it into his hand, and gazed at his worthy son with unutterable surprise, as he read on the outside—"Private and confidential, House of Lords, to Abraham Moses, Esq., &c. &c. &c."

"Vy, vot does it all mean, my dear?" enquired the agitated parent.

"Spare your '*my dears*,' venerable apostate, and open it," said Aby. "The seal's broke. It's private and confidential, but that means when you are not one of the family."

Mr Methusaleh Moses did as he was bid, and read as follows:—

"SIR,—The Usher of the Blue Rod vacates his office on Wednesday next, when you will be required to appear before the woosack to take the usual oaths. As soon as you have entered upon your duties, the customary presentation to her Majesty will take place. Lord Downy will be prepared

to conclude the preliminaries at his hotel at twelve o'clock to-morrow.—I am, sir, with respect, your obedient humble servant,

"WARREN DE FITZALBERT.

"Abraham Moses, Esq.,
&c. &c. &c."

As little Mr Moses read the last words with a tremulous utterance, tall Mr Moses rose to take his departure. "Vot's your hurry, Aby?" said the former, coaxingly.

"Come, I like that. What's my hurry? Didn't you want to kick me out just now?"

"My dear, give every dog his due. Stick to the truth, my boy, votever you does. I axed you to stay over the Sabbath—I vish I may die if I didn't."

Mr Abraham Moses directed towards his sire one of those decided and deadly glances which are in so much request at the theatres, and which undertake to express all the moral sentiments at one and the same moment. Having paid this tribute to his wounded nature, he advanced to the door, and said, determinedly—

"I shall go!"

"I'm blessed if you do, Aby!" exclaimed the father, with greater resolution, and seizing his offspring by the skirts of his coat. "I'm your father, and I knows my sivation. You're sich a fellow! You can't take a vurd in fun. Do you think I meant to turn you out ven I said it? Can you stop nater, Aby? Isn't nater at vork vithin, and doesn't it tell me if I knocks you on the nose, I hits myself in the eye? Come, sit down my boy; tell me all about it, and let's have someting to eat."

Aby was proof against logical argument, but he could not stand up against the "someting to eat." He sank into the chair again like an infant. Mr Methusaleh took quick advantage of his success. Rushing wildly to a corner cupboard, he produced from it a plate of cold crisp fried fish, which he placed with all imaginable speed exactly under the nose of the still vacillating Aby. He vacillated no longer. The spell was complete. The old gentleman, with a perfect reliance upon the charm, proceeded to prepare a cup of coffee at his leisure.

"And now, Aby," said the father, stirring the grounds of his muddy beverage—"I'm dying to hear vot it all means. How did you manage to get amongst dese people? You're more clever as your father." A hearty meal of fish and coffee had considerably greased the external and internal man of Aby Moses. His views concerning filial obligations became more satisfactory and humane; his spirit was evidently chastened by repletion.

"Father," said he, meaning to be very tender—"You have always been such a fool about the company as I keep."

"Vell, so I have, my dear; but don't rake up the past."

"It's owing to that very company, father, that you sees me in my proud position."

"No!"

"It is, though. *Lend me your ears.*"

"Don't be shtoopid, Aby—go on with your story."

A slight curl might be seen playing around the dirty lip of Moses junior at this parental ignorance of the immortal Will: a stern sacrifice of filial reverence to poetry.

It passed away, and the youth proceeded.

"That Warren de Fitzalbert, father, as signed that dockyment, is a buzzum friend. He see'd me one night when I played Catesby, and, after the performance, requested the honour of an introduction, which I, in course, could not refuse. You know how it is—men gets intimate—tells one another their secrets—opens their hearts—and lives in one another's societies. I never knew who he was, but I was satisfied he was a superior gent, from the nateral course of his conversation. Everybody said it was beautiful to see us, we was so united and unseparated. Well, you may judge my surprise, when one day another gent, also a friend of mine, says to me, 'Moses, old boy, do you know who Fitzalbert is?' 'No,' says I, 'I don't.' 'Well, then,' says he, 'I'll tell you. He's a under secretary of state.' There was a go! Only think of me being hand and glove with a secretary of state! What does I do? Why, sir, the very next time he and I meet, I says to him, 'Fitzalbert, it's very hard a man of

your rank can't do something for his friends.' I knew the right way was to put the thing to him point-blank. 'So it would be,' says he, 'if it was, but it isn't.' 'Oh, isn't it?' says I; 'then, if you are the man I take you to be, you'll do the thing as is handsome by me.' He said nothing then, but took hold of my hand, and shook it like a brother."

"Vell, go on, my boy; I tink they are making a fool of you."

"Are they? That's all you know. Well, a few days after this, Fitzalbert writes me a letter to call on him directly. I goes, of course. 'Moses,' says he, as soon as he sees me, 'you are provided for.' 'No!' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'Lord Downy has overrun the constable; he can't stop in England no longer; he's going to resign the blue rod; he's willing to sell it for a song; you shall buy it, and make your fortune.'"

"But vere's your money, my dear?"

"Wait a minute. 'What's the salary?' said I. 'A thousand a-year,' says he. 'You don't mean it?' says I again. 'Upon my soul,' says he. 'And what will it cost?' says I. 'The first year's salary,' says he; 'and I'll advance it, because I know you are a gentleman, and will not forget to pay me back.' 'If I do,' says I, 'I wish I may die.' Now, father, that there letter, as you sees, is official, and that's why he doesn't say 'dear Moses;' but if you was to see us together, it would do your heart good. Not that you ever will, because your unfortunate lowness of character will compel me, as a gent, to cut your desirable acquaintance the moment I steps into Lord Downy's Wellingtons. Now, if you have got no more fish in that 'ere cupboard, I wish you good morning.'"

"Shtay, shtay, Aby, you're in such a devil of a hurry!" exclaimed Methusaleh, holding him by the wrist. "Now, my dear boy, if you're dead to natur, there's an end of the matter, and I've nothing more to say; but if you've any real blood left in you, you von't break my heart. Vy shouldn't your father have the pleasure of advancing the money? If it is a true bill, Aby, you sha'n't be under no obligation to nobody!"

"True bill! I like that! Why, I

have seen Lord Downy's own handwriting; and, what's more, seen him in the House of Lords, talking quite as familiarly, as I converse with you, with the Lord Chancellor, and all the rest on 'em. I heard him make a speech—next morning I looks into the paper—no deceit, sir—there was Lord Downy's name. Now, to-morrow, when I'm introduced to him, don't you think I shall be able to discover whether he's the same man or not?"

"Vere's the thousand pound?" inquired Mr Methusaleh.

"My friend goes with me to-morrow to hand it over. Three hundred is to be given up at Lord Downy's hotel in Oxford Street, and the balance at Mr Fitzalbert's chambers in Westminster, an hour afterwards, when I receive the appointment."

"My dear Aby, I von't beat about the bush with you. I'm quite sure, my child, ve should make it answer much better, if you'd let your father advance the money. Doesn't it go agin the grain to vurk into the

hands of Christians against your own flesh and blood? If this Mr Fitzalbert advances the money, depend upon it it's to make someting handsome by the pargain. Let me go vith you to his lordship, and perhaps, if he's very hard-up, he'll take seven hundred instead of the thousand. Ve'll divide the three hundred between us. Don't you believe that your friend is doing all this for love. Vot can he see, my darling, in your pretty face, to take all this trouble for nothing? I shouldn't be at all surprised if he's a blackguard, and means to take a cruel advantage of his lordship's ssitivation—give him perhaps only five hundred for his thousand. Aby, let your ould father do an act of charity, and put two hundred pounds into this poor gentleman's pockets."

Before Aby could reply to this benevolent appeal, a stop was put to the interesting conversation, by a violent knocking at the door, on the part of no less a gentleman than Warren de Fitzalbert himself.

CHAPTER II.

Whilst the domestic *tête-à-tête*, feebly described in the foregoing chapter, was in progress, the nobleman, more than once referred to, was passing miserable moments in his temporary lodgings at the Salisbury Hotel, in Oxford Street. A more unhappy gentleman than Baron Downy it would be impossible to find in or out of England. The inheritor of a cruelly-burdened title, he had spent a life in adding to its incumbrances, rather than in seeking to disentangle it from the meshes in which it had been transmitted to him. In the freest country on the globe, he had never known the bliss of liberty. He had moved about with a drag-chain upon his spiritual and physical energies, as long as he could remember his being. At school and at college, necessarily limited in his allowance, he contracted engagements which followed him for at least ten years after his entrance into life, and then only quit- ted him to leave him bound to others far more tremendous and inextricable. His most frequent visitors, his most constant friends, his most fami-

liar acquaintance, were money-lenders. He had borrowed money upon all possible and unimaginable securities, from the life of his grandmother down to that last resource of the needy gentleman, the family repeater, chain, and appendages. His lordship, desperate as his position was, was a man of breeding, a nobleman in thought and feeling. But the more incapable of doing wrong, so much the more liable to deceit and fraud. He had been passed, so to speak, from hand to hand by all the representatives of the various money-lending classes that thrive in London on the folly and necessity of the reckless and the needy. All had now given him up. His name had an odour in the market, where his paper was a drug. His bills of a hundred found few purchasers at a paltry five pounds, and were positively rejected by all but wine-merchant-sheriff's officers, who took them at nothing, and contrived to make a handsome profit out of them into the bargain. Few had so little reason to be proud as the

man whose name had become a by-word and a joke amongst the most detestable and degraded of their race; and yet, strange as it may seem, few had a keener sense of their position, or could be so readily stung by insult, let it but proceed from a quarter towards which punishment might be directed with credit or honour. A hundred times Lord Downy had cursed his fate, which had not made him an able-bodied porter, or an independent labourer in the fields, rather than that saddest of all sad contradictions, a nobleman without the means of sustaining nobility—a man of rank with no dignity—a superior without the shadow of pre-eminence; but for all the wealth of the kingdom, he would not have sullied the order to which he belonged, by what he conceived to be one act of meanness or sordid selfishness; as if there could be any thing foul or base in any act that seeks, by honourable industry, to repair the errors of a wayward fortune.

Upon the day of which we speak, there sat with Lord Downy a rude, ill-favoured man, brought into juxtaposition with the peer by the unfortunate relation that connected the latter with so many men of similar stamp and station. He seemed more at home in the apartment than the owner, and took some pains to over-act his part of vulgar independence. He had never been so intimate with a nobleman before—certainly no nobleman had ever been in his power until now. The low and abject mind holds its jubilee when it fancies that it reduces superiority to its own level, and can trample upon it for an hour without fear of rebuke or opposition.

"For the love of heaven! Mr Ireton, if for no kindness towards me," said Lord Downy, "give me one day longer to redeem those sacred pledges. They are heirlooms—gifts of my poor dear mother. I had no right to place them in your hands—they belong to my child."

"Then why did you? I never asked you; I could have turned my money twenty times over since you have had it. I dare say you think I have made a fortune out of you."

"I have always paid you liberally—and given you your terms."

"I thought so—it's always the way.

The more you do for great people the more you may. I might have taken the bed from under your lordship many a time, if so I had been so disposed; but of course you have forgotten all about *that*."

"About these jewels, Mr Ireton. They are not of great value, and cannot be worth your selling. I shall receive two hundred and fifty pounds to-morrow—it shall be made three hundred, and you shall have the whole sum on account. Surely four-and-twenty hours are not to make you break your faith with me?"

"As for breaking faith, Lord Downy, I should like to know what you'd do if I were in your place and you in mine."

"I hope"—

"Oh, yes! it's easy enough to talk now, when you aint in my position; but I know very well how you all grind down the poor fellows that are in your power—how you make them slave on five shillings a-week, to keep you in luxury, and all the rest of it. Not that I blame you. I know it's human nature to get what one can out of every body, and I don't complain to see men try it on."

"I have nothing more to say, Mr Ireton. You must do with me as you think proper."

"I am to wait till to-morrow, you say?"

"Yes; only until to-morrow. I shall surely be in receipt of money then."

"Oh, sure of course!" said Mr Ireton. "You gentlemen are always sure till the time comes, and then you can't make it out how it is you are disappointed. No sort of experience conquers your spirits; but the more your hopes are defeated, the more sanguine you get. I'll wait till to-morrow, then"—

"A thousand thanks."

"Wait a bit—on certain terms. You know as well as I do, that I could put you to no end of expense. I don't wish to do it; but I don't prefer to be out of pocket by the matter. I must have ten pounds for the accommodation."

"Ten!" exclaimed poor Lord Downy.

"Yes, only ten; and I'll give you twenty if you'll pay me at once;"

added Mr Ireton—knowing very well that his victim could as easily have paid off the national debt.

Lord Downy sighed.

"There's a slip of paper before you. Give me your I O U for the trifle, and pay principal and interest tomorrow."

His lordship turned obediently to the table, wrote in silence the acknowledgment required, and with a hand that trembled from vexation and anxiety, presented the document to his tormentor. The latter vanished. He had scarcely departed before Lord Downy rang his bell with violence, and a servant entered.

"Are there any letters for me, Mason?" inquired his lordship eagerly.

"None, my lord," answered Mason with some condescension, and a great deal of sternness.

Lord Downy bit his lip, and paced the room uneasily.

"My lord," said Mason, "I beg your—"

"Nothing more, nothing more;" replied the master, interrupting him. "Should any letters arrive, let them be brought to me immediately."

"Beg your pardon, my lord," said Mason, taking no notice of the order, "the place doesn't suit me."

"How?"

"Nothing to complain of, my lord—only wish to get into a good family."

"Sirrah!"

"It isn't the kind of thing, my

lord," continued Mason, growing bolder, "that I have been used to. I brought a character with me, and I want to take it away again. I'm talked about already."

"What does the fellow mean?"

"I don't wish to hurt your lordship's feelings, and I'd rather not be more particular. If it gets blown in the higher circles that I have been here, my character, my lord, is smashed."

"You may go, sir, when your month has expired."

"I'd rather go at once, my lord, if it's all the same to you. As for the salary, my lord, it's quite at your service—quite. I never was a grasping man; and in your lordship's unfortunate situation,"—Lord Downy walked to the window, flung it open, and commenced whistling a tune—"I should know better than to take advantage," proceeded Mr Mason. "There is a young man, my lord, a friend of mine, just entering life, without any character at all, who would be happy, I have no doubt, to undertake"—

Lord Downy banged the window, and turned upon the flunky with an expression of rage that might have put a violent and ever-to-be-lamented stop to this true history, had not the door of his lordship's apartment opened, and *boots* presented himself with the announcement of "MR WARREN DE FITZALBERT."

CHAPTER III.

'Twice has Mr Warren de Fitzalbert closed a chapter for us, and put us under lasting obligation. Fain would we introduce that very important personage to the reader's more particular acquaintance; fain describe the fascinating form, the inimitable grace, that won all hearts, and captivated, more particularly, every female eye. But, alas! intimacy is forbidden. A mystery has attached itself to his life, with which we are bound to invest his person at the present writing. We cannot promise one syllable from his eloquent lips, or even one glimpse at his dashing exterior. As for referring you,

gentle reader, to the home of Mr de Fitzalbert, the thing's absurd upon the very face. Home he has none, unless Peele's coffeehouse; and all the *Bears* of Holborn, blue, black, and white, to which his letters are directed, assert the sacred designation. Let us hasten back to Messrs Moses. Mr Methusaleh had not been more successful in his attempt to catch a sight of the secretary of state than other people. When Aby heard the double knock, he darted like an arrow from his parent's arms, in order to prevent the entrance of his friend, and to remove him from all possible contact with the astute and too per-

suasive Moses, senior. In vain did the latter gentleman rush to the window, and, by every soft endearment, seek to call back the retreating forms of Aby and Fitzalbert, now arm-in-arm, making for the corner of the street, and about to turn it. One was unconscious of the voice—the other heard it, and defied it. What passed between father and son, when the latter returned at night, I cannot say; but they were up betimes the following morning, and much excited, whilst they partook together of their morning meal.

"It's no good trying," said the elder gentleman. "I can't eat, Aby, do vot I vill. I'm so delighted with your earthly prospects, and your dootiful behaviour, that my appetite's clean gone."

"Don't distress yourself on that account," said Aby, "I've appetite for two."

"You always had, my dear," replied the sire; "and vot a blessing it'll be to gratify it at your own expense. I never begrudged you, my boy, any victuals as I had in the house, and the thought of that ere vill be a great consolation to me on my death-bed."

"What's o'clock, father?"

"Nine, my dear."

"It's getting on. Only think that at twelve o'clock to-day I shall have entered into another sphere of existence."

"It's very vunderful," said Methusaleh.

"It's one of those dispensations, father, that comes like great actors, once in a thousand years."

Mr Moses, senior, drew from his pocket a dirty cotton handkerchief, and applied it to his eyes.

"Oh, Aby," said he, in a snivelling tone, "if your mother vos but alive to see it. But, tank God, my dear, she's out of this vicked world of sorrow and trouble. But let's talk of business," he added, in a livelier tone. "This is a serious affair, my boy. I hope you'll take care of your place, ven you gets it."

"Trust me for that, Septuagenarian," replied the son.

"Votever you does, do it cleverly, and don't be found out. Dere's a mint of money to be made in more vays than

one. If your friends vant cash, bring 'em to me. I'll allow you handsome."

"Have you got the three hundred ready, father?"

"Here it is, Aby," replied Methusaleh, holding up three bank-notes of a hundred each. "Now you know, my dear, vot ve're to do exactly; ve may, after all, be done in this 'ere business, although I own it doesn't look like it. Still ve can't be too cautious in our proceedings. You remember, my boy, that ven you gives de nobleman his money, you takes his receipt. The cheque for the balance you'll keep in your pocket till you get the appintment. I goes vith you, and shtays outside the other side of the vay. If any thing goes wrong, you have only to come to the street door, and take off your hat, that vill be quite enough for me; I'll rush in directly, and do vot's necessary."

"Father," said Aby, in a tone of reproof, "your notions of gentlemen's conduct is so disgusting, that I can't help despising you, and giving the honour of my birth to some other individual. No son of your's could be elevated in his ideas. I defy him."

"Never mind, my boy, do as you are bid. You're very clever, I own, but you have a deal to larn yet."

In this and similar conversation, time passed until the clock struck eleven, and warned father and son of the approaching crisis. At half-past eleven precisely they quitted their common habitation, and were already on the road. The old gentleman had made no alteration in his primitive attire. Even on the day which was about to prove so eventful to the family history, he sallied forth with the same lofty contempt of conventionalities that had characterised his very long career. How different the elated and aspiring heir of Moses! No wonder he spurned with indignation the offer of his seedy parent's arm. No wonder he walked a few paces before him, and assumed that unconcerned and vacant air which should assure all passengers of his being quite alone in the public thoroughfare both in person and in thought. Aby had been intensely persevering at his morning toilet. The grease of a young bear had been expended on his

woolly head; the jewellery of a Mosaic firm scattered over his lanky personality. He wore a tightly-fitting light blue coat with frogs; a yellow satin waistcoat with a stripe of blue beneath; a massive cravat of real cotton velvet, held down by gilt studs; military trousers, and shining leather boots; spurs were on the latter, and a whip was in his hand. Part of the face was very clean; but by some law of nature the dirt that had retreated from one spot had affectionately attached itself to another. The cheeks were unexceptionable for Aby; but beneath the eyes and around the ears, and below the chin, the happy youth might still indulge his native love of grime. It is not the custom for historians to describe the inner clothing of their heroes. We are spared much pain in consequence.

At three minutes to twelve the worthies found themselves over against the Salisbury Hotel in Oxford Street. The agitation of the happy youth was visible; but the more experienced sire was admirably cool.

"There's the money, Aby," said he, handing over the three hundred pounds. "Be a man, and do the business cleverly. Don't be done out of the cash, and keep wide awake. If you've the slightest suspicion, rush to the door and pull off your hat. I shall look out for the signal. Don't think of me. I can take care of myself. Dere, listen, the clock's striking. Now go, my boy, and God bless you!"

True enough, the clock was sounding. Aby heard the last stroke of twelve, and then to leap across the road, and to bound into the house, was the work of an instant.

Now, although Mr Methusaleh Moses was, as we have said, admirably cool up to the moment of parting with his money, it by no means follows that he was equally at his ease after that painful operation had been performed. Avaricious and greedy, Methusaleh could risk a great deal upon the chance of great gains, and would have parted with ten times three hundred pounds to secure the profits which, as it seemed to him, were likely to result from the important business on hand. He could be extravagant in promising specula-

tions, although he denied himself ordinary comforts at his hearth. Strange feelings possessed him, however, as his son tore from him, and disappeared in the hotel. The money was out of his pocket, and in an instant might find itself in the pocket of another without an adequate consideration. Dismal reflection! Mr Methusaleh looked up to one of the hotel windows to get rid of it. The boy was inexperienced, and might be in the hands of sharpers, who would rub their hands and chuckle again at having done the "knowing Jew." Excruciating thought! Mr Methusaleh visibly perspired as it came and went. The boy himself was hardly to be trusted. He had been the plague of Mr Melthusaleh's life since the hour of his birth—was full of tricks, and might have schemes to defraud his natural parent of his hard-earned cash, like any stranger to his blood or tribe. As this suspicion crossed the old man's brain, he clenched his fist unconsciously, and gnashed his teeth, and knit his brow, and felt as murderers feel when the hot blood is rampant, and gives a tone of justice to the foulest crime. A quarter of an hour passed in this distressing emotion. Mr Methusaleh would have sworn it was an hour, if he had not looked at his watch. Not for one moment had he withdrawn his eager vision from that hanging door, which opened and shut at every minute, admitting and sending forth many human shapes, but not the one he longed yet feared to see. The old man's eyes ached with the strain, and wearying anxiety. One good hour elapsed, and there stood Mr Moses. He was sure his boy was still in the house. He had watched every face closely that had entered and issued. Could he have mistaken Aby? Impossible! I would have given a great deal to read the history of the old man's mind during that agitated sixty minutes! I believe he could have called to recollection every form that had passed either into or out of the hotel, all the time that he had been on duty. How he watched and scanned some faces! One or two looked sweetly and satisfactorily ingenuous—the very men to spend money faster than they could get it, and to need the benevolent aid that Mr Moses was ready to

afford them. Methusaleh's spirits and confidence rose tremendously at such appearances. One after the other was silently pronounced "the real Lord Downy." Then came two or three sinister visages—faces half muffled up, with educated features, small cunning eyes, and perhaps green spectacles—conspirators every one—villains who had evidently conspired to reduce Mr Moses's balance at his banker's, and to get fat at his expense. Down went the spirits faster than they had mounted. The head, as well as eyes of Mr Moses, now was aching.

His troubles grew complicated. Have we said that the general appearance of Mr Moses, senior, was such as not to inspire immediate confidence on the part of mankind in general, and police-officers in particular? It should have been mentioned. The extraordinary conduct of the agitated little gentleman had not failed to call forth the attention and subsequent remarks of those who have charge of the public peace. First, he was asked, "What business he had there?" Then he was requested "to move on." What a request to make at such a moment! *Move on!* Would that thoughtless policeman have given Mr Moses three hundred precious sovereigns to put himself in locomotion? Not he. Then came two or three mysterious individuals, travellers apparently from the east, with long beards, heavy bags on their backs, and sonorous voices, who had evidently letters of introduction to Methusaleh, for they deposited their burdens before him as they passed, and entered with him into friendly conversation, or rather sought to do so; for he was proof against temptation, and, for the first time in his life, not to be charmed by any eastern talk of "first-rate bargains," and victories obtained, by guile, over Christian butlers and such like serving-men. The more the strangers surrounded him, the more he bobbed his head, and fixed his piercing eye upon the door that wrought him so much agony.

An hour and a half! Exactly thirty minutes later than the time prescribed by Aby! Oh, foolish old

man, to part with his money! He turned pale as death with inward grief, and resolved to wait no longer for the faithless child. Not faithless, old Methusaleh—for, look again! The old man rubs his eyes, and can't believe them. He has watched so long in vain for that form, that he believes his disordered vision now creates it. But he deceives himself. Aby indeed appears. His hands are a hundred miles away from his hat, and a smile sits on the surface of his countenance. "Oh, he has done the trick! Brave boy, good child!" A respectable gentleman is at his side. Methusaleh does not know him, but the reader recognises that much-to-be-pitied personage, Lord Downy. Oh, how greedily Methusaleh watches them both! "Capital boy; an out-and-outer." Mr Moses "wishes he may die" if he isn't. But, suddenly, the arm and hand of the youth is raised. Old Moses' heart is in his mouth in no time. He prepares to run to his child's assistance; but the hand stops midway between the waistcoat and the hat, and—hails a cab. Lord Downy enters the vehicle; Aby follows, and away it drives. Methusaleh's cab is off the stand quite as quickly. "Follow dat cab to h—I, my man!" says he; jumps in, and never loses sight of number forty-five.

Number forty-five proceeded leisurely down Regent Street; along Charing Cross, and Parliament Street, until it arrived at a quiet street in Westminster, at the corner of which it stopped. Close behind it, pulled up the vehicle of old Methusaleh. Lord Downy and Aby entered a house within a few yards of it, and, immediately opposite, the indefatigable sire once more took up his position. Here, with a calm and happy spirit, the venerable Moses reflected on the past and future—made plans of retiring from business, and of living, with his fortunate Aby, in rural luxury and ease, and congratulated himself on the moral training he had given his son, and which had no doubt led to his present noble eminence. During this happy reverie there appeared at the door of the house in which the Moses family

were at present interested, a man of fashionable exterior—a baronet at the very least. He had a martial air and bushy whiskers—his movements all the ease of nature added to the grace of art. The plebeian Moses felt an involuntary respect for the argust presence, and, in the full gladness of his heart, took off his hat in humble reverence. We promised the reader one glimpse of the incomparable Warren de Fitzalbert. He has obtained it. That mysterious individual acknowledges the salutation of the Hebrew, and, smiling on him graciously, passes on. Methusaleh rubs his hands, and has a foretaste of his coming dignity.

Another ten minutes of unmingled joy, and Aby is at the door. His carefully combed hair is all dishevelled; his limbs are shaking; his cheeks bloodless; and, oh, worse than all, the fatal hat is wildly waving in the air! Methusaleh is struck with a thunderbolt; but he is stunned for an instant only. He dashes across the road, seizes his lawfully begotten by the throat, and drags him like a log into the passage.

"Shpeak, shpeak! you blackguard, you villain!" exclaimed the man.

"My money, my money!"

"Oh, father!" answered the strippling, "they have robbed us—they have taken advantage of me. I aint to blame; oh Lor'! oh Lor'!"

The little man threw his boy from him with the strength of a giant and the anger of a fiend. The unhappy Aby spun like a top into the corner of the passage.

"Show me the man," cried Methusaleh, "as has got my money. Take me to him, you fool, you ass; let me have my revenge; or I'll be the death of you."

Aby crawled away from his father, rose, and then bade his father follow him. The father did as he was directed. He ascended a few stairs, and entered a room on the first floor. The only living object he saw there was Lord Downy. His lordship was very pale, and as agitated as any of the party; but his agitation did not save him from the assaults of the defrauded Israelite. The old man had scarcely caught sight of his prey

before he pounced upon him like a panther.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed his lordship, in amazement.

"My money!"

"Who are you?" said Lord Downy.

"My money!" repeated Moses, furiously. "Give me my money! Three hundred pounds—bank notes! I have got the numbers; I've stopped the payment. Give me my money!"

"Is this your son, sir?" said Lord Downy, pointing to the wretched Aby, who stood in a corner of the apartment, looking like a member of the swell mob, very sea-sick.

"Never mind him!" cried the old man, energetically. "The money is mine, not his'n. I gave it him to take up a bill. If you have seduced him here, and robbed him of it, it's transportation. I know the law. It's the penal settlements!"

"Good heaven, sir! What language do you hold to me?"

"Never mind my language. It will be worse by and by. Dis matter shall be settled before the magistrate. Come along to Bow Street!"

And so saying, Mr Moses, who all this time had held his lordship fast by the collar of his coat, urged him forwards to the door.

"I tell you, sir," said the nobleman, "whoever you may be, you are labouring under a mistake. I am not the person that you take me for. I am a peer of the realm."

"If you vos the whole House of Commons," continued Methusaleh, without relaxing his grasp, "vith Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Vellington into the pargain, you should go to Bow Street. Innoshent men aint to be robbed like thieves."

"Oh, heaven! my position! What will the world say?"

"That you're a d—d rogue, sir, and shwindled a gentleman out of his money."

"Listen to me for one moment," said Lord Downy, earnestly, "and I will accompany you whithersoever you please. Believe me, you are mistaken. If you have suffered wrong through me, I am, at least, innocent. Nevertheless, as far as I am able, justice shall be done you."

Mr Moses set his prisoner at liberty. "There, sir," said he, "I am a man of peace. Give me the three hundred pounds, and I'll say no more about it."

"We are evidently playing at cross purposes," said the nobleman. "Suffer me, Mr —," His lordship stopped.

"Oh, you knows my name well enough. It's Mr Moses."

"Then, Mr Moses," continued Lord Downy, "suffer me to tell my story, and then favour me with yours."

"Go on, sir," said Methusaleh. "Mind, vot you says vill go as evidence agin you. I don't ask you to speak. I don't want to compromise."

"I have nothing but truth to utter. Some days ago I saw an advertisement in the newspaper, offering to advance money to gentlemen on their personal security. I answered the advertisement, and the following day received a visit from Mr Fitzalbert, the advertiser. I required a thousand pounds. He had not the money, he said, at his command; but a young friend of his, for whom, indeed, he acted as agent, would advance the sum as soon as all preliminaries were arranged. We did arrange the preliminaries, as I believe, to Mr Fitzalbert's perfect satisfaction, and this morning was appointed for a meeting and a settlement."

"Yes; but didn't you promise to get me a situation," interposed Aby from the corner, in a tremulous tone.

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" exclaimed Methusaleh. "Read that letter," he continued, turning to Lord Downy, and presenting him with the note addressed to Moses, junior, by Warren de Fitzalbert. Lord Downy read it with unfeigned surprise, and shook his head when he had finished.

"It is my usual fate," he said, with a sigh. "I have fallen again into the hands of a sharper. Mr Moses, we have been both deceived. I have nothing to do with rods, blue or black. I am not able to procure for your worthy son any appointment whatever. I never engaged to do so. The letter is a lie from beginning to end, and this Mr Fitzalbert is a clever rogue and an impostor."

Mr Moses, senior, turned towards his son one of those expressive looks

which Aby, in his boyhood, had always translated—"a good thrashing, my fine fellow, at the first convenient opportunity." Aby, utterly beaten by disappointment, vexation, and fear, roared like a distressed bear.

"Come, come!" said Lord Downy; "matters may not be as bad as they seem. The lad has been cruelly dealt by. I will take care to set him right. I received of your three hundred pounds this morning, Mr Moses, two hundred and fifty; the remaining fifty were secured by Mr Fitzalbert as a bonus. That sum is here. I have the most pressing necessity for it; but I feel it is not for me to retain it for another instant. Take it. I have five-and-twenty pounds more at the Salisbury hotel, which, God knows, it is almost ruin to part with, but they are yours also, if you will return with me. I give you my word I have not, at the present moment, another sixpence in the world. I have a few little matters, however, worth ten times the amount, which I beg you will hold in security, until I discharge the remaining five-and-twenty pounds. I can do no more."

"Vell, as you say, ve have been both deceived by a great blackguard, and by that ere jackass in the corner. You've shpoken like a gentleman, vich is always gratifying to the feelings. To show you that I am not to be outdone in generosity, I accept your terms."

Lord Downy was not moved to tears by this disinterested conduct on the part of Mr Moses, but he gladly availed himself of any offer which would save him from exposure. A few minutes saw them driving back to Oxford Street; Methusaleh and Lord Downy occupying the inside of a cab, whilst Aby was mounted on the box. The features of the interesting youth were not visible during the journey, by reason of the tears that he shed, and the pocket-handkerchief that was held up to receive them.

A little family plate, to the value of a hundred pounds, was, after much haggling from Methusaleh, received as a pledge for the small deficiency; which, by the way, had increased since the return of the party to the Salisbury Hotel, to thirty-four pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence; Mr

Moses having first left it to Lord Downy's generosity to give him what he thought proper for his trouble in the business, and finally made out an account as follows—

Commission, . . .	L.5	0	0
Loss of time, . . .	2	0	0
Do., Aby, . . .	2	0	0
Hire of cab, . . .	0	15	6
	L.9	15	6

"I hope you thinks," said Methusaleh, packing up the plate, "that I have taken no advantage. Five hundred pounds wouldn't pay me for all as I have suffered in mind this blessed day, let alone the year and tear of body."

Lord Downy made no reply. He was heartsick. He heard upon the stairs, footsteps which he knew to belong to Mr Ireton. That gentleman, put off from day to day with difficulty and fearful bribes, was not the man to melt at the tale which his lordship had to offer instead of cash, or to put up with longer delay. His lordship threw himself into a chair, and awaited the arrival of his creditor with as much calmness as he could assume. The door opened, and Mr Mason entered. He held in his hand a letter, which had arrived by that morning's post. The writing was known. Lord Downy trembled from head to foot as he broke the seal, and read the glad tidings that met his eye. His uncle, the Earl of —, had received his appeal, and had undertaken to discharge his debts, and to restore him to peace and happiness. The Earl of —, a member of the government, had obtained for his erring nephew an appointment abroad,

which he gave him, in the full reliance that his promise of amendment should be sacredly kept.

"It shall! it shall!" said his lordship, bursting into tears, and enjoying, for the first time in his life, the bliss of liberty. Need we say that Mr Ireton, to his great surprise, was fully satisfied, and Mr Moses in receipt of his thirty-four pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence, long before he cared to receive the money? These things need not be reported, nor need we mention how Lord Downy kept faith with his relative, and, once rid of his disreputable acquaintances, became himself a reputable and useful man.

Moses and Son dissolved their connexion upon the afternoon of that day which had risen so auspiciously for the junior member. When Methusaleh had completed the packing up of Lord Downy's family plate, he turned round and requested Aby not to sit there like a wretch, but to give his father a hand. He was not sitting there either as a wretch or in any other character. The youth had taken his opportunity to decamp. Leaving the hotel, he ran as fast as he could to the parental abode, and made himself master of such loose valuables as might be carried off, and turned at once into money. With the produce of this stolen property, Aby extravagantly purchased a passage to New South Wales. Landing at Sydney, he applied for and obtained a situation at the theatre. His face secured him all the "sentimental villains;" and his success fully entitles him, at the present moment, to be regarded as the "acknowledged hero" of "domestic (Sydney) melodrama."

VICHYANA.

No watering-place so popular in France as Vichy; in England few so little known! Our readers will therefore, we doubt not, be glad to learn something of the *sources* and *resources* of Vichy; and this we hope to give them, in a general way, in our present Vichyana. What further we may have to say hereafter, will be chiefly interesting to our medical friends, to whom the *waters* of Vichy are almost as little known as they are to the public at large. The name of the town seems to admit, like its waters, of analysis; and certain grave antiquaries dismember it accordingly into two Druidical words, "Gurch" and "I;" corresponding, they tell us, to our own words, "Power" and "Water;" which, an' it be so, we see not how they can derive *Vichy* from this source. Others, with more plausibility, hold Vichy to be a corruption of *Vicus*. That these springs were known to the Romans is indisputable; and, as they are marked *Aquæ calidæ* in the Theodosian tables, they were, in all probability, frequented; and the word *Vicus*, Gallicised into Vichy, would then be the designation of the hamlet or watering-place raised in their neighbourhood. Two of the principal springs are close upon the river; ascertaining, with tolerable precision, not only the position of this *Vicus*, but also of the ancient bridge, which, in the time of Julius Cæsar, connected, as it now does, the town with the road on the opposite bank of the Allier, (Alduer

fl.,) leading to Augusta Nemetum, or Clermont. The road on *this* side of the bridge was then, as now, the high one (*via regia*) to Lugdunum, or Lyons.

Vichy, if modern geology be correct, was not always *thus* a watering-place; but seems, for a long period, to have been a *place under water*. The very stones prate of Neptune's whereabouts in days of langsyne. No one who has seen what heaps of *rounded* pebbles are gleaned from the corn-fields, or become familiar with the copious remains of *fresh water* shells and insects, which are kneaded into the calcareous deposits a little below the surface of the soil, can help fetching back in thought an older and drearier dynasty. Vulcan here, as in the Phlegrian and Avernian plains, succeeded with great labour, and not without reiterated struggles, in wresting the region from his uncle, and proved himself the better earth-shaker of the two; first, by means of subterranean fires, he threw up a great many small islands, which, rising at his bidding, as thick as mushrooms after a thunder-storm, broke up the continuous expanse of water into lakes; and by continual perseverance in this plan, he at last rescued the *whole* plain from his antagonist, who, marshaling his remaining forces into a narrow file, was fain to retreat under the high banks of the Allier, and to evacuate a large tract of country, which had been his own for many centuries.

NATURAL HISTORY, &c.

The natural history of Vichy—that is, so much of it as those who are not naturalists will care to know—is given in a few sentences. Its Fauna contains but few kinds of quadrupeds, and no great variety of birds; amongst reptiles again, while snakes abound as to number, the variety of species is small. You see but few fish at market or at table; and a like defi-

ciency of land and fresh water mollusks is observable; while, in compensation for all these deficiencies, and in consequence, no doubt, of some of them, insects abound. So great, indeed, is the superfoetation of these tribes, that the most unwearying collector will find, all the summer through, abundant employment for his *two* nets. If the Fauna, immediately

around Vichy, must be conceded to be small, her Flora, till recently, was much more copious and interesting; *was*—since an improved agriculture, here as every where, has rooted out, in its progress, many of the original occupants of the ground, and colonized it with others—training hollyhocks and formal sunflowers to supplant pretty Polygalas and soft Eufrasies; and instructing Ceres so to fill the open country with her standing armies, that Flora, *outbearded* in the plain, should retire for shelter to the hills, where she now holds her court. Spring sets in early at Vichy; sometimes in the midst of *February* the surface of the hills is already hoar with almond blossoms. Early in April, anemones and veronicas dapple the greensward; and the willows, deceived by the promise of warm weather, which is not to last, put forth their *blossoms* prematurely, and a month later put forth *their leaves* to weep over them. By the time May has arrived, the last rude easterly gale, so prevalent here during the winter months, has swept by, and there is to be no more cold weather; tepid showers vivify the ground, an exuberant botany begins and continues to make daily claims both on your notice and on your memory; and so on till the swallows are gone, till the solitary *tree aster* has announced October, and till the pale petals of the autumnal colchicum begin to appear; a month after Gouts

and Rheumatisms, for which they grow, have left Vichy and are returned to Paris for the winter. We arrived long before this, in the midst of the butterfly month of July. It was warm enough then for a more southern summer, and both insect and vegetable life seemed at their acme. The flowers, even while the scythes were gleaming that were shortly to unfound their several pretensions in that leveller of all distinctions, *Hay*, made great muster, as if it had been for some horticultural show-day. Amongst them we particularly noticed the purple orchis and the bonied daffodil, fly-swarmed and bee-beset, and the stately thistle, burnished with many a *panting goldfinch*, resting momentarily from his butterfly hunt, and clinging timidly to the slender stem that bent under him. Close to the river were an immense number of *yellow lilies*, who had placed themselves there for the sake, as it seemed, of trying the effect of *hydrophathy* in improving their *complexions*. But what was most striking to the eye was the appearance of the immense white flowers (whitened sepulchres) of the *Datura stramonium*, growing high out of the shingles of the river; and on this same Seriphus, outlawed from the more gentle haunts of their innocuous brethren, congregated his associates, the other prisoners, of whom, both from his size and bearing, he is here the chief!

THE CONTRAST.

What a change from the plains of Latium!—a change as imposing in its larger and more characteristic features, as it is curious in its minutest details; and who that has witnessed the return of six summers calling into life the rank verdure of the Colosseum, can fail to contrast these jocund revels of the advancing year in this gay region of France, with the blazing Italian summers, coming forth with no other herald or attendant than the gloomy green of the "*hated cypress*," and the unrelieved glare of the interminable Campagna? Bright, indeed, was that Italian heaven, and deep beyond all language was its blue; but the spirit of transitory and changeable creatures

is quelled and overmastered by this permanent and immutable scene! It is like the contrast between the dappled sky of cheerful morning, when eye and ear are on the alert to catch any transitory gleam and to welcome each distant echo, and the awful immovable stillness of noon, when Pan is sleeping, and will be wroth if he is awakened, when the whole life of nature is still, and we look down shuddering into its unfathomable depth! Standing on the heights of Tusculum, or on the sacred pavement of the Latian Jupiter, every glance we send forth into the objects around us, returns laden with matter to cherish forebodings and despondencies. The

ruins speak of an immovable past, the teeming growths which mantle them, the abundant source of future malaria, of a destructive future, and *activity*, the only spell by which we can evoke the cheerful spirit of the present—activity within us, or around us, there is *none*. What wonder if we now feel as though the weight of all those grim ruins had been heaved from off the mind, and left it buoyant and eager to greet the present as though we were but the creatures of it! Whatever denizen of the vegetable or the animal kingdom we were familiar with in Italy and miss hereabouts, is replaced by some more cheerful race. What a *variety* of trees! and how various their *shades* of green! Though not equal to thy pines, Pamfili, and to thy fair cypresses, Borghese, whose feet lie cushioned in crocuses and anemones, yet a fine tree is the poplar; and yonder, extending for a couple of miles, is an avenue of their stateliest masts. The leaves of those nearest to us are put into a tremulous movement by a breeze too feeble for our skins to feel it; and as the rustling foliage from above gently *purrs* as instinct with life from *within*, this peculiar sound comes back to us like a voice we have heard and forgotten. No “marble wilderness” or olive-darkened upland, no dilapidated “Osterie,” famine within doors and fever without, here press desolation into the service of the picturesque. Neither here have we those huge masses of arched brickwork, consolidated with Roman cement, pierced by wild fig-trees, crowned with pink valerians or acanthus, and giving issue to companies of those gloomy funeral-paced insects of the *Melasome*

family, (the *Avis*, the *Pimelia*, and the *Blaps*,) whose dress is *deep mourning*, and whose favoured haunt is the tomb! But in their place, a richly endowed, thickly inhabited plain, filled with cottages and their gardens, farms and their appurtenances, ponds screaming with dog-defying geese, and barnyards commingling all the mixed noises of their live stock together. Encampments of ants dressed out in uniforms quite unlike those worn by the *Formicary* legions in Italy; gossamer cradles nursing progenies of our *Cisalpine* caterpillars, and spiders with new arrangements of their *eight pairs of eyes*, forming new arrangements of meshes, and *hunting* new flies, are here. Here too, once again, we behold, not without emotion, (for, *small* as he is, this creature has conjured up to us former scenes and associations of eight years ago,) that tiny light-blue butte fly, that hovers over our ripening corn, and is not known but as a stranger, in the south; also, that minute diamond beetle* who always plays at bo-peep with you from behind the leaves of his favourite hazel, and the burnished corslet and metallic elytra of the pungent unsavoury *gold beetle*;† while we miss the *grillus* that leaps from hedge to hedge; the thirsty dragon-fly, restless and rustling on his silver wings; the hoarse cicadæ, whose “time-honoured” noise you *durst* not find fault with, even if you would, and which you come insensibly to like; and that huge long-bodied hornet,‡ that angry and terrible disturber of the peace, borne on wings, as it were, of the wind, and darting through space like a meteor!

MISCELLANEA.

Though the “Flora” round about Vichy be, as we have said it is, very rich and various, it attracts no attention. The fat *Boeotian* cattle that feed upon it, look upon and *ruminate* with more complacency over it than the ordinary visitors of the place. The only flowers the ladies cultivate

an acquaintance with, are those manufactured in Paris; *artificial* passion flowers, and false “forget-me-nots,” which are about as true to nature as they that wear them. Of fruits every body is a judge; and those of a sub-acid kind—the only ones permitted by the doctors to the patients

* *Polydrusus sericea*.

† *Carabus auratus*.

‡ *Scholia flavicomis*.

—are in great request. Foremost amongst them, after the month of June, are to be reckoned the dainty fresh-dried fruits from Clermont; of which, again, the prepared pulp of the mealy wild apricot of the district is the best. This *pâté d'abricot* is justly considered by the French one of the best *friandises* they have, and is not only sold in every *département* there, but finds its way to England also. Eaten, as we ate it, fresh from Clermont twice a-week, it is soft and pulpy; but soon becoming candied, loses much of its fruity flavour, and is converted into a sweetmeat.

We should not, in speaking of Vichy to a friend, ever designate it as a *comfortable* resort for a family; which, according to our English notion of the thing, implies both privacy and detachment. Here you can have neither. You must consider yourself as so much public property, must do what others do—*i. e.* live in public, and make the best of it. No place can be better off for hotels, and few so ill off for lodgings—the latter are only to be had in small dingy houses opening upon the street. They are, of course, very noisy; nor are the letters of them at any pains to induce you by the modesty of their demands to drop a veil over this defect. Defect, quotha! say, rather misery, plague, torture. Can any word be an over-exaggeration for an incessant *tintamarre*, of which dogs, ducks, and drums are the leading instruments, enough to try the most patient ears? The hotels begin to receive candidates for the waters in May; but the season is

reputed not to commence till a month later, and ends with September. During this period, many thousand visitors, including some of the ministers of the day; a royal duke; half the Institute; poets, a few; *hommes des lettres*, many; *agents de change*, most of all; deputies, wits, and dandies; in fact, all the *élite*, both of Paris and of the provinces, pay the same sum of seven francs per man, per diem; and, with the exception of the duke, assemble, not to say fraternize, at the same table. But though the guests be not formal, the “Mall,” where every body walks, is extremely so. A very broad right-angled intersected by broad staring paths, cut across by others into smaller squares, compels you either to be forever throwing off at right angles to your course, or to turn out of the enclosure. When the proclamation for the opening of the season has been *tamboured* through the streets—with the doctors rests the announcement of the day—immediately orders are issued for clean *shaving* the grass-plats, lopping off redundant branches, to recall the growth of trees to sound orthopedic principles, and to reduce that wilderness of impertinent forms, wherewith nature has disfigured her own productions, into the figures of pure geometry! Hither, into this out-of-doors drawing-room, at the fashionable hour of four P.M., are poured out, from the *embouchures* of all the hotels, all the inhabitants of them; all the tailor's gentlemen of the Boulevard des Italiens, and all the *modisterie* of the Tuileries.

OUR AMUSEMENTS.

Pair by pair, as you see them *costumés* in the fashions of the month; pinioned arm to arm, but looking different ways; leaning upon polished reeds as light and as expensive as themselves—behold the chivalry of the land! The hand of *Barde* is discernible in their *paletots*. The spirit of *Staub* hovers over those *flowery waistcoats*; who but *Sahoski* shall claim the curious felicity of *those heels*? and Hippolyte has come bodily from Paris on purpose to do their hair. “*Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot*

qui l'admire,” says Boileau, and here, in supply exactly equal to the demand, come forth, rustling and *bustling* to see them, bevvies of long-tongued belles, who ever, as they walk and meet their acquaintance, are announcing themselves in swift alternation “*charmées*,” with a blank face, and “*toutes desolées*,” with the *best good-will*! Here you learn to value a red riband at its “*juste prix*,” which is just what it will fetch per ell; specimens of it in button-holes being as frequent as poppies amidst the corn. Pretending

to hide themselves from remark, which they intend but to provoke, here public characters do private theatricals a *little à l'écart*. Actors gesticulate as they rehearse their parts under the trees. Poets

"Rave and recite, and madden as they stand ;"

and honourable members read aloud from the *Débats* that has just arrived, the speech which they spoke yesterday "*en Députés*." Our promenade here lacks but a few more Saxon faces amidst the crowd, and a greater latitude of extravagance in some of its costumes, to complete the illusion, and to make you imagine that this public garden, flanked as it is on one side by a street of hotels, and on the opposite by the bank of the Allier, is the Tuilleries with its Sunday population sifted.

Twenty-five francs secures you admission to the "Cercle" or clubhouse, a large expensive building, which, like most buildings raised to answer a variety of ends, leaves the main one of architectural propriety wholly out of account. But when it is considered how many interests and caprices the architect had to consult, it may be fairly questioned, whether, so hampered, Vitruvius could have done it better; for the *ground floor* was to be cut up into corridors and bathing cells; while the ladies requested a ball and anteroom; and the gentlemen two "billiards" and a reading-room, with detached snuggeries for smoking—all on the *first floor*.

Public places, excepting the above-mentioned "Cercle," exist not at Vichy, and as nobody thinks of paying visits save only to the doctor and the springs, "*on s'ennui très considérablement à Vichy*." If it be true, that, in some of the lighter annoyances of life, fellowship is decidedly preferable to solitude, *ennui* comes not within the number—every attempt to divide it with one's neighbours only makes it worse; as Charles Lamb has described the *concert* of silence at a Quakers' meeting, the in-

tensity increases with the number, and every new accession raises the public stock of distress, which again redounds with a surplus to each individual, "*chacun en a son part, et tous l'ont tout entier*."* What a chorus of yawns is there; and mutual yawns, you know, are the dialogue of ennui. No wonder; for the physicians don't permit their patients to read any books but novels. They seek to array the "Understanding" against him who wrote so well concerning its laws; Bacon, as *intellectual food*, they consider difficult of digestion; and even for their own La Place there is no place at Vichy! Every unlucky headache contracted here, is placed to the account of *thinking* in the bath. If Dr P—— suspects any of his patients of thinking, he asks them, like Mrs Malaprop, "what business they have to think?" "*Vous êtes venu ici pour prendre les eaux, et pour vous desennuyer, non pas pour penser! Que le Diable emporte la Pensée!*" And so he does accordingly!

How we got through the twenty-four hours of each day, is still a problem to us; after making due deductions for the time consumed in eating, drinking, and sleeping. Occasionally we tried to "*beat time*" by *versifying* our own and our neighbours' "experiences" of Vichy. But soon finding the "*quicquid agunt homines*" of those who in fact did nothing, was beyond our powers of *description*, gave up, as abortive, the attempt to maintain our "suspended animation" on means so artificial and precarious. When little is to be told, few words will suffice. If the word fisherman be derived from *fishing*, and not from *fish*, we had a great many such fishermen at Vichy; who, though they could neither scour a worm, nor splice the rod that their clumsiness had broken, nor dub a fly, nor land a fish of a pound weight, if any such had had the mind to try them, were vain enough to beset the banks of the Allier at a very early hour in the morning. As they all fished with "flying lines," in order to escape the fine imposed on those that are *shot-*

* Victor Hugo's beautiful line on *maternal affection*.

red, and seemed to prefer standing in their own light—a rare fault in Frenchmen—with their backs to the sun; the reader will readily understand, if he be an angler, what sport they might expect. Against them and *their lines*, we quote a few *lines* of our own spinning:—

Now full of hopes, they loose the lengthing twine,
Bait harmless hooks, and launch a *leadless* line!
Their shadows on the stream, the sun behind—
Egregious anglers! are the fishes blind?
Gull'd by the sportings of the frisking bleak,
That now assemble, now disperse, in freak;
They see not *deeper*, where the quick-eyed trout,
Has chang'd his route, and turned him quick about;
See not those scudding shoals, that mend their pace,
Of frighten'd bream, and silvery darting dace!
Baffled at last, they quit the ungrateful shore,
Curse what they fail to catch—and fish no more!
Yet fish there be, though these unsporting wights
Affect to doubt what Rondolittier* writes;
Who tells, "how, moved by soft Cremona's string,
Along these banks he saw the *Allice* spring;
Whilst active hands, t' anticipate their fall,
Spread wide their nets, and draw an ample haul."

Our sportsmen do not confine themselves to the gentle art of angling—they *shoot* also; and some of them even acquire a sort of celebrity for the precision of their aim. This class of sportsmen may be divided into the *in*, and the *out-door* marksmen. *These*,

innocuous, and confining their operations principally to small birds in trees; those, to the knocking the heads off small plaster figures from a stand. The following brief notice of *them* we transcribe from our Vichy note-book:—

Those of bad blood, and mischievously gay,
Haunt "*tirs au pistolets*," and kill—the day!
There, where the rafters tell the frequent crack,
To fire with steady hand, acquire the *knack*,
From rifle barrels, twenty feet apart,
On gypsum warriors exercise their art,
Till ripe proficient, and with skill elate,
Their aimless mischief turns to deadly hate.
Perverted spirits; reckless, and unblest;
Ye slaves to lust; ye duellists profess'd;
Vainer than woman; more unclean than hogs;
Your life the felon's; and your death the dog's!
Fight on! while honour disavow your brawl,
And outraged courage disapprove the call—
Till, steep'd in guilt, the devil sees his time,
And sudden death shall close a life of crime.

In front of some of the hotels you always observe a number of persons engaged successively in throwing a ring, with which each endeavours to encircle a knife handle, on a board, stuck all over with blades. If he

succeeds, he may pocket the knife; if not he pays half a franc, and is free to throw again. It is amusing to observe how many half franc pieces a Frenchman's vanity will thus permit him to part with, before he gives

* Rondolittier was a celebrated ichthyologist and sportsman of the old school; and those desirous of further information respecting the capture of fish by "fiddling to them," may be referred to his work on fishes, *ad locum*.

over, consigning the ring to its owner, and the blades to his electrical anathema of "*mille tonnerres!*" A little farther on, just beyond the enclosure, is another knot of people. What are they about? They are congregated to see what passengers embark or disembark (their voyage accomplish-

ed) from the gay vessels, the whirligigs or merry-go-rounds (which is the classical expression, let *purists* decide *for themselves*) which, gaily painted as a Dutch humming-top, sail overhead, and go round with the rapidity of windmills.

In hopes to cheat their nation's fiend, "Ennui,"
These cheat themselves, and *seem* to go to sea!
 Their galley launch'd, its rate of sailing fast,
 Th' *Equator* soon, and soon the *Poles* they've past,
 And here they come to anchorage at last!
These, tightly stirr'd on a wooden horse,
 Ride at a ring—and spike it, as they course.
 Thus with the aid that ships and horses give,
 Life passes on; 'tis labour, but they live.—
 And some lead "*bouledogues*" to the water's edge,
 There hunt, à l'*Anglais*, rats amidst the sedge;
 And some to "*pedicures*" present—their corns,
 And some at open windows practise—horns!
 In noisy trictrac, or in quiet whist,
 These pass their time—and, to complete our list,
 There are who flirt with milliners or books,
 Or else with nature 'mid her meads and brooks.

But Gauthier's was our lounge, and therefore, in common gratitude, are we bound particularly to describe it. Had we been Dr Darwin we had done

it better. As it is, the reader must content himself with *Scuola di Darwin*—

In Gauthier's shop, arranged in storied box
 Of triple epoch, we survey the rocks,
 A learned nomenclature! Behold in time
 Strange forms imprison'd, forms of every clime!
 The Sauras quaint, daguerrotyped on slate,
 Obsolete birds and mammoths out of date;
 Colossal bones, that, once before our flood,
 Were clothed in flesh, and warm'd with living blood;
 And tiny creatures, crumbling into dust,
 All mix'd and kneaded in one common crust!
 Here tempting shells exhibit mineral stores,
 Of crystals bright and scintillating ores!
 Of milky *mesotypes*, the various sorts,
 The *blister'd silex* and the *smoke-stain'd quartz*;
 Thy *phosphates lead*! bedeck'd with *needles green*,
 Of *Elbas speculum* the *steely sheen*,
 Of *copper ores*, the poison'd "*greens*" and "*blues*,"
 Dark *Bismuth's cubes*, and Chromium's *changing hues*.

Here, too, (emblematical of our own position with respect to Ireland,) we see *silver alloyed with lead*. In the "repeal of such union," where the *silver* has every thing to *gain* and the *lead* every thing to *lose*, it is remarkable at what a *very dull heat* ('tis scarcely superior to that by which O'Connell manages to inflame Ireland) the *baser metal* melts, and would forsake the other, by its incorporation

with which it derives so large a portion of its intrinsic value, whatever that may be!

Here, too, we pass in frequent review a vast series of casts from the antique; they come from Clermont, and are produced by the dripping of water, strongly impregnated with the carbonate of lime, on moulds placed under it with this view. Some of these impressions were coarse and

rusty, owing to the presence of iron in the water; but where the necessary precautions had been taken to precipitate this, the casts came out with a highly polished surface, together with a sharpness of outline and a precision of detail, that left no room for competition to *Odellis*, else unrivalled Roman casts, which, confronted with these, look like impressions of impressions derived through a hundred successive stages; add, too, that these have the *solid* advan-

tage over the others of being in marble in place of washed sulphur.

Thus much concerning *us* and *our* pastimes, from which it will have appeared that the *gentlemen* at Vichy pass half the day in *nothings*, the other half in *nothing*. As to the ladies, who lead the same kind of out doors life with us, and only don't smoke or play billiards, we see and note as much of their occupations or listlessness as we list.

In unzoned robes, and loosest dishabille,
They show the world they've nothing to conceal!
But sit abstracted in their own *George Sand*,
And dote on Vice in sentiment so bland!
To necklaced Pug appropriate a chair,
Or sit alone, *knit, shepherdise, and stare!*
These seek for *fashion* in a *mourning dress*,
(*Becoming* mourning makes affliction less.)
With mincing manner, both of ton and town,
Some lead their *Brigand* children up and down;
Invite attention to small girls and boys,
Dress'd up like dolls, a silly mother's toys;
Or follow'd by their *Bonne, in Norman cap*,
Affect to take their first-born to their lap—
To gaze enraptured, think you, on a face,
In which a husband's lineaments they trace?
Smiling, to win the notice of their elf?
No! but to draw the gaze of crowds on *Self*.

Sunday, which is always in France a *jour de fête*, and a *jour de bal* into the bargain, is kept at Vichy, and in its neighbourhood, with great appa-

rent gaiety and enjoyment by the lower orders, who unite their several *arrondissements*, and congregate here together.

Comes Sunday, long'd for by each smart coquette,
Of Randan, Moulins, Ganat, and Cusset.
In Janus hats,* with beaks that point both ways,
Then lively rustics dance their gay *Bourrées*;†
With painted sabots strike the noisy ground,
While bagpipes squeal, and hurdy-gurdies sound.
Till sinks the sun—then stop—the poor man's fête
Begins not early, and must end not late.
Whilst Paris belle in costliest silk array'd,
Runs up, and walks in stateliest parade;
Each comely damsel insolently kens;
(So silver pheasants strut 'midst modest hens!)
And marvels much what men *can* find t' admire,
In such coarse hoydens, clad in such attire!

* These hats are very peculiar; they are highly ornamented with ribands, and have acquired, from their peculiarity in having a double front—"chapeaux a deux bonjours."

† For a lively description of this dance *vide* Madame de Sevigne's *Letters to her Daughter*. That ecstatic lady, who always wrote more or less under the influence of St Vitus, was in her time an *habituée* at Vichy.

And now 'tis night ; beneath the bright saloon,
 All eyes are raised to see the fire balloon,
 Till swells the silk 'midst acclamations loud,
 And the light lanthorn shoots above the crowd !
 Here, 'neath the lines, Hygeia's fount that shade,
 Smart booths allure the lounge on parade.
Bohemia's glass, and Nevers' beaded wares,
Millecour's fine lace, and Moulins' polish'd shears ;
 And crates of painted wicker without flaw,
 And fine mesh'd products of *Germania's* straw,
 Books of dull trifling, misnamed "reading light,"
 And foxy maps, and prints in damaged plight,
 Whilst up and down to rattling *castanettes*,
 The active hawker sells his "*oubliettes* !"

We have our shows at Vichy, and many an itinerant tent incloses something worth giving half a franc to see ; most of them we had already seen over and over again. What then ? one can't invent new monsters every year, nor perform new feats ; and so we pay our respects to the

walrus woman, and to the "anatomic *vivante*." We look up to the Swiss giantess, and down upon the French dwarf ; we inspect the feats of the village Milos, and of those equestrians, familiar to "every circus" at home and abroad, who

Ride four horses galloping ; then stoop,
 Vault from their backs, and spring thro' narrow hoop ;
 Once more alight upon their coursers' backs,
 Then follow, scampering round the oft trod tracks.
 And that far travell'd pig—that pig of parts,
 Whose eye aye glistens on *that* Queen of hearts ;
 While wondering visitors the feat regard,
 And tell by *looks* that that's the very card !

Behold, too, another curiosity in "notice" and of "note," which we natural history, well deserving of append accordingly—

From Auvergne's heights, their mother lately slain,
 Six surly wolf cubs by their owner ta'en ;
 Her own pups drown'd, a foster bitch supplies,
 And licks the churlish brood with fond maternal eyes ! *

* These wolves were six weeks old, in fine condition, and clung to the teats of their foster parent with wolf-like pertinacity. As long as she lay licking their little black bodies and dark chestnut heads, or permitted them to hide their sulky faces and ugly bare tails under her body, they lay quiet enough, but when she raised her emaciated form to stretch her legs, or to take an airing, at first they hung to her dugs by their teeth ; but gradually falling off, barked as she proceeded, and would snap at your fingers if you went to lay hold of them. Out of the six, one was gentle and affectionate, would lick your hand, slept with the owner, and played with his ears in the morning, without biting ; if his own ears were pulled, he took it as a dog would have done, and seemed to deprecate all unkindness by extreme gentleness of manner, for which he was finely bullied by his brother wolves accordingly. The bitch seemed equally attached to all the litter ; for *instinctive*, unlike *rational* affection, has no favourites. At first the wolves boarded in the same house with us, which afforded abundant opportunity for our visiting them, *a l'improvisto*, whenever we pleased. On one of these occasions we saw two rabbits, lately introduced into their society, crunching carrots, *demissis auribus*, and quite at their ease, while two little "wolves" were curiously snuffing about ; at first looking at the rabbits, and then *imitating* them, by taking up some

Finally, and to wind up—

Who dance on ropes, who rouged and roaring stand,
Who cheat the eyes by wondrous sleight of hand,
From whose wide mouth the ready riband falls,
Who swallow swords, or urge the flying balls,
Here with French poodles vie, and harness'd fleas,
Nor strive in vain our easy tastes to please.
Whilst rival pupils of the great Daguerre,
In rival shops, display their rivals fair!

OUR FIRST TABLE D'HÔTE DINNER AT VICHY.

We arrived at Vichy from Roanne just in time to dress for dinner. As every body dines *en table d'hôte*, we were not wrong in supposing that this would be a good opportunity for studying the habits, "*usages de société*" and what not, of a tolerably large party (fifty was to be the number) of the better class of French *propriétaires*. On entering the room, we found the guests already assembled; and everybody in full talk already, before the bell had done ringing, or the tureens been uncovered. The habit of general sufferance and free communion of tongue amongst guests at dinner, forms an agreeable episode in the life of him whom education and English reserve have *inured*, without ever reconciling, to a different state of things at home. The difference of the English and French character peeps out amusingly at this critical time of the day; when, oh! commend *us* to a Frenchman's vanity, however grotesque it may

sometimes be, rather than to our own reserve, shyness, formality, or under whatever other name we please to designate, and seek to hide its unamiable synonym, pride. Vanity, always a free, is not seldom an agreeable talker; but pride is ever laconic; while the few words he utters are generally so constrained and dull, that you would gladly absolve him altogether from so painful an effort as that of opening his mouth, or forcing it to articulate. Self-love may be a large ingredient in both pride and vanity; but the difference of comfort, according as you have to sit down with one or the other at table, is indeed great. For whilst pride sits stiff, guarded, and ungenial, *radiating coldness around him*, which requires at least a bottle of champagne and an arch coquette to disperse; vanity, on the other hand, being a *female*, (a sort of Mrs Pride,) has her *conquests to make*, and loves making them; and

of their *prog*, which tasting and not approving, they spat out—then, as if suspecting the rabbits to have been playing them a trick, one of them comes up stealthily, and brings his own nose in close proximity to that of one of the rabbits, who, quite unmoved at this act of familiarity, continues to munch on. The wolf contemplates him for a short time in astonishment, and seeing that the carrots actually disappear down his "*œsophagus*," returns to the other wolf to tell him so. His next step is to paw his friend a little, by way of encouraging him to advance. So encouraged he goes up, and straight lays hold of the rabbit's ear, and a pretty plaything it would have made had the rabbit been in the humour! In place of which he *humps* the ground with his hind legs, rises almost perpendicularly, and the next moment is down like lightning upon the head of the audacious wolf, who on thus unexpectedly receiving a double "*colaphus*" retreats, yelping! The other wolf is more successful; having crept up stealthily to the remaining rabbit, he seizes him by his furry rump—off bounds he in a fright, while the other plants himself down like a *sphinx*, erects his ears, and seems highly pleased at what he has been doing! We used sometimes to visit the wolves while they slept; on these occasions a slight whistle was at first sufficient to make them start upon their legs; at last, like most sounds with which the ear becomes familiar, they heard it passively. All our attempts to frighten the rabbits by noises *while they were engaged in munching*, proved unsuccessful.

accordingly must study the ways and means of pleasing; which makes *her* an agreeable *voisine* at table. As she never doubts either her own powers to persuade, or yours to appreciate them, her language is at once self-complacent, and full of good-will to her neighbour; whilst the vanity of a Frenchman thus leads him to seek popularity, it seems enough to an Englishman that he is one entitled to justify himself, in his own eyes, for being as disagreeable as he pleases.

On the present occasion, not to have joined in a conversation which was general, at whatever disadvantage we might have to enter into it, would, we felt, have been to subject ourselves to remark after dinner; so putting off restraint, and putting on the best face we could, we began at once to address some remarks to our neighbours. We were not aware at the moment how far the *Anglomania*, which began to prevail some seven years ago in Paris, had spread since we left the French capital. There it began, we remember, with certain members of the medical profession, who had learned to give calomel in *English* doses. The public next lauded Warren's blacking—*Cirage national de Warren*—and then proceeded to eat raw crumpets as an English article of luncheon. But things had gone farther since that time than we were prepared to expect. At the *table d'hôte* of to-day, we found every body had something civil to say about English products; frequently for no other reason than that they were English, it being obvious that they themselves had never seen the articles, whose excellence they all durst swear for, though not a man of them knew wherefore. We had not sat five minutes at table (the stringy *bouilli* was still going round) when a count, a gentleman used to good breeding and *feeding*, opened upon us with a compliment which we knew neither how to disclaim nor to appropriate, in declaring in presence of the table that he was a decided partisan for English "*Rosbiff*;" confirming his perfect sincerity to us, by a "*c'est vrai*," on perceiving some slight demur to the announcement at *mine host's* end of the table. We had scarce time to recover from this unexpected sally of

the count, when a young *notabilité*, a poet of the romantic school of France, whose face was very pale, who wore a Circassian profusion of black hair over his shoulders, a satin waistcoat over his breast, and Byronic (*næud Byron*) round his neck—permitted his muse to say something flattering to us across the table about Shakspeare. Again we had not what to say, nor knew how to return thanks for our "immortal bard;" and this, our shyness, we had the mortification to see was put down to *English coldness*; for how *could* we else have seemed so insensible to a compliment so personal? nor were we relieved from our embarrassment till a dark-whiskered man, in sporting costume, (who had brought every thing appertaining thereto to table except his gun, which was in a corner,) gave out, in a somewhat oracular manner, his opinion, that there were no sporting dogs *out of England*; whistling, as he spoke to Foxe, and to Miss Dashe, to rise and show their noses above the table! The countess next spoke tenderly of *English soap*, and almost sighed over the soft whiteness of her hands, which she indulgently attributed to the constant use of soap prepared by "*Mr Broun de Windsor*." This provoked a man of *cultivated* beard to declare, that he found it impossible to shave with any razors but *English "ones*;" concluding with this general remark on French and English manufactures, that the French *invented* things, but that the English improved them. (*Les Français inventent, mais les Anglais perfectionnent.*) Even English medicine found its advocates—here were we sitting in the midst of Dr Morison's patients! A lady, who had herself derived great advantage from their use, was desirous of knowing whether our Queen took them, or Prince Albert! It was also asked of us, whether Dr Morison (whom they supposed to be the court physician) was *Sir Dr Morison*, (Bart.,) or *tout simplement* doctor! and they spoke favourably of some other English inventions—as of Rogers' teeth, Rowland's macassar, &c.; and were continuing to do so, when a fierce-looking demagogue, seeing how things were going, and what concessions were being made, roused

himself angrily ; and, to show us that *he* at least was no Anglo-maniac, shot at us a look fierce as any bonassus ; while he asked, abruptly, what we thought in England of one whom he styled the "Demosthenes of Ireland"—looked at us for an answer. As it would have been unsafe to have answered *him* in the downright, off-hand manner, in which we like both to deal and to be dealt by, we professed that we knew but one Demosthenes, and he not an Irishman, but a Greek ; which, by securing us his contempt, kept us safe from the danger of something worse ; but, our Demosthenic friend excepted, it was a pleasant, unceremonious dinner ; and we acquitted ourselves just sufficiently well not to make any one feel we were in the way. A lady now asked, in a whisper, whom *we* look upon as the first poet, Shakspeare, Dumas, or Lord Byron ; and whether the *two* English poets were *both* dead. A reply from a more knowing friend saved our good breeding at this pinch. As a proof of our having made our own way amongst the guests at table, we may mention that one sallow gentleman, who had been surveying us once or twice already, at length invited us to tell him, across the table, what case is ours, and who our physician ? To be thus obliged to confess our weak organ in public is not pleasant ; but *every* body here does it, and what every body does must be right. A gentleman who speaks broken English favours the table with a conundrum. Another (the young poet) presents us with a brace of dramas, bearing the auspicious titles of "*La Mort de Socrate*," and "*Catilina Romantique*"—*of which anon*. But, before we rise from our dessert, here is the conundrum as it was proposed to us :—"What gentleman always follow what lady ?" Do you give it up ? *Sur-Prise* always follow *Misse-Take* !!

So much for our amusements at Vichy ; but our Vichyana would be incomplete, unless we added a few words touching those far-famed sources for which, and not for its amusements, so many thousands flock hither every year. The following, then, may be considered as a brief and desultory selection of such

remarks only as are likely to interest the general reader, from a body of notes of a more professional character, of which the destination is different :—Few springs have been so celebrated as those at Vichy, and no mineral waters, perhaps, have performed so many real "*Hohenlohes*," or better deserved the reputation they have earned and maintained, now for so many centuries ! Gentle, indeed, is their surgery ; they will penetrate to parts that no *steel* may reach, and do good, irrespective of persons, alike to Jew or Gentile ; but then they should be "*drunk on the premises*"—exported to a distance (and they are exported every where) they are found to have lost—their chemical constitution remaining unchanged—a good deal of their efficacy. Little, however, can Hygeia have to do with chemistry ; for the chemical analysis of *all* these springs is the same, while the *modus operandi* of each, in particular, is so distinct, that if gout ails you, you must go to the "*Grande grille* ;" if dyspepsia, to the "*Hôpital* ;" or, if yours be a kidney case, to the "*Celestius*," to be cured—facts which should long ago have convinced the man of retorts and crucibles at home (who affirms that 'tis but taking soda after all), that he speaks *beyond* his warrant. Did ever lady patroness, desirous of filling her rooms on a route night, invite to that end so many as Hygeia invites to come and benefit by these springs ? And what though she reserve the right of patent in their preparation to herself, does she not generously yield the products of her discovery in the restoration of health and comfort to thousands, whom neither nostrum nor prescription, the recipe nor the fiat, could restore ? In cases, too, beyond her control, does she not mitigate many sufferings that may not be removed ? To all that are galled with gall-stones, to those whom the *Chameleon litmus paper* of "*coming events casts their shadows before* ;" to Indian *livers* condemned, else hopelessly, to the fate of Prometheus, preyed upon by that vulture *Hepatitis*, in its *gnawing* and chronic forms ; and to the melancholy hypochondriac, steeped at once both in sadness and in pains—she calls, and calls

loudly, that all these should come and see what great and good things are in store for them at Vichy. And finally, difficult though gouty gentlemen be to manage, Hygeia, nothing daunted on that score, shrinks not from inviting that large army of *involuntary* martyrs to repair thither at once. Yes! even gout, that has so long laughed out at all pharmacopœias, and tortured us from the time "when our wine and our oil increased"—Gout, that colchicum would vainly attempt to baffle, that no nepenthe soothes, no opium can send to sleep—Gout, that makes as light of the medical practitioner as of his patient; that murdered *Musgrave*, and seized her very own historian by the hip*—this, our most formidable foe, is to be conquered at Vichy! Here, in a brief time, the iron gyves of *Podagra* are struck off, and *Cheiragra's manacles* are unbound; enabling old friends, who had hitherto shaken their heads in despondency, once more to shake hands.

But Vichy, be it understood, neither cures, nor undertakes to cure, every body; her waters have nothing to do with your head, your heart, or your lungs; their empire begins and ends below the *diaphragm*; it is here, and here alone, that her mild control quells dangerous internal commotions, establishes quiet in irritated organs, and restores health on the firm basis of *constitutional principles*. The real doctors at Vichy are the *waters*; and much is it to be regretted that they should not find that co-operation and assistance in those who administer them, which Hippocrates declares of such paramount importance in the management of all disease; for here (alas! for the inconsistency of man)

the two physicians *prescribed* to us by the government, while they gravely tell their patients that no good can happen to such as will think, fret, or excite themselves; while they formally interdict all *sour* things at table, (shuddering at a cornichon if they detect one on the plate of a rebellious water-drinker, and denouncing honest fruiterers as poisoners,) yet foment sour discord, and keep their patients in perpetual hot water, alike *in the bath* and *out of the bath*; more tender in their regard for *another* generation, they recommend all nurses to undergo a slight course of the springs to *keep their milk* from turning sour, yet will curdle the *milk of human kindness* in our lacteals by instilling therein the sour asperity which they entertain towards each other, and which, notwithstanding the efforts of the ladies to keep peace between them, by christening one their "*beau médecin*," and the other their "*bon médecin*," has arrived at such a pitch that they refuse to speak French, or issue one "*fiat*" in common.†

A remarkable fact connected with the natural history of the Vichy waters is the following:—Whenever the electrical condition of the atmosphere undergoes a change, in consequence of the coming on of a storm, they disengage a large quantity of carbonic acid, while a current of electricity passes off from the surface. At such times baths are borne with difficulty, the patients complaining of præcordial distress, which amounts sometimes to a feeling of suffocation; the like unpleasant sensations being also communicated, though to a less extent, to those who are drinking the waters.‡

* Sydenham.

† So notorious and violent has this hydromachia become, that it has at length called forth a poem, styled the *Vichyade*, of which the two resident physicians are the Achilles and Hector. The poem, which is as coarse and personal as the *Bath Guide*, is not so clever, but is much read here, *non obstant*.

‡ An ingenious physician assures us, that he has for years past been in the habit of consulting his patients in place of his barometer, and has thus been enabled to foretell vicissitudes of weather before they had manifested themselves, by attending to the accounts they gave of their sensations in the bath. There are seven springs, whose united volumes of water, in twenty-four hours, fill a chamber of twenty feet dimensions, in every direction.

IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST.

PART THE LAST.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a lovely morning, notwithstanding it was November—the rain had wholly ceased, and the clear and almost cloudless sky showed every indication of a fine day; so that Frank had an excellent opportunity of witnessing the view of the sea to which the squire had alluded, and with which he was very much gratified. But, for all this, our little hero was looking forward to a far more interesting sight, in the persons of the fair ladies he had fully made up his mind to meet that morning at breakfast; though the altered tones of their voices still exceedingly puzzled him. Wishing, however, to appear to the greatest possible advantage, he no sooner got back to the house, than, under the pretext of just seeing Vernon for a minute, he took the opportunity of brushing up his hair, and all that sort of thing. Having so done, and being by no means dissatisfied with the result, he again descended the stairs, and, with a throbbing heart, entered the breakfastroom. Here he found the master of the house, with his amiable little wife, and three young ladies, already seated around the table—yes, three young ladies—actually one more in number than he had anticipated; but, alas! how different from those he had hoped to see. Instead of the lovely forms he and Vernon had been so forcibly struck with the day before, he perceived three very indifferent-looking young women—one, a thin little crooked creature, with sharp contracted features, which put him in mind of the head of a skinned rabbit—another with an immense flat unmeaning face; and the third, though better-looking than her two companions, was a silly little flippant miss in her teens, rejoicing in a crop of luxuriant curls which swept over her shoulders as she returned Frank's polite bow—when the squire introduced him to the assembled company—as much as to say, “I'm not for you, sir, at any price; so, pray don't for a moment fancy such a thing.” The other two spinsters re-

turned his salutation less rudely; but he set down the whole trio as the most uninteresting specimens of woman-kind he had ever met.

“Come,” said the squire addressing himself to Frank, who, surprised as well as disappointed, was looking a little as if he couldn't help it, “Come, come Mr Trevelyan, here we are all assembled at last; so make the best use of your time, and then for waging war against the partridges.”

Frank did make the best use of his time, and a most excellent breakfast, though he puzzled his brains exceedingly during the whole time he was so occupied with turning it over in his mind, how it was possible that such a delightful couple as the founders of the feast, could have produced so unprepossessing a progeny; whilst Timothy—who, though it was no part of his duty to wait at table, which was performed by a well-dressed man-servant out of livery—managed, on some pretext or other, to be continually coming in and out of the room, and every time contrived to catch Frank's eye, and, by a knowing grin, to let him know that he both understood the cause, and was exceedingly amused at his perplexity.

No sooner had Frank eaten and drank to his heart's content, than he declared his readiness to attend the squire to the field. Here they fell in with several coveys of partridges, and the squire, being an excellent shot, brought down his birds in fine style; added to which he knocked over a woodcock and several snipes; but it was otherwise with Frank, whose shooting experience being rather limited, after missing several easy shots, terminated the day by wounding a cow slightly, and killing a guinea-hen that flew out of a hedge adjoining a farm-yard the sportsmen were passing, which, mistaking for some wild gallinaceous animal or other, he blazed away at, without inquiring as to the particular species to which it might possibly belong. But so far from being

cast down with his ill success, or the laughter his more effective shots had raised at his expense, he enjoyed the day amazingly, fully resolved to have another bout at it on the morrow; and so he and the worthy squire returned homewards together in the best possible humour with each other; the latter delighted with Frank, and Frank equally well pleased with the squire.

But Frank felt very sheepish about what his friend Vernon Wycherley would say as to the result of the predictions he had that morning made, and how he should manage to put a bold front upon the matter, so as to have the laugh all on his own side; a sort of thing he couldn't arrange any how; but still he would not pass so near his friend's bedroom, without looking in to ask him how he was getting on, when, to his great surprise, he found not only the bed, but even the apartment unoccupied.

"Ah, well!" said Frank, "I'm rejoiced, poor fellow, he's so much better than I expected; and *it's all for the best* that I find the bird flown, which spares me the vexation of confessing to him the blunder I made in my calculations this morning, which he must have found out long before this."

Having relieved his mind by these observations, he repaired to his own room, and having shifted his attire, and made the best of himself his limited wardrobe would admit, was again in the act of descending the stairs, when he encountered Timothy, who, with a grin that distended his mouth wellnigh from ear to ear, begged to direct him to the drawing-room, which was on the same floor with the bed chambers, where, he informed him, "the gen'lman was a-laying up top o' the sofer, and a-telkin' away brave with the young ladies—Isay," observed Timothy, winking his eye to give greater expression to his words—"I say—he's a ben there for hours, bless'ee; for no sooner did mun * hear

their sweet voices a-passing long the passage, than ha ups a-ringing away to the bell, which I takes care to answer; so ha tips me yef-a-crown to help mun on we us cloaz, which I did ready and wullin'; and then, guessing what mun 'ud like to be yefter, I ups with my gen'lman pick-a-back, and puts † mun with ma right into drawing-room, an drops mun flump down all vittey‡ amongst the ladies a-top of the sofer; and if you wants to see a body look plazed, just step in yer"—added he, laying his hand on the lock of the door, which they had then reached—"only just step in yer, and look to mun."

"Then most heartily do I pity his taste," thought Frank; but he didn't say so, and passed through the door Timothy had opened for him, who duly announced him to the party within. But how shall we attempt to describe Frank's amazement, when he discovered of whom the party consisted? He had indeed been surprised at meeting persons so totally different from what he had expected that morning at breakfast, but he was now perfectly thunderstruck at the sight which burst upon his astonished vision.

There was Mr Vernon Wycherley reclining at his ease on an elegant sofa, his head comfortably propped up with pillows, and as far, at any rate, as face was concerned, appearing not a bit the worse for his late accident, and making himself quite at home; and there, too, seated near him, were those lovely creatures who had excited the admiration of our two young heroes on the preceding day: there they were, both of them, dressed most becomingly, and looking most bewitchingly lady-like, employed about some of those little matters of needlework, which afford no impediment to conversation, chatting away with their new acquaintance in the most friendly and agreeable manner possible.

CHAPTER VII.

Frank Trevelyan was so much taken aback by a sight so totally unexpected, that his confident assurance

for the moment forsook him, and with a countenance suffused with blushes, and a perfect consciousness all the

* *Cornice*—"him."

† "Put"—*Cornice*—to take or carry.

‡ *Cleverly*.

time that he was looking like a fool, he stood stock-still within a few paces from the door, as if uncertain whether to pluck up sufficient courage to advance, or to turn tail and make a run of it; his comfort all this time in nowise enhanced, by detecting the air of triumphant satisfaction with which Mr Vernon Wycherley was witnessing and enjoying his confusion. Fortunately, however, for Frank, the ladies had more compassion, and by their pleasing affability of manner, speedily relieved him from his embarrassment—so speedily indeed, that in the course of five minutes he had not only conquered every bashful feeling, but had acquired so great a degree of easy self-possession, that Vernon Wycherley actually began to wonder at what he was pleased in his own mind to style, “the little rascal’s cool impudence”——But he only thought so whilst Frank was devoting his sole attentions to the darker beauty, with whom the young poet had already chosen to fancy himself in love; for when, at the expiration of this five minutes, his friend transferred his civilities to her fair sister, Mr Wycherley returned to his original opinion, formed upon a close intimacy of several years, which was, that friend Frank was one of the best-hearted, good-humoured, and entertaining little fellows that ever existed.

And now, how shall we attempt to describe these lovely young creatures, whose charms were, by this time, playing sad havoc with the hearts of Mr Vernon Wycherley, and his friend Mr Francis Trevelyan. First, then, the elder sister, Miss Mary.—Her features were regular, with the true Madonna cast of countenance, beautiful when in a state of repose, but still more lovely when lighted up by animation. Her cheek, though pale, indicated no symptom of ill health, and her complexion was remarkably clear, which was beautifully contrasted with her raven hair, dark eyes, and long silken eyelashes. Her sister, who was but a year younger, owed more of her beauty to a certain sweetness of expression it is impossible to describe, than to perfect regularity of feature. Her eyes were dark-blue, and her hair of a dark-golden brown; her complexion fair and clear, and her mouth

and lips the most perfect that can be conceived. Both sisters had excellent teeth, but in other respects their features were totally dissimilar. They were about the middle height—and their figures faultless, which, added to a lady-like carriage and engaging manners, untainted with affectation, rendered them perfectly fascinating. Such was, at any rate, the opinion each of our two heroes had formed of *her* to whom he had been pleased to devote his thoughts—Frank of the gentle Bessie, and Vernon of the lovely Mary—for none but the squire before her face, and Timothy behind her back, ever dared to call her Miss Molly; so that before Squire Potts, or his good lady, joined the young folks, which they did ere one delightful half hour had passed away, both our young men were deeply in for it—the poet resigned to pine away the rest of his days in solitary grief, and to write sonnets on his sorrows; and Frank resolved to try all he could do to win the lady over to be of the same mind with himself, and then to do every thing in his power, with the respective governors on both sides, to bring things to a happy conclusion as speedily as possible.

Oh! they were nice people were the Potts’s—father, mother, and daughters; and how delighted Frank was when he sat down to the dinner-table with them—never were such nice people, thought Frank—and he wasn’t far wide of the mark either. And how disconsolate poor Vernon felt in being compelled to rough it all alone, for that day at least, upon water-gruel above stairs! But the ladies, taking compassion upon his forlorn condition, and sympathizing with him for the dangers he had past, left the table very early, and favoured him with their company, leaving the squire below to amuse friend Frank.

But the squire and Frank were not left long alone together, for the village doctor dropped in just as the ladies had departed to inquire how Vernon was getting on, and was easily prevailed upon to help the squire and his guest out with their wine; and then came the clergyman of the parish, and his three or four private pupils, who had come to finish letting off the fire-

works, which they had favoured the squire with partially exhibiting on the previous evening; but which the news of Vernon's misadventure had prematurely cut short—and so the remainder of the exhibition was postponed to the following evening—and that time having then arrived, all the rest of the combustibles went off, one after another, with very great *eclat*.

But where are those three uninteresting young damsels all this time?—What has become of them? some of our readers may be inclined to ask. For their satisfaction we beg to inform them, that these three unprepossessing personages were merely acquaintances, who had dropped in unexpectedly the evening before, and made use of the squire's residence as a kind of inn or half-way house, on the way to visit some friends some ten miles further on, to which place they had betaken themselves soon after breakfast. And by way of clearing up as we go—The Misses Potts, (for Potts they were called, there's no disguising that fact,) the Misses Potts, we say, were at the time our two heroes first met them returning homewards from a long ride; shortly after which, being overtaken by a heavy shower, they betook themselves to a friend's house not very far distant, where, owing to the unfavourable appearance of the weather, they were induced to remain for the night, and Timothy was accordingly sent home with a message to that effect.

They were very nice people indeed were the Potts's; and not only did their two guests think so, but the whole country, far and wide around, entertained precisely the same opinion. It is not, therefore, surprising that two young men like Frank and Vernon should be well pleased with their quarters, or that, having so early gotten into the slough of love, they should daily continue to sink deeper into the mire. The young poet's lame leg, though not a very serious affair, was still sufficient to keep him for several days a close prisoner to the house; but if any one had asked him—no, we don't go so far as to say that, for if any one had so asked him he would not have answered truly; but if he had seriously proposed the question to himself, his heart would have told him, that notwithstanding all the pain and inconvenience atten-

dant on his then crippled state, he wouldn't have changed with his friend Frank, to have been compelled to ramble abroad with the father, instead of remaining at home to enjoy the society of his daughters.

As for Frank, he was equally well pleased to let matters be as they were; he shot with the squire, accompanied him on his walks about his farm; and occasionally, when the weather permitted, attended the young ladies in their rides; and then, and then only, did Vernon envy him, or repine at his own lame and helpless condition. But whatever the opinion of the latter might have been, never in all his born days did Mr Frank Trevelyan spend his time so much to his satisfaction.

Now we must not suppose that Squire Potts had, like an old blockhead, admitted these two young men into such close terms of intimacy with his family, upon no further acquaintance than was furnished him by his having helped the one out of a lead shaft, and the other to a dry rig-out after the duckings he had encountered in seeking the necessary aid—quite the contrary; for though the nature of the accident, and the forlorn condition of our pedestrians, would have insured them both food and shelter till the patient could have been safely removed elsewhere; yet the squire would never have admitted any one to the society of the female part of his family, whose respectability and station in society he was at all doubtful about. He had therefore, during supper-time on the night of his arrival, but in a polite manner, put several pumping questions to Frank, who very readily answered them; from which he discovered that Frank's father, though personally unacquainted with, he knew by reputation to be a highly respectable person and a county magistrate; nor was even Frank's name wholly unknown to him, and the little he had heard was highly in his favour. He, therefore, passed muster very well; and, during the course of the shooting expedition on the following morning, the squire had also contrived to elicit from his young companion, that Vernon Wycherley's father, who had died some years before, had been both an intimate and valued friend of his own early years.

By this means a great portion of the reserve, often attendant upon an acquaintance recently formed, wore off; so that our two heroes felt themselves, in the course of a few days, as much at home with their newly-made friends, as if they had been on terms of intimacy with them from their childhood. There was, however, one serious drawback to the poet's felicity. The comedy upon which he had designed to establish his future fame, was nowhere to be found; and there was every reason to believe, that it was reposing in the shaft from which its author had been so providentially rescued, where no one would venture down to seek it on account of the foul air that was known to prevail near the bottom.

"Well, never mind," said Vernon, who, when informed of his probable loss, was reclining very comfortably on the drawing-room sofa, taking tea with his kind entertainers,—"Well, never mind," he said, "I must be thankful to Heaven for my own preservation, and, practising a little of friend Frank's philosophy, try to believe that what has happened is *all for the best*."

"And so I've no doubt it is," interposed Frank; "for you must either have been doomed to disappointment by your failure, or, if you had succeeded in being the fortunate competitor out of the hundred candidates who are striving for the prize, you would, as a matter of course, have incurred the everlasting enmity of the disappointed ninety-nine, to say nothing of their numerous friends and allies; why, you would be cut up to minced meat

amongst them all; and nine-tenths of the reviews and newspapers would be ringing their changes of abuse upon your name, as one of the most blundering blockheads that ever spoilt paper."

"Enough, Frank, enough—I give in," interrupted Mr Wycherley; "quite enough said on the subject, and perhaps you may be right too in this instance; but I verily believe, that if the direst misfortune were to happen to one, you would strive to convince him, or at any rate set it down in your own mind, that it was *all for the best*."

"And if he did so," said the squire, "he might be less distant from the truth than you imagine. I myself indeed could mention an instance, where a man at last happily discovered that a circumstance he had set down in his own mind as the ruling cause of every subsequent misfortune, eventually proved the instrument of producing him a greater degree of happiness than often falls to the lot of the most fortunate of mankind."

Frank and Vernon both expressed a wish to hear the tale, which the squire, who was a rare hand at telling a story, proceeded forthwith to recount; but as, for reasons we forbear mentioning at present, he glossed over some important parts, and touched but lightly on others equally material, we purpose, instead of recording the tale in his own words, to state the facts precisely as they occurred, the subject of which will form the contents of the two next following chapters.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SQUIRE'S TALE.

IN a town that shall be nameless, but which was situate somewhere or other in the West of England, there lived some years since—no matter how many—a young man, called Job Vivian, who practised as a surgeon, apothecary, and so forth. He was about two or three and twenty years of age when he first commenced his professional career in this place, and very shortly afterwards he married the girl of his affections, to whom he had been sincerely attached from his very boyhood; and as they were both

exceedingly good-looking—in fact, she was beautiful—they of course made what the world terms an imprudent marriage. But Job himself thought very differently, and amidst all the cares and vicissitudes that attended several years of his wedded life, he never passed a day without breathing a prayer of thankfulness to heaven for having blessed him with so excellent a helpmate. But though rich in domestic comforts, all the rest of Job's affairs, for a long time, went on unprosperously. He certainly acquired

sufficient practice in the course of a few years to occupy a great portion of his time, by night as well as by day, but then it was not what is termed a paying practice. In fact, nearly the whole of his business was either amongst the poorer classes, who couldn't pay, the dishonest, who wouldn't, or the thoughtless and dilatory, who, if they did so, took a very long time about it. In spite, therefore, of all his labour and assiduity, the actual amount he received from his practice fell short of his yearly expenditure, which obliged him to dip into his small independent property, consisting of a few houses in an obscure part of the town; which, as he became every year more heavily involved, he was ere long compelled to mortgage so deeply, that what between some of his tenants running away without paying their rent, the costs of repairs, and money to be paid for interest, a very small portion of the annual proceeds ever reached Job's pockets; and at last, to complete the whole, a virulent fever broke out in the very midst of this precious property, of so obstinate and dangerous a kind, as for some months to defy the skill of all the medical men of the place, nearly depopulating the whole neighbourhood, which in consequence became all but deserted.

Just at this critical time poor Job Vivian received a notice from his mortgagee—a rich old timber merchant, who lived and carried on his business in the same town with him—to pay off his mortgage; which he being unable to do, or to obtain any body to advance the required amount on the security of property which had then become so depreciated in value, the sordid worshipper of mammon, though rolling in wealth, and not spending one-tenth part of his income, and with neither wife nor children to provide for, nor a soul on earth he cared a straw for, was resolved, as he was technically pleased to term it, to sell up the doctor forthwith; to accomplish which he commenced an action of ejectment to recover the possession of the premises, though Job had voluntarily offered to give them up to him, and also an action of covenant for non-payment of the mortgage money, whilst at the same time he filed his bill in Chancery to foreclose the mort-

gage; which combined forces, legal and equitable, proved so awful a floorer to a sinking man, that, in order to get clear of them, he was glad at the very outset, not only to give up all claim to the property, but even to consent to pay £100 out of his own pocket for the costs said to have been incurred in thus depriving him of his possessions.

These costs proved an unceasing millstone about the unfortunate doctor's neck. In order to pay them, he had been obliged to leave more just demands undischarged; and thus he became involved in difficulties he strove in vain to extricate himself from. Yet in spite of all this, Job and his good little wife were a far happier couple than most of their richer neighbours. The constant hope that things would soon begin to take a more prosperous turn, reconciled them to their present perplexities; there was but one drawback they considered to render their bliss complete; and Job used to say, that he had never met with an instance of a man who hadn't a drawback to perfect happiness in some shape or other; and that, take it for all in all, they had, thank God, a pretty fair allowance of the world's comforts.

"So we have, my dear Job," said his pretty little wife Jessie, in reply to a remark of this kind he had been just then making—"and only think how far happier we are than most of the people around us. Only think of Mr Belasco, who, with all his money and fine estates, is so unhappy, that his family are in constant dread of his destroying himself."

"And poor Sir Charles Deacon," interposed Job, "a man so devotedly fond of good eating and drinking as he is, and yet to be compelled to live on less than even workhouse allowance for fear of the gout—and then that silly Lord Muddeford, who's fretting himself to death because ministers wouldn't make him an earl—Mrs Bundy, with her two thousand a-year, making herself miserable because the Grandisons, and my Lord and Lady Muddeford, and one or two others of the grand folks, every one of whom she dislikes, won't visit her. Then the squire at Mortland is troubled with a son that no gentleman will be seen speaking to; and the rich

rector of"—Job nodded his head, but didn't say where—"has a tipsy-getting wife—and poor Squire Taylor's wife stark mad—Mr Gribbs also, with his fine unencumbered property, has two idiot children, and another deaf and dumb, and the other—the only sane child he has, is little better than a fool. Then the Hoblers are rendered miserable by the disobedience and misconduct of their worthless children; and the Dobsons are making themselves wretched because they've no such creatures to trouble themselves about. The only man of property I can name in the whole country round who seems free from care, is our fox-hunting squire at Abbot's Beacon, who really does enter into the life of the sport, has plenty of money to carry it on with, and has besides one of the nicest places I think I ever saw."

"But then," interposed Job's better half, "his wife, every body says, doesn't care a fig for him."

"Then a fig for all his happiness," said Job; "I wouldn't change places with him for ten thousand times ten thousand his wealth and possessions, and a dukedom thrown into the bargain;" and Job told the truth too, and kissed his wife by way of confirmation; for he couldn't help it for the very life of him, Job couldn't.

"And then only to consider," said Mrs Job Vivian, as she smilingly adjusted her hair—and very nice hair she had, and kept it very nicely too, though her Goodman had just then tumbled it pretty considerably—"only think what two lovely children we have; every one who sees them is struck with their remarkable beauty." This was perfectly true, by the way, notwithstanding the observation proceeded from a mother's lips.

"And so good, too, my dear Jessie," continued Job; "I wonder," he proudly said, "if any father in the land, besides myself, can truly boast of children who have had the use of their tongues so long, and who yet, amidst all their chattering and prattling, have never told a falsehood—so that, amidst all the cares that Providence has been pleased to allot us, we never can be thankful enough for the actual blessings we enjoy."

"We never can, indeed," said Jes-

sie. And thus, in thankfulness for the actual comforts they possessed, they forgot all the troubles that surrounded them, and, happily, were ignorant of how heavily they would soon begin to press upon them.

And now, we must state here, that, although generally unfortunate in his worldly undertakings, a young colt, which the young doctor had himself reared, seemed to form an exception to the almost general rule, for he turned out a most splendid horse; and as his owner's patients were distributed far and wide over a country in which an excellent pack of hounds was kept; and Job himself, not only fond of the sport, but also a good rider, who could get with skill and judgment across a country, his colt, even at four years' old, became the first-rate hunter of the neighbourhood; so much so, indeed, that a rich country squire one day—and that at the very close of the hunting season—witnessing his gallant exploits in the field, was so pleased with the horse, that he offered Job £150 for him.

Now, Job thought his limited circumstances would never justify his riding a horse worth £150; yet he was so much attached to the animal he had reared, that, greatly as he then wanted money, he felt grieved at the idea of parting with him, and, at the instant of the offer, he could not in fact make up his mind to do. Promising, therefore, to give an answer in the course of a day or two, he returned home, by no means a happier man in the consciousness of the increased value of his steed; nor could he muster sufficient courage to tell his wife, who was almost as fond of the horse as he himself was, of the liberal price that had been offered for him. But the comfortable way in which Jessie had gotten every thing ready for him against his return, dispelled a great portion of his sadness; and her cheerful looks and conversation, added to the pleasing pranks of his little children, had all but chased away the remainder, when he received a summons to attend a sick patient, living at least three miles away, in the country.

"This really is very provoking," said Job; "and the worst part of the business is, that I can do no good

whatever—the poor creature is too far gone in consumption for the skill of the whole faculty put together to save her life; and, bless me, my poor Selim has not only carried me miles and miles over the road to-day, but, like an inconsiderate blockhead, I must gallop him after the hounds, across the country. But there, I suppose, I must go; I ought not to stay away from doing an act of charity, because I am certain not to be paid, or perhaps even thanked for my pains. Had it been a rich patient, I should have started readily enough, and so I will now for my poor one. But as Selim has had something more than a fair day's work of it, I must even make a walk of it, and be thankful I've such a good pair of legs to carry me."

Job had a very good pair of legs, and the consciousness of this gave him very great satisfaction; and so, having talked himself into a good humour, and into the mind for his work, and fearing lest pondering too long over the matter might induce him to change his resolution, he caught up his hat, and at once prepared to make a start of it; but, in his haste, he tripped over two or three steps of the stair, and falling down the remainder, sprained his ankle so badly, as to render his walking impracticable. Determined, however, not to abandon a duty he had made up his mind to perform, and having no other horse at his command, Selim was again saddled, who, even with only an hour's rest and grooming, looked nearly as fresh as if he had not been out of his stable for the day. Never was a man more pleased with a horse than Job was with the noble animal he then bestrode, and deeply did he regret the urgent necessity which compelled him to part with him. "Had it not been for that old miserly fellow in there, I might still have kept my poor Selim," said Job to himself, as he rode by a large mansion at the verge of the town; "that £100," continued Job, "he obliged me to pay him or his attorney, for taking away the remnant of my little property, is the cause of those very embarrassments which compel me to sell this dear good horse of mine."

Just as he had so said, an incident occurred which stopped his further remarks; but, before we mention

what this incident was, we must state what was occurring within this said house at the time Job was in the act of riding past it.

The proprietor and occupant of this mansion—one of the best in the place—was, as our readers may have already suspected, the selfsame old timber merchant who had dealt so hardly with our friend Job, by taking advantage of a temporary depreciation in the value of his mortgaged property to acquire the absolute ownership—well knowing, that, in a very short time, the premises would fetch at least three times the amount of what he had advanced upon them; in fact, he sold them for more than four times that sum in less than six months afterwards: but that is not the matter we have now to deal with. We must therefore introduce our readers into one of the front rooms of this mansion, in which its master, (an elderly person, with the love of money—Satan's sure mark—deeply stamped upon his ungainly countenance,) was closeted with his attorney; the latter of whom was in the act of taking the necessary instructions for making the rich man's will—a kind of job the intended testator by no means relished, and which no power on earth, save the intense hatred he bore to the persons upon whom his property would otherwise devolve, could have forced him to take in hand.

"'Tis a bitter thing, Mr Grapple," said the monied man, addressing himself to the attorney, "a bitter thing to give away what one's been the best part of one's life trying to get together; and not only to receive nothing in return, but even to have to pay a lawyer for taking it away."

"But I'm sure, my good friend, you'll hardly begrudge my two guineas for this," observed the lawyer—"only think what a capital business I made in getting you into all Job Vivian's property."

"Well, but you got a hundred pounds for your trouble, didn't you?" observed the timber-merchant impatiently.

"Yes, my dear sir; but none of that came out of your own pocket," interposed the attorney.

"And didn't you promise nothing ever should?" rejoined the old

man; "but never mind—business is business—and, when upon business, stick to the business you're on, that's my rule; so now to proceed—but mind, I say, them two guineas includes the paper."

"Oh yes, paper of course!" replied the man of law, "and nothing to pay for stamps; and this will enable you to dispose of every penny of your money; and, my dear sir, consider—only for one moment consider your charities—how they'll make all the folks stare some day or other!"

"Ay, ay, you're right," said the client, a faint smile for the first time that day enlivening his iron features. "Folks will stare indeed; and, besides, 'tis well know'd—indeed the Scriptures says, that charity do cover a multitude of sins."

"To be sure they do; and then only think of the name you'll leave behind to be handed down to posterity. Such munificent bequests nobody hereabouts ever heard of before."

"There's a satisfaction in all you say, I confess," observed the intended donor of all these good gifts; "and who can then say I wasn't the man to consider the wants of the poor? I always did consider the poor." So he did, an old scoundrel, and much misery the unhappy creatures endured in consequence.

"And then," resumed Mr Grapple, "only consider again the tablets in which all your pious bequests will be stuck up in letters of gold, just under the church organ, where they will be read and wondered at, not only by all the townsfolk for hundreds of years to come, but also by all the strangers that pass through and come to look at the church."

"Very satisfactory that—very!" said the intended testator; "but are you still sure I can't give my land as well as my money in charities?"

"Only by deed indented, and enrolled within six months after execution, and to take effect immediately," replied the attorney.

"By which you mean, I suppose, that I must give it out and out, slap bang all at once, and pass it right away in the same way as if I sold it outright?"

Lawyer Grapple replied in the affirmative; at which information his

client got very red in the face, and exclaimed, with considerable warmth—"Before I do that, I'd see all the charities in—" he didn't say where; and, checking himself suddenly, continued, in a milder tone—"That is, I could hardly be expected to make so great a sacrifice as that in my lifetime; so, as I can't dispose of my lands in the way I wish, I'll tie 'em up from being made away with as long as I can: for having neither wife, chick, nor child, nor any one living soul as I care a single farthing about, it's no pleasure to me to leave it to any body; but howsomever, as relations is in some shape, as the saying is, after a manner a part of one's own self, I suppose I'd better leave it to one of they."

"Your nephew who resides in Mortimer Street, is, I believe, your heir-at-law?" suggested Mr Grapple.

"He be blowed!" retorted the timber-merchant, petulantly; "he gaveme the cut t'other day in Lunnun streets, for t'ich I cuts he off with a shilling. Me make he my heir!—see he doubly hanged first, and wouldn't do it then."

The attorney next mentioned another nephew, who had been a major in the East India Company's service, and was then resident at Southampton.

"He!" vociferated the uncle, "a proud blockhead; I heerd of his goings on. He, the son of a hack writer in a lawyer's office! he to be the one, of all others, to be proposing that all the lawyers and doctors should be excluded from the public balls! I've a-heerd of his goings on. He have my property! why, he'd blush to own who gid it to him. He have it! No; I'd rather an earthquake swallowed up every acre of it, before a shovel-full should come to his share."

"Then your other nephew at Exeter?" observed the attorney.

"Dead and buried, and so purvided for," said the timber-merchant.

"I beg your pardon, sir—I had for the moment forgotten that circumstance; but there's his brother, Mr Montague Potts Beverley, of Burton Crescent?"

"Wuss and wuss," interrupted the testy old man. "Me give any thing to an ungrateful dog like that? Why, I actelly lent he money on nothing but personal security, to set him up

in business; and the devil of a hap-penny could I ever screw out of him beyond principal and legal interest at five per cent; and, now he's made his fortin, he's ashamed of the name that made it for him—a mean-spirited, henpecked booby, that cast his name to the dogs to please a silly wife's vanity. He have my property! I rather calculate not! And so, having disposed of all they, I think I'll leave my estates to some of brother Thomas's sons. Now, Grapple, mind me; this is how I'll have it go. In the first place, intail it on my nephew Thomas, that's the tailor in Regent Street, who, they says, is worth some thousands already; so what I intends to give him, will come in nicely;—failing he and his issue, then intail it on Bill—you knows Bill—he comes here sometimes—travels for a house in the button line;—failing he and his issue, then upon Bob the lieutenant in the navy; he's at sea now, though I be hanged if I know the name of the ship he belongs to."

Mr Grapple observed that this was unimportant, and then asked if he should insert the names of any other persons.

"I don't know, really, or very much care whether you does or not," replied the timber-merchant. "My late brother Charles," he continued, "left three sons; but what's become of they all, or whether they be dead or alive, any of them, I can hardly tell, nor does it very much signify; for they were a set of extravagant, low-lived, drunken fellows, every one of them, and not very likely to mend either."

"Then, perhaps, you'd rather your heirs at-law should take?" remarked the attorney.

"No, I'll be hanged if I should!" answered the vender of deals and mahogany; "so put in all brother Charles's sons, one after t'other, in the same manner as they before—let me see, what's their names? Oh, George first, then Robert, and then Richard, and that's the whole of they."

"I believe, sir," said the attorney, "before I can do so, I must beg the favour of a candle, for it's growing so dark I am unable to see what I write."

"Then come nigher to the winder,"

said the testator, pushing forward the table in that direction—"Hallo!" he exclaimed, "what can all this yer row and bustle be about outside?"—and, looking into the street, he discovered poor Selim lying prostrate in the middle of the road, from whence some persons were raising up Job himself, who was stunned and bleeding from the violence of his fall. A young lad had accidentally driven his hoop between the horse's legs, which threw the unlucky animal with such violence to the ground as to fracture one of its fore-legs, and inflict several other dreadful-injuries, far beyond all power or hope of cure. But the man of wealth contemplated the passing scene with that species of complacent satisfaction, with which men like-minded with himself are ever found to regard the misfortunes of others, when they themselves can by no possibility be prejudiced thereby. This selfish old villain, therefore, instead of evincing any sympathy, was highly amused at what was going on, and every now and then passed some remark or other indicative of those feelings, of which the following, amongst others, afford a pretty fair specimen:—

"Well," he said, "pride they say must have a fall, and a fine fall we've had here to be sure. Well, who'd a-thought it? But what I say is, that for a man that can't pay his way as he goes—and his twenty shillings in the pound whenever he's called upon for it—what I mean to say is, if a fellow like he will ride so fine a horse, why, it serves him perfectly right if he gets his neck broke. Oh, then, I see your neck ar'n't broke this time, after all! Getting better, b'aint you?—pity, isn't it? Oh dear! what can the matter be? I'll be hanged if he isn't a-crying like a babbey that's broke his pretty toy. Ay, my master, cry your eyes out, stamp and whop your head—'twont mend matters, I promise ye. Clear case of total loss, and no insurance to look to, eh! And that's the chap as had the himpudence but t'other day to call me a hard-hearted old blackguard, and that before our whole board of guardians, too—just because I proposed doctoring the paupers by tender, and that the lowest tender should carry the day—a plan that would hactelly have saved

the parish pounds and pounds; and he—that blubbering fellow there—hactelly, as I was a-saying, called me a hard-hearted old blackguard for proposing it. Oh! I see; here comes Timson the butcher, what next then? Oh! just as I expected—it's a done job with my nag, I see. Steady, John Donnithorne, and hold down his head. Come, Timson, my good man—come, bear a hand, and whip the knife into the throat of un—skilfully done, wasn't it, doctor? Oh dear! can't bear the sight; too much for the doctor's nerves. Ay—well, that's a good one—that's right; turn away your head and pipe your eye, my dear, I dare say it will do ye good. It does me, I know—he! he! he!

Hallo! what have we here—is it a horse or is it a jackass? Well, I'm sure here's a come-down with a vengeance—a broken-knee'd, spavined jade of a pony, that's hardly fit for carrion. Oh! it's yours, Master Sweep, I s'pose. Ay, that's the kind of nag the doctor ought to ride; clap on the saddle, my boys—that's your sort; just as it should be. No, you can't look that way, can't ye? Well, then, mount and be off with ye—that's right; off you goes, and if you gets back again without a shy-off, it's a pity." And the hard-hearted old sinner laughed to that degree, that the tears ran down in streams over his deeply-furrowed countenance.

CHAPTER IX.

The two years that followed Job's untoward accident, instead of mending his fortunes, had only added to his embarrassments—all owing to his being just a hundred pounds behind the mark, which, as he often said, the price he could have obtained for poor Selim would have effectually prevented. His circumstances daily grew worse and worse, and at last became so desperate, that this patient and amiable couple were almost driven to their wits' end. Creditors, becoming impatient, at last resorted to legal remedies to recover their demands, until all his furniture was taken possession of under judicial process, which, being insufficient to discharge one half the debts for which judgments had been signed against him, he had no better prospect before his eyes than exchanging the bare walls of his present abode for the still more gloomy confines of a debtor's prison.

He had striven hard, but in vain, to bear all these trials with fortitude; and even poor Jessie—she who had hitherto never repined at the hardness of her lot, and who, to cheer her husband's drooping spirits, had worn a cheerful smile upon her countenance, whilst a load of sorrow pressed heavily upon her heart—even she now looked pale and sad, as with an anxious eye she stood by and watched poor Job, leaning with his back against the wall in an up-stairs room, now devoid of every article of furniture.

And there he had been for hours, completely overcome by the accumulation of woes he saw no loophole to escape from; whilst his two little girls, terrified at the desolate appearance of every thing around them, and at the unusual agitation of their parents, were crouched together in a corner, fast grasped together, as if for mutual protection, in each other's arms.

Not a morsel of food had that day passed the lips of any member of that unhappy family, and every moveable belonging to the house had been taken away at an early hour in the morning; so that nothing but the bare walls were left for shelter, and hard boards for them to lie upon. Often had poor Jessie essayed to speak some words of comfort to her husband's ear; but even these, which had never before failed, were no longer at her command; for when some cheering thought suggested itself, a choking sensation in her throat deprived her of the power of uttering it. At length a loud single rap at the street door caused Job to start, whilst a hectic flush passed over his pale cheek, and a violent tremor shook his frame, as the dread thought of a prison occurred to him.

"Don't be alarmed, my dearest," said his wife, "it's only some people with something or other to sell; I dare say they'll go away again when they find that no one answers the door."

"It's a beggar," said one of the children, who, hearing the sound, had looked out of the window; "poor man, he looks miserably cold! I wish we'd something to give him."

"Beggar, did the child say?" demanded Job, gazing wildly round the room. "Beggar!" he repeated. "And what are we all but beggars? Are we not stripped of every thing? Are we not actually starving for want of the daily bread that I have toiled so hard for, and prayed unceasingly to heaven to afford us; whilst those who never use their Maker's name except in terms of blasphemy, have loads of affluence heaped into their laps. Oh! it's enough to make one doubt!"

"Oh, no, no, no! don't, for the love you bear me—don't utter those awful words!" cried out Jessie, rushing upon her husband, and throwing her arms around his neck. "As you love me, don't repine at the will of heaven, however hard our trials may seem now to bear upon us. I can endure all but this. Let us hope still. We have all of us health and strength; and we have many friends who, if they were only aware of the extent of our distress, would be sure to relieve us. There's your good friend Mr Smith, he most probably will return from London to-morrow; and you know, in his letter, he told you to keep up your spirits, for that there was yet good-luck in store for you; and I am sure you must have thought so then, or you never would have returned him the money he so kindly remitted us. So, don't be cast down in almost your first hour of trial; we shall be happy yet—I know we shall; let us then still put our trust in God. Don't answer me, my dear Job—don't answer me; I know how much you are excited, and that you are not now yourself; for my sake, for our dear children's sake, try to be tranquil but for to-night; and let us yet hope that there is some comfort yet in store for us on the morrow."

"I will strive to, my dearest Jessie," he replied. "I'll not add another drop of bitterness to your cup of sorrow, because I am unable to relieve you from it.—But hark! what's this coming, and stopping here too?—what can be the meaning of this?"

Just as he uttered these last words

the sound of carriage-wheels was heard rapidly approaching, and a post-chaise drew up in front of the house. Job trembled violently, and leant upon his wife for support, whilst a thundering rap was heard at the door; the children both rushed to the window; and one of them, to the great relief of their parents, exclaimed, "Oh! my dear papa! Mr Smith's come, and he's looking up here smiling so good-naturedly; he looks as if he was just come off a journey, and he's beckoning me to come down and let him in."

"God be praised!" exclaimed Jessie; "I told you, my dear Job, that relief was near at hand, and here it comes in the person of your excellent friend;" and she darted out of the room, and hurried down the stairs to admit the welcome visitor. Jessie soon returned with Mr Smith, a handsome gentlemanly-looking man, who ran forward with extended hands to his disconsolate friend, whom he greeted in so kind a manner, and with a countenance so merry and happy, that the very look of it seemed enough to impart some spirit of consolation even to a breaking heart—at any rate it did to Job's. "My dear fellow!" exclaimed the welcome visitor, "how on earth did you allow things to come to this pass without even hinting any thing of the kind to me? I never heard it till the day I left town. How could you return me the remittance I sent you, which should have been ten times as much had I known the full extent of your wants? But enough of this now; we won't waste time in regrets for the past, and as for the future, leave that to me. I'll soon set things all straight and smooth again for you. And now, my dear Mrs Vivian," added he, addressing himself to Jessie, "do you go and do as you promised."

Jessie smiled assent, and, looking quite happy again, she took her two daughters by the hand and led them out of the room.

"But, my dear Smith," said Job, as soon as the two friends were alone, "you can have no idea how deeply I am involved. I can tax your generosity no further—even what you have already done for me, I can never repay."

"Nor do I intend you ever shall," rejoined the worthy attorney—for

such was Mr Smith—"particularly," he added, "as there's a certain debt I owe you, which I neither can nor will repay, and that I candidly tell you."

"Indeed! what do you mean?" asked Job, looking very puzzled; "I'm rather dull of apprehension to-day." And verily he was so, for his troubles had wellnigh driven him mad.

"My life, Job, that's all," replied the attorney; "*that* I owe to you, and can't repay you—and won't either, that's more. Had it not been for your skill," he added in a graver tone, "and the firmness you displayed in resolutely opposing the treatment those two blackguards, Dunderhead and Quackem, wished to adopt in my case, I must have died a most distressing and painful death, and my poor wife and children would have been left perfectly destitute."

The consciousness of the truth of this grateful remark infused a cheering glow to Job's broken spirit, and even raised a faint smile upon his careworn countenance; which his visitor perceiving, went on to say, "And now, my good doctor, owing you so deep a debt of gratitude as I do, make your mind easy about the past; what you've had had from me is a mere trifle. Why, my good fellow, I'm not the poor unhappy dog I was when you told me never to mind when I paid you. I'm now getting on in the world, and shall fancy by and by that I'm getting rich; and, what's more, I expect soon to see my friend Job Vivian in circumstances so much more thriving than my own, that if I didn't know him to be one of the sincerest fellows in the world, and one whom no prosperity could spoil, I should begin to fear he might be ashamed to acknowledge his old acquaintance."

The good-natured attorney had proved more of a Job's comforter in the literal sense of the term, than he had intended; in fact he had overdone it—the picture was too highly coloured to appear natural, and at once threw back poor Job upon a full view of all his troubles, which Mr Smith perceiving, mildly resumed, "I'm not surprised, my good fellow, at your being excited, from the violent shock your feelings must have sustained; but

you may rest assured—mind I speak confidently, and will vouch for the truth of what I'm going to say—when I tell you that the worst of your troubles are past, and that, before the week is out, you will be going on all right again; but really you are so much depressed now, that I'm afraid to encourage you too much; for I believe you doctors consider that too sudden a transition from grief to joy often produces dangerous, and sometimes even fatal, consequences?"

"It's a death I stand in no dread of dying," said Job with a melancholy smile.

"You don't know your danger perhaps," interposed the attorney; "but at the same time you sha'n't die through my means; so, if I had even a berth in store for you that I thought might better your condition, I wouldn't now venture to name it to you."

"It might be almost dangerous," said Job; "any thing that would procure the humblest fare, clothing, and shelter, for myself and family, would confer a degree of happiness far beyond my expectation."

"Why, if you are so easily satisfied," rejoined the attorney, "I think I can venture to say, that these, at least, may be obtained for you forthwith; but come, here's the chaise returned again, which has just taken your good little wife and children to my house, where they're all now expecting us. In fact, I haven't yet crossed my own threshold, for I picked up my old woman as I came along, and she has taken your folks back with her; so come along, Job, we'll talk matters over after dinner—come along, my dear fellow—come along, come along."

Job suffered himself to be led away, hardly knowing what he was about, or what was going on, until he found himself seated in the post-chaise; which, almost before he had time to collect his scattered ideas, drew up at the attorney's door. Here he met his Jessie, her handsome and expressive countenance again radiant with smiles; for in that short interval she had heard enough to satisfy her mind that better times were approaching, and her only remaining anxiety was on poor Job's account, who seemed so stunned by the heavy blow of misfortune, as to appear more like one wandering in a dream than a man in

his right senses. But a change of scene, and that the pleasing one of a comfortable family dinner, with sincere friends, effected a wonderful alteration; and the ladies withdrawing early, in order that the gentlemen might talk over their business together, Mr Smith at once entered into the subject, by telling Job that he thought he could, as he had before hinted, put him into a way of bettering his condition.

"I trust you may be able to do so," replied Job; "I'm sure there's no labour I would shrink from, could I attain so desirable an object."

"But you mistake me there," interrupted the attorney; "I don't mean to better your condition by making you work yourself to death—far from it; your labours shall be but light, and your time pretty much at your command; but you'll want, perhaps, a little money to begin with."

"And where, in the world, am I to procure it?" asked Job.

"You might raise it upon the interest you take in the landed property under the old timber-merchant's will," observed the attorney.

"You can hardly be serious, my dear Smith," replied Job; "why, the old fellow—God forgive him as freely as I do—merely put in my name with a bequest of a shilling, to bring me better luck, as a poor insult upon my misfortunes. And as to his mentioning my name in connexion with his landed property, which I was to take after the failure of issue of at least half a dozen other people—you yourself told me was only put in to show his nearest heirs, that rather than his property should descend upon them, they should go to the person—Heaven help the man!—he was pleased to call his greatest enemy, and that my chance of ever succeeding to the property wasn't worth twopence."

"Whatever his motive was is immaterial now," interposed Mr Smith; "and since I expressed the opinion you allude to, so many of the previous takers have died off, that I have no hesitation in saying that your interest is worth money now, and that, if you wished it, I could insure you a purchaser."

"Oh, then, sell it by all means!" exclaimed Job.

"Not quite so fast, my friend," an-

swered the attorney; "before you think of selling, would it not be prudent to ascertain the value, which depends in a great measure on the number of preceding estates that have determined since the testator's decease."

"Of course it must," rejoined Job; "but any thing I could obtain from that quarter I should esteem a gain. I've lost enough from it in all conscience; in fact, the old man's harsh proceedings towards me were the foundation of all my subsequent difficulties. The old fellow did, indeed, boast to the clergyman who visited him in his last illness, that he had made me ample amends in his will for any injustice he might have done me in his lifetime, and that his mind was quite easy upon that score; and I'm sure mine will be, when I find that I actually can gain something by him."

"Then listen to me patiently, and I'll tell you just what you'll gain; but first help yourself, and pass me the wine. You'll gain a larger amount than you would guess at, if you were to try for a week. Much more than sufficient to pay every one of your creditors their full twenty shillings in the pound."

"Will it indeed?" exclaimed Job; "then may God forgive me as one of the most ungrateful of sinners, who had almost begun to think that the Almighty had deserted him."

"Forgive you, to be sure," said the kind-hearted lawyer; "why, even your holy namesake, the very pattern of patient resignation, would grumble a bit now and then, when his troubles pinched him in a particularly sore place. So take another glass whilst I proceed with our subject: and so you see, doctor, your debts are paid—that's settled. Hold your tongue, Job; don't interrupt me, and drink your wine; that's good port, isn't it? the best thing in the world for your complaint. Well, then, all this may be done without selling your chance outright; and in case you should want to do so, lest you should part with it too cheaply, we'll just see how many of the preceding estates have already determined. First, the testator himself must be disposed of; he died, as we all know, and nobody sorry, within six weeks after he had made his will. Then the tailor in Re-

gent Street, he had scarcely succeeded to the property when he suddenly dropped down dead in his own shop. His son and heir, and only child, before he had enjoyed the property six months, wishing to acquire some fashionable notoriety, purposely got into a quarrel with a profligate young nobleman well known about town, who killed him in a duel the next morning. The traveller in the button line, on whom the property next devolved, was in a bad state of health when he succeeded to it, and died a bachelor about three months since; and his brother, the lieutenant, who was also unmarried, had died of a fever on the coast of Africa some time before; so that you see your chance seems to be bettered at least one half, in the course of little more than a couple of twelvemonths."

"So it has, indeed," said Job; "but who, with the other three remainder men, as you call them, and their issue in the way, would give any thing for my poor chance?"

"But suppose," resumed Mr Smith, "the other three should happen to die, and leave no issue."

"That's a species of luck not very likely to fall to my lot," replied Job.

"Then I must at once convince you of your error," rejoined Mr Smith; "and, so to cut short what I've been making a very long story of—the remaining three of the testator's nephews, upon whom the property was settled, not one of whom was ever married, got drunk together at a white-bait dinner at Greenwich, which their elder brother gave to celebrate his accession to the property, and, returning towards town in that state in a wherry, they managed between them to upset the boat, and were all drowned. That I've ascertained—such, in fact, being my sole business in town; and now, my dear Job, let me congratulate you on being the proprietor of at least five thousand a-year."

AND SO HE WAS!

"And thus you see," said the squire, in whose own words we conclude the tale—"the being dispossessed of his houses, and the loss of his valuable horse, to which he attributed all his misfortunes, in the end proved the source of his greatest gain; and now, throughout the whole length and

breadth of the land, I don't think you'll find two persons better satisfied with their lot than Job and his little wife Jessie, notwithstanding the timber-merchant made it a condition, that if Job Vivian should ever succeed to his property, he should take the testator's surname of Potts—not a pretty one, I confess—and thus Job Vivian, surgeon, apothecary, &c., has become metamorphosed into the Job Vivian Potts, Esquire, who has now the honour to address you. His worthy friend, Smith—now, alas! no more—who, like myself, was induced to change his name, was Mr Vernon Wycherley's father. I told you, my dear sir, before, how valued a friend your late father was of mine, and how much I stood indebted to him; but this is the first time I have made you acquainted with any of the particulars, and now I fear I've tired you with my tedious narration."

"Indeed you have not!" exclaimed both the young men, whilst Vernon added, that he only regretted not knowing who the parties were during the progress of the tale, which, had he done, he should have listened to it with redoubled interest; for who amongst the thousands of Smiths dispersed about the land, though he had once a father of the name, could be expected to recognise him as part hero of a tale he had never heard him allude to; "but pray tell me," he added, "about the poor girl you went to see at the time the accident occurred to your horse? Did she ever recover?"

"No," replied the squire, "she died within a few days afterwards. In fact, as I believe I before stated, I knew she was past all hope of recovery at the time I set off to visit her."

"And the little broken-knee'd and spavined pony you were compelled to borrow—do pray tell us how he carried you?" interposed Frank, looking as demure and innocent as possible.

"Badly, very badly, indeed!" replied the squire; "for the sorry brute stumbled at nearly every third step, and at last tumbling down in real earnest, threw me sprawling headlong into the mud; and then favoured me with a sight of his heels, with the prospect of a couple of miles before me to hobble home through the rain."

CHAPTER X.

Frank Trevelyan, one morning on opening his eyes, was surprised to discover his friend, Mr Vernon Wycherley, (whose lameness was by this time sufficiently amended to permit him to move about with the aid of a stick,) sitting half dressed by his bedside—a very cool attire for so chill a morning, and looking very cold and miserable.

"Hallo! old fellow, what on earth brought you here at this time of day?" asked Frank. "The first morning visit, I believe, you've honoured me with since we took up our quarters in this neighbourhood."

"I'm very wretched," said the poet in a faltering tone—"very unhappy."

"Unhappy!" reiterated Frank; "why, what on earth have you to make you so, unless it be the apprehension that you may jump out of your skin for joy at your splendid prospects! Unhappy indeed!—the notion's too absurd to obtain a moment's credit."

"Can a man suffering under a hopeless attachment for an object too pure almost to tread the earth—can a man, whose affections are set upon an unattainable object, be otherwise than unhappy?" asked Vernon in a solemn tone, no bad imitation of Macready; indeed the speaker, whilst uttering these sentiments, thought it sounded very like it; for he had often seen that eminent tragedian, and greatly admired his style of acting.

"But how have you ascertained that the object is so unattainable?" demanded Frank. "Come now—have you ever yet asked the young lady the question?"

"Asked her!" repeated Vernon, perfectly amazed that his friend could have supposed such a thing possible—"How could I presume that so angelic a creature would love such a fellow as me—or, even supposing such a thing were possible, what would our good friend the squire say to my ingratitude for his great kindness; and to my presumption—a mere younger son without a profession, and scarcely a hundred pounds a-year to call his own, to think of proposing to

one of his daughters, who would be an honour to the noblest and richest peer of the realm?"

"Well, well, Vernon—one thing first—and you shall have my answers to all. First, then, as to the fair lady liking you—that I must say, judging from your looks, is what no one would have thought a very probable circumstance; but then your poetical talents must be taken into calculation."

"Oh, don't mention them!" said Vernon. "Worse than good-for-nothing. *She* esteems such talents very lightly, and I shall even lose the small solace to my sorrows I had hoped they would have afforded me. Even this sad consolation is denied me. My Mary is indifferent to poetry—she holds sonnets upon hopeless love in utter contempt—entertains no higher opinion of the writers of them—and considers publishing any thing of the kind as a downright ungentlemanly act; bringing, as she says it does, a lady's name before the public in the most indelicate and unwarrantable manner."

"But is she really serious in these sentiments?" asked Frank. Oh, Frank, Frank, you're a sad fellow to pump and roast your friend in this way!

"Serious," repeated Vernon, and looking very so himself, "serious—ah! indeed she is—and expressed herself with more warmth upon the subject than I could have supposed a being so mild and amiable was capable of."

"But how came all this?" asked Frank—"what were you talking about that could have caused her to make these remarks?" and this he said in a very grave and quiet tone of voice, trying to entrap his poetic friend into telling him much more than the latter was inclined to do, who, therefore, declined entering more fully into the subject.

"Then, if you won't tell me, I have still the privilege of guessing," rejoined Frank; "and now I've found you out, Master Vernon; you've been attempting acrostics after the Petrarch

style*—a style in which she didn't approve of being held forth to the admiring notice of the present and future generations. Vernon blushed to the very tips of his fingers, and averted his head that his friend might not perceive how very foolish he was looking, whilst the latter continued—“Very pretty stanzas, I've no doubt. How nice they would have come out in a neat little 12mo, price 2s. 6d., boards. Let me see—M—O—L, Moll—that's three; L—Y, ly—two more, makes Molly; and three and two make five. P—O double T—S, Potts—that's five more, and five and five make ten. But then that's a couple of letters too many. Petrarch's Lauretta, you know, only made eight. Yet, after all, if you liked it, you might leave out the Y and the S at the end of each name, without at all exceeding the usual poetical license. Let me see, M—O double L, Moll; P—O double T, Pott—Moll Pott; or you might retain the Y and leave out the last T—S—or you might”—

Vernon could bear no more; and having risen abruptly with the intention of making a bolt of it, was in the act of hobbling out of the room as fast as his lameness would allow him, when Frank entreated him to stay but one minute; promising to spare his jokes, for that he really wished to speak seriously with him; and, having succeeded in pacifying the enraged poet, proceeded to ask him what he actually intended doing.

“To leave this either to-day or to-morrow,” replied Vernon in a tremulous voice, and with a quivering lip.

“But not without breaking your mind to your lady love?”

“Why, alas! should I do so—why paid her by confessing to her my unhappy attachment, which I know it is hopeless to expect her to return.”

“I'll be hanged,” said Frank, “if I think you know any thing at all about the matter.”

“Not know, indeed! How, alas! could any one suppose that an angelic creature like her could love me?”

“Not many, I grant; but then, as old Captain Growler used to say—never be astonished at any thing a woman does in that way—

‘Pan may win where Phœbus woos in vain.’

And so the lovely Miss Moll—I beg your pardon, Mary, I mean—may, in like manner, do so differently from what any one could have suspected, as to be induced at last to listen to her Vernon's tale of love.”

The lover here alluded to hardly knew whether to treat the matter as a joke or to get very angry; and so he did neither, whilst Frank went on—“I'm sure you needn't despair either, as far as looks go. There's pretty, smiling, little Bessie—in my opinion the prettiest girl of the two”—Vernon shook his head with mournful impatience—“Well, you think yours prettiest, and I'll think mine,” continued Frank; “that's just as it should be; and as I was about to say, if the lovely Bessie can smile upon your humble servant when he talked of love, I don't see why her sister might not be induced to smile upon his companion if he did the like.”

“How! what? Why, you surely don't mean to say that you've told Miss Bessie that you love her?”

“Yes, I do,” replied Frank. “I told her so yesterday afternoon as we walked home from church, behind the rest of the party, across the fields. Thought I wouldn't do it then either, as there were so many people about—never said a word about the matter over two fields—helped her over the stiles, too, and talked—no, I be hanged if I think we said a word, either of us—till as I was helping her to jump down the third, out it bounced, all of a sudden.”

“And what did you say?” asked Wycherley.

“Catch a weasel asleep, Mr Vernon,” was Frank's reply.

“But the squire, how will you manage with him, do you suppose?”

“Managed with him already,” replied Frank; “settled every thing last night over a glass of port, after you'd bundled your lazy carcass off to bed. That is, one glass didn't quite complete the business, for it took two or three to get my courage up to concert pitch. Then another or two to discuss the matter—and then a

* Commencing each line with a letter of the loved one's name.

bumper to drink success—and then another glass”——

“Another!” interrupted Vernon; “why, you little drunken rascal, what pretext could you have for that?”

“I’ve a great mind not to tell you for your rude question,” resumed Frank laughing; “but never mind, old fellow, you’ve borne a great deal from me before now, and there’s probably more in store for you yet; so without further preamble I’ll at once answer your question, by informing you that the pretext for my last glass was to wet a dry discourse about the affairs of one Mr Vernon Wycherley. Now, hold your tongue, and don’t interrupt me, or swallow me either, which you appear to be meditating. And so the squire asked me if I had known him long, and about his principles, religious and moral; his worldly prospects, and so forth. To all of which I replied by stating, that, with the exception of being addicted to flirting a little with the Muses, which old women might consider as only one step removed from absolute profligacy, he was a well-disposed young man, and would doubtless grow wiser as he increased in years; but that his fortune was very limited, and that all his expectations in that way wouldn’t fill a nutshell.”

“Ah, there’s the rub!” interposed Vernon; “how can a poor fellow with my small pittance pretend to aspire to the hand of one with such splendid expectations? My poverty, as I’ve long foreseen, must mar my every hope, even if every other obstacle could be removed.”

“I don’t see that exactly,” rejoined Frank; “for, when I told the squire what your circumstances actually were, and that you had managed to live creditably upon your small income without getting into debt, he said, if your head wasn’t crammed so confoundedly full of poetical nonsense, which set you always hunting after shadows, instead of grasping substances, he should be exceedingly rejoiced to have you for a son-in-law. So, if you could make up your mind to relinquish your love for writing poetry”——

“The poetry be hanged!” interrupted Vernon with considerable

vehemence. “I’ll cast it to the dogs—the winds—send it to Halifax, Jericho, any where. Oh! my dear Frank, what a happy fellow you’ve made me!”

“Which just finished the bottle,” continued Frank; “and I find that somehow or other I’ve got a precious headache this morning. I wonder how the squire feels to-day. Will you Vernon, that’s a good fellow, give me a glass of water?”

“There’s nothing on earth I wouldn’t give you now, my dear Frank, except my dear Mary; but do you think she will ever consent?”

“Yes, to be sure she will,” answered Frank. “I know she will, and that she is by no means best pleased at your hanging fire so long. I know this to be the fact, though I mustn’t tell you how, why, or wherefore; but if you don’t propose soon, she’ll consider you are acting neither fairly nor honourably to her.”

“I’ll do the deed to-day,” said Vernon resolutely.

And so he did.

A very few months more had passed away, before our two heroes were on the same day united to the fair objects of their choice; and the generous old squire settled a handsome sum upon them both, sufficient to supply them with all the essential comforts of life.

“And now, friend Frank,” said Vernon Wycherley, “I believe, after all, you will make a convert of me; for I find that the attachment I had indulged in, until despair of obtaining the loved object made me fancy myself the most miserable wretch alive, and that I had incurred the worst evil that could have befallen me, has made me the happiest of mankind, and has indeed turned out to be ALL FOR THE BEST; nor can I think of my blundering fall into the lead shaft in any other light; as, but for that accident, I should probably never have formed the acquaintance to which I owe all my good fortune.”

“Then, for the future,” said the worthy squire, “let us put all our trust in Heaven, and rest assured that whatever may be the will of Providence, IT’S ALL FOR THE BEST.”

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

THERE is no district in Europe which is more remarkable, or has more strongly impressed the minds of men in modern times, than the ROMAN CAMPAGNA. Independent of the indelible associations with which it is connected, and the glorious deeds of which it has been the theatre, its appearance produces an extraordinary impression on the mind of the beholder. All is silent; the earth seems struck with sterility—desolation reigns in every direction. A space extending from Otricoli to Terracina, above sixty miles in length, and on an average twenty in breadth, between the Apennines and the sea, containing nearly four thousand square miles, in the finest part of Italy, does not maintain a single peasant.* A few tombs lining the great roads which issued from the forum of Rome to penetrate to the remotest parts of their immense empire; the gigantic remains of aqueducts striding across the plain, which once brought, and some of which still bring, the pellucid fountains of the Apennines to the Eternal City, alone attest the former presence of man. Nothing bespeaks his present existence. Not a field is ploughed, not a blade of corn grows, hardly a house is to be seen, in this immense and dreary expanse. On entering it, you feel as if you were suddenly transported from the garden of Europe to the wilds of Tartary. Shepherds armed with long lances, as on the steppes of the Don, and mounted on small and hardy horses, alone are occasionally seen following, or searching in the wilds for the herds of savage buffaloes and cattle which pasture the district. The few living beings to be met with at the post-houses, have the squalid melancholy look which attests permanent wretchedness, and the ravages of an unhealthy atmosphere.

But though the curse of Providence seems to have fallen on the land, so

far as the human race is concerned, it is otherwise with the power of physical nature. Vegetation yearly springs up with undiminished vigour. It is undecayed since the days of Cincinnatus and the Sabine farm. Every spring the expanse is covered with a carpet of flowers, which enamel the turf and conceal the earth with a profusion of varied beauty. So rich is the herbage which springs up with the alternate heats and rains of summer, that it becomes in most places rank, and the enormous herds which wander over the expanse are unable to keep it down. In autumn this rich grass becomes russet-brown, and a melancholy hue clothes the slopes which environ the Eternal City. The Alban Mount, when seen from a distance, clothed as it is with forests, vineyards, and villas, resembles a green island rising out of a sombre waste of waters. In the Pontine marshes, where the air is so poisonous in the warm months that it is dangerous, and felt as oppressive even by the passing traveller, the prolific powers of nature are still more remarkable. Vegetation there springs up with the rapidity, and flourishes with the luxuriance, of tropical climates. Tall reeds, in which the buffaloes are hid, in which a rhinoceros might lie concealed, spring up in the numerous pools or deep ditches with which the dreary flat surface is sprinkled. Wild grapes of extraordinary fecundity grow in the woods, and ascend in luxuriant clusters to the tops of the tallest trees. Nearer the sea, a band of noble chestnuts and evergreen oaks attests the riches of the soil, which is capable of producing such magnificent specimens of vegetable life; and over the whole plain the extraordinary richness of the herbage, and luxuriance of the aquatic plants, bespeaks a region which, if subjected to a proper culture and improvement, would, like the Delta of Egypt, reward eighty and an

* The Agro Romano, the Sabina, the Campagna Maritima, and the Patrimonia di San Pietro, which make up the Campagna of Rome, contain 3881 square miles, or about 3,000,000 acres.—Sismondi's *Essais*, ii. 10.

hundred fold the labours of the husbandman.

It was not thus in former times. The Campagna now so desolate, the Pontine marshes now so lonely, were then covered with inhabitants. Veïæ, long the rival of Rome, and which was only taken after a siege as protracted as that of Troy by Camillus at the head of fifty thousand men, stood only ten miles from the Capitol. The Pontine marshes were inhabited by thirty nations. The freehold of Cincinnatus, the Sabine farm, stood in the now desolate plain at the foot of the Alban Mount. So rich were the harvests, so great the agricultural booty to be gathered in the plains around Rome, that for two hundred years after the foundation of the city, it was the great object of their foreign wars to gain possession of it, and on that account they were generally begun in autumn. Montesquieu has observed, that it was the long and desperate wars which the Romans carried on for three centuries with the Sabines, Latines, Veientes, and other people in their neighbourhood, which by slow degrees gave them the hardihood and discipline which enabled them afterwards to subdue the world. The East was an easy conquest, the Gauls themselves could be repelled, Hannibal in the end overcome, after the tribes of Latium had been vanquished. But the district in which the hardy races dwelt, who so long repelled, and maintained a doubtful conflict with the future masters of the world, is now a desert. It could not in its whole extent furnish men to fill a Roman cohort. Rome has emerged from its long decay after the fall of the Western Empire; the terrors of the Vatican, the shrine of St Peter, have again attracted the world to the Eternal City; and the most august edifice ever raised by the hands of man to the purposes of religion, has been reared within its walls. But the desolate Campagna is still unchanged.

Novelists and romance-writers have for centuries exhausted their imaginative and descriptive powers in developing the feelings which this extraordinary phenomenon, in the midst of

the classic land of Italy, awakens. They have spoken of desolation as the fitting shroud of departed greatness; of the mournful feelings which arise on approaching the seat of lost empire; of the shades of the dead alone tenantry the scene of so much glory. Such reflections arise unbidden in the mind; the most unlettered traveller is struck with the melancholy impression. An eloquent Italian has described this striking spectacle:—"A vast solitude, stretching for miles, as far as the eye can reach. No shelter, no resting-place, no defence for the wearied traveller; a dead silence, interrupted only by the sound of the wind which sweeps over the plain, or the trickling of a natural fountain by the wayside; not a cottage nor the curling of smoke to be seen; only here and there a cross on a projecting eminence to mark the spot of a murder; and all this in gentle slopes, dry and fertile plains, and up to the gates of a great city."* The sight of the long lines of ruined aqueducts traversing the deserted Campagna, of the tombs scattered along the lines of the ancient *chaussées* across its dreary expanse, of the dome of St Peter's alone rising in solitary majesty over its lonely hills, forcibly impress the mind, and produce an impression which no subsequent events or lapse of time are able to efface. At this moment the features of the scene, the impression it produces, are as present to the mind of the writer as when they were first seen thirty years ago.

But striking as these impressions are, the Roman Campagna is fraught with instruction of a more valuable kind. It stands there, not only a monument of the past, but a beacon for the future. It is fraught with instruction, not only to the ancient but the modern world. The most valuable lessons of political wisdom which antiquity has bequeathed to modern times, are to be gathered amidst its solitary ruins.

In investigating the causes of this extraordinary desolation of a district, in ancient times the theatre of such busy industry, and which, for centuries, maintained so great and flourish-

* Barbieri à Sismondi.—Sismondi's *Essais*, ii. 11.

ing a rural population, there are several observations to be made on the principle, as logicians call it, of *exclusion*, in order to clear the ground before the real cause is arrived at.

The first of these is, that the causes, whatever they are, which produced the desolation of the Campagna, had begun to operate, and their blasting effect was felt, in *ancient* times, and long before a single squadron of the barbarians had crossed the Alps. In fact, the Campagna was a scene of active agricultural industry only so long as Rome was contending with its redoubtable Italian neighbours—the Latins, the Etruscans, the Samnites, and the Cisalpine Gauls. From the time that, by the conquest of Carthage, they obtained the mastery of the shores of the Mediterranean, *agriculture* in the neighbourhood of Rome began to decline. Pasturage was found to be a more profitable employment of estates; and the vast supplies of grain, required for the support of the citizens of Rome, were obtained by importation from Lybia and Egypt, where they could be raised at a less expense. “At, Hercule,” says Tacitus, “olim ex Italia legionibus longinquas in provincias commeatus portabantur; nec nunc infecunditate laboratur: sed Africam potius et Egyptum exerceamus, navibusque et cauis vita populi Romani permissa est.”* The expense of cultivating grain in a district where provisions and wages were high because money was plentiful, speedily led to the abandonment of tillage in the central parts of Italy, when the unrestrained importation of grain from Egypt and Lybia, where it could be raised at less expense in consequence of the extension of the Roman dominions over these regions, took place. “More lately,” says Sismondi, “the gratuitous distributions of grain made to the Roman people, rendered the cultivation of grain in Italy still more

unprofitable: it then became absolutely impossible for the little proprietors to maintain themselves in the neighbourhood of Rome; they became insolvent, and their patrimonies were sold to the rich. Gradually the abandonment of agriculture extended from one district to another. The true country of the Romans—central Italy—*had scarcely achieved the conquest of the globe, when it found itself without an agricultural population.* In the provinces peasants were no longer to be found to recruit the legions; as few corn-fields to nourish them. Vast tracts of pasturage, where a few slave shepherds conducted herds of thousands of horned cattle, had supplanted the nations who had brought their greatest triumphs to the Roman people.”† These great herds of cattle were then, as now, in the hands of a few great proprietors. This was loudly complained of, and signalized as the cancer which would ruin the Roman empire, even so early as the time of Pliny. “Verumque confitentibus,” says he, “*latifundia perdidere Italiam; imo ac provincias.*”‡

All the historians of the decline and fall of the Roman empire, have concurred in ascribing to these two causes—viz. the decay of agriculture and ruin of the agricultural population in Italy, and consequent engrossing of estates in the hands of the rich—the ruin of its mighty dominion. But it is not generally known how wide-spread had been the desolation thus produced; how deep and incurable the wounds inflicted on the vitals of the state—by the simple consequences of its extension, which enabled the grain-growers of the distant provinces of the empire to supplant the cultivators of its heart by the unrestricted admission of foreign corn, before the invasion of the northern nations commenced. In fact, however, the evil was done before they appeared on the passes of the Alps; it was the weakness thus

* Tacitus, *Annal.* xii. 43. But, by Hercules, formerly provisions were sent for the legions from Italy into distant provinces; nor even now is it afflicted by sterility: but we prefer purchasing it from Africa and Egypt, and the lives of the Roman people have been committed to ships and the chances of the waves.

† Sismondi, *Essais*, ii. 25.

‡ To confess the truth, the great estates have ruined Italy; ay, and the provinces too.—*Plin.* l. xviii. c. 6.

brought on the central provinces which rendered them unable to contend with enemies whom they had often, in former times, repelled and subdued. A few quotations from historians of authority, will at once establish this important proposition.

"Since the age of Tiberius," says Gibbon, "the decay of agriculture had been felt in Italy; and it was a just subject of complaint, that the laws of the Roman people depended on the accidents of the winds and the waves. In the division and decline of the empire, the tributary harvests of Egypt and Africa were withdrawn; the numbers of the inhabitants continually diminished with the means of subsistence; and the country was exhausted by the irretrievable losses of war, pestilence and famine. Pope Gelasius was a subject of Odoacer, and he affirms, with strong exaggeration, that in Emilia, Tuscany, and the adjacent provinces, the human species was almost extirpated."* Again the same accurate author observes in another place—"Under the emperors the agriculture of the Roman provinces was insensibly ruined; and the government was obliged to make a merit of remitting tributes which their subjects were utterly unable to pay. Within sixty years of the death of Constantine, and on the evidence of an actual survey, an exemption was granted in favour of three hundred and thirty thousand English acres of desert and uncultivated land in the fertile and happy Campania, which amounted to an eighth of the whole province. As the footsteps of the barbarians had not yet been seen in Italy, the cause of this amazing desolation, which is recorded in the laws,† can be ascribed only to the administration of the Roman emperors."‡

The two things which, beyond all question, occasioned this extraordinary decline of domestic agriculture in Italy before the invasion of the barbarians commenced, were the weight of direct taxation, and the de-

creasing value of agricultural produce, owing to the constant importation of grain from Egypt and Lybia, where, owing to the cheapness of labour and the fertility of the soil in those remote provinces, so burdensome did the first become, that Gibbon tells us, that, in the time of Constantine, in Gaul it amounted to nine pounds sterling of gold on every freeman.§ The periodical distribution of grain to the populace of Rome, all of which, from its greater cheapness, was brought by the government from Egypt and Africa, utterly extinguished the market for corn to the Italian farmers, though Rome, at its capture by Alaric, still contained 1,200,000 inhabitants. "All the efforts of the Christian emperors," says Michelet, "to arrest the depopulation of the country, were as nugatory as those of their heathen predecessors had been. Sometimes alarmed at the depopulation, they tried to mitigate the lot of the farmer, to shield him against the landlord; upon this the proprietor exclaimed, *he could no longer pay the taxes*. At other times they strove to chain the cultivators to the soil; but they became bankrupts or fled, and the land became deserted. Pertinax granted an immunity of taxes to such cultivators from distant provinces as would occupy the deserted lands of Italy. Aurelian did the same. Probus, Maximian, and Constantine, were obliged to transport men and oxen from Germany to cultivate Gaul. But all was in vain. The desert extended daily. The people in the fields surrendered themselves in despair, as a beast of burden lies down beneath his load and refuses to rise."||

Gibbon has told us what it was which occasioned this constant depopulation of the country, and ruin of agriculture in the Italian provinces. "The Campagna of Rome," says he, "about the close of the sixth century, was reduced to a state of dreary wilderness, in which the air was infectious, the land barren, and the

* Gibbon, vi. c. 36.

† "Quingena viginti millia quadringenti duo jugera quæ Campania provincia, juxta inspectorum relationem, in desertis et squalidis locis habere dignoscitur, eisdem provinciabilibus concessum."—*Cod. Theod.* ix. c. 38, c. 2.

‡ Gibbon, iii. c. 18.

§ *Ibid.* iii. 88. c. 17.

|| Michelet, *Histoire de France*, i. 104-108.

waters impure. Yet the number of citizens still exceeded the measure of subsistence; *their precarious food was supplied from the harvests of Lybia and Egypt*; and the frequent recurrence of famine, betrayed the inattention of the emperor at Constantinople to the wants of a distant province.* Nor was Italy the only province in the heart of the empire which was ruined by those foreign importations. Greece suffered not less severely under it. "In the latter stages of the empire," says Michelet, "*Greece was supported almost entirely by corn raised in the plains of Poland.*"†

These passages, to which, did our limits permit, innumerable others to the same purpose might be added, explain the causes of the decay and ultimate ruin of agriculture in the central provinces of the Roman empire, as clearly as if one had arisen from the dead to unfold it. It was the weight of *direct taxation*, and the want of remunerating prices to the *grain cultivators*, which occasioned the evil. The first arose from the experienced impossibility of raising additional taxes on industry by indirect taxation: the unavoidable consequence of the contraction of the currency, owing to the habits of hoarding which the frequent incursions of the barbarians produced; and of the free importation of African grain, which the extension of the empire over its northern provinces, and the clamours of the Roman populace for cheap bread, occasioned. The second arose directly from that importation itself. The Italian cultivator, oppressed with direct taxes, and tilling a comparatively churlish soil, found himself utterly unable to compete with the African cultivators, with whom the process of production was so much cheaper owing to the superior fertility of the soil under the sun of Lybia, or the fertilizing floods of the Nile. Thence the increasing weight of direct taxation, the augmented importation of foreign grain, the disappearance of free cultivators in the central provinces, the impossibility of recruiting the legions with freemen, and the ruin of the empire.

And that it was something pressing upon the cultivation of *grain*, not of agriculture generally, which occasioned these disastrous results, is decisively proved by the fact, that, down to the fall of the empire, the cultivation of land in *pasturage* continued to be a *highly profitable* employment in Italy. It is recorded by Ammianus Marcellinus, that when Rome was taken by Alaric, it was inhabited by 1,200,000 persons, who were maintained almost entirely by the expenditure of 1780 patrician families holding estates in Italy and Africa, many of whom had above £160,000 yearly of rent from land. Their estates were almost entirely managed in pasturage, and conducted by slaves.‡ Here, then, is decisive evidence, that down to the very close of the empire, the managing of estates in *pasturage* was not only profitable, but eminently so in Italy—though all attempts at raising grain were hopeless. It is not an unprofitable cultivation which can yield £160,000 a year, equivalent to above £300,000 annually of our money, to a single proprietor, and maintain 1700 of them in such affluence that they maintained, in ease and luxury, a city not then the capital of the empire, containing 1,200,000 inhabitants, or considerably more than Paris at this time. It was not slavery, therefore, which ruined Italian cultivation; for the whole pasture cultivation which yielded such immense profits was conducted by slaves. It was the Lybian and Egyptian harvests, freely imported into the Tiber, which occasioned the ruin of agriculture in the Latian plains; and, with the consequent destruction of the race of rural freemen, brought on the ruin of the empire. But this importation could not injure pasturage; for cattle Africa had none, and therefore estates in grass still continued to yield great returns.

The second circumstance worthy of notice in this inquiry is, that the cause of the present desolation of the Campagna, whatever it is, is something which is *peculiar to that district*, and has continued to act with as great force in *modern* as in ancient times.

* Gibbon, VIII. c. xiv.

† Michelet's *Histoire de France*, i. 277.

‡ Ammianus Marcellinus, c. xvi; see also Gibbon, vi. 264.

It is historically known, indeed, that the sanguinary contests of the rival houses of Orsini and Colonna, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, produced the most dreadful ravages in the Campagna, and extinguished, for the time at least, any attempts to reclaim or restore to cultivation this desolate region. But many centuries have elapsed since this desolating warfare has entirely ceased; and, under the shelter of peace and tranquillity, agricultural industry in other parts of Italy has flourished to such a degree as to render it the garden of the world: witness the rich plain of Lombardy, the incomparable terrace cultivation of the Tuscan hills, the triple harvests of the Terra di Lavoro, near Naples. The desolation of the Campagna, therefore, must have been owing to some causes peculiar to the Roman States, or rather to that part of those states which adjoins the city of Rome; for in other parts of the ecclesiastical territories, particularly in the vicinity of Ancona, and the slope of the Apennines towards Bologna, agriculture is in the most flourishing state. The hills and declivities are there cut out into terraces, and cultivated with garden husbandry in as perfect a style as in the mountains of Tuscany. The marches of Ancona contain 426,222 inhabitants, spread over 2111 square miles, which is about 200 to the square mile; but, considering how large a part of the territory is barren rock, the proportion on the fertile parts is about 300 to the square mile, while the average of England is only 260. The soil is cultivated to the depth of two and three feet.* It is in vain, therefore, to say, that it is the oppression of the Papal government, the indolence of the cardinals, and the evils of an elective monarchy, which have been the causes of the ruin of agricultural industry in the vicinity of Rome. These causes operate just as strongly in the other parts of the Papal States, where cultivation, instead of being in a languishing, is in the most flourishing condition. In truth, so far from having neglected agriculture in this blasted district, the Papal government, for the last two

centuries, has made greater efforts to encourage it than all the other powers of Italy put together. Every successive Pope has laboured at the Pontine marshes, but in vain. Nothing can be more clear, than that the causes which have destroyed agriculture in the Campagna, are some which were known in the days of the Roman Republic; gradually came into operation with the extension of the empire; and have continued in modern times to press upon this particular district of the Papal States, in a much greater degree than among other provinces of a similar extent in Italy.

The last circumstance which forces itself upon the mind, in the outset of this inquiry, is, that the desolation of the Campagna is owing to moral or political, not physical causes. Naturalists and physicians have exhausted all their energies for centuries in investigating the causes of the *malaria*, which is now felt with such severity in Rome in the autumnal months, and renders health so precarious there at that period; and the soil has been analyzed by the most skilful chemists, to see whether there is any peculiarity in the earth, from its volcanic character, which either induces sterility in the crops, or proves fatal to the cultivators. But nothing has been discovered that in the slightest degree explains the phenomena. There is no doubt that the Campagna is extremely unhealthy in the autumnal months, and the Pontine marshes still more so; but that is no more than is the case with every low plain on the shores of the Mediterranean: it obtains in Lombardy, Greece, Sicily, Asia Minor, and Spain, as well as in the Agro Romano. If any one doubt it, let him lie down to sleep in his cloak in any of these places in a night of September, and see what state he is in in the morning. Clarke relates, that intermittent fevers are universal in the Grecian plains in the autumnal months: in Estremadura, in September 1811, on the banks of the Guadiana, nine thousand men fell sick in Wellington's army in three days. The savannas of Ame-

* Sismondi's *Essais*, ii. 57.

rica, where "death bestrides the evening gale," when first ploughed up, produce intermittent fevers far more deadly than the malaria of the Roman Campagna. But the energy of man overcomes the difficulty, and, ere a few years have passed away, health and salubrity prevail in the regions of former pestilence. It was the same with the Roman Campagna in the early days of the Republic; it is the same now with the Campagna of Naples, and the marshy plains around Parma and Lodi, to the full as unhealthy in a desert state as the environs of Rome. It would be the same with the Agro Romano, if moral causes did not step in to prevent the efforts and industry of man, from here, as elsewhere, correcting the insalubrity of uncultivated nature.

And for decisive evidence that this desolation of the Campagna is owing to moral or political, not physical causes, and that, under a different system of administration, it might be rendered as salubrious and populous as it was in the early days of the Roman Republic, reference may be made to the fact, that in many parts of Italy, equally unhealthy and in this desert state, cultivation has taken place, a dense population has arisen, and the dangerous qualities of the atmosphere have disappeared. Within the last twenty years, the district called Grosseté has been reclaimed, in the most pestilential part of the Maremma of Tuscany, by an industrious population, which has succeeded in introducing agriculture and banishing the malaria; and the ruins of the Roman villas on the banks of the Tiber, near the sea, prove that the Romans went to seek salubrity and the healthful breezes of the sea, where now they could meet with nothing but pestilence and death. The rocky and dry slopes of the Campagna are admirably adapted for raising olives and vines; while the difference of the soil and exposure in different places, promises a similar variety in their wines. The Pontine marshes themselves, and the vast plain which extends from them to the foot of the cluster of hills called the Alban Mount, are not more oppressed by water, or lower in point of level, than the plains of Pisa; and yet

there the earth yields magnificent crops of grain and succulent herbs, while the poplars, by which the fields are intersected, support to their very summits the most luxuriant vines. The Campagna of Naples is more volcanic and level than that of Rome; the hills and valleys of Baiæ are nothing but the cones and craters of extinguished volcanoes; and if we would see what such a district becomes when left in a desert state, we have only to go to the Maremma of Pestum, now as desolate and unhealthy as the Pontine marshes themselves. But in the Campagna of Naples an industrious population has overcome all these obstacles, and rendered the land, tenanted only by wild boars and buffaloes in the fourth century, the garden of Europe, known over all the world, from its riches, by the name of the Campagna Felice.

Nay, the Agro Romano itself affords equally decisive proof, that where circumstances will permit the work of cultivation to be commenced so as to be carried on at a profit, the malaria and desolation speedily disappear before the persevering efforts of human industry. In many parts of the district, the custom of granting perpetual leases at a fixed rate prevails, the *Emphyteutis* of the Roman law, the sources of the prosperity of the cultivators in Upper and Lower Austria, and well known in Scotland under the name of *feus*. Sismondi has given the following account of the effect of the establishment of a permanent interest in the soil in arresting the effects of the malaria, and spreading cultivation over the land:—"The Emphyteutic cultivator has a permanent interest in the soil: he labours, therefore, unceasingly for the good of his family. He cuts out his slope into terraces, covers it with trees, fruits, and garden-stuffs: he takes advantage of every leisure moment, either in himself, his wife, or children, to advance the common cultivation. Industry and abundance reign around. Whenever you ascend the volcanic hills of Latium, or visit those ravishing slopes which so many painters have illustrated, around the lakes of Castel Gandolfo or Nemi, at L'Ariccia, Rocca di Papa, Marino, and Frascati; when-

ever you meet with a smiling cultivation, healthy air, and the marks of general abundance, you may rest assured the cultivator is proprietor of the fruits of the soil. The bare right of property, or superiority, as the lawyers term it, belongs to some neighbouring lord; but the real property, "*il miglioramento*," belongs to the cultivator. In this way, in these happy districts, the great estates, the *latifundia* of Pliny, have been practically distributed among the peasantry; and, whenever this is the case, you hear no more of the malaria. Agriculture has caused to arise in those localities a numerous population, which multiplies with singular rapidity, and for ages has furnished cultivators not only for the mountains where it has arisen, but bands of adventurers, who in every age have filled the ranks of the Italian armies." *

But while those examples, to which, did our limits permit, many others might be added, decisively demonstrate that human industry can effectually overcome the physical difficulties or dangers of the Roman Campagna; yet it is clear that some great and overwhelming cause is at work, which prevents agriculture flourishing, by means of tenants or *métayers*, in the plains of the Campagna. The plains, it is true, are in the hands of a few great proprietors, but their tenants are extremely rich, often more so, Sismondi tells us, than their landlords. What is it, then, which for so long a period has chained the Campagna to pasturage, and rendered all attempts to restore it to the plough abortive? The answer is plain: It is the same cause now which binds it to pasturage, which did so under the Romans from the time of Tiberius—*It is more profitable to devote the land to grass than to raise grain*. And it is so, not because the land will not bear grain crops, for it would do now even better than it did in the days of the Etruscans and the Sabines; since so many centuries of intervening pasturage have added so much to its fertility. It is so, because the weakness of the Papal

government, yielding, like the Imperial in ancient days, to the cry for cheap bread among the Roman populace, has fed the people, from time immemorial, with foreign grain, instead of that of its own territory. The evidence on this subject is as clear and more detailed in modern, than it was in ancient times; and both throw a broad and steady light on the final results of that system of policy, which purchases the present support of the inhabitants of cities, by sacrificing the only lasting and perennial sources of strength derived from the industry and population of the country.

During the confusion and disasters consequent on the fall of the Empire, after the capture of Rome by the Goths, the Campagna remained entirely a desert; but it continued in the hands of the successors of the great senatorial families who held it in the last days of the Empire. "The Agro Romano," says Sismondi, "almost a desert, had been long exposed to the ravages of the barbarians, who in 846 pillaged the Vatican, which led Pope Leo IV., in the following year, to enclose that building within the walls of Rome. For an hundred years almost all the hills which border the horizon from Rome were crowned with forts; the ancient walls of the Etruscans were restored, or rebuilt from their ruins; the old hill strengths, where the Sabines, the Hernici, the Volscians, the Coriolani, had formerly defended their independence, again offered asylums to the inhabitants of the plains. But the great estates, the bequest of ancient Rome, remained undivided. With the first dawn of history in the middle ages, we see the great house of the Colonna master of the towns of Palestrina, Genazzano, Zagarole; that of Orsini, of the territories of the republics of Veia and Ceres, and holding the fortresses of Bracciano, Anguetta, and Ceri. The Monte-Savili, near Albano, still indicates the possessions of the Savili, which comprehended the whole ancient kingdom of Turnus; the Frangipani were masters of Antium,

* Sismondi's *Essais*, ii. 33.

Astura, and the sea-coast; the Gaetani, the Annibaldeschi of the Castles which overlook the Pontine marshes; while Latium was in the hands of a smaller number of feudal families than it had formerly numbered republics within its bounds.”*

But while divided among these great proprietors, the Roman Campagna was still visited, as in the days of the emperor, with the curse of cheap grain, imported from the other states bordering on the Mediterranean, and was in consequence exclusively devoted to the purposes of pasturage. An authentic document proves that this was the case so far down as the fifteenth century. In the year 1471, Pope Sixtus IV. issued a bull, which was again enforced by Clement VII. in 1523, and which bore these remarkable words:—“Considering the frequent famines to which Rome has been exposed in late years, *arising chiefly from the small amount of lands which have been sown or laid down in tillage*, and that their owners *prefer allowing them to remain uncultivated, and pastured only by cattle*, than to cultivate for the use of men, on the ground *that the latter mode of management is more profitable than the former.*”† The decree ordered the cultivation of a large portion of the Campagna in grain under heavy penalties.

And that this superior profit of pasturage to tillage has continued to the present time, and is the real cause of the long-continued and otherwise inexplicable desolation of this noble region, has been clearly demonstrated by a series of important and highly interesting official decrees and investigations, which, within this half century, have taken place by order of the Papal government. Struck with the continued desolation of so large and important a portion of their territory, the popes have both issued innumerable edicts to enforce tillage, and set on foot the most minute inquiries to ascertain the causes of their failure. It is only necessary to mention one. Pius VI., in 1783, took

a new and most accurate survey or *cadastre* of the Agro Romano, and ordained the proprietors to sow annually 17,000 *rubbi* (85,000 acres) with grain.‡ This decree, however, like those which had preceded it, was not carried into execution. “The proprietors and farmers,” says Nicolai, “equally opposed themselves to its execution; the former declaring that they must have a higher rent for the land if laid down in tillage, than the latter professed themselves able to pay.”§

To ascertain the cause of this universal and insurmountable resistance of all concerned to the cultivation of the Campagna, the Papal government in 1790 issued a commission to inquire into the matter, and the proprietors prescribe to two memoirs on the subject, which at once explained the whole difficulty. The one set forth the cost and returns of 100 *rubbi* (500 acres) in grain tillage in the Roman Campagna; the other, the cost and returns of a flock of 2500 sheep in the same circumstances. The result of the whole was, that while the grain cultivation would with difficulty, on an expenditure of 8000 crowns (£2000,) bring in a clear profit of *thirty crowns* (£7, 10s.) to the farmer, and nothing at all to the landlord, the other would yield between them a profit of *1972 crowns*, (£496.)|| Well may Sismondi exclaim:—“These two reports are of the very highest importance. They explain the constant invincible resistance which the proprietors and farmers of the Roman Campagna have opposed to the extension of grain cultivation; they put in a clear light the opposite interest of great capitalists and the interest of the state; they give in authentic details, which I have personally verified, and found to be still entirely applicable and correct, on the causes which have reduced the noble district of the Roman Campagna to its desolate state, and still retain it in that condition. Incredible as the statements may appear, they are amply borne out by

* Sismondi's *Essais*, ii. 29, 30.

† Nicolai, *dell' Agro Romano*, ii. 30, 31.

‡ The *rubbi* is equal to two French hectares, or five English acres.

§ Nicolai, iii. 133.

|| *Ibid.*, c. iii. 167. *Et subseq.*

everyday experience. In effect, all the farmers whom I have consulted, affirm, that they invariably lose by grain cultivation, and that they never resort to it, but to prevent the land from being overgrown by brushwood or forests, and rendered unfit for profitable pasturage."*

Extraordinary as these facts are, as to the difference between the profits of pasturage and tillage in the Agro Romano, it is only by the most rigid economy, and reducing the shepherds to the lowest amount of subsistence consistent with the support of life, that the former yields any profits at all. The wages of the shepherds are only fifty-three francs (£2) for the winter season, and as much for the summer; the proprietors, in addition, furnishing them with twenty ounces of bread a-day, a half-pound of salt meat, a little oil and salt a-week. As to wine, vinegar, or fermented liquors, they never taste any of them from one year's end to another. Such as it is, their food is all brought to them from Rome; for in the whole Campagna there is not an oven, a kitchen, or a kitchen-garden, to furnish an ounce of vegetables or fruits. The clothing of these shepherds is as wretched as their fare. It consists of sheepskin, with the wool outside; a few rags on their legs and thighs, complete their vesture. Lodging or houses they have none; they sleep in the open air, or nestle into some sheltered nook among the ruined tombs or aqueducts which are to be met with in the wilderness, in some of the caverns, which are so common in that volcanic region, or beneath the arches of the ancient catacombs. A few spoons and coarse jars form their whole furniture; the cost of that belonging to twenty-nine shepherds, required for the 2500 sheep, is only 159 francs (£7.) The sum total of the expense of the whole twenty-nine persons, including wages, food, and every thing, is only 1038 crowns, or £250 a-year; being about £8, 10s. a-head annually. The produce of the flock is estimated at 7122 crowns (£1780) annually, and the annual profit 1972 crowns, or £493.†

The other table given by Nicolai, exhibits, on a similar expenditure of capital, the profit of tillage; and it is so inconsiderable, as rarely, and that only in the most favourable situations, to cover the expense of cultivation. The labourers, who almost all come from the neighbouring hills, above the level of the malaria, are obliged to be brought from a distance at high wages for the time of their employment; sometimes in harvest wages are as high as five francs, or four shillings a-day. The wages paid to the labourers on a grain farm on which £2000 has been expended on 500 acres, amount to no less than 4320 crowns, or £1080 sterling, annually; being above four times the cost of the shepherds for a similar expenditure of capital, though they wander over ten times the surface of ground. The labourers never remain in the fields; they set off to the hills when their grain is sown, and only return in autumn to cut it down. They do not work above twenty or thirty days in the year; and therefore, though their wages for that period are so high, they are in misery all the rest of the season. But though so little is done for the land, the price received for the produce is so low, that cultivation in grain brings no profit, and is usually carried on at a loss. The peasants who conduct it never go to Rome—have often never seen it; they make no purchases there; and *the most profitable of all trades in a nation, that between the town and the country, is unknown in the Roman States.*‡

Here, then, the real cause of the desolation of the Campagna stands revealed in the clearest light, and on the most irrefragable evidence. It is not cultivated for grain crops, because remunerating prices for that species of produce cannot be obtained. It is exclusively kept in pasturage, because it is in that way only that a profit can be obtained from the land. And that it is this cause, and not any deficiency of capital or skill on the part of the tenantry, which occasions the phenomenon, is further rendered apparent by the wealth,

* Sismondi's *Essais*, ii. 46, 47. † Nicolai, *dell' Agro Romano*, iii. 167, 175.

‡ Nicolai, iii. 174, 178.

enterprize, and information on agricultural subjects, of the great farmers in whose hands the land is vested. "The conductors," says Sismondi, "of rural labour in the Roman States, called *Mercanti di Tenute* or *di Campagne*, are men possessed of great capital, and who have received the very best education. Such, indeed, is their opulence, that it is probable they will, ere long, acquire the property of the land of which at present they are tenants. Their number, however, does not exceed eighty. They are acquainted with the most approved methods of agriculture in Italy and other countries; they have at their disposal all the resources of science, art, and immense capital; have availed themselves of all the boasted advantages of centralization, of a thorough division of labour, of a most accurate system of accounts, and checking of inferior functionaries. The system of great farms has been carried to perfection in their hands. But, with all these advantages, they cannot in the *Agro Romano*, *once so populous, still so fertile, raise grain to a profit*. The labourers cost more than they are worth, more than their produce is worth; while on a soil not richer, and under the same climate and government, in the marches of Ancona, agriculture maintains two hundred souls the square mile, in comfort and opulence."*

What, then, is the explanation which is to be given of this extraordinary impossibility of raising grain with a profit in the Roman Campagna; while in a similar climate, and under greater physical disadvantages, it is in the neighbouring plains of Pisa, and the Campagna Felice of Naples, the most profitable of all species of cultivation, and therefore universally resorted to? The answer is obvious—It is the cry for cheap bread in Rome, the fatal bequest of the strength of the Imperial, to the weakness of the Papal government, which is the cause. It is the necessity under which the ecclesiastical government felt itself, of yielding every thing to the clamour

for a constant supply of cheap bread for the people of the town which has done the whole. It is the ceaseless importation of foreign grain into the Tiber by government, to provide cheap food for the people, which has reduced the Campagna to a wilderness, and rendered Rome in modern, not less than Tadmor in ancient times, a city in the desert.

It has been already noticed, that in the middle of the fifteenth century Sextus IV. issued a decree, ordaining the proprietors of lands in the Campagna to lay down a third of their estates yearly in tillage. But the Papal government, not resting on the proprietors of the soil, but mainly, in so far as temporal power went, on the populace of Rome, was under the necessity of making at the same time extraordinary efforts to obtain supplies of foreign grain. A free trade in grain was permitted to the Tiber, or rather the government purchased foreign grain wherever they could find it cheapest, as the emperors had from a similar apprehension done in ancient times, and retailed it at a moderate price to the people. They became themselves the great corn-merchant. This system, of course, prevented the cultivation of the Campagna, and rendered the decree of Sextus IV. nugatory; for no human laws can make men continue a course of labour at a loss to themselves. Thence the citizens of Rome came to depend entirely on foreign supplies of grain for their daily food; and the consumption of the capital had no more influence on the agriculture of the adjoining provinces, than it had on that of Hindostan or China. Again, as in the days of Tacitus, the lives of the Roman people were exposed to the chances of the winds and the waves. As this proved a fluctuating and precarious source of supply, a special board, styled the *Casa Annonaria*, was constituted by government for the regular importation of foreign grain, and retailing of it at a fixed and low price to the people. This board has been in operation for nearly two hundred and fifty years; and it is the

* Sismondi's *Essais*, ii. 56, 57.

system it has pursued which has prevented all attempts to cultivate the Campagna, by rendering it impossible to do so at a profit. The details of the proceedings of this board—this “*chamber of commerce*” of Rome, are so extremely curious and instructive, that we must give them in the authentic words of Sismondi.

“Having failed in all their attempts to bring about the cultivation of the Campagna, the popes of the 17th and 18th centuries endeavoured to secure abundance in the markets by other means. The motive was legitimate and praiseworthy; but the means taken failed in producing the desired effect, because they sacrificed the future to the present, and, *in the anxiety to secure the subsistence of the people, compromised those who raised food for them.* Pope Pius VI., who reigned from 1605 to 1621, instituted the *Casa Annonaria* of the apostolic chamber, which was charged with the duty of providing subsistence for the inhabitants of Rome. This board being desirous, above all things, of avoiding seditions and discontent, established it as a principle, that whatever the cost of production was, or the price in a particular year, bread should be sold at certain public bake-houses at a certain price. This price was fixed at a Roman baiocco, a tenth more than the sous of France, ($\frac{1}{3}$ d. English,) for eight ounces of bread. *This price has now been maintained constantly the same for two hundred years*; and it is still kept at the same level, with the difference only of a slight diminution in the weight of the bread sold for the *baiocco* in years of scarcity.

“As a necessary consequence of this regulation, the apostolic chamber soon found itself under the necessity of taking entire possession of the commerce of grain. It not only bought up the whole which was to be obtained in the country, but provided for the public wants *by large importation*. Regulations for the import and export of grain were made by it; sometimes, it was said, through the influence of those who solicited ex-

emptions. Whether this was the case or not is uncertain, and not very material. What is certain is, that the rule by which the chamber was invariably regulated, viz. *that of consulting no other interest but that of the poor consumer*, is as vicious and ruinous as the one so much approved of now-a-days, of attending only to the interest of the proprietors and producers. Government, doubtless, should attend to the vital matter of the subsistence of the people; but it should do so with a view to the interest of all, not a single section of society.

“At what price soever bread was bought by them, the *Casa Annonaria* sold it to the bakers at seven Roman crowns (30 f.) the *rubbio*, which weighs 640 kilograms, (1540 lbs.) That price was not much different from the average one; and the apostolic chamber sustained no great loss till 1763, by its extensive operations in the purchase and sale of grain. But at that period the price of wheat began to rise, and it went on continually advancing to the end of the century. Notwithstanding its annual losses, however, the apostolic chamber was too much afraid of public clamour to raise the price of bread. It went on constantly retailing it at the same price to the people; and the consequence was, that its losses in 1797, when the pontifical government was overturned, had accumulated to no less than 17,457,485 francs, or £685,000.”*

It might naturally have been imagined, that after so long an experience of the effects of a forcible reduction of the price of grain below the level at which it could be raised at a profit by home cultivators, the ecclesiastical government would have seen what was the root of the evil, and applied themselves to remedy it, by giving some protection to native industry. But though the evil of the desolation of the Campagna was felt in its full extent by government in subsequent times; yet as the first step in the right course, viz. protecting native industry by stopping the sales of bread by government at lower prices than it could be raised at home, was

* Nicolai, *del' Agro Romano*, iii. 153. Sismondi's *Essais*, ii. 44.

likely to occasion great discontent, it was never attempted. Such a step, dangerous in the firmest and best established, was impossible in an elective monarchy of old Popes, feeble cardinals, and a despicable soldiery. They went on deploring the evil, but never once ventured to face the remedy. In 1802, Pius VII., a most public-spirited and active pontiff, issued an edict, in which he declared, "We are firmly persuaded that if we cannot succeed in applying a remedy the abandonment and depopulation of the Campagna will go on increasing, till the country becomes a fearful desert. *Fatal experience leaves no doubt on that point.* We see around us, above all in the Campagna, a number of estates entirely depopulated and abandoned to grass, which, in the memory of man, were rich in agricultural productions, and crowded with inhabitants, as is clearly established by the seignorial rights attached to them. Population had been introduced into these domains by agriculture, which employed a multitude of hands, being in a flourishing state. But now the obstacles opposed to the interior commerce of grain, *and the forced prices fixed by government, have caused agriculture to perish.* Pasturage has come every where to supplant it; and the great proprietors and farmers living in Rome, have abandoned all thought of dividing their possessions among cultivators, and sought only to diminish the cost of the flocks to which they have devoted their estates. But if that system has proved profitable to them, it has been fatal to the state, which it has deprived of its true riches, the produce of agriculture, and of the industry of the rural population."* But it was all in vain. The measures adopted by Pius VII. to resuscitate agriculture in the Campagna, have proved all nugatory like those of all his predecessors; the importation of foreign grain into the Tiber, the forced prices at which it was sold by the government at Rome, rendered it impossible to prosecute agriculture to a profit; and the Campagna has become, and still continues, a desert.†

Here, then, the real cause of the long-continued desolation of the Agro Romano, both in ancient and modern times, becomes perfectly apparent. It is the cry for cheap bread in Rome which has done the whole. To stifle this cry in the dreaded populace of the Eternal City, the emperors imported grain largely from Egypt and Lybia, and distributed it at an elusory price, or gratuitously, to the people. The unrestricted importation of foreign grain, in consequence of those provinces becoming parts of the empire, enabled the cultivators and merchants of Africa to deluge the Italian harbours with corn at a far cheaper rate than it could be raised in Italy itself, where labour bore a much higher price, in consequence of money being more plentiful in the centre than the extremities of the empire. Thus the market of its towns was lost to the Italian cultivators, and gained to those of Egypt and Lybia, where a vertical sun, or the floods of the Nile, almost superseded the expense of cultivation. Pasturage became the only way in which land could be managed to advantage in the Italian fields; because live animals and dairy produce do not admit of being transported from a distance by sea, with a profit to the importer, and the sunburnt shores of Africa yielded no herbage for their support. Agriculture disappeared in Italy, and with it the free and robust arms which conducted it; pasturage succeeded, and yielded large rentals to the great proprietors, into whose hands, on the ruin of the little freeholders by foreign importation, the land had fallen. But pasturage could not nourish a bold peasantry to defend the state; it could only produce the riches which might attract its enemies. Hence the constant complaint, that Italy had ceased to be able to furnish soldiers to the legionary armies; hence the entrusting the defence of the frontier to mercenary barbarians, and the ruin of the empire.

In modern times the same ruinous system has been continued, and hence the continued desolation of the Cam-

* Motu proprio de Pius VII.—Nicolai, ii. 163, 185.

† Sismondi's *Essais*, ii. 71.

pagna, so pregnant with weakness and evil to the Roman states. The people never forgot the distribution of grain by government in the time of the emperors; the Papal authorities never had strength sufficient to withstand the menacing cry for cheap bread. Anxious to keep the peace in Rome, and depending little on the barons of the country, the ecclesiastical government saw no resource but to import grain themselves from any countries where they could get it cheapest, and sell it at a fixed price to the people. This price, down to 1763, was just the price at which *it could be imported with a fair profit*; as is proved by the fact, that down to that period the *Casa Annonaria* sustained no loss. But it was lower than the rate at which it could be raised even in the fertile plains of the Campagna, where labour was dearer and taxes heavier than in Egypt and the Ukraine, from whence the grain was imported by government; and consequently cultivation could not be carried on in the Agro Romano but at a loss. It of course ceased altogether; and the land, as in ancient times, has been entirely devoted to pasturage, to the extinction of the rural population, and the infinite injury of the state.

And this explains how it has happened, that in other parts of the Papal states, particularly in the marches on the other side of the Apennines, between Bologna and Ancona, agriculture is not only no-ways depressed, but flourishing; and the same is the case with the slopes of the Alban Mount, even in the Agro Romano. In the first situation, the necessity of bending to the cry for cheap bread in the urban population was not felt, as the marches contained no great towns, and the weight of influence was in the rural inhabitants. There was no *Casa Annonaria*, or fixed price of bread there; and therefore agriculture flourished as it did in Lombardy, the Campagna Felice of Naples, the plain of Pisa, or any other prosperous part of Italy. In the latter, it was in *garden cultivation* that the little proprietors, as in nearly the whole slopes of the Apennines, were engaged. The enchanting shores of the lakes of Gandolfo

and Nemi, the hills around L'Aricia and Marino, are all laid out in the cultivation of grapes, olives, fruits, vegetables, and chestnuts. No competition from without was to be dreaded by them, as at least, until the introduction of steam, it was impossible to bring such productions by distant sea voyages, so as to compete with those raised in equally favourable situations within a few miles of the market at home. In these places, therefore, the peculiar evil which blasted all attempts at grain cultivation in the Campagna was not felt; and hence, though in the Roman states, and subject, in other respects, to precisely the same government as the Agro Romano, they exhibit not merely a good, but the most admirable cultivation.

If any doubt could exist on this subject, it would be removed by two other facts connected with agriculture on the shores of the Mediterranean; one in ancient and one in modern times.

The first of these is, that while agriculture declined in *Italy*, as has been shown from the time of Tiberius, until at length nearly the whole plains of that peninsula were turned into grass, it, from the same date, took an extraordinary start in Spain and Lybia. And to such a length had the improvement of Africa, under the fostering influence of the market of Rome and Italy gone, that it contained, at the time of its invasion by the Vandals under Genseric, in the year 430 of the Christian era, twenty millions of inhabitants, and had come to be regarded with reason as the garden of the human race. "The long and narrow tract," says Gibbon, "of the African coast was filled, when the Vandals approached its shores, with frequent monuments of Roman art and magnificence; and the respective degrees of improvement might be accurately measured by the distance from Carthage and the Mediterranean. A simple reflection will impress every thinking mind with the clearest idea of its fertility and cultivation. The country was extremely populous; the inhabitants reserved a liberal supply for their own use; and the annual exportation, PARTICULARLY OF WHEAT, was so regular and plentiful, that Africa

deserved the name of the common granary of Rome and of mankind." * Nor had Spain flourished less during the long tranquillity and protection of the legions. In the year 409 after Christ, when it was first invaded by the barbarians, its situation is thus described by the great historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. "The situation of Spain, separated on all sides from the enemies of Rome by the sea, by the mountains, and by intermediate provinces, had secured the long tranquillity of that remote and sequestered country; and we may observe, as a sure symptom of domestic happiness, that in a period of 400 years, Spain furnished very few materials to the history of the Roman empire. The cities of Merida, Cordova, Seville, and Tarragona, were numbered with the most illustrious of the Roman world. The various plenty of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms was improved and manufactured by the skill of an industrious people, and the peculiar advantages of naval stores contributed to support an extensive and profitable trade." And he adds, in a note, many particulars relative to the fertility and trade of Spain, may be found in Huet's *Commerce des Anciens*, c. 40, p. 228. †

These facts are very remarkable, and worthy of the most profound attention; for they point in a decisive manner, they afford the *experimentum crucis* as to the real cause of the long-continued and frightful decay of Italian agriculture during the reign of the emperors. For here, it appears, that during the four hundred years that the Western Empire endured, while the cultivation of grain in Italy was constantly declining, and at last wholly ceased, insomuch that the country relapsed entirely into a state of nature, or was devoted to the mere raising of grass for sheep and cattle, *agriculture was flourishing in the highest degree in the remoter provinces of the Empire*; and the exportation of grain from Africa had become so great and regular, that it had come to be regarded as the granaries of Rome and of the world! The government was the same, the slavery was the same,

in Africa as in Italy. Yet in the one country agriculture rose, during four centuries, to the highest point of elevation; while in the other, during the same period, it sunk to the lowest depression, until it became wellnigh extinct, so far as the raising of grain was concerned. How did this come to pass? It could not have been that the labour of slaves was too costly to raise grain; for it was raised at a great profit, and to a prodigious extent, *almost entirely by slaves*, in Egypt and Lybia. What was it, then, which destroyed agriculture in Italy and Greece, while, under circumstances precisely similar in all respects *but one*, it was, at the very same time, rising to the very highest prosperity in Egypt, Lybia, and Spain? Evidently *that one circumstance*, and that was—that Italy and Greece were the heart of the empire, the theatre of long-established civilization, the abode of opulence, the seat of wealth, the centre to which riches flowed from the extremities of the empire. Pounds were plentiful there, and, consequently, labour was dear; in the provinces pence were few, and, therefore, it was cheap. It was impossible, under a free trade in grain, for the one to compete with the other. It is for the same reason that agricultural labour is now sixpence a-day in Poland, tenpence in Ireland, and two shillings in Great Britain.

The peculiar conformation of the Roman empire, while it facilitated in many respects its growth and final settlement under the dominion of the Capitol, led by a process not less certain, and still more rapid, to its ruin, when that empire was fully extended. If any one will look at the map, he will see that the Roman empire spread outwards from the shores of the Mediterranean. It embraced all the monarchies and republics which, in the preceding ages of the world, had grown up around that inland sea. Water, therefore, afforded the regular, certain, and cheap means of conveying goods and troops from one part of the empire to the other. Nature had spread out a vast system of

* Gibbon, chap. 33, Vol. vi. p. 20.

† Gibbon, c. 31, Vol. v. p. 351.

internal navigation, which brought foreign trade in a manner to every man's door. The legions combated alternately on the plains of Germany, in the Caledonian woods, on the banks of the Euphrates, and at the foot of Mount Atlas. But much as this singular and apparently providential circumstance aided the growth, and for a season increased the strength of the empire, it secretly but certainly undermined its resources, and in the end proved its ruin. The free trade in grain which it necessarily brought with it, when the same dominion stretched over all Spain and Africa, and long-continued peace had brought their crops to compete with the Italian in the supply of the Roman, or the Grecian in that of the Constantinopolitan markets, destroyed the fabric the legions had reared. Italy could not compete with Lybia, Greece with Poland. Rome was supplied by the former, Constantinople by the latter. If the Mediterranean wafted the legions out in the rise of the empire, *it wafted foreign grain in* in its later stages, and the last undid all that the former had done. The race of *agricultural freemen* in Italy, the bone and muscle of the legions which had conquered the world, became extinct; the rabble of towns were unfit for the labours, and averse to the dangers of war; mercenaries became the only resource.

The fact in modern times, which illustrates and confirms the same view of the chief cause of the ruin of the Roman empire, is, that a similar effect has taken place, and is at this moment in full operation in Romelia, and all the environs of Constantinople. Every traveller in the East knows that desolation as complete as that of the Campagna of Rome pervades the whole environs of Constantinople; that the moment you emerge from the gates of that noble city, you find yourself in a wilderness, and that the grass comes up to your horse's girths all the way to Adrianople. "Romelia," says Slade, "if cultivated, would become the granary of the East;" *whereas Constantinople depends on Odessa for daily bread.* The burial-grounds,

choked with weeds and underwood, constantly occurring in every traveller's route, far remote from habitations, are eloquent testimonials of continued depopulation. The living, too, are far apart; a town about every fifty miles; *a village every ten miles*, is deemed close; and horsemen meeting on the highway regard each other as objects of curiosity.* This is the Agro Romano over again. Nor will it do to say, that it is the oppression of the Turkish government which occasions this desolation and destruction of the rural population; for many parts of Turkey are not only well cultivated but most densely peopled; as, for example, the broad tract of Mount Hæmus, where agriculture is in as admirable a state as in the mountains of Tuscany or Switzerland. "No peasantry in the world," says Slade, "are so well off as those of Bulgaria; the lowest of them has abundance of every thing—meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice, cheese, wine, bread, good clothing, a warm dwelling, and a horse to ride; where is the tyranny under which the Christian subjects of the Porte are generally supposed to dwell? Among the Bulgarians certainly. I wish that, in every country, a traveller could pass from one end to the other, and find a good supper and warm fire in every cottage, as he can in this part of European Turkey."† Clarke gives the same account of the peasantry of Parnassus and Olympia; and it is true generally of almost all the *mountain districts of Turkey.* How, then, does it happen that the rich and level plains of Romelia, at the gates of Constantinople, and thence over a breadth of an hundred and twenty miles to Adrianople, is a desert? Slade has explained it in a word. "*Constantinople depends on Odessa for its daily bread.*" The cry for cheap bread in Constantinople, its noble harbour, and ready communication by water with Egypt on the one hand, and the Ukraine on the other, have done the whole. Romelia, like the Campagna of Rome, is a desert, because the market of Constantinople is lost to the Turkish cultivators; because grain can be brought

* Slade's *Travels in the East*, ii. 15.

† Slade, ii. 97.

cheaper from the Nile and the Wolga than raised at home, in consequence of the cheapness of labour in those remote provinces; and because the Turkish government, dreading an insurrection in the capital, have done nothing to protect native industry.

There are many countries to whom the most unlimited freedom in the importation of corn can do no injury. There are, in the first place, the great grain countries, such as Poland and the Ukraine: they have no more reason to dread the importation of grain than Newcastle that of coals, or the Scotch Highlands that of moor-game. In the next place, countries which *are poor* need never fear the importation of corn from abroad; for they have no money to pay for it; and, if they had, it would not be brought in at a profit, because currency being scarce, of course the price will be low. Lastly, Countries which have vast inland tracts, like Russia, Austria, France, and America, especially if no extensive system of water communication exists in their interior, have little reason to apprehend injury from the most unrestricted commerce in grain; because the cost of inland carriage on so bulky and heavy an article as corn is so considerable, that the produce of foreign harvests can never penetrate far into the interior, or come to supply a large portion of the population with food.

The countries which have reason to apprehend injury, and in the end destruction, to their native agriculture, from the unrestricted admission of foreign corn, are those which, though they may possess a territory in many places well adapted for the raising of grain crops, are yet rich, far advanced in civilization, with a narrow territory, and their principal towns on the sea-coast. They have every thing to dread from foreign importation; because both the plenty of currency, which opulence brings in its train, and the heavy public burdens with which it is invariably attended, render labour dear at home, by lowering the value of money, and raising the weight of taxation. If long continued, an unrestricted foreign

importation cannot fail to ruin agriculture, and destroy domestic strength in such a state. Italy and Greece stood eminently in such a situation; for all their great towns were upon the sea-coast, their territory was narrow, and being successively the seats of empire, and the centres of long-continued opulence, money was more plentiful, and therefore production dearer than in those remote and poorer states from which grain might be brought to their great towns by sea carriage. In the present circumstances of this country, we would do well to bear in mind the following reflections of Sismondi, "It is not to no purpose that we have entered into the foregoing details concerning the state of agriculture in the neighbourhood of Rome; for we are persuaded that a universal tendency in Europe *menaces us with the same calamities*, even in those countries which at present seem to adopt an entirely opposite system; *only the Romans have gone through the career, while we are only entering upon it.*" *

The times are past, indeed, when gratuitous distributions of grain will be made to an idle population, as under the Roman emperors, or bread be sold for centuries by government at a fixed and low price, as under their papal successors. But the same causes which produced these effects are still in full operation. The cry for cheap bread in a popular state, is as menacing as it was to the emperors or popes of Rome. The only difference is, the sacrifice of domestic industry is now more disguised. The thing is done, but it is done not openly by public deliveries of the foreign grain at low prices, but indirectly under the specious guise of free trade. Government does not say, "We will import Polish grain, and sell it permanently at thirty-six or forty shillings a quarter;" but it says, "we will open our harbours to the Polish farmers who can do so. We will admit grain duty free from a country where wages are sixpence a-day, and rents half-a-crown an acre." They thus force down the price of grain to the foreign level, augmented only by the cost and pro-

* Sismondi's *Essais*, ii. 71.

fit of importation, as effectually as ever did the emperors or *Casa Annunaria* of Rome.

And what has Rome—the urban population of Rome—for whose supposed interests, and in obedience to whose menacing cry, the Roman market has for eighteen centuries been supplied with foreign bread—what have they gained by this long concession of government to their wishes? Sismondi has told us in one word—“In Rome there is *no commerce between the town and the country.*” They would have foreign grain with its consequences, and *they have had foreign grain with its consequences.* And what have been these consequences? Why, that the Eternal City, which, even when taken by the Goths, had 1,200,000 inhabitants within its walls, can now scarcely number 170,000, and they almost entirely in poverty, and mainly supported by the influx and expenditure of foreigners. The Campagna, once so fruitful and so peopled, has become a desert. No inhabitant of the Roman states buys any thing in Rome. Their glory is departed—it has gone to other people and other lands. And what would have been the result if this wretched concession to blind and unforeseeing popular clamour had not taken place? Why, that Rome would have been what Naples—where domestic industry is protected—has become; it would have numbered 400,000 busy and active citizens within its walls. The Campagna would have been what the marches of Ancona now are. Between Rome and the Campagna, a million of happy and industrious human beings would have existed in the *Agro Romano*, independent of all the world, mutually nourishing and supporting each other; instead of an hundred and seventy thousand indolent and inactive citizens of a town, painfully dependent on foreign supplies for bread, and on foreign gold for the means of purchasing it.

Disastrous as have been the consequences of a free trade in grain to the Roman States, alike in ancient and modern times, it was introduced by its rulers in antiquity under the influence of noble and enlightened principles. The whole civilized world was then one state; the banks of the

Nile and the plains of Lybia acknowledged the sway of the emperors, as much as the shores of the Tiber or the fields of the Campagna. When the Roman government, ruling so mighty a dominion, permitted the harvests of Africa and the Ukraine to supplant those of Italy and Greece, they did no more than justice to their varied subjects. Magnanimously overlooking local interests and desires, they extended their vision over the whole civilized world, and

“View’d with equal eyes, as lords of all,”

their subjects, whether in Italy, Spain, Egypt, or Lybia. Though the seat of government was locally on the Tiber, they administered for the interest of the whole civilized world, alike far and near. If the Campagna was ruined, the Delta of Egypt flourished! If the plains of Umbria were desolate, those of Lybia and Spain, equally parts of the empire, were waving with grain. But can the same be said of England, now proclaiming a free trade in grain, not merely with her colonies or distant provinces, but with her rivals or her enemies? Not merely with Canada and Hindostan, but with Russia and America? With countries jealous of her power, envious of her fame, covetous of her riches. What should we have said of the wisdom of the Romans, if they had sacrificed Italian to African agriculture in the days of Hannibal? If they had put it into the power of the Carthaginian Senate to have said, “We will not arm our galleys; we will not levy armies; we will prohibit the importation of African grain, and starve you into submission?” How is England to maintain her independence, if the autocrat of Russia, by issuing his orders from St Petersburg, can at any moment stop the importation of ten millions of quarters of foreign grain, that is, a sixth of our whole annual consumption? And are we to render desolate our own fields, to render penniless our home customers, not in order to promote the interest of the distant parts of our empire, but in order to enrich and vivify our enemies?

It is said public opinion runs in favour of such a change; that the

manufacturing has become the dominant interest in the state; that wages must at all hazards be beat down to the continental level; and that, right or wrong, the thing must be done. Whether this is the case or not, time, and possibly a general election, will show. Sometimes those who are the most noisy, are not the most numerous. Certain it is, that in 1841 a vast majority both of the electors and the people were unanimous in favour of protection. But, be the present opinion of the majority what it may, that will not alter the nature of things.—It will not render that wise which is unwise. Public opinion in Athens, in the time of Demosthenes, was nearly unanimous to apply the public funds to the support of the theatres instead of the army, and they got the battle of Chæronea, and subjection by Philip, for their reward. Public opinion in Europe was unanimous in favour of the Crusades, and millions of brave men left their bones in Asia in consequence. The Senate of Carthage, yielding to the wishes of the majority of their democratic community, refused to send succours to Hannibal in Italy; and they brought, in conse-

quence, the legions of Scipio Africanus round their walls. Public opinion in France was unanimous in favour of the expedition to Moscow. "They regarded it," says Segur, "as a mere hunting party of six months;" but that did not hinder it from bringing the Cossacks to Paris. The old Romans were unanimous in their cry for cheap bread, and they brought the Gothic trumpet to their gates from its effects. A vast majority of the electors of Great Britain in 1831, were in favour of Reform: out of 101, 98 county members were returned in the liberal interest; and now they have got their reward, in seeing the Reformed Parliament preparing to abolish all protection to native industry. All the greatest and most destructive calamities recorded in history have been brought about, not only with the concurrence, but in obedience to the fierce demand of the majority. Protection to domestic industry, at home or colonial, is the unseen but strongly felt bond which unites together the far distant provinces of the British empire by the firm bond of mutual interest.

MR BROOKE OF BORNEO.

ON the 19th of August last, some twenty boats belonging to her Majesty's ships, *Agincourt*, *Vestal*, *Dædalus*, *Wolverine*, *Cruiser*, and *Vixen*, and containing about five hundred men, attacked and destroyed in the *Malladu*, a river of the Eastern Archipelago, the forts of Seriff Housman, a notorious and daring pirate, whose crimes had paralysed the commerce of the seas of Borneo, and finally rendered British interference absolutely necessary for the security of British life and property. The action was one of the many that the suppression of piracy in these regions has demanded—was gallantly fought, and full reported in the journals of the time;—a narrow river, with two forts mounting eleven or twelve heavy guns, (and defended by from five hundred to one thousand fighting men,) protected by a strong and well-contrived boom, was the position of the enemy. The English boats took the bull by the horns—cut away part of the boom under a heavy fire; advanced and carried the place in a fight protracted for fifty minutes. The enemy fought well, and stood manfully to their guns. The mate of the *Wolverine* fell mortally wounded whilst working at the boom, axe in hand; but his death was avenged by a wholesale slaughter of the pirates. At two minutes to nine, those who had remained on board the *Vixen* heard the report of the first heavy gun, and the first column of black smoke proclaimed that the village was fired. On the evening of the 19th, a detachment of ten boats, with fresh men and officers, quitted the *Vixen*, and arrived at the forts shortly after daylight. The work of destruction was complete. The boom, above spoken of, was ingeniously fastened with the chain-cable of a vessel of three hundred or four hundred tons; other chains, for darker purposes, were discovered in the town; a ship's long-boat; two ship's bells, one ornamented with grapes and

vine leaves, and marked "*Wilhelm Ludwig, Bremen*," and every other description of ship's furniture. Some piratical boats were burned, twenty-four brass guns captured; the other guns spiked or otherwise destroyed. *Malladu* ceased to exist; the power of Seriff Housman was extinguished in a day.

Small wars, as well as great, have their episodes of touching tenderness. Twenty-four hours after the action, a poor woman, with her child of two years of age, was discovered in a small canoe; her arm was shattered at the elbow by a grape-shot, and the poor creature lay dying for want of water, in an agony of pain, with her child playing around her, and endeavouring to derive the sustenance which the mother could no longer give. The unfortunate woman was taken on board the *Vixen*, and in the evening her arm was amputated. On board the *Vixen* she met with one who offered to convey her to the Borneon town of *Sarāwah*, where she would find protection. To have left her where she was, would have been to leave her to die. To the stranger's kind offers she had but one answer to give. "If you please to take me, I shall go. I am a woman, and not a man; I am a slave, and not a free woman—do as you like." The woman recovered, was grateful for the kindness shown her, and was deposited faithfully and well in the town already named, by the stranger already introduced.

Let us state at once that the object of this article is to bring to public notice, as shortly as we may, the history of this stranger, and to demand for it the reader's warmest sympathy. Full accounts of the doings of her Majesty's ship *Dido* will no doubt be reported elsewhere, with the several engagements which Mr Keppel's book so graphically describes. Let them receive the attention that they merit. We cannot

afford to meddle with them now. "Metal more attractive" lies in the adventures of a man who has devoted his fortune and energies to the cause of humanity, and has purchased with both the amelioration of a large portion of his suffering fellow-creatures.

We know not when, since our boyhood, we have met with an adventurer more ardent and daring, a companion more fascinating and agreeable, than MR BROOKE, the Rajah or Governor of SARAWAK. Essentially British, in as much as he practises our national virtues when circumstances call them into action, he reminds us at all times of those Eastern men, famous in their generation, who delighted us many years ago, and secured our wonder by their devoted love of enterprise, and the moral ascendancy that waited on their efforts. In truth, Mr Brooke belongs not to the present generation. His energy, his perseverance, which nothing can subdue, his courage which no dangers can appal, his simplicity which no possession of power and authority can taint, his integrity and honest mind, all belong to a more masculine and primitive age, and constitute a rare exception for our respect and gratitude in this. We take the earliest opportunity afforded us to pay our humble tribute to worth that cannot be questioned, to heroic virtue that cannot be surpassed.

Whatsoever humanity and civilisation may gain in the extermination of odious crimes upon the shores of BORNEO, whatsoever advantages England may hereafter obtain from British settlements in the island, and from a peaceful trade carried on around it, to Mr Brooke, and to that gentleman alone, will belong the glory and the honour of such acquisitions. Inspired by his vigorous nature, but more by the dictates of a true benevolence, unaided and unprotected, save by his own active spirit and the blessing of Providence, he undertook a mission on behalf of mankind, with perils before him which the stoutest could not but feel, and achieved a success which the most sanguine could hardly have anticipated.

Mr Brooke was born on the 29th of April 1803, and is therefore now in his 43d year. He is the second son of

the late Thomas Brooke, Esq., who held an appointment in the civil service of the East India Company. At an early age he went out to India as a cadet, served with distinction in the Burmese war, was wounded, and returned to England for the recovery of his health. In the year 1830, Mr Brooke relinquished the service altogether, and quitted Calcutta for China, again in search of health. During his voyage, he saw, for the first time, the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago; almost unknown, even at that recent period, to Europeans generally. Such information as was before the world he obtained, and carefully considered; and the result of his reflections was a determination to carry to Borneo, an island of some magnitude, and terribly afflicted in more respects than one, such knowledge and instruction as might help to elevate its people from the depravity in which they lived, and the horrors to which they were hourly subjected. This was in 1830. In the year 1838, he quitted England to fulfil his purpose. For eight years he had patiently and steadily worked towards his object, and gathered about him all that was necessary for its accomplishment. Nothing had been omitted to insure success. A man of fortune, he had been prodigal of his wealth; free from professional and other ties, he had given up his time wholly to the cause. One year was passed in the Mediterranean, that his vessel, *The Royalist*, might be put to the severest tests. Three years were spent in educating a crew worthy of an undertaking that promised so little sudden prosperity, that exacted so much immediate self-denial, threatened so many hardships. The men were happy and contented, cheerful and willing. The vessel belonged to the royal yacht squadron, was a fast sailer, armed with six six-pounders, a number of swivels and small arms, carried four boats, and provisions for as many months. On the 27th of October 1838, the adventurous company left the river. A fortunate passage carried them in safety to Rio Janeiro, and on the 29th of March 1839, they were sailing from the Cape of Good Hope. A six weeks' passage brought them to Java Head, and on the 1st of June they reached that

"pivot of the liberal system in the Archipelago," the island of Singapore. It was not until the 27th of July that Mr Brooke quitted Singapore. Five days afterwards, the *Royalist* was anchored off the coast of Borneo!

At the period of Mr Brooke's arrival, Borneo Proper,* once the seat of piracy, which few vessels could approach with safety, was under the government of the rajah MUDA HASSIM. Report spoke favourably of this rajah's character. A vessel had been wrecked on his coast, and the crew, who had been saved with difficulty, had taken shelter in the jungle. Muda Hassim, hearing of their fate, caused them to be brought to his town of SARAWAK, collected as much as could be saved from the wreck, clothed the sufferers, fed them, and sent them free of expense to Singapore. Moreover, for reasons known to himself, the rajah was well disposed towards the English. These important circumstances were borne in mind by Mr Brooke. The rajah was now at Sarawak, and the adventurer determined to enter the river of that name, and to proceed as far as the town. He was well supplied with presents; gaudy silks of Surat, scarlet cloth, stamped velvet, gunpowder, confectionery, sweets, ginger, jams, dates, and syrups for the governor, and a huge box of China toys for the governor's children. From Mr Brooke's own diary, we extract the following account of his position and feelings at this interesting moment of his still doubtful undertaking:—

"August 1st.—I am, then, at length, anchored off the coast of Borneo! not under very pleasant circumstances, for the night is pitchy dark, with thunder, lightning, rain, and squalls of wind.

"2d.—Squally bad night. This morning, the clouds clearing away, was delightful, and offered for our view the majestic scenery of Borneo. At nine got under weigh, and ran in on an east-by-south course four and a half or five miles towards Tanjong Api. Came to an anchor about five miles from the land, and dispatched

the boat to take sights ashore, in order to form a base line for triangulation. The scenery may really be called majestic. The low and wooded coast about Tanjong Api is backed by a mountain called Gunong Palo, some 2000 feet in height, which slopes down behind the point, and terminates in a number of hummocks, showing from a distance like islands.

"The coast, unknown, and represented to abound in shoals and reefs, is the harbour for pirates of every description. Here every man's hand is raised against his brother man; and here sometimes the climate wars upon the excitable European, and lays many a white face and gallant heart low on the distant strand.

3d.—Beating between Points Api and Datu. The bay, as far as we have seen, is free from danger; the beach is lined by a feathery row of beautiful casuarinas, and behind is a tangled jungle, without fine timber; game is plentiful, from the traces we saw on the sand; hogs in great numbers; troops of monkeys, and the print of an animal with cleft hoofs, either a large deer, tapir, or cow. We saw no game save a tribe of monkeys, one of which, a female, I shot, and another quite young, which we managed to capture alive. The captive, though the young of the black monkey, is greyish, with the exception of the extremities, and a stripe of black down his back and tail.

"We witnessed, at the same time, an extraordinary and fatal leap made by one of these monkeys. Alarmed by our approach, he sprang from the summit of a high tree at the branch of one lower, and at some distance. He leaped short, and came clattering down sixty or seventy feet amid the jungle. We were unable to penetrate to the spot, on account of a deep swamp, to ascertain his fate.

"A river flows into the sea not far from where we landed—the water is sweet, and of that clear brown colour so common in Ireland. This coast is evidently the haunt of native *prahns*, whether piratical or other. Print of men's feet were numerous and fresh,

* *Borneo Proper* is the northern and north-western part of the island, and an independent Malay state.

and traces of huts, fires, and parts of boots, some of them ornamented after their rude fashion. A long pull of five miles closed the day.

"*Sunday, 4th.*—Performed divine service myself! manfully overcoming that horror which I have to the sound of my own voice before an audience. In the evening landed again more to the westward. Shore skirted by rocks; timber noble, and the forest clear of brushwood, enabling us to penetrate with ease as far as caution permitted. Traces of wild beasts numerous and recent, but none discovered. Fresh-water streams coloured as yesterday, and the trail of an alligator from one of them to the sea. This dark forest, where the trees shoot up straight and tall, and are succeeded by generation after generation varying in stature, but struggling upward, strikes the imagination with pictures trite yet true. It was thus I meditated in my walk. The foot of European, I said, has never touched where my foot now presses—seldom the native wanders here. Here, I, indeed, behold nature fresh from the bosom of creation, unchanged by man, and stamped with the same impress she originally bore! Here I behold God's design when He formed this tropical land, and left its culture and improvement to the agency of man! The Creator's gift as yet neglected by the creature; and yet the time may be confidently looked for when the axe shall level the forest, and the plough turn the ground."

Upon the 5th of August, a boat was sent to the island of Tulang-Talang, where some Malays were seen; they were civil, and offered their assistance. On the following morning the *bandar* (or chief steward) of the place came off in his canoe, and welcomed the newcomers. He assured them of a happy reception from the Rajah, and took his leave, after having been sumptuously entertained with sweetmeats and syrups, and handsomely provided with three yards of red cloth, some tea, and a little gunpowder. The great man himself, Muda Hassim, was visited in his town of Sarāwak on the morning of the 15th. He received his visitors in state, seated in his hall of audience, a large shed, erected on piles. Sarāwak is only the occasional

residence of the Rajah, and at the time of the ship's arrival he was detained there by a rebellion in the interior. The town was found to be a mere collection of mud-huts, containing about 1500 persons, and inhabited for the most part by the Rajah, his family, and their attendants. The remaining population were poor and squalid. "We sat," says Mr Brooke, "in easy and unreserved converse, out of hearing of the rest of the circle. He expressed great kindness to the English nation; and begged me to tell him *really*, which was the most powerful nation, England or Holland; or, as he significantly expressed, which is the 'cat and which is the rat?' I assured him that England was the mouser, though in this country Holland had most territory. We took our leave after he had intimated his intention of visiting us to-morrow morning."

The visit was duly paid, and as duly returned. Tea, cigars, scissors, knives, and biscuits, were distributed amongst the rajah and his suite, and the friendliest understanding was maintained. Mr Brooke, however, had come to Borneo for more serious business. Ceremonies being over, he dispatched his interpreter, an Englishman, (Mr Williamson by name,) to the rajah, intimating his desire to travel to some of the Malay towns, and especially into the country of the *Dyaks*. The request, it was fully believed, would be refused; but, to the surprise of the asker, leave was given, with the accompanying assurance, however, that the Rajah was powerless amongst many Dyak tribes, and could not answer for the adventurer's safety. Mr Brookes availed himself of the license, and undertook to provide in other respects for himself. The *Dyaks* are the aborigines of Borneo, and share the country with the Malays and Chinese who have made their homes in it. "There be land rats, and there be water rats." There be also land Dyaks and water Dyaks; or, to use the language of the country, *Dyak Darrat* and *Dyak Laut*. Those of the sea vary in their character and prospects, but, for the most part, they are powerful communities, and desperate pirates, ravaging the coasts in immense fleets,

and robbing and murdering without discrimination. Their language is similar to the Malay. The name of God amongst them is Battara (the Avatara of the Hindoos.) They bury their dead, and in the graves deposit a large portion of the property of the deceased, consisting of gold ornaments, brass guns, jars, and arms. "Their marriage ceremony consists in two fowls being killed, and the forehead and breast of the young couple being touched with the blood; after which the chief, or an old man, knocks their heads together several times, and the ceremony is completed with mirth and feasting." The Dyak Darrats inhabit an inconsiderable portion of the island, and are composed of numerous tribes, all agreeing in their customs, and speaking the same dialect. They are regarded as slaves by the Malays, and treated and disposed of like beasts of burden. "We do not live," said one, "like men; we are like monkeys; we are hunted from place to place; we have no houses; and when we light a fire, we fear the smoke will draw our enemies upon us." The appearance of these Dyaks, we are told, is very prepossessing. They are of middle height, active, and good-natured in their expression; the women not so good-looking, but as cheerful tempered. "The dress of the men consists of a piece of cloth, about fifteen feet long, passed between the legs, and fastened round the loins, with the ends hanging before and behind; the head-dress is composed of bark cloth, dyed bright yellow, and stuck up in front, so as to resemble a tuft of feathers. The arms and legs are often ornamented with rings of silver, brass, or shell; and necklaces are worn, made of human teeth, or those of bears or dogs, or of white beads, in such numberless strings as to conceal the throat. A sword on one side, a knife and small betel-basket on the other, completes the ordinary equipment of the males; but when they travel, they carry a basket slung from the forehead, on which is a palm mat, to protect the owner and his property from the weather. The women wear a short and scanty petticoat, reaching from the loins to the knees, and a

pair of black bamboo stays, which are never removed except the wearer be *enceinte*. They have rings of brass and red bamboo about the loins, and sometimes ornaments on the arms; the hair is worn long; the ears of both sexes are pierced, and ear-rings of brass inserted occasionally; the teeth of the young people are sometimes filed to a point and discoloured, as they say that 'dogs have white teeth.' They frequently dye their feet and hands of a bright red or yellow colour; and the young people, like those of other countries, affect a degree of finery and foppishness, whilst the elders invariably lay aside all ornaments as unfit for a wise person, or one advanced in years." The character given of these Dyaks is highly favourable. They are pronounced grateful for kindness, industrious, honest, simple, mild, tractable, and hospitable, when well used. The word of one may be taken before the oath of half a dozen Borneons. Their ideas are limited enough; they reckon with their fingers and toes, and few are arithmeticians beyond counting up to twenty. They can repeat the operation, but they must record each twenty by making a knot in a string.

It was to these people that Mr Brooke made more than one excursion during his first visit to Sarawak. He met with no disaster, but he stored up useful information for future conduct. Great morality and the practice of many virtues distinguished the tribes he encountered, although degraded as low as oppression and utter ignorance could bring them. The men, he found, married but one wife, and concubinage was unknown in their societies; cases of seduction and adultery were very rare, and the chastity of the Dyak women was proverbial even amongst their Malay rulers. Miserable as was the lot of these people, Mr Brooke gathered from their morality and simplicity, hopes of their future elevation. They have no forms of worship, no idea of future responsibility; but they are likewise free from prejudice of every kind, and therefore open, under skilful hands and tender applications, to the conviction of truth, and to religious impressions. One tribe, the Sibnowans,

particularly struck Mr Brooke by their gentleness and sweetness of disposition. But,

"Like the rest of the Dyaks," he informs us, "the Sibnowans *adorn* their houses with the heads of their enemies; yet with them this custom exists in a modified form. Some thirty skulls," he adds, "were hanging from the roof of one apartment; and I was informed that they had many more in their possession; all, however, the heads of enemies, chiefly of the tribe of Sazebus. On enquiring, I was told that it is indispensably necessary a young man should procure a skull before he gets married. On my urging that the custom would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, they replied, that it was established from time immemorial, and could not be dispensed with. Subsequently, however, Sejugali allowed that heads were very difficult to obtain now, and a young man might sometimes get married by giving presents to his ladye-love's parents; at all times they denied warmly ever obtaining any heads but those of their enemies; adding, they were bad people, and deserved to die.

"I asked a young unmarried man whether he would be obliged to get a head before he could obtain a wife. He replied, 'Yes.' 'When would he get one?' 'Soon.' 'Where would he go to get one?' 'To the Sazebus river.' I mention these particulars in detail, as I think, had their practice extended to taking the head of any defenceless traveller, or any Malay surprised in his dwelling or boat, I should have wormed the secret out of them."

The Dyaks, generally, are celebrated for the manufacture of iron. Their forge is the simplest possible, and is formed by two hollow trees, each about seven feet high, placed upright, side by side, in the ground. From the lower extremity of these, two pipes of bamboo are conducted through a clay bank three inches thick, into a charcoal fire; a man is perched at the top of the trees, and pumps with two pistons, the suckers of which are made with cocks' feathers, which, being raised and depressed alternately, blow a regular stream of air into the fire. The soil cultivat-

ed by these people was found to be excellent. In the course of his wanderings, Mr Brooke lighted upon a Chinese colony, who, as is customary with our new allies, were making the most of their advantages. The settlement consisted of thirty men, genuine Chinese, and five women of the mixed breed of Sambas. They had been but four or five months in the country, and many acres were already cleared and under cultivation. The head of the settlement, a Chinese of Canton, spoke of gold mines which were abundant in the Sarāwak mountains, and of antimony ore and diamonds; the former, he said, might be had in any quantities.

Upon his return to Sarāwak, Mr Brooke opened to the rajah the business which had chiefly conducted him to his shores. He informed his highness that, being a private gentleman, he had no interest in the communication he was about to make; and that, being in no way connected with government, his words came with no authority. At the same time, he was anxious for the interests of mankind, and more especially for the wellbeing of the inhabitants of Borneo, which was the last Malay state possessing any power, that the resources of a country so favoured by Providence should be brought into the fullest play. To this end, he suggested the opening of a trade with individual European merchants. Sarāwak was rich, and the territory around it produced many articles well adapted for commercial intercourse—such as bees' wax, birds' nests, rattans, antimony ore, and sago, which constituted the staple produce of the country. And, in return for such commodities, merchants of Singapore would gladly send from Europe such articles as would be highly serviceable to the people of Borneo—gunpowder, muskets, and cloths. Both parties would be benefited, and the comfort and happiness of the Borneons greatly enhanced. There was much discussion on the proposal, timidity and apprehension characterizing the questions and answers of the Rajah.

The important interview at an end, Mr Brooke prepares for a return to Singapore. "Never," says that gentleman, "was such a blazing as when

we left Sarāwak ; twenty-one guns I fired to the Rajah, and he fired forty-two to me—at least we counted twenty-four, and they went on firing afterwards, as long as ever we were in sight. The last words the Rajah, Muda Hassim, said, as I took my leave, were—‘Tuan Brooke, do not forget me.’”

In August 1840, Mr Brooke arrived in Sarāwak for the second time. He had passed many months in cruising about the Archipelago, obtaining valuable information respecting the language, habits, and history of the race for whom he was concerned, and in collecting specimens of natural history, which are said to be interesting in the highest degree. The position of the Rajah had altered during his absence. The civil war or rebellion which had, in the first instance, forced the governor to reside in Sarāwak, was not yet quelled. The rebels, indeed, were within thirty miles of the rajah, and threatening an immediate attack. Nothing could be more opportune than the return of Mr Brooke at this critical moment. Muda Hassim begged his ancient friend not to desert him in his extremity, and appealed to his honour, as a gentleman from England, whether it would be fair to suffer him to be vanquished by the traitorous revolt of his people. Mr Brooke felt that it would not, and resolved to stand by the governor.

“A grand council of war,” writes Mr Brooke in his journal, “was held, at which were present Macota, Subtu, Abong Mia, and Datu Maraja, two Chinese leaders, and myself—certainly a most incongruous mixture, and one rarely to be met with. After much discussion, a move close to the enemy was determined on for to-morrow; and on the following day to take up a position near the defences. To judge by the sample of the council, I should form very unfavourable expectations of their conduct in action. Macota is lively and active; but, whether from indecision or want of authority, undecided. The Capitan China is lazy and silent; Subtu indolent and self-indulgent; Abong Mia and Datu Maraja stupid.”

The army set off, and Mr Brooke availed himself of a friendly hill to

obtain a view of the country, and of the enemy's forts. The fort of Balidah was the strongest of their defences, and a moment's observation convinced him that a company of military might put an end to the war in a few hours. This fort was situated at the water edge, on a slight eminence on the right bank of a river; a few swivels and a gun or two were in it, and around it a breast-work of wood, six or seven feet high. The remaining defences were even more insignificant; and the enemy's artillery was reported to consist of threesix-pounders, and numerous swivels. The number of fighting men amounted to about five hundred, about half of whom were armed with muskets, while the rest carried swords and spears. *Ranjows* were stuck in every direction. “These ranjows are made of bamboo, pointed fine, and stuck in the ground; and there are, besides, holes of about three feet deep filled with these spikes, and afterwards lightly covered, which are called *patobong*.” The army of the rajah was scarcely more formidable than that of the enemy. It consisted of two hundred Chinese, excellent workmen and bad soldiers, two hundred and fifty Malays, and some two hundred friendly Dyaks; a few brass guns composed the artillery; and the boats were furnished with swivels. Mr Brooke suggested an attack of the detached defences—a proposition that was treated as that of a madman, the Rajah's army having no notion of fighting except from behind a wall. A council of war decided that advances should be made from the hill behind the rajah's fort to Balidah by a chain of posts, the distance being a short mile, in which space the enemy would probably erect four or five forts; “and then,” says Mr Brooke, “would come a bombardment, noisy, but harmless.”

Insignificant as the account may read, the difficulties of Mr Brooke, as commander-in-chief, were formidable enough, surrounded as he was by perils threatening not only from the enemy, but from the rank cowardice of his supporters, and the envy, spite, hatred, and machinations of his allies, the Rajah's ministers. The operations are admirably described in Mr Brooke's

Journal. Let it suffice to say, that the energy and bravery of the English leader brought them to a satisfactory issue, and, finally, the war to a happy close. At his intercession the lives of many of the offenders were spared, and the rebels suffered to deliver up their arms, and to return in peace to Sarāwak.

It is now necessary to state, that at the commencement of the war, Muda Hassim, unsolicited by Mr Brooke, had undertaken to confer upon the latter the governorship of Sarāwak, in the event of success crowning the efforts of his "friend from England." Mr Brooke had not demanded from the unfortunate Rajah a written agreement to this effect; nor at the time even desired a recompense, which was likely to bring with it much more of difficulty and vexation than profit and power. He respectfully declined an honour which he informed the Rajah it did not become him to accept whilst his highness was in his hands. The war being over, and Muda Hassim reinstated, the negotiation recommenced. No sooner was it discussed, however, than Mr Brooke informed the rajah that Malay institutions were so faulty, the high being allowed by them so much license, and the poor so oppressed, that any attempt to govern without a removal of abuses, was, on his part at least, impossible; and as a condition of his acceptance, he insisted that the Rajah should use all his exertions to establish the principle, that one man must not take from another, and that all men were free to enjoy the produce of their labour, save and except when they were working for the revenue. This revenue, too, he submitted, it was necessary to fix at a certain amount for three years, as well as the salaries of the government officers. The same rights should be conceded to the Dyak and Malay, and the property of the former must be protected, their taxes fixed, and labour free. The rajah acquiesced in the propriety of these measures, and bargained only for the maintenance of the national faith and customs. Mr Brooke remained in Sarāwak, but the office which had been offered with so much eagerness and pressing love, was after all slow in being conferred. Bad advisers,

envious ministers, and weakness in Muda Hassim himself, all prevented the conclusion of a business upon which Mr Brooke had never entered of his own accord; but which, having entered upon it, had rendered him liable for many engagements which his anticipated new position had made essential.

"I found myself," writes Mr Brooke, "clipped like Samson, while delay was heaped upon delay, excuse piled upon excuse. It was provoking beyond sufferance. I remonstrated firmly but mildly on the waste of my money, and on the impossibility of any good to the country whilst the rajah conducted himself as he had done. I might as well have whistled to the winds, or have talked reason to stones. I had trusted—my eyes gradually opened—I feared I was betrayed and robbed, and had at length determined to be observant and watchful." Upon the faith of the Rajah, Mr Brooke had purchased in Singapore a schooner of ninety tons, called *The Swift*, which he had laden with a suitable cargo. Upon its arrival at Sarāwak, the rajah petitioned to have the cargo ashore, assuring Mr Brooke of a good and quick return: part of such return being immediately promised in the shape of antimony ore. Three months elapsed, and the rajah's share in this mercantile transaction had yet to be fulfilled. Disgusted with his treatment, and hopeless of justice, Mr Brooke dispatched the *Swift* to Singapore; and hearing that the crew of a shipwrecked vessel were detained in Borneo Proper, sent his only remaining vessel, the *Royalist*, to the city of Borneo, in order to obtain such information as might lead to the rescue of his countrymen. "I resolved," the journal informs us, "to remain here, to endeavour, if I could, to obtain *my own*. Each vessel was to return as quickly as possible from her place of destination; and I then determined to give two additional months to the rajah, and to urge him in every way in my power to do what he was bound to do as an act of common honesty. Should these means fail, after making the strongest representations, and giving amplest time, I considered myself free to extort by force what I could not gain by fair means."

"I need hardly remark," writes Captain Keppel, "on the singular courage and disregard of personal safety, and life itself, evinced by my friend on this occasion. At issue with the rajah on points of great temptation to him, beset by intrigues, and surrounded by a fierce and lawless people, Mr Brooke did not hesitate to dispatch his vessels and protectors,—the one on a mission of pure humanity, and the other in calm pursuance of the objects he had proposed to himself to accomplish; and, with three companions, place himself at the mercy of such circumstances, regardless of the danger, and relying on the overruling Providence in which he trusted, to bring him safely through all his difficulties and perils."

On the 16th of August 1841, the Royalist returned, and three days afterwards it was followed by the Swift. The former reported that the prisoners had been heard of in Borneo, but, unfortunately, not released. The Swift was accompanied by the Diana steamer. The formidable squadron alarmed the rajah and his ministers. Mr Brooke learned that the difficulties of the rajah's situation were increased, and his conduct towards himself, in a manner, excused, by the intrigues and evil doings of the latter. Macota, of whom mention has been made, was the most vindictive and unscrupulous amongst them. He had attempted to poison the interpreter of Mr Brooke, and had been discovered as the abettor of even more fearful crimes. Mr Brooke, strengthened by his late arrivals, resolved to bring matters to a crisis, and to test at once the strength of the respective parties. He landed a party of men fully armed, and loaded the ship's guns with grape and canister; he then proceeded to Muda Hassim, protested that he was well disposed towards the rajah, but assured him, at the same time, that neither he nor himself was safe against the practices of the artful and desperate Macota. Muda Hassim was frightened. One of the Dyak tribes took part with Mr Brooke, two hundred of them, with their chiefs, placing themselves unreservedly at his disposal, whilst Macota was deserted by all but his immediate slaves. The Chinese and the rest of the inhabitants looked

on. The upshot may be anticipated. The rajah became suddenly active and eager for an arrangement. The old agreement was drawn out, sealed, and signed; guns fired, flags waved, and on the 24th of September 1841, Mr Brooke became Rajah of Sarawak.

The first acts of Mr Brooke, after his accession to power, were suggested by humanity, and a tender consideration for the savage people whom he so singularly and unexpectedly had been called upon to govern. He inquired into the state of the Dyaks, endeavoured to gain their confidence, and to protect them from the brutal onslaught of the Malays and of each other, and at once relieved them of the burdens of taxation which weighed so cruelly upon them. He opened a court for the administration of justice, at which he presided with the late rajah's brothers, and maintained strict equity amongst the highest and lowest of his people. He decreed that murder, robbery, and other heinous crimes, should, for the future, be punished according to the written law of Borneo; that all men, irrespectively of race, should be permitted to trade and labour according to their pleasure, and to enjoy their gains; that all roads should be open, and that all boats coming to the river should be free to enter and depart without let or hindrance; that trade should be free; that the Dyaks should be suffered to live unmolested; together with other salutary measures for the general welfare. Difficulty and vexation met the governor at every step; but he persevered in his schemes of amelioration, and with a success which is not yet complete, and for years cannot be fairly estimated.

MUDA HASSIM, the former rajah of Sarawak, was also presumptive heir to the throne of Borneo; but, unfortunately for him, under the displeasure of his nephew, the reigning sultan. The confirmation of Mr Brooke's appointment, it was absolutely necessary to receive from the latter; and Mr Brooke accordingly resolved to pay a visit to the prince, in the first place, to obtain a reconciliation, if possible, with the offending Muda, and secondly, to consolidate his own infant government. There was another object,

too. The sultan had power to release the prisoners who had been spared in the wreck already mentioned; and this power Mr Brooke hoped, by discretion, to prevail upon his majesty to exercise. The picture of this potentate is thus drawn by Mr Brooke:

"The sultan is a man past fifty years of age, short and puffy in person, with a countenance which expresses, very obviously, the imbecility of his mind. His right hand is garnished with an extra diminutive thumb—the natural member being crooked and distorted. His mind, indeed, by his face, seems to be a chaos of confusion—without acuteness, without dignity, and without good sense. He can neither read nor write; is guided by the last speaker; and his advisers, as might be expected, are of the lower order, and mischievous from their ignorance and greediness. He is always talking, and generally joking; and the most serious subjects never meet with five minutes' consecutive attention. The favourable side of his character is, that he is good-tempered and good-natured—by no means cruel—and, in a certain way, generous, though rapacious to as high a degree. His rapacity, indeed, is carried to such an excess as to astonish a European, and is evinced in a thousand mean ways. The presents I made him were unquestionably handsome; but he was not content without begging from me the share I had reserved for the other Pangerans; and afterwards, through Mr William-son, solicited more trifles—such as sugar, penknives, and the like. I may note one other feature that marks the man. He requested as the greatest favour—he urged with the earnestness of a child—that I would send back the schooner before the month Ramban, (Ramadan of the Turks,) remarking, 'What shall I do during the fast without soft sugar and dates?'"

The delivery of the prisoners, and the forgiveness of Muda Hassim, were quickly obtained; the more personal matter found opposition with the advisers of the Crown, but was ultimately conceded. On the 1st of August 1842, the letters to Muda Hassim were sealed and signed; and at the same council the contract, which

gave Mr Brooke the government of Sarāwak, was fully discussed; and by ten o'clock at night was signed, sealed, and witnessed. Mr Brooke returned to his government and people on the following day.

On the 1st of January 1843, the following entry appears in the diary so often quoted:—"Another year passed and gone!—a year with all its anxieties, its troubles, its dangers, upon which I can look back with satisfaction—a year in which I have been usefully employed in doing good to others. Since I last wrote, the Dyaks have been quiet, settled, and improving; the Chinese advancing towards prosperity; and the Sarāwak people wonderfully contented and industrious, relieved from oppression, and fields of labour allowed them. Justice I have executed with an unflinching hand."

It was in the month of March 1843, at the conclusion of the Chinese war, that Captain Keppel was ordered in the *Dido* to the Malacca Straits and the island of Borneo. Daring acts of piracy had been committed, and were still committing, on the Borneon coast; and, becoming engaged in the suppression of these crimes, he fell in with the English rajah of Sarāwak, and obtained from him the information which he has recently given to the world, and enabled us to place succinctly before our readers.

The piracy of the Eastern Archipelago is very different to that of the western world. The former obtains an importance unknown to the latter. The hordes who conduct it issue from their islands and coasts in fleets, rove from place to place, intercept the native trade, enslave whole towns at the entrance of rivers, and attack ill-armed or stranded European vessels. The native governments, if they are not participants in the crime, are made its victims, and in many cases, we are told, they are both—purchasing from one set of pirates, and plundered and enslaved by another. Captain Keppel has well related more than one engagement in which he was concerned with the ferocious marauders of these eastern seas—scenes of blood and horror, justified only by the enormity of the offence, and the ulti-

mate advantages likely to be obtained from an extirpation of the deeply-rooted evil. As we have hinted at the commencement of this article, our present object is not so much to draw attention to the battle-scenes described by Mr Keppel, and which may be read with peculiar though painful interest in his book, as to obtain for Mr Brooke, the peaceful and unselfish disposer of so many blessings amongst a benighted and neglected people, that admiration and regard which he has so nobly earned. He has done much, but our government may enable him to do more. He has shown the capabilities of his distant home, and called upon his

mother-country to improve them to the uttermost. We hear that her Majesty's government have not been deaf to his appeal, and that aid will be given for the development of his plans, equal to his warmest expectations. We trust it may be so. Nothing is wanting but the assistance which a government alone can afford, to render Borneo a friendly and valuable ally, and to constitute Mr Brooke one of the most useful benefactors of modern times; a benefactor in the best sense of the term—an improver of his species—an intelligent messenger and expounder of God's purpose to man.

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

A PASSAGE IN THE PYRENEES.

"Oh! there's not in this wide world," I exclaimed, quite unintentionally quoting Tom Moore; "there never has been, nor can ever be again, so charming a creature. No nymph, or sylph, or winged Ariel, or syren with song and mirror, was ever so fascinating—no daughter of Eve so pretty and provoking!"

This apostrophe, which certainly appears, now that in cooler moments I recall it, rather rhapsodical, was not uttered *viva voce*, nor even *sotto voce*, seeing that its object, Miss Dora M'Dermot, was riding along only three paces in front of me, whilst her brother walked by my side. It was a mere mental ejaculation, elicited by the surpassing perfections of the aforesaid Dora, who assuredly was the most charming girl I had ever beheld. But for the Pyrenean scenery around us, and the rough ill-conditioned mule, with its clumsy side-saddle of discoloured leather, on which she was mounted, instead of the Spanish jennet or well-bred English palfrey that would best have suited so fair an equestrian, I could, without any great exertion of fancy, have dreamed myself back to the days of the M'Gregor, and fancied that it was Die Vernon riding up the mountain side, gaily

chatting as she went with the handsome cavalier who walked by her stirrup, and who might have been Frank Osbaldistone, only that he was too manly-looking for Scott's somewhat effeminate hero. How beautifully moulded was the form which her dark-green habit set off to such advantage; how fairy-like the foot that pressed the clumsy stirrup; how slender the fingers that grasped the rein! She had discarded the heavy riding-hat and senseless bonnet, those graceless inventions of some cunning milliner, and had adopted a head-dress not unusual in the country in which she then was.—This was a *beret* or flat cap, woven of snow-white wool, and surmounted by a crimson tassel spread out over the top. From beneath this elegant *coiffure* her dark eyes flashed and sparkled, whilst her luxuriant chestnut curls fell down over her neck, the alabaster fairness of which made her white head-dress look almost tawny. Either because the air, although we were still in the month of September, was fresh upon the mountains, or else because she was pretty and a woman, and therefore not sorry to show herself to the best advantage, she had twisted round her waist a very long cashmere scarf, previously pass-

ing it over one shoulder in the manner of a sword-belt, the ends hanging down nearly to her stirrup; and this gave something peculiarly picturesque, almost fantastical, to her whole appearance.

Upon the second day of my arrival at the baths of St Sauveur, in the Pyrenees, I had fallen in with my old friend and college chum, Jack M'Dermot, who was taking his sister the round of the French watering-places. Dora's health had been delicate, the faculty had recommended the excursion; and Jack, who deoted upon his only sister, had dragged her away from the gaieties of London and brought her off to the Pyrenees. M'Dermot was an excellent fellow, neither a wit nor a Solomon; but a good-hearted dog who had been much liked at Trin. Coll., Dublin, where he had thought very little of his studies, and a good deal of his horses and dogs. An Irishman, to be sure, occasionally a slight touch of the brogue was perceptible in his talk; but from this his sister, who had been brought up in England, was entirely free. Jack had a snug estate of three thousand a-year; Miss Dora had twenty thousand pounds from her mother. She had passed two seasons in London; and if she was not already married, it was because not one of the fifty aspirants to her hand had found favour in her bright eyes. Lively and high-spirited, with a slight turn for the satirical, she loved her independence, and was difficult to please.

I had been absent from England for nearly two years, on a continental tour; and although I had heard much of Miss M'Dermot, I had never seen her till her brother introduced me to her at St Sauveur. I had not known her an hour, before I found myself in a fair way to add another to the list of the poor moths who had singed their wings at the perilous light of her beauty. When M'Dermot, learning that, like themselves, I was on a desultory sort of ramble, and had not marked out any particular route, offered me a seat in their carriage, and urged me to accompany them, instead of prudently flying from the danger, I foolishly exposed myself to it, and lo! what might have been anticipat-

ed came to pass. Before I had been two days in Dora's society, my doom was sealed; I had ceased to belong to myself; I was her slave, the slave of her sunny smile and bright eyes—talisman more potent than any lamp or ring that djinn or fairy ever obeyed.

A fortnight had passed, and we were at B——. During that time, the spell that bound me had been each day gaining strength. As an intimate friend of her brother, I was already, with Dora, on the footing of an old acquaintance; she seemed well enough pleased with my society, and chatted with me willingly and familiarly; but in vain did I watch for some slight indication, a glance or an intonation, whence to derive hope. None such were perceptible; nor could the most egregious coxcomb have fancied that they were. We once or twice fell in with other acquaintances of her's and her brother's, and with them she had just the same frank, friendly manner, as with me. I had not sufficient vanity, however, to expect a woman, especially one so much admired as Miss M'Dermot, to fall in love at first sight with my humble personality, and I patiently waited, trusting to time and assiduity to advance my cause.

Things were in this state, when one morning, whilst taking an early walk to the springs, I ran up against an English friend, by name Walter Ashley. He was the son of a country gentleman of moderate fortune, at whose house I had more than once passed a week in the shooting season. Walter was an excellent fellow, and a perfect model of the class to which he belonged. By no means unpolished in his manners, he had yet a sort of plain frankness and *bonhomie*, which was peculiarly agreeable and prepossessing. He was not a university man, nor had he received an education of the highest order; spoke no language but his own with any degree of correctness; neither played the fiddle, painted pictures, nor wrote poetry. On the other hand, in all manly exercises he was a proficient; shot, rode, walked, and danced to perfection; and the fresh originality, and pleasant tone of his con-

versation, redeemed any deficiency of reading or accomplishment. In personal appearance he was a splendid fellow, nearly six feet in his boots, strongly, but, at the same time, symmetrically built; although his size of limb and width of shoulder rendered him, at six-and-twenty, rather what is called a fine man, than a slender or elegant one. He had the true Anglo-Saxon physiognomy, blue eyes, and light brown hair that waved, rather than curled, round his broad handsome forehead. And, then, what a mustache the fellow had! (He was officer in a crack yeomanry corps.) Not one of the composite order, made up of pomatum and lamp-black, such as may be seen sauntering down St James's Street on a spring afternoon, with incipient guardsmen behind them—but worthy of an Italian painter or Hungarian hussar; full, well-grown, and glossy. Who was the idiot who first set afloat the notion—now become an established prejudice in England—that mustaches were unseemly? To nine faces out of ten, they are a most becoming addition, increasing physiognomical character, almost giving it where there is none; relieving the monotony of broad flat cheeks, and abridging the abomination of a long upper-lip. Uncleanly, say you? Not a bit of it, if judiciously trimmed and trained. What, Sir! are they not at least as proper looking as those foxy thickets extending from jawbone to temple, which you yourself, each morning of your life, take such pains to comb and curl into shape?

Delighted to meet Ashley, I dragged him off to the hotel, to introduce him to M'Dermot and his sister. As a friend of mine they gave him a cordial welcome, and we passed that day and the following ones together. I soon, however, I must confess, began to repent a little having brought my handsome friend into the society of Dora. She seemed better pleased with him than I altogether liked, nor could I wonder at it. Walter Ashley was exactly the man to please a woman of Dora's character. She was of rather a romantic turn, and about him there was a dash of the chivalrous, well calculated to cap-

tivate her imagination. Although perfectly feminine, she was an excellent horsewoman, and an ardent admirer of feats of address and courage, and she had heard me tell her brother of Ashley's perfection in such matters. On his part, Ashley, like every one else who saw her, was evidently greatly struck with her beauty and fascination of manner. I cannot say that I was jealous; I had no right to be so, for Dora had never given me encouragement; but I certainly more than once regretted having introduced a third person into what—honest Jack M'Dermot counting, of course, for nothing—had previously been a sort of *tête-à-tête* society. I began to fear that, thanks to myself, my occupation was gone, and Ashley had got it.

It was the fifth day after our meeting with Walter, and we had started early in the morning upon an excursion to a neighbouring lake, the scenery around which, we were told, was particularly wild and beautiful. It was situated on a piece of table-land on the top of a mountain, which we could see from the hotel window. The distance was barely ten miles, and the road being rough and precipitous, M'Dermot, Ashley, and myself, had chosen to walk rather than to risk our necks by riding the broken-knee'd ponies that were offered to us. A sure-footed mule, and indifferent side-saddle, had been procured for Miss M'Dermot, and was attended by a wild-looking Bearnese boy, or gossoon, as her brother called him, a creature like a grasshopper, all legs and arms, with a scared countenance, and long lank black hair hanging in irregular shreds about his face.

There is no season more agreeable in the Pyrennes than the month of September. People are very apt to expatiate on the delights of autumn, its mellow beauty, pensive charms, and suchlike. I confess that in a general way I like the youth of the year better than its decline, and prefer the bright green tints of spring, with the summer in prospective, to the melancholy autumn, its russet hues and falling leaves; its regrets for fine weather past, and anticipations of bad to come. But if there be any place

where I should be tempted to reverse my judgment, it would be in Southern France, and especially its western and central portion. The clear cloudless sky, the moderate heat succeeding to the sultriness, often overpowering, of the summer months, the magnificent vineyards and merry vintage time, the noble groves of chestnut, clothing the lower slopes of the mountains, the bright streams and flower-spangled meadows of Bearn and Languedoc, render no part of the year more delightful in those countries than the months of September and October.

As before mentioned, Dora rode a little in front, with Ashley beside her, pointing out the beauties of the wild scenery through which we passed, and occasionally laying a hand upon her bridle to guide the mule over some unusually rugged portion of the almost trackless mountain. M'Dermot and I were walking behind, a little puffed by the steepness of the ascent; our guide, whose name was Cadet, a name answered to by every second man one meets in that part of France, strode along beside us, like a pair of compasses with leathern lungs. Presently the last-named individual turned to me—

"*Ces messieurs veulent-ils voir le Saut de lou Contrabandiste ?*" said he, in the barbarous dialect of the district, half French, half patois, with a small dash of Spanish.

"*Le Saut du Contrebandier*, the Smuggler's Leap—what is that?" asked Dora, who had overheard the question, turning round her graceful head, and dazzling us—me at least—by a sudden view of her lovely face, now glowing with exercise and the mountain air.

The smuggler's leap, so Cadet informed us, was a narrow cleft in the rock, of vast depth, and extending for a considerable distance across a flank of the mountain. It owed its name to the following incident:—Some five years previously, a smuggler, known by the name of Juan le Negre, or Black Juan, had, for a considerable period, set the custom-house officers at defiance, and brought great discredit on them by his success in passing contraband goods from Spain. In vain did they lie in ambush and set

snare for him; they could never come near him, or if they did it was when he was backed by such a force of the hardy desperadoes carrying on the same lawless traffic, that the douaniers were either forced to beat a retreat or got fearfully mauled in the contest that ensued. One day, however, three of these green-coated guardians of the French revenue caught a sight of Juan alone and unarmed. They pursued him, and a rare race he led them, over cliff and crag, across rock and ravine, until at last they saw with exultation that he made right for the chasm in question, and there they made sure of securing him. It seemed as if he had forgotten the position of the cleft, and only remembered it when he got within a hundred yards or thereabouts, for then he slackened his pace. The douaniers gained on him, and expected him to desist from his flight, and surrender. What was their surprise and consternation when they saw him, on reaching the edge of the chasm, spring from the ground with izard-like agility, and by one bold leap clear the yawning abyss. The douaniers uttered a shout of rage and disappointment, and two of them ceased running; but the third, a man of great activity and courage, and who had frequently sworn to earn the reward set on the head of Juan, dared the perilous jump. He fell short; his head was dashed against the opposite rock, and his horror-struck companions, gazing down into the dark depth beneath, saw his body strike against the crags on its way to the bottom of the abyss. The smuggler escaped, and the spot where the tragical incident occurred was thenceforward known as "*Le Saut du Contrebandier*."

Before our guide had finished his narrative, we were unanimous in our wish to visit its scene, which we reached by the time he had brought the tale to a conclusion. It was certainly a most remarkable chasm, whose existence was only to be accounted for by reference to the volcanic agency of which abundant traces exist in Southern France. The whole side of the mountain was cracked and rent asunder, forming a narrow ravine of vast depth, in the manner of the famous

Mexican *barrancas*. In some places might be traced a sort of correspondence on the opposite sides; a recess on one side into which a projection on the other would have nearly fitted, could some Antæus have closed the fissure. This, however, was only here and there; generally speaking, the rocky brink was worn by the action of time and water, and the rock composing it sloped slightly downwards. The chasm was of various width, but was narrowest at the spot at which we reached it, and really did not appear so very terrible a leap as Cadet made it out to be. On looking down, a confusion of bush-covered crags was visible; and now that the sun was high, a narrow stream was to be seen, flowing, like a line of silver, at the bottom; the ripple and rush of the water, repeated by the echoes of the ravine, ascending to our ears with a noise like that of a cataract. On a large fragment of rock, a few yards from the brink, was rudely carved a date, and below it two letters. They were the initials, so our guide informed us, of the unfortunate douanier who had there met his death.

We had remained for half a minute or so gazing down into the ravine, when Ashley, who was on the right of the party, broke silence.

"Pshaw!" said he, stepping back from the edge, "that's no leap. Why, I'll jump across it myself."

"For heaven's sake!" cried Dora.

"Ashley!" I exclaimed, "don't be a fool!"

But it was too late. What mad impulse possessed him I cannot say; but certain I am, from my knowledge of his character, that it was no foolish bravado or schoolboy desire to show off, that seduced him to so wild a freak. The fact was, but for the depth below, the leap did not look at all formidable; not above four or five feet, but in reality it was a deal wider. It was probably this deceitful appearance, and perhaps the feeling which Englishmen are apt to entertain, that for feats of strength and agility no men surpass them, that convinced Walter of the ease with which he could jump across. Before we could stop him, he took a short run, and jumped.

A scream from Dora was echoed by an exclamation of horror from M'Dermot and myself. Ashley had cleared the chasm and alighted on the opposite edge, but it was shelving and slippery, and his feet slid from under him. For one moment it appeared as if he would instantly be dashed to pieces, but in falling he managed to catch the edge of the rock, which at that place formed an angle. There he hung by his hands, his whole body in the air, without a possibility of raising himself; for below the edge the rock was smooth and receding, and even could he have reached it, he would have found no foot-hold. One desperate effort he made to grasp a stunted and leafless sapling that grew in a crevice at not more than a foot from the edge, but it failed, and nearly caused his instant destruction. Desisting from further effort, he hung motionless, his hands convulsively cramped to the ledge of rock, which afforded so slippery and difficult a hold, that his sustaining himself by it at all seemed a miracle, and could only be the result of uncommon muscular power. It was evident that no human strength could possibly maintain him for more than a minute or two in that position; below was an abyss, a hundred or more feet deep — to all appearance his last hour was come.

M'Dermot and I stood aghast and helpless, gazing with open mouths and strained eyeballs at our unhappy friend. What could we do? Were we to dare the leap, which one far more active and vigorous than ourselves had unsuccessfully attempted? It would have been courting destruction, without a chance of saving Ashley. But Dora put us to shame. One scream, and only one, she uttered, and then, gathering up her habit, she sprang unaided from her mule. Her cheek was pale as the whitest marble, but her presence of mind was unimpaired, and she seemed to gain courage and decision in the moment of peril.

"Your cravats, your handkerchiefs!" cried she, unfastening, as she spoke, her long cashmere scarf. Mechanically M'Dermot and myself obeyed. With the speed of light and

a woman's dexterity, she knotted together her scarf, a long silk cravat which I gave her, M'Dermot's handkerchief and mine, and securing—how, I know not—a stone at either extremity of the rope thus formed, she threw one end of it, with sure aim and steady hand, across the ravine and round the sapling already referred to. Then leaning forward till I feared she would fall into the chasm, and sprang forward to hold her back, she let go of the other end. Ashley's hold was already growing feeble, his fingers were torn by the rock, the blood started from under his nails, and he turned his face towards us with a mute prayer for succour. At that moment the two ends of the shawl fell against him, and he instinctively grasped them. It was a moment of fearful suspense. Would the knots so hastily made resist the tension of his weight? They did so; he raised himself by strength of wrist. The sapling bent and bowed, but his hand was now close to it. He grasped it; another powerful effort, the last effort of despair, and he lay exhausted and almost senseless upon the rocky brink. At the same moment, with a cry of joy, Dora fell fainting into her brother's arms.

Of that day's adventures little remains to tell. A walk of a mile brought Ashley to a place where a bridge, thrown over the ravine, enabled him to cross it. I omit his thanks to Dora, his apologies for the alarm he had caused her, and his admiring eulogy of her presence of mind. Her manner of receiving them, and the look she gave him when, on re-joining us, he took her hand, and with a natural and grateful courtesy that prevented the action from appearing theatrical or unusual, pressed it to his lips, were any thing but gratifying to me, whatever they may have been to him. She seemed no way displeased at the freedom. I was most confoundedly, but that Walter did not seem to observe.

The incident that had occurred, and Dora's request, brought our excursion to an abrupt termination, and we returned homewards. It appeared as if this were doomed to be a day of disagreeables. On reaching the inn,

I found a letter which, thanks to my frequent change of place, and to the dilatoriness of continental post-offices, had been chasing me from town to town during the previous three weeks. It was from a lawyer, informing me of the death of a relative, and compelling me instantly to return to England to arrange some important business concerning a disputed will. The sum at stake was too considerable for me to neglect the summons, and with the worst possible grace I prepared to depart. I made some violent attempts to induce Ashley to accompany me, talked myself hoarse about fox-hunting and pheasant-shooting, and other delights of the approaching season; but all in vain. His passion for field-sports seemed entirely cooled; he sneered at foxes, treated pheasants with contempt, and professed to be as much in love with the Pyrenees as I began to fear he was with Dora. There was nothing for it but to set out alone, which I accordingly did, having previously obtained from M'Dermot the plan of their route, and the name of the place where he and his sister thought of wintering. I was determined, so soon as I had settled my affairs, to return to the continent and propose for Dora.

Man proposes and God disposes, says the proverb. In my case, I am prepared to prove that the former part of the proverb lied abominably. Instead of a fortnight in London being, as I had too sanguinely hoped, sufficient for the settlement of the business that took me thither, I was detained several months, and compelled to make sundry journeys to the north of England. I wrote several times to M'Dermot, and had one letter from him, but no more. Jack was a notoriously bad correspondent, and I scarcely wondered at his silence.

Summer came—my lawsuit was decided, and sick to death of briefs and barristers, parchments and attorneys, I once more found myself my own master. An application to M'Dermot's London banker procured me his address. He was then in Switzerland, but was expected down the Rhine, and letters to Wiesbaden

would find him. That was enough for me ; my head and heart were still full of Dora M'Dermot ; and two days after I had obtained information, the "Antwerpen" steamer deposited me on Belgian ground.

"Mr M'Dermot is stopping here?" I enquired of, or rather affirmed to, the head waiter at the Four Seasons hotel at Wiesbaden. If the fellow had told me he was not, I believe I should have knocked him down.

"He is, sir. You will find him in the Cursaal gardens with Madame *sa sœur*."

Off I started to the gardens. They were in full bloom and beauty, crowded with flowers and *fraûleins* and foreigners of all nations. The little lake sparkled in the sunshine, and the waterfowl skimmed over it in all directions. But it's little I cared for such matters. I was looking for Dora, sweet Dora—Dora M'Dermot.

At the corner of a walk I met her brother.

"Jack!" I exclaimed, grasping his hand with the most vehement affection, "I'm delighted to see you."

"And I'm glad to see you, my boy," was the rejoinder. "I was wondering you did not answer my

last letter, but I suppose you thought to join us sooner."

"Your last letter!" I exclaimed. "I have written three times since I heard from you."

"The devil you have!" cried Jack. "Do you mean to say you did not get the letter I wrote you from Paris a month ago, announcing"—

I did not hear another word, for just then, round a corner of the shrubbery, came Dora herself, more charming than ever, all grace and smiles and beauty. But I saw neither beauty nor smiles nor grace; all I saw was, that she was leaning on the arm of that provokingly handsome dog, Walter Ashley. For a moment I stood petrified, and then extending my hand,

"Miss M'Dermot!"—I exclaimed.

She drew back a little, with a smile and a blush. Her companion stepped forward.

"My dear fellow," said he, "there is no such person. Allow me to introduce you to Mrs Ashley."

If any of my friends wish to be presented to pretty girls with twenty thousand pounds, they had better apply elsewhere than to me. Since that day I have forsworn the practice.

MINISTERIAL MEASURES.

Not enviable, in our apprehension, at the present crisis, is the position of a young man whose political education has been framed upon Conservative principles, and whose personal experience and recollections go little further back than the triumph of those principles over others which he has been early taught to condemn. His range of facts may be limited, but at the same time it is very significant. He has seen his party—for a season excluded from power—again re-assume the reigns of government at the call of a vast majority of the nation. He remembers that that call was founded upon the general desire that a period of tranquil stability should succeed to an interval of harassing vacillation; and that the only general pledge demanded from the representatives of the people was an adherence to certain principles of industrial protection, well understood in the main, if not thoroughly and accurately defined. We shall suppose a young man of this stamp introduced into the House of Commons, deeply impressed with the full import and extent of his responsibilities—fortified in his own opinions by the coinciding votes and arguments of older statesmen, on whose experience he is fairly entitled to rely—regarding the leader of his party with feelings of pride and exultation, because he is the champion of a cause identified with the welfare of the nation—and unsuspecting of any change in those around him, and above. Such was, we firmly believe, the position of many members of the present Parliament, shortly before the opening of this session, when, on a sudden, rumours of some intended change began to spread themselves abroad. An era of conversion had commenced. In one and the same night, some portentous dream descended upon the pillows of the Whig leaders, and whispered that the hour was come. By a miraculous coincidence—co-operation being studiously disclaimed—Lord John Russell, Lord Morpeth,

“And other worthy fellows that were
out,”

gave in their adhesion, nearly on the

same day, to the League—thereby, as we are told, anticipating the unanimous wish of their followers. Then came, on the part of Ministers, a mysterious resignation—an episodic and futile attempt to re-construct a Whig government—and the return of Sir Robert Peel to power. Still there was no explanation. Men were left to guess, as they best might, at the Eleusinian drama performing behind the veil of Isis—to speculate for themselves, or announce to others at random the causes of this huge mystification. “The oracles were dumb.” This only was certain, that Lord Stanley was no longer in the Cabinet.

Let us pass over the prologue of the Queen's speech, and come at once to the announcement of his financial measures by the Minister. What need to follow him through the circumlocutions of that speech—through the ostentatiously paraded details of the measure that was to give satisfaction to all or to none? What need to revert to the manner in which he paced around his subject, pausing ever and anon to exhibit some alteration in the manufacturing tariff? The catalogue was protracted, but, like every thing else, it had an end; and the result, in so far as the agricultural interest is concerned, was the proposed abolition of all protective duties upon the importation of foreign grain.

Our opinion upon that important point has been repeatedly expressed. For many years, and influenced by no other motive than our sincere belief in the abstract justice of the cause, this Magazine has defended the protective principle from the assaults which its enemies have made. Our views were no doubt fortified by their coincidence with those entertained and professed by statesmen, whose general policy has been productive of good to the country; but they were based upon higher considerations than the mere approbation of a party. Therefore, as we did not adopt these views loosely, we shall not lightly abandon them. On the contrary, we take leave to state here, *in limine*, that, after giving our fullest consider-

ation to the argument of those who were formerly, like us, the opponents, but are now the advisers of the change, we can see no substantial reason for departing from our deliberate views, and assenting to the abandonment of a system which truth and justice have alike compelled us to uphold.

We can, however, afford to look upon these things philosophically, and to content ourselves with protesting against the change. Very different is the situation of those Conservative members of Parliament, who are now told that their eyes must be couched for cataract, in order that they may become immediate recipients of the new and culminating light. CONVERSION is no doubt an excellent thing; but, as we have hitherto understood it, the quality of CONVICTION has been deemed an indispensable preliminary. Conversion without conviction is hypocrisy, and a proselyte so obtained is coerced and not won. We are not insensible to the nature of the ties which bind a partisan to his leader. Their relative strength or weakness are the tests of the personal excellence of the latter—of the regard which his talents inspire—of the veneration which his sagacity

commands. Strong indeed must be the necessity which on any occasion can unloose them; nor can it, in the ordinary case, arise except from the fault of the leader. For the leader and the follower, if we consider the matter rightly, are alike bound to a common allegiance: some principle must have been laid down as terms of their compact, which both are sworn to observe; and the violation of this principle on either side is a true annulment of the contract. No mercy is shown to the follower when he deserts or repudiates the common ground of action;—is the leader, who is presumed to have the maturer mind, and more prophetic eye, entitled to a larger indulgence?

Whilst perusing the late debates, we have repeatedly thought of a pregnant passage in Schiller. It is that scene in "The Piccolomini," where Wallenstein, after compromising himself privately with the enemy, attempts to win over the ardent and enthusiastic Max, the nursling of his house, to the revolt. It is so apposite to the present situation of affairs, that we cannot forbear from quoting it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, Max! *I have delay'd to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.*

Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right; yea, and a joy it is
To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;—

But where it happens, that of two sure evils
*One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favour.*

—This is now present: do not look behind thee,—

It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!

Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!

The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,

Therefore will I to be beforehand with them.

We'll join THE SWEDES—right gallant fellows are they,
And our good friends.

For "the Swedes" substitute "the League," and there is not one word of the foregoing passage that might not have been uttered, by Sir Robert Peel. For, most assuredly, until "the hour of acting" struck, was the important communication delayed;

and no higher or more comprehensive argument was given to the unfortunate follower than this, "that of two sure evils one must be taken." But is it, therefore, such a blessing "to have no election," and is "blank necessity," therefore, such a special

"grace and favour?"—say, is it necessity, when a clear, and consistent, and honourable course remains open? The evil on one side is clear: it is the loss of self-respect—the breach of pledges—the forfeiture of confidence—the abandonment of a national cause. On the other it is doubtful; it rests but on personal feeling, which may be painful to overcome, but which ought not to stand for a moment in the way of public duty.

Far be it from us to say, that amongst those who have cast their lot on the opposite side, there are not many who have done so from the best and the purest motives. The public career of some, and the private virtues of others, would belie us if we dared to assert the contrary. With them it may be conviction, or it may be an overruling sense of expediency—and with either motive we do not quarrel—but surely it is not for them, the new converts, to insinuate taunts of interested motives and partial construction against those who maintain the deserted principle. "For whom are you counsel now?" interrupted Sir Robert Peel, in the midst of the able, nay chivalrous speech of Mr Francis Scott, the honourable member for Roxburghshire. Admitting that the question was jocularly put and good-humouredly meant, we yet admire the spirit of the reply. "I am asked for whom I am the counsel. I am the counsel for my opinions. I am no delegate in this assembly. I will yield to no man in sincerity. I am counsel for no man, no party, no sect. I belong to no party. I followed, and was proud to follow, that party which was led so gloriously—the party of the constitution, which was led by the Right Honourable Baronet. I followed under his banner, and was glad to serve under it. I would have continued to serve under his banner if he had hoisted and maintained the same flag!" Can it be that the Premier, who talks so largely about his own wounded feelings, can make no allowance for the sorrow, or even the indignation of those who are now restrained by a sense of paramount duty from following him any further? Can he believe that such a man as Mr Stafford O'Brien would have used such language as this, had

he not been stung by the injustice of the course pursued towards him and his party:—"We will not envy you your triumph—we will not participate in your victory. Small in numbers, and, it may be, uninfluential in debate, we will yet stand forward to protest against your measures. You will triumph; yes, and you will triumph over men whose moderation in prosperity, and whose patience under adversity has commanded admiration—but whose fatal fault was, that they trusted you. You will triumph over them in strange coalition with men, who, true to their principles, can neither welcome you as a friend, nor respect you as an opponent; and of whom I must say, that the best and most patriotic of them all will the least rejoice in the downfall of the great constitutional party you have ruined, and will the most deplore the loss of public confidence in public men!"

We may ask, are such men, speaking under such absolute conviction of the truth, to be lightly valued or underrated? Are their opinions, because consistent, to be treated with contempt, and consistency itself to be sneered at as the prerogative of obstinacy and dotage? Was there no truth, then, in the opinions which, on this point of protection, the Premier has maintained for so many years; or, if not, is their fallacy so very glaring, that he can expect all the world at once to detect the error, which until now has been concealed even from his sagacious eye? Surely there must be something very specious in doctrines to which he has subscribed for a lifetime, and without which he never would have been enabled to occupy his present place. We blame him not if, on mature reflection, he is now convinced of his error. It is for him to reconcile that error with his reputation as a statesman. But we protest against that blinding and coercing system which of late years has been unhappily the vogue, and which, if persevered in, appears to us of all things the most likely to sap the foundations of public confidence, in the integrity as well as the skill of those who are at the helm of the government.

We have given the speech of Wal-

lenstein—let us now subjoin the reply it is, with but the change of a single word—
of Piccolomini. Mark how appropriate

MAX.

My General; this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person.
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. *Thee have I follow'd*
With most implicit, unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I follow'd thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart—
Is that a good war, which against the Empire
Thou wagest with the Empire's own array?
O God of heaven! what a change is this!
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who like the fix'd star of the pole
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean;
Oh, what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The engrain'd instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obedience,
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?
Oh, do it not!—I pray thee do it not!—
Thou wilt not—
Thou canst not end in this! It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief
Which holdeth nothing noble in free-will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone,
Made powerful only in an unknown power!

These quotations may look strangely in such an article as this; but there are many within the walls of St Stephen's who must acknowledge the force of the allusion, and the truth of the sentiments they convey. The language we intend to use is less that of reproach than sorrow: for whatever may be the practical result of this measure—however it may affect the great industrial interest of the country, it is impossible not to see that, from the mere manner of its proposal, it has disorganized the great Conservative party, and substituted mistrust and confusion for the feeling of entire confidence which formerly was reposed in its leaders.

The change, however, has been proposed, and we shall not shrink from considering it. The scheme of Sir Robert Peel is reducible to a few points, which we shall now proceed to review *seriatim*. First—let us regard it with a view to its *nature*; secondly, as to its *necessity* under existing circumstances.

The Premier states, that this is a

great change. We admit that fully. A measure which contains within itself a provision, that at the end of three years agricultural industry within this country shall be left without any protection at all, and that, in the interim, the mode of protection shall not only be altered but reduced, is necessarily a prodigious change. It is one which is calculated to affect agriculture directly, and home consumption of manufactures indirectly; to reduce the price of bread in this country—otherwise it is a useless change—by the introduction of foreign grain, and therefore to lower the profits of one at least of three classes, the landlord, the tenant, or the labourer, which classes consume the greater part of our manufactures. So far it is distinctly adverse to the agricultural interest, for we cannot exactly understand how a measure can be at once favourable and unfavourable to a particular party—how the producer of corn can be benefited by the depreciation of the article which he raises, unless, indeed, the reduction of the price of the food

which he consumes himself be taken as an equivalent. Very likely this is what is meant. If so, it partakes of the nature of a principle, and must hold good in other instances. Apply it to the manufacturer; tell him that, by reducing the cost of his cottons one-half, he will be amply compensated, because in that event his shirts will cost him only a half of the present prices, and his wife and children can be sumptuously clothed for a moiety. His immediate answer would be this: "By no means. I am manufacturing not for myself but for others. I deal on a large scale. I supply a thousand customers; and the profit I derive from that is infinitely greater than the saving I could effect by the reduced price of the articles which I must consume at home." The first view is clearly untenable. We may, therefore, conclude at all events that some direct loss must, under the operation of the new scheme, fall upon the agricultural classes; and it is of some moment to know how this loss is to be supplied. For we take the opening statement of Sir Robert Peel as we find it; and he tells us that *both* classes, the agriculturists and the manufacturers, are "to make sacrifices." Now, in these three words lies the germ of a most important—nay paramount—consideration, which we would fain have explained to us before we go any further. For, according to our ideas of words, a sacrifice means a loss, which, except in the case of deliberate destruction, implies a corresponding gain to a third party. Let us, then, try to discover who is to be the gainer. Is it the state—that is, the British public revenue? No—most distinctly not; for while, on the one side, the corn duties are abolished, on the other the tariff is relaxed. Is the sacrifice to be a mutual one—that is, is the agriculturist to be compensated by cheaper *home* manufactures, and the manufacturer to be compensated by cheaper *home-grown* bread? No—the benefit to either class springs from no such source. *The duties on the one side are to be abolished, and on the other side relaxed, in order that the agriculturist may get cheap foreign manufactures, and the manufacturer cheap foreign grain.* If there is to be a sacrifice upon both sides, as was most clearly

enunciated, it must just amount to this, that the interchange between the classes at home is to be closed, and the foreign markets opened as the great sources of supply.

Having brought the case of the "mutual sacrifices" thus far, is there one of our readers who does not see a rank absurdity in the attempt to insinuate that a compensation is given to the labourer? This measure, if it has meaning at all, is framed with the view of benefiting the manufacturing interest, of course at the expense of the other. Total abolition of protective duties in this country must lower the price of corn, and that is the smallest of the evils we anticipate;—for an evil it is, if the effect of it be to reduce the labourer's wages—and it must also tend to throw land out of cultivation. *But what will the relaxation of the tariff do?* Will it lower the price of manufactured goods in this country to the agricultural labourer?—that is, after the diminished duty is paid, can foreign manufactures be imported here *at a price which shall compete with the home manufactures?* If so, the home consumption of our manufactures, which is by far the most important branch of them, is ruined. "Not so!" we hear the modern economist exclaim; "the effect of the foreign influx of goods will merely be a stimulant to the national industry, and a consequent lowering of our prices." Here we have him between the horns of a plain and palpable dilemma. If the manufacturer for the home market will be compelled, as you say he must be, to lower his prices at home, in order to meet the competition of foreign imported manufactured goods, which are still liable in a duty, WHAT BECOMES OF YOUR FOREIGN MARKET AFTER YOU HAVE ANNIHILATED OR EQUALIZED THE HOME ONE? If the foreigner can afford to pay the freight and the duties, and still to undersell you at home, how can you possibly contrive to do the same by him? If his goods are cheaper than yours in this country, when all the costs are included, how can you compete with him in his market? The thing is a dream—a delusion—a palpable absurdity. The fact is either this—that not only the foreign agriculturist but the foreign manufacturer

can supply us with either produce cheaper than we can raise it at home—in which case we have not a foreign manufacturing market—or that the idea of “mutual sacrifices” is a mere colour and pretext, and that to all practical intents and purposes the agriculturist is to be the only sufferer.

A great change, however, does not necessarily imply a great measure. This proposal of Sir Robert Peel does not, as far as we can see, embody any principle; it merely surrenders the interests of one class for the apparent aggrandizement of another. We use the word “apparent” advisedly; for, looking to the nature and the extent of home consumption, we believe that the effects of the measure would ultimately be felt most severely by the manufacturers themselves. The agriculturist of Great Britain is placed in a peculiarly bad position. In the first place, he has to rear his produce in a more variable climate, and a soil less naturally productive, than many which exist abroad. In the second place, he has to bear his proportion of the enormous taxation of the country, for the interest of the national debt, and the expense of the executive government—now amounting to nearly fifty millions per annum. It is on these grounds, especially the last, that he requires some protection against the cheap-grown grain of the Continent, with which he cannot otherwise compete; and this was most equitably afforded by the sliding scale, which, in our view, ought to have been adhered to as a satisfactory settlement of the matter. In a late paper upon this subject, we rested our vindication of protection upon the highest possible ground—namely, that it was indispensable for the stability and independence of the country, that it should depend upon its own resources for the daily food of its inhabitants. There is a vast degree of misconception on this point, and the statistics are but little understood. Some men argue as if this country were incapable, at the present time, of producing food for its inhabitants, whilst others assert that it cannot long continue to do so. To the first class we reply with the pregnant fact, that at this moment there is not more foreign

grain consumed in Great Britain, than the quantity which is required for production of the malt liquors which we export. To the second we say—if your hypothesis is correct, the present law is calculated to operate both as an index and a remedy; but we broadly dispute your assertion. Agriculture has hitherto kept steady pace with the increase of the population; new land has been taken into tillage, and vast quantities remain which are still improveable. The railways, by making distance a thing of no moment, and by lowering land-carriage, will, if fair play be given to the enterprise of the agriculturist, render any apprehension of scarcity at home ridiculous. As to famine, there is no chance whatever of that occurring, provided the agriculturists are let alone. But, on the contrary, there is a chance not of one future famine, but of many, if the protective duties are removed, and the land at present under tillage permitted to fall back. You talk of the present distress and low wages of the agricultural labourer. It is a favourite theme with a certain section of philanthropists, whose hatred to the aristocracy of this country is only equalled by their ignorance and consummate assurance. Is that, or can that be made—supposing that it generally exists—an argument for a repeal of the corn-laws? If the condition of the labouring man be now indifferent, what will it become if you deprive him of that employment from which he now derives his subsistence? Agriculture is subject to the operation of the laws which govern every branch of industrial labour. It must either progress or fall back—it cannot by possibility stand still. It will progress if you give it fair play; if you check it, it will inevitably decline. What provision do you propose to make for the multitude of labourers who will thus be thrown out of employment? They—the poor—are by far more deeply interested in this question than the rich. Every corn-field converted into pasture, will throw some of these men loose upon society. What do you propose to do with them? Have you poor's-houses—new Bastilles—large enough to contain them? are they to be desired to leave their homes, desert their families, and seek employ-

ment in the construction of railways—a roving and a houseless gang? These are very serious considerations, and they require something more than a theoretical answer. You are not dealing here with a fractional or insignificant interest, but with one which, numerically speaking, is the most important of any in the empire. The number of persons in the United Kingdom immediately supported by agriculture, is infinitely greater than that dependent in like manner upon manufactures. It is a class which you do not count by thousands, but by millions; so that the experiment must be made upon the broadest scale, and the danger of its failure is commensurate. Rely upon it, this is not a subject with which legislators may venture to trifle. If the land of this country is once allowed to recede—as it must do if the power of foreign competition in grain should prove too much for native industry—the consequences may be more ruinous than any of us can yet foresee.

We need hardly say that a period of agricultural depression is of all things that which the manufacturer has most reason to dread. Exportation never can be carried to such a height, that the home consumption shall be a matter of indifference. At present, from eight to nine-tenths of the manufacturing population are dependent for support upon articles consumed at home. Any depression, therefore, of agriculture—any measure which has a tendency to throw the other class of labourers out of employment—must be to them productive of infinite mischief. If the customer has no means of buying, the dealer cannot get quit of his goods. This surely is a self-evident proposition; and yet it is now coolly proposed, that for the benefit of the dealer, the resources of the principal customer must be so far crippled that even the employment is rendered precarious.

The abolition of the protective duties upon corn, is unquestionably the leading feature of the scheme which the Premier has brought forward. There are, however, other parts of it with which the agriculturist has little or nothing to do, but which may appear equally objectionable to isolated interests. Such is the pro-

posal to allow foreign manufactured papers to be admitted at a nominal duty, in the teeth of the present excise regulations, which, of themselves, have been a grievous burden upon this branch of home industry—the reduction of the duties upon manufactured silks, linens, shoes, &c.—all of which are now to be brought into direct competition with our home productions. Brandy, likewise, is to supersede home-made spirits, whilst the excise is not removed from the latter. For these and other alterations, it is difficult to find out any thing like a principle, unless indeed some of them are to be considered as baits thrown out to foreign states for the purpose of tempting them to reciprocity. We should, however, have preferred some distinct negotiation on this subject before the reductions were actually made; for we have no confidence in the scheme of tacit subsidies, without a clear understanding or promise of repayment. Indeed the whole success of this measure, if its effects are prospectively traced, must ultimately depend upon its reception by the foreign powers. No doubt, our abandonment of protection upon grain will be considered by them as a valuable boon; for either their agriculture will increase in a ratio corresponding to the decline of our own, which would clearly be their wisest policy, or they will transfer the system of protective duties to the other side of the seas, and establish a sliding scale on exports, which may effectually prevent us from getting their grain any cheaper than at present, whilst our public revenue will thereby be materially diminished. Looking to the commercial jealousy of our neighbours—to the Zollverein, the various independent tariffs, and the care and anxiety with which they are shielding their rising manufactures from our competition—we are inclined to think the last hypothesis the more probable of the two. The vast success of English manufacture, and the strenuous efforts which she has latterly made to command the markets of the world, have not been lost upon the European or the American states. They are now far less solicitous about the improvement of their agriculture, than for the increase

of their manufactures; and some of them—Belgium for example—are already beginning in certain branches to rival us. This scheme of concession which is now agitating us will not, as some suppose, resolve itself into a matter of simple barter, as if Britain with the one hand were demanding corn, and with the other were proffering the equivalent of a cotton bale. We are indeed about to demand corn, but the answer of the foreigner will be this,—“You want grain, for your population is increasing, your land has gone out of cultivation, and you cannot support yourselves. Well, we have a superfluity of grain which we can give you—in fact we have grown it for you—but then it is for us to select the equivalent. We shall not take those goods which you offer in exchange. Twelve years ago we set up cotton manufactories. We had not the same advantages which you possessed in coal and iron, and machinery; but labour was cheaper with us, and we have prospered. Our manufactures are now sufficient to supply ourselves—nay, we have begun to export. Your cotton goods, therefore, are worthless to us, and we must have something else for our corn.” Gold, therefore, the common equivalent, will be demanded; and the price of corn in this country will, like every other article, be regulated by the amount and the exigency of the demand. The regulating power, however, will not then be with us, but with the parties who furnish the supply.

But, supposing that no protective duties upon the exportation of grain shall be levied abroad—which certainly is the view of the free-traders, and, we presume, also of the Ministry—and, supposing that corn is imported from abroad at no very great rise of price, then the evil will come upon us in all its naked deformity. It is very well for certain politicians to say, that it is an utter absurdity to maintain that cheap bread can affect the interests of the country; but the men who can argue thus, have not advanced a step beyond the threshold of social economy. Let them take the converse of the proposition. If there existed abroad a manufacturing state

which could supply the people of this country with clothing and every article of manufactured luxury, at a ratio thirty per cent cheaper than these could be produced in this country, would it be a measure of wise policy to abandon a system of protective duties? Would it be wise in the agriculturist to insist upon such an abandonment, in order that he might wear a cheaper dress, whilst the practical effect of the measure must be to annihilate the capital now invested in manufactures, to starve the workman, and of course to narrow within the lowest limits his capability of purchasing food? In like manner we say, that it is not wise in the manufacturer to co-operate in this scheme; for sooner or later the evil effects of it must fall upon his own head. Cheap bread may be an evil, and a great one. Mr Hudson, no mean authority in the absence of all official information upon the point, but a man who has personally dealt in grain, informs us that the probable price of wheat will be from 35s. to 40s. a quarter. We shall adopt his calculation, and the more readily because we firmly believe that foreign grain will at first be imported at some such price, although the spirit of avarice may combine with the necessity of expending capital in improvement, to raise it considerably afterwards. But let us assume that as the probable starting price. No man who knows anything at all upon the subject, will venture to say that, at such a price, the agriculture of the country can be maintained. It *must* go back. The immediate consequence is not a prophecy, but a statement of natural effect. Much land will go out of cultivation. Pauperism will increase in the country on account of agricultural distress, and the home market for manufactures will suffer accordingly.

Is cheap bread a blessing to the labourer, let his labour be what it may? Let us consider that point a little. And, first, what is meant by cheap bread? Cheapness is a relative term, and we cannot disconnect it as a matter of *price*, from the counter element of *wages*. If a labourer earns but a shilling a-day, and the loaf costs sevenpence, he will no doubt be materially benefited by a reduction of twopence

upon its price. But if he only earns tenpence, and the loaf is reduced to fivepence, it is clear to the meanest capacity that he is nothing the gainer. Nay, he may be a loser. For the grower of the loaf is more likely, on account of his extra price, to be a purchaser of such commodities as the other labourer is producing, than if he were ground down to the lowest possible margin. But, setting that aside, the consideration comes to be, does price regulate labour, or labour regulate price? In such a country as this, we apprehend there can be no doubt that price is the regulating power. At the present moment, peculiar and extraordinary causes are at work, which, in some degree, render this question of less momentary consequence. Undoubtedly there is a stimulus within the country, caused by new improvement, which alters ordinary calculations, but which cannot be expected to last. We never yet had so great a demand for labour. But let a period of distress come—such as we had four years ago—and the political problem revives. We are undoubtedly an overgrown country. Periods of distress constantly occur. The slightest check in our machinery, sometimes in parts apparently trivial, is sufficient to derange the whole of our industrial system, and to throw the labourer entirely at the mercy of the capitalist. It is *then* that the relative value of wages and prices is developed. The standard which is invariably fixed upon to regulate the rate of the former, is the price of bread. No class understand this better than the master-manufacturers, who have the command of capital, and are not only the council, but the absolute incarnation of the League. It is in these circumstances that the labouring artisan is driven to the lowest possible rate of wages, which is calculated simply upon the price of the quartern loaf. In order to work he must live. That is a fact which the tyrants of the spinneries do not overlook, but they take care that the livelihood shall be as scant as possible. The labourer is desired to work for his daily bread, to which the wages are made to correspond, and, of course, the cheaper bread is, the greater are the profits of the master.

Where the different industrial classes of a nation purchase from each other, there is a mutual benefit—when either deserts the home market, and has recourse to a foreign one, the benefit is totally neutralized. There is no greater fallacy than the proposition, that it is best to buy in the cheapest and to sell in the dearest market. There is a preliminary consideration to this—which is your best, your steadiest, and your most unfailing customer? None knows better than the manufacturer, that he depends, *ante omnia*, upon the home market. Is not this the very interest which is now assailed and threatened with ruin? There is not a man in this country, whatever be his condition, who would escape without scath a period of agricultural depression; and how infinitely more dangerous is the prospect, when the period appears to be without a limit! The longer we reflect upon this measure, the more are we convinced of its wantonness, and of the dangerous nature of the experiment upon every industrial class in this great and prospering country.

There is one objection to the Ministerial scheme which, strange to say, is open to both Protectionist and the Free-trader. The landowner has reason to object to it both as an active and a passive measure—it professes to leave him to his own resources, but it does not remove his restrictions. Surely if the foreigner and the colonists are to be permitted to compete on equal terms with him in the production of the great necessary of life, his ingenuity ought to have free scope in other things, more especially as he labours under the disadvantage of an inferior soil and climate. Why may he not be allowed, if he pleases, to attempt the culture of tobacco? The coarser kinds can be grown and manufactured in many parts of England and Scotland, and if we are to have free trade, why not carry out the principle to its fullest extent? Why not allow us to grow hops duty free? Why not relieve us of the malt-tax and of many other burdens? The answer is one familiar to us—the revenue would suffer in consequence. No doubt it would, and so it suffers from every commercial change. But these

changes have now gone so far, that—especially if you abolish this protective duty upon corn—we are entitled to demand a return from the present cumbrous, perplexing, and expensive mode of taxation, to the natural cheap and simple one of a poll or property-tax. At present no man knows what he is paying towards the expense of government. He is reached in every way indirectly through the articles he consumes. The customs furnish occupation for one most expensive staff, the excise for another; nowhere is the machinery of collection attempted to be simplified. Then comes the assessed-taxes, the income-tax, land-tax—and what not—all collected by different staffs—the cost of the preventive guard is no trifle—in fact, there are as many parasites living upon the taxation of this country as there are insects on a plot of unhealthy rose-trees. If we are to have free trade, let it be free and unconditional, and rid us of these swarms of unnecessary vermin. Open the ports by all means, but open them to every thing. Let the quays be as free for traffic as the Queen's highway; let us grow what we like, consume what we please, and tax us in one round sum according to each man's means and substance, and then at all events there can be no clashing of interests. This is the true principle of free trade, carried to its utmost extent, and we recommend it now to the serious consideration of Ministers.

We have not in these pages ventured to touch upon the interests which the national churches have in this important measure, because hitherto we have been dealing with commercial matters exclusively. May we hope they will be better cared for elsewhere than in our jarring House of Commons.

As to the necessity of the measure, more especially at the present time, we can find no shadow of a reason. We can understand conversions under very special circumstances. Had it been shown that the agriculturists, notwithstanding their protection, were remiss in their duties—that they had neglected improvement—that thereby the people of this country, who looked to them for their daily supply of bread, were stinted or forced to pay a most exorbitant price, then

there might have been some shadow of an argument for the change at the present moment. We say a shadow, for in reality there is no argument at all. The sliding-scale was constructed, we presume, for the purpose of preventing exorbitant prices, by admitting foreign grain duty free after our averages reached a certain point, *and that point they have never yet reached.* Was, then, the probability of such prices never in the mind of the framers, and was the sliding-scale merely a temporary delusion and not a settlement? So it would seem. The agriculturists are chargeable with no neglect. The attempt some three or four months ago to get up a cry of famine on account of the failure of the crops, has turned out a gross delusion. Every misrepresentation on this head was met by overwhelming facts; and the consequence is, that the Premier did not venture, in his first speech, to found upon a scarcity as a reason for proposing his measure. Something, indeed, was said about the possibility of a pressure occurring before the arrival of the next harvest—it was perhaps necessary to say so; but no man who has studied the agricultural statistics of last harvest, can give the slightest weight to that assertion. His second speech has just been put into our hands. Here certainly he is more explicit. With deep gravity, and a tone of the greatest deliberation, he tells the House of Commons, that, before the month of May shall arrive, the pressure will be upon us. We read that announcement, so confidently uttered, with no slight amount of misgiving as to the opinions we have already chronicled, but the next half column put us right. There is, after all, no considerable deficiency in the grain crop. It may be that the country has raised that amount of corn which is necessary for its ordinary consumption, but the potato crop in Ireland has failed! This, then—the failure of the potato crop in Ireland—is the immediate cause, the necessity, of abolishing the protection to agriculture in Great Britain! Was there ever such logic? What has the murrain in potatoes to do with the question of foreign competition, as applied to English, Scottish, nay, Irish corn? We are old enough to recollect something like a famine in

the Highlands, when the poor were driven to such shifts as humanity shudders to recall; but we never heard that distress attributed to the fact of English protection. If millions of the Irish will not work, and will not grow corn—if they prefer trusting to the potato, and the potato happens to fail—are *we* to be punished for that defect, be it one of carelessness, of inprovidence, or of misgovernment? Better that we had no reason at all than one so obviously flimsy. If we turn to the petitions which, about the end of autumn, were forwarded from different towns, praying for that favourite measure of the League, the opening of the ports, it will be seen that one and all of them were founded on the assumed fact, that the grain crop was a deficient one. That has proved to be fallacy, and is of course no longer tenable; but now we are asked to take, as a supplementary argument, the state of the potatoes in Ireland, and to apply it not to the opening of the ports for an exigency, but to the total abolition of the protective duties upon grain!

Of the improvidence of the peasantry of Ireland we never entertained a doubt. To such a scourge as this they have been yearly exposed; but how their condition is to be benefited by the repeal of the Corn-laws, is a matter which even Sir Robert Peel has not condescended to explain. For it is a notorious and incontrovertible fact, that if foreign corn were at this moment exposed at their doors duty free, they could not purchase it. We shall give full credit to the government for its intention to introduce the flour of Indian corn to meet, if possible, the exigency. It was a wise and a kind thought, objectionable on no principle whatever; and, had an Order in Council been issued to that effect, we believe there is not one man in the country who would not have applauded it. But why was this not done, more especially when the crisis is so near? If the Irish famine is to begin in May, or even earlier, surely it was not a very prudent or paternal act to mix up the question with another, which obviously could not be settled so easily and so soon. It is rather too much to turn now upon the agriculturists, and

say—"You see, gentlemen, what is the impending condition of Ireland. You have it in your power to save the people from the consequences of their own neglect. Adopt our scheme—admit Indian corn free of duty—and you will rescue thousands from starvation." The appeal, we own, would be irresistible, *were it made singly*. But if—mixed up as it were and smothered with maize-flour—the English agriculturist is asked at the same time to pass another measure which he believes to be suicidal to his interest, and detrimental to that of the country, he may well be excused if he pauses before taking so enthusiastic a step. Let us have this maize by all means; feed the Irish as you best can; do it liberally; but recollect that there is also a population in this country to be cared for, and that we cannot in common justice be asked to surrender a permanent interest, merely because a temporary exigency, caused by no fault of ours, has arisen elsewhere.

Apart from this, where was the necessity for the change at the present moment? We ask that question, not because we are opposed to change when a proper cause has been established, but because we have been taught—it would seem somewhat foolishly—to respect consistency, and because we see ground for suspicion in the authenticity of all these sudden and unaccountable conversions. This is the first time, so far as we can recollect, that Ministers, carried into power expressly for their adherence to certain tangible principles, have repudiated these without any intelligible cause, or any public emergency which they might seize as a colourable pretext. The sagacity of some, the high character and stainless honour of others—for we cannot but look upon the whole Cabinet as participators in this measure—render the supposition of any thing like deliberate treachery impossible. It is quite clear from what has already transpired, that the private opinions of some of them remain unchanged. They have no love for this measure—they would avoid it if they could—they cannot look upon its results without serious apprehension. Some of them, we know, care nothing for power—they

would surrender, not sacrifice it, at any time cheerfully—most of all at a crisis when its retention might subject them to the reproach of a broken pledge. Neither do we believe that this is a faint-hearted Cabinet, or that its members are capable of yielding their opinions to the *brutum fulmen* of the League. That body is by no means popular. The great bulk of the manufacturing artisans are totally indifferent to its proceedings; for they know well that self-interest, and not philanthropy, is the motive which has regulated that movement, and that the immediate effect of cheap bread would be a reduction of the workman's wages. We cannot, therefore, admit that any pressure from without has wrought this change of opinion, about which there seems to be a mystery which may never be properly explained. Perhaps it is best that it should remain so. Enough are already implicated in this question, on one side or the other. The facts and the arguments are before us, and we have but to judge between them.

Of the probable fate of this measure we shall venture no opinion. The enormous amount of private business which of late years has been brought before the Houses of Parliament—the importance and the number of the internal improvements which depend upon their sanction, and in which almost every man of moderate means has a stake, are strong probabilities against any immediate dissolution of Parliament, or an appeal to the judgment of the country. But there is no policy equal to truth, no line of conduct at all comparable to consistency. We have not hesitated to express our extreme regret that this measure should have been so conceived and ushered in; both because we think these changes of opinion on the part of

public men, when unaccompanied by sufficient outward motives, and in the teeth of their own recorded words and actions, are unseemly in themselves, and calculated to unsettle the faith of the country in the political morality of our statesmen—and because we fear that a grievous, if not an irreparable division has been thereby caused amongst the ranks of the Conservative party. Neither have we hesitated—after giving all due weight to the arguments adduced in its favour—to condemn that measure, as, in our humble judgment, uncalled for and attended with the greatest risk of disastrous consequences to the nation. If this departure from the protective principle should produce the effect of lessening the tillage of our land, converting corn-fields into pasture, depriving the labourer of his employment, and permanently throwing us upon the mercy of foreign nations for our daily supply of corn, it is impossible to over-estimate the evil. If, on the contrary, nothing of this should take place—if it should be demonstrated by experience that the one party has been grasping at a chimera, and the other battling for the retention of an imaginary bulwark, then—though we may rejoice that the delusion has been dispelled—we may well be pardoned some regret that the experiment was not left to other hands. Our proposition is simply this, that if we cannot gain cheap bread without resorting to other countries for it, we ought to continue as we are. Further, we say, that were we to be supplied with cheap bread on that condition, not only our agricultural but our manufacturing interest would be deeply and permanently injured; and that no commercial benefit whatever could recompense us for the sacrifice of our own independence, and the loss of our native resources.

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THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY.

THE revival of noble recollections, the record of great actions, and the history of memorable times, form one of the highest services which a writer can offer to his country. They mould the national Character, and upon the character depends the greatness of every nation. Why have the mighty kingdoms of the East perished without either general reverence or personal value, but from the absence of Character in their people; while Greece in all its ancient periods, and Rome throughout the days of its republic, are still the objects of classic interest, of general homage, and of generous emulation, among all the nobler spirits of the world? We pass over the records of Oriental empire as we pass over the ruins of their capitals; we find nothing but masses of wreck, unwieldy heaps of what once, perhaps, was symmetry and beauty; fragments of vast piles, which once exhibited the lavish grandeur of the monarch, or the colossal labour of the people; but all now mouldered and melted down. The mass essentially wants the interest of individuality. A nation sleeps below, and the last memorial of its being is a vast but shapeless mound of clay.

Greece, Rome, and England, give us that individuality in its full in-

terest. In their annals, we walk through a gallery of portraits; the forms "as they lived," every feature distinct, every attitude preserved, even the slight accidents of costume and circumstance placed before the eye with almost living accuracy. Plutarch's *Lives* is by far the most important work of ancient literature; from this exhibition of the force, dignity, and energy attainable by human character. No man of intelligence can read its pages without forming a higher conception of the capabilities of human nature; and thus, to a certain extent, kindling in himself a spirit of enterprise.

It is in this sense that we attach a value to every work which gives us the biography of a distinguished public character. Its most imperfect performance at least shows us what is to be done by the vigorous resolution of a vigorous mind; it marks the path by which that mind rose to eminence; and by showing us the difficulties through which its subject was compelled to struggle, and the success by which its gallant perseverance was crowned, at once teaches the young aspirant to struggle with the difficulties of his own career, and cheers him with the prospect of ultimate triumph.

Of the general execution of these volumes, we do not desire to speak. They have been professedly undertaken as a matter of authorship. We cannot discover that the author has had any suggestion on the subject from the family of the late Marquess, nor that he has had access to any documents hitherto reserved from the public. He fairly enough states, that he derived his materials largely from the British Museum, and from other sources common to the reader. His politics, too, will not stand the test of grave enquiry. He adopts popular opinions without consideration, and often panegyricizes where censure would be more justly bestowed than praise. But we have no idea of disregarding the labour which such a work must have demanded; or of regretting that the author has given to the country the most exact and intelligent biography which he had the means of giving.

The Wellesley family, rendered so illustrious in our time, is of remote origin, deriving its name from the manor of Welles-leigh, in the county of Somerset, where the family had removed shortly after the Norman invasion. A record in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, traces the line up to A.D. 1239, to Michael de Wellesleigh. The family seem to have held high rank or court-favour in the reign of Henry I., for they obtained the "grand serjeanty" of all the country east of the river Perrot, as far as Bristol Bridge; and there is a tradition, that one of the family was standard-bearer to Henry I. in the Irish invasion. In England, the family subsequently perished; the estates passing, by a daughter, into other families.

The Irish branch survived in Sir William de Wellesley, who was summoned to Parliament as a baron, and had a grant by patent, from Edward III., of the castle of Kildare. In the fifteenth century, the family obtained the Castle of Dangan by an heiress. The *de* was subsequently dropped from the family name, and the name itself abridged into Wesley—an abbreviation which subsisted down to the immediate predecessor of the subject of this memoir; or, if we are to rely on the journals

of the Irish Parliament, it remained later still. For in 1790 we find the late Lord Maryborough there registered as Wesley (Pole,) and even the Duke is registered, as member for the borough of Trim, as the Honourable Arthur *Wesley*.

Richard Colley Wesley, the grandfather of the Marquess, having succeeded to the family estate by the death of his cousin, was in 1746 created a peer. He was succeeded by his son Garret, who was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Wellesley of Dangan Castle, county Meath, and Earl of Mornington. He was a privy councillor in Ireland, and *custos rotulorum* of the county of Meath. He married Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur Hill Trevor, first Viscount Duncannon, by whom he had six sons and two daughters.

The Earl was a man of accomplished tastes; he had travelled, adopted *dilettante* habits, and expended more money in the decoration of his mansion and demesne than his fortune could well bear. But he would have been eminent if he had been compelled to make music his profession; his glee of "Here, in cool grot and mossy cell," has no rival in English composition for the exquisite feeling of the music, the fine adaptation of its harmony to the language, and the general beauty, elegance, and power of expression. He died on the 22d of May 1781.

Richard Colley Wellesley, afterwards the Marquess Wellesley, was born on the 20th of June 1760, in Ireland. At the age of eleven he was sent to Eton, under the care of the Rev. Jonathan Davis, afterwards head-master and provost of Eton. He soon distinguished himself by the facility and elegance of his Latin versification. He was sent to Oxford, and matriculated as a nobleman at Christ Church, in December 1778. In his second year at the college, he gained the Latin verse prize on the death of Captain Cook. His tutor was Dr William Jackson, afterwards Bishop of Oxford. In 1781, on the death of his father the Earl of Mornington, the young lord was called away to superintend the family affairs in Ireland, without taking his degree. On his coming of age, which was in

the ensuing year, his first act was to take upon himself the debts of his father, who had left the family estates much embarrassed. His mother, Lady Mornington, survived, and was a woman of remarkable intelligence and force of understanding. To her care chiefly was entrusted the education of her children; and from the ability of the mother, as has been often remarked in the instance of eminent men, was probably derived the talent which has distinguished her memorable family. At the period of their father's death, the brothers and sisters of the young Earl were, William Wellesley Pole, (afterwards Lord Maryborough,) aged eighteen; Anne, (afterwards married to Henry, son of Lord Southampton,) aged thirteen; Arthur, (the Duke of Wellington,) aged twelve; Gerald Valerian, (prebendary of Durham,) aged ten; Mary Elizabeth, (Lady Culling Smith,) aged nine; and Henry, (Lord Cowley,) eight years old.

The period at which the young Earl took his seat in the Irish House of Lords was one of remarkable anxiety. The success of the American revolt had filled the popular mind with dreams of revolution. The success of opposition in the Irish Parliament had fixed the national eyes upon the legislature; and the power actually on foot in the volunteer force of Ireland, tempted the populace to extravagant hopes of national independence and a separation from England, equally forbidden by sound policy and by the nature of things. Ireland, one thousand miles removed into the Atlantic, might sustain a separate existence; but Ireland, lying actually within sight of England, and almost touching her coasts, was evidently designed by nature for that connexion, which is as evidently essential to her prosperity. It is utterly impossible that a small country, lying so close to a great one, could have a separate government without a perpetual war; and, disturbed as Ireland has been by the contest of two antagonist religions, that evil would be as nothing compared with the tremendous calamity of English invasion. Fortunately, the peaceful contest with the English minister in the year 1780, had concluded by recog-

nizing the resolution, "that the King's most excellent Majesty, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland, are the only power competent to make laws to bind Ireland." It is unnecessary now to go further into this topic than to say, that this was a mere triumph of words so far as substantial advantages were regarded, while it was a triumph of evil so far as the existence of a national Parliament was a benefit. It gained no actual advantage whatever for Ireland; for all that Ireland wanted for progressive prosperity was internal quiet. On the other hand, it inflamed faction, even by its nominal success; it told the multitude that every thing might be gained by clamour, and in consequence clamour soon attempted every thing.

The orators of Opposition will never be without a topic. Public disturbance is the element in which they live. They must assault the government, or perish of inanition; and they must stimulate the mob by the novelty of their demands, and the violence of their declamation, or they must sink into oblivion. The Irish opposition now turned to another topic, and brought forward the Roman Catholics for the candidateship of the legislature.

It is not our purpose to go into the detail of a decision of which England now sees all the evil. But there can be no question whatever, that to bring into the legislature a man all whose sentiments are distinctly opposed to the Church and the State—who in the instance of the one acknowledges a foreign supremacy, and in the instance of the other anathematizes the religion—is one of the grossest acts that faction ever committed, or that feebleness in government ever complied with. Self-defence is the first instinct of nature; the defence of the constitution is the first duty of society; the defence of our religion is an essential act of obedience to Heaven. Yet the permission given to individuals, hostile to both, to make laws for either, was the second triumph at which Irish faction aimed, and which English impolicy finally conceded.

As an evidence of the royal satisfaction at the arrangements adopted by the lords and commons of Ireland, the king founded an order of knight-

hood, by the title of the Knights of the Illustrious Order of St Patrick, of which the king and his heirs were to be sovereigns in perpetuity, and the viceroys grand masters. The patent stated as the general ground of this institution, "that it had been the custom of wise and beneficent princes of all ages to distinguish the virtue and loyalty of their subjects by marks of honour, as a testimony to their dignity, and excellency in all qualifications which render them worthy of the favour of their sovereign, and the respect of their fellow-subjects; that so their eminent merits may stand acknowledged to the world, and create a virtuous emulation in others to deserve such honourable distinctions." All this may be true, and marks of honour are undoubtedly valuable; but they can be only so in instances where distinguished services have been rendered, and where the public opinion amply acknowledges such services. Yet, in the fifteen knights of this order appointed in the first instance, there was not the name of any one man known by public services except that of the Earl of Charlemont, an amiable but a feeble personage, who had commanded the volunteers of Ireland. The Earl of Mornington was one of those, and he had but just come into public life, at the age of three-and-twenty; before he had done any one public act which entitled him to distinction, and when all his political merits were limited to having taken his seat in the House of Lords.

In the course of the year we find the young lord occupying something of a neutral ground in the House, and objecting to the profusion of the Irish government in grants of money for public improvements; those grants which we see still about to be given, which are always clamoured for by the Irish, for which they never are grateful, of which nobody ever sees the result, and for which nobody ever seems to be the better. It is curious enough to see, that one of the topics of his speech was his disapproval of "great sums given for the ease and indolence of great cotton manufacturers, rather than the encouragement of manufacture." Such has been always the state of things in Ireland, conces-

sion without use, conciliation without gratitude, money thrown away, and nothing but clamour successful. But while he exhibited his eloquence in this skirmishing, it was evident that he by no means desired to shut himself out from the benefits of ministerial friendship. The question had come to a point between the government and the volunteers. The military use of the volunteers had obviously expired with the war. But they were too powerful an instrument to escape the eye of faction.

Ireland abounded with busy barristers without briefs, bustling men of other professions without any thing to do, and angry haranguers, down to the lowest conditions of life, eager for public overthrow. The volunteers were told by those men, that they ought not to lay aside their arms until they had secured the independence of their country. With the northern portion of Ireland, this independence meant Republicanism, with the southern, Popery. The heads of the faction then proceeded to hold an assembly in the metropolis, as a rival and counterpoise to the parliament. This was then regarded as a most insolent act; but the world grows accustomed to every thing; and we have seen the transactions of the League in London, and of Conciliation Hall in the Irish capital, regarded as matters of perfect impunity.

But more vigorous counsels then prevailed in Ireland. The volunteers were put down by the determination of government to check their factious and foolish assumption of power. They were thanked for their offer of services during the war; but were told that they must not be made instruments of disturbing the country. This manliness on the part of government was successful, as it has always been. If, on the other hand, government had shown any timidity, had for a moment attempted to coax them into compliance, or had the meanness to compromise between their sense of duty and the loss of popularity; they would have soon found the punishment of their folly, in the increased demands of faction, and seen the intrigues of partisanship inflamed into the violence of insurrection. The volunteers were

speedily abandoned by every friend to public order, and their ranks were so formidably reduced by the abandonment, that the whole institution quietly dissolved away, and was heard of no more.

In 1784, the young nobleman became a member of the English Parliament, as the representative of Beeralston, in Devonshire, a borough in the patronage of the Earl of Beverley—thus entering Parliament, as every man of eminence had commenced his career for the last hundred years; all being returned for boroughs under noble patronage. In 1786, he was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury.

The period of his introduction into the English Parliament was a fortunate one for a man of ability and ambition. The House never exhibited a more remarkable collection of public names. He nightly had the opportunity of hearing Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Grey; and others, who, if not equal, followed with vigorous emulation. He took an occasional part in the debates, and showed at least that he benefited by example. In 1788, he was elected for the royal borough of Windsor. The great question of the regency suddenly occurred. The royal malady rendered a Parliamentary declaration necessary for carrying on the government. The question was difficult. To place the royal power in any other hands than the King's, even for a temporary purpose, required an Act of Parliament. But the King formed an essential portion of the legislature. He, however, now being disabled by mental incapacity from performing his royal functions, where was the substitute to be found? Fox, always reckless, and transported with eagerness to be in possession of the power which would be conferred on him by the regency of the Prince of Wales, was infatuated enough to declare, that the Prince had as express a right to assume the reins of government, and exercise the powers of sovereignty, during the royal incapacity, as if the King had actually died. This doctrine, so contrary to common sense, and even to Whig principles, astonished the House, and still more astonished the country. Pitt fell upon him immediately, with

his usual vigour. The leader of Opposition had thrown himself open to attack, and his assailant was irresistible. Pitt dared him to give a reason for his doctrine; he pronounced it hostile to the law of the land, contradictory to the national rights, and, in fact, scarcely less than treason to the constitution.

On the other hand, he laid down with equal perspicuity and force the legal remedy, and pronounced, that where an unprovided difficulty of this order arose, the right of meeting it reverted to the nation, acting by its representatives, the two Houses of Parliament; and that, so far as personal right was in question, the Prince had no more right to assume the throne than any other individual in the country.

Such is the blindness of party, and passion for power, that Fox, the great advocate of popular supremacy, was found sustaining, all but in words, that theory of divine right which had cost James II. his throne, whose denial formed the keystone of Whig principles, and whose confirmation would have authorized a despotism.

The decision was finally come to, that the political capacity of the monarch was constitutionally distinguished from his personal; and that, as in the case of an infant king, it had been taken for granted that the royal will had been expressed by the Privy Council, under the Great Seal; so, in the present instance of royal incapacity, it should also be expressed by the Privy Council, under the Great Seal. The question of right now being determined, the Chancellor was directed to affix the Great Seal to a bill creating the Prince of Wales Regent, with limited powers.

Those limitations were certainly formidable; and the chief matter of surprise now is, that the Whigs should have suffered the Regent to accept the office under such conditions. They prevented him from creating any peerage, or granting any office in reversion, or giving any office, pension, or salary, except during the royal pleasure, or disposing of any part of the royal estate. They took from him also the whole household, and the care of the King's person, his majesty being

put in charge of the Queen, with power to remove any of the household. But the whole question has now passed away, and would be unimportant except for its bearing on the position of Ireland.

In 1789, the zeal of the Irish opposition, and the flexibility of some members of the Government combining, the Irish Parliament voted the regency to the Prince without any limitation whatever. This naturally directed the attention of ministers to the hazard of a collision between the two Parliaments. The King's fortunate recovery prevented all collision; but the danger was so apparent if the royal incapacity had continued, and opinion became so strongly inflamed in Ireland, that from this period must be dated the determination to unite both Parliaments in one legislature. For it was justly argued, that if the Irish Parliament might invest one individual with powers different from those intrusted to him by the English Parliament, it might in the same manner invest a different individual, the result of which might be a civil war, or a separation.

This rash resolution was, however, strongly opposed. Twenty-three of the peers, among whom was Lord Mornington, signed a protest against it, and the viceroy, the Marquess of Buckingham, refused to transmit the address to England. This increased the confusion: not only were the two legislatures at variance, but the Irish legislature passed a vote of censure on the viceroy.

The King's recovery extinguished the dissension at once, and the hand of government fell with severe but well-deserved penalty on its deserters in the season of difficulty. The rewards of the faithful were distributed with equal justice. Lord Mornington's active support of the viceroy was made known to the monarch, and he was evidently marked for royal favour. From this period he took a share in all the leading questions of the time. He supported Mr Wilberforce's motions for the abolition of the slave-trade.

The bold and sagacious conduct of Pitt, in protecting the royal rights in the Regency, had established his power

on the King's recovery. The Whigs had lost all hope of possession, and they turned in their despair to the work of faction. Their cry was now Parliamentary Reform. No cry was ever more insincere, more idly raised, carried on in a more utter defiance of principle, or consummated more in the spirit of a juggler, who, while he is bewildering the vulgar eye with his tricks, is only thinking of the pocket. The Reform Bill has since passed, but the moral of the event is still well worth our recollection. The Whigs themselves had been the great boroughmongers; but boroughmongering had at length failed to bring them into power, and they had recourse to clamour and confederacy with the rabble. Still, in every instance when they came in sight of power, the cry was silenced, and they discovered that it was "not the proper time." At length, in 1830, they raised the clamour once more; the ministry, (rendered unpopular by the Popish question,) were thrown out; the Whigs were, for the first time, compelled to keep their promise, and the whole system of representation was changed. But the change was suicidal: the old champion of Reform, Lord Grey himself, was the first to suffer. The Reform ministry was crushed by a new power, and Lord Grey was crushed along with it. Whiggism was extinguished; the Whig of the present day has no more resemblance to the Whig of Fox's day, than the squatter has to the planter. The rudeness and rashness of Radicalism supplies its place, and the stately and steady march of the landed interest exists no more.

Lord Mornington's speech, in 1793, placed the question in its true point of view. He declared that the consequence of the proposed measure of Reform must be, to change the very genius and spirit of the British government; to break up the combination of those elementary principles of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy, which, judiciously associated, formed the constitution. He then referred, with great force, to the practical working of that constitution which this measure was intended to overthrow. "Never," said he, and his language

was at once eloquent and true, "have the natural ends of society been so effectually accomplished, as under the government which is thus to be subverted. Under the existing constitution, the life of every individual is sacred, by the equal spirit of the law; by the pure administration of justice; by the institution of juries; and by the equitable exercise of that prerogative which is the brightest ornament of the crown—the power of mitigating the rigour of criminal judgments, and of causing justice to be executed in mercy."

He forcibly pronounced the constitution to contain all "the principles of stability; for it could neither be abused by the subject, nor invaded by the crown." It provided, in an unexamined degree, for the protection of life, liberty, and property. In its legislative action it impartially allowed every public interest to have its representative in Parliament; in its national action it insured the prosperity of the empire; for that prosperity had never been so distinguished as since the constitution had assumed full power; and, by protecting every man in the exercise of his industry, it had given a spur to national and intellectual enterprise and activity, of which the world had never before seen an example. And was this all to be hazarded for the sake of gratifying a party, who always shrank from the measure when in power, and who always renewed it only as a means of recall from their political exile?

His biographer rashly denies the reality of those dangers, and says, that the Reform Act has not produced any of the calamities which his lordship then saw in such ominous prospect. But to this the natural answer is, that the Reform Bill is little more than a dozen years old; that though the power of property in so great a country as England, and the voice of common sense in a country of such general and solid knowledge, could not be extinguished at once; and though the national character forbade our following the example and the rapidity of a French revolution; still, that great evil has been done—that a democratic tendency has been introduced into

the constitution—that Radicalism has assumed a place and a shape in public deliberations—that faction beards and browbeats—the legitimate authorities of public counsel—that low agitators are suffered to carry on the full insolence of intrigue with a dangerous impunity—and that the pressure from without too often becomes paramount to the wisdom from within.

At the same time, we fully admit that there were abuses in the ancient system, offensive to the natural sense of justice; that the sale of seats was contrary to principle; and that the dependence of members on individual patrons was a violation of legislative liberty. But whose was the criminality? not that of the constitution, but of the faction; not that of the enfeebled law, but of the local supremacy of Whig influence. Property is the true, and in fact the only safe pledge of legislative power; and if Manchester and the other great manufacturing towns had possessed, five hundred years ago, the property which they have acquired within the last fifty, there can be no doubt that representatives would have been allotted to them. There can be as little doubt, that in 1830, or in a quarter of a century before, they ought to have had representatives; but the true evil has been in the sweeping nature of the change. Still, we will hope the best; we have strong faith in the fortunes of England, and shall rejoice to see that our fears have been vain.

The young senator's exertions, on this occasion, confirmed the opinion already entertained of him in high quarters. He was shortly after sworn in as a member of the Privy Council in England, and was made one of the commissioners for the affairs of India. Pitt's memorable India Bill, in 1784, had appointed a board of six commissioners for Indian affairs, who were to be privy councillors, with one of the secretaries of state at their head. The board were to be appointed by the King, and removable at his pleasure. They were invested with the control of all the revenue, and civil and military officers of the Company. The directors were obliged to lay before them all papers relative to the management of their affairs. The commissioners

were to return the papers of the directors within fourteen days, if approved of, or if not, to assign their reasons. The despatches so agreed on, were then to be sent to India.

It seems not improbable that this appointment was intended as the preparative of the Earl for higher objects in the same department. At all events, it directed his attention to Indian topics, and gave him the due portion of that practical knowledge, without which genius only bewilders, and enterprise is thrown away.

We have to fight our way against this biographer, who takes a rambling and revolutionary view of all the chief transactions of the time. In this spirit, he denies or doubts the necessity of the French war. We deny that it was possible to avert it. It may be true, that if England had been faithful to her compacts, and had suffered her allies to be trampled on, she might, for awhile, have avoided actual collision. But, could this have been done with honour; and what is national honour but a national necessity? Holland, the old ally of England, was actually invaded; and the first English troops that set foot upon the Continent, were sent in compliance with our treaty, and for the simple protection of our ally. No one will contend, and no one has ever contended, that England had a right to make a government for France; or that the fury of her factions, however they might startle and disgust mankind, was a ground for teaching morality at the point of the sword. But there can be no more legitimate cause of war than the obligations of treaties, the protection of the weak against the powerful, and the preservation of the general balance of European power.

In the instance of Holland, too, there was the additional and most efficient reason, viz. that the possession of her ports and arsenals by France must largely increase the danger of England. But when it is further remembered, that France declared the determination to make war upon all monarchies, that she aimed at establishing an universal republic, that she pronounced all kings tyrants and all subjects slaves; and that, offering her assistance to every insurrectionary

people, she ostentatiously proclaimed her plan of revolutionizing the world—who can doubt that national safety consisted in resisting the doctrines, in repelling the arms, and in crushing the conspiracies which would have made England a field of civil slaughter, and left of her glory and her power nothing but a name?

It is, however, a curious instance of personal zeal, to find the biographer applauding as the sentiments of his hero, the opinions which he deprecates as the policy of England; and admitting that the war was wise, righteous, and inevitable; that it raised the name of England to the highest rank: and that it preserved us from “the pest of a godless, levelling democracy.”

It has been the habit of writers like the present, to conceive that the French Revolution was hailed with general joy by England. Even before the death of the king, the contrary is the fact: the rabble, the factions, and the more bustling and bitter portion of the sectaries, unquestionably exulted in the popular insurrection, and the general weakening of the monarchy. But all the genuinely religious portion of the people, all the honest and high-minded, all the travelled and well-informed, adopted a just conception of the whole event from the beginning. The religious pronounced it atheistic, the honest illegal, and the travelled as the mere furious outburst of a populace mad for plunder and incapable of freedom. But the death of the king excited a unanimous burst of horror; and there never was a public act received with more universal approbation than the dismissal of the French ambassador, M. Chauvelin, by a royal order to quit the country within eight days. The note was officially sent by Lord Grenville, but was stamped with the energy of Pitt. It was as follows:—

“I am charged to notify to you, sir, that the character with which you have been vested at this court, and the functions of which have been so long suspended, being now utterly terminated by the fatal death of his most Christian Majesty, you have no more any public character here, the King can no longer, after such an event, permit your resi-

dence here; his Majesty has thought fit to order that you should retire from this kingdom within the term of eight days. And I herewith transmit to you a copy of the order, which his Majesty, in his Privy Council, has given to this effect. I send you a passport for yourself and your suite, and I shall not fail to take all the necessary steps, in order that you may return to France with all the attentions which are due to the character of minister-plenipotentiary, which you have exercised at this court. I have the honour to be, &c.

“GRENVILLE.

“Dated Whitehall, Jan. 4, 1793.”

On the opening of Parliament, in January 1794, a debate of great importance commenced on the policy of the war. On this occasion, Lord Mornington and Sheridan took the lead in the debate, and both made speeches of great effect. Lord Mornington's speech was published under his own inspection immediately after, and it still remains among the most striking records of the republican opinions, and the mingled follies and blasphemies of a populace suddenly affecting the powers of a legislature. Every thing in France, at this period, was robbery; but even the robbery exhibited the national taste for “sentiment.” Their confiscation of property was pronounced to be, “not for the sake of its possession,” but for their abhorrence of the precious metals. Lord Mornington, in the course of his speech, read extracts of a letter from Fouché, afterwards so well known as the minister of imperial police, but then commissioner in the central and western departments. In this sublime display of hypocrisy, Fouché pronounces gold and silver to have been the causes of all the calamities of the republic. “I know not,” says he, “by what weak compliance those metals are suffered to remain in the hands of suspected persons. Let us degrade and vilify gold and silver, let us fling those deities of monarchy in the dirt, and establish the worship of the austere virtues of the republic,” adding, by way of exemplification of his virtuous abhorrence, “I send you seventeen chests filled with gold, silver, and plate of all sorts, the spoil of churches and castles. You will

see with peculiar pleasure, two beautiful crosiers and a ducal coronet of silver, gilt.” But the portion of his speech which attracted, and justly, the deepest attention, was that in which he gave the proofs of the dreadful spirit of infidelity, so long fostered in the bosom of the Gallican church. An address, dated 30th of October, from the Rector of Villos de Luchon, thus expatiates in blasphemy:—“For my part, I believe that no religion in any country in the world is founded on truth. I believe that all the various religions in the world are descended from the same parents, and are the daughters of pride and ignorance.” This worthy ecclesiastic finished by declaring, that thenceforth “he would preach in no other cause than that of liberty and his country.” The Convention decreed, that this and all similar addresses of renunciation should be lodged with the Committee of Public instruction, evidently as materials for training the rising generation. A motion then followed, that all those renunciations of religion should be “translated into the languages of all foreign countries.”

Then followed a scene, which gave reality to all those hideous declarations. The Archbishop of Paris entered the hall of the Convention, accompanied by a formal procession of his vicars, and several of the rectors of the city parishes. He there addressed the Assembly in a speech, in which he renounced the priesthood in his own name, and that of all who accompanied him, declaring that he acted thus in consequence of his conviction, that no national worship should be tolerated except the worship of Liberty and Equality! The records of the Convention state, that the archbishop and his rectors were received with universal transport, and that the archbishop was solemnly presented with a red cap; the day concluding with the worthy sequel, the declaration of one Julien, who told the Assembly that he had been a Protestant minister of Toulouse for twenty years, and that he then renounced his functions for ever. “It is glorious,” said this apostate, “to make this declaration, under the auspices of reason,

philosophy, and that sublime constitution which has already overturned the errors of superstition and monarchy in France, and which now prepares a similar fate for all foreign tyrannies. I declare that I will no longer enter into any other temple than the sanctuary of the laws. Thus I will acknowledge *no other God* than liberty, *no other worship* than that of my country, *no other gospel* than the republican constitution."

Then followed a succession of addresses and letters from the various commissioners in the departments, blaspheming in the same atrocious strain. The municipality of Paris, which was one of the chief governing powers, if not the actual ruler of France, followed this declamation by an order, that all the churches should be shut, let their denomination of worship be what it might, and that any attempt to reopen one should be punished by arrest. The decree was put into immediate effect. The church of Notre Dame and all the other churches of the capital were closed. The popular measures were now carried on in a kind of rivalry of destruction. The "Section of the Museum," a portion of the populace, announced that they had done execution on all Prayer-books, and burnt the Old and New Testaments. The Council-General of Paris decreed that a civic feast should be held in the cathedral of Notre Dame, and that a patriotic hymn should be chanted before the statue of liberty. The Goddess of Reason was personated by a Madame Momarro, a handsome woman of profligate character, who was introduced into the hall of the Convention, received with "the fraternal embrace by the president and secretaries, and was then installed by the whole legislature in the cathedral, which was called the "Regenerated Temple of Reason." In this monstrous profanation, the apostate archbishop officiated as the high priest of Reason, with a red cap on his head, and a pike in his hand; with this weapon he struck down some of the old religious emblems of the church, and finished his performance by placing a bust of Marat on the altar. A colossal statue was then ordered to be

placed "on the ruins of monarchy and religion."

This desperate profanation was emulated in the provinces. Fouché, in Lyons, ordered a civic festival in honour of one Chaliér. An ass, with a mitre on its head, and dragging a Bible at its tail, formed a characteristic portion of the ceremony; the Bible was finally burnt, and its ashes scattered to the winds.

"Thus Christianity," said the noble speaker, "was stigmatized, through the president of the Convention, amid the applauses of the whole audience, as a system of murder and massacre, incapable of being tolerated by the humanity of a republican government. The Old and New Testaments were publicly burnt, as prohibited books. Nor was it to Christianity that their hatred was confined; the Jews were involved in this comprehensive plan. Their ornaments of public worship were plundered, and their vows of irreligion were recorded with enthusiasm. The existence of a future state was openly denied, and modes of burial were devised, for the express purpose of representing to the popular mind, that death was nothing more than an everlasting sleep; and, to complete the whole project, doctrines were circulated under the eye of the government, declaring that 'the existence of a Supreme God was an idea inconsistent with the liberty of man.'"

In England, we are verging on democracy from year to year. We have begun by unhinging the national respect for the religion of the Scriptures, in our zeal to introduce the religion of the Council of Trent into the constitution. The malecontents in the Established Church are contributing their efforts to bring Protestantism into contempt, by their adoption of every error and every absurdity of the Papist. The bolder portion of these malecontents have already apostatized. The Church once shaken, every great and salutary support of the constitution will follow, and we shall have a government impelled solely by faction. When that time arrives, the minister will be the mere tool of the multitude; the faction in the streets will have its mouthpiece in the faction of the legislature. Property will

be at the mercy of the idle, the desperate, and the rapacious—Law will be a dead letter—Religion a mockery—Right superseded by violence—and the only title to possession will be the ruffian heart and the sanguinary hand.

We are perfectly aware, that a large portion of the country cannot be persuaded that it is necessary for them to disturb their own comfort, quiet, and apathy, for any possible reason—that they believe all change to be of too little moment to demand any resistance on their part; and that, at all events, they trust that the world will go on smoothly for their time, whatever may be the consequence of their scandalous and contemptible apathy hereafter. But, such thinkers do not deserve to have a country, nor to be protected, nor to be regarded as any thing but as the cumberers of the earth. On such men no power of persuasion can act; for no argument would convince. They wrap themselves up in their snug incredulity, leave it to others to fight for them, and will not hazard a shilling, nor give a thought, for the salvation of their country! Yet even they are no more secure than the rest. The noble, the priest, and the man of landed wealth, are not those alone on whom the heavy hand of rabble robbery will fall. We give them, on this head, a fragment from the report of the well-known Barrère, from the "Committee of Public Welfare," constituting, in fact, the rule of conduct to the Republic. It begins by declaring the "necessity of abandoning the idea of *mercy* in republican government." It pronounces the necessity of the law to act, for the "arrest of *suspected* persons." It declares every "remnant of the *gentry* of France to be an object of suspicion." It declares the "*business of bankers* to render them objects of suspicion." It declares "their reluctance to receive assignats, and their sordid *attachment to their own interests*," to make all merchants objects of suspicion. It declares "all the *relatives* of emigrants" to be objects of suspicion. It declares "all the clergy who have refused the constitutional oath, and all the former magistracy," to be objects of suspicion. All those classes of society are to be

sentenced at once, "*without being heard*." Let us strike at once, says this desperate document, "*without trial and without mercy*. Let us banish all compassion from our bosoms. Oh! what innumerable mischiefs may be produced by a false sentiment of pity?"

This decree, which made every man a victim who had any thing to lose, instantly crowded the French prisons with the merchants, the bankers, and the whole monied class in France. Those who could be plundered no longer, were sent to execution. In Paris alone, within six months, a thousand persons of the various professions had been murdered by the guillotine. During the three years of the democracy, no less than eighteen thousand individuals, chiefly of the middle order, perished by the guillotine.

This frightful catalogue closed with a remark on the belligerent propensities which such a state of society must produce. "It must be the immediate interest of a government, founded on principles wholly contradictory to the received maxims of all surrounding nations, to propagate the doctrines abroad by which it subsists at home; to assimilate every neighbouring state to its own system; and to subvert every constitution which even forms an advantageous contrast to its own absurdities. Such a government must, from its nature, be hostile to all governments of whatever form; but, above all, to those which are most strongly contrasted with its own vicious structure, and which afford to their subjects the best security for the maintenance of order, liberty, justice, and religion."

Sheridan made a speech, of great beauty and animation, in reply. But his whole argument consisted in the sophism, that the French had been rendered savage by the long sense of oppression, and that the blame of their atrocities, (which he fully admitted,) should be visited on the monarchy, not on the people.

Lord Mornington's was acknowledged to be the ablest speech on the ministerial side; and though eclipsed by the richness and power of Sheridan—and what speaker in the records of

English eloquence ever excelled him in either?—it yet maintained a distinguished superiority in the force of its reasoning, and the fulness of its statements. Sheridan, in his peroration, had thrown out some bitter pleasantries on the ministerial favours, whose prospect he regarded as the only motive of those abandonments which had left the Whig party suddenly so feeble. “Is this a time,” exclaimed the orator, “for selfish intrigues and the little traffic of lucre? Is it intended to confirm the pernicious doctrine, that all public men are impostors, and that every politician has his price? Nay, even for those who have no direct object, what is the language which their actions speak? ‘The throne is in danger’—‘we will support the throne; but let us share the smiles of royalty.’ ‘The order of nobility is in danger’—‘I will fight for nobility,’ says the viscount. ‘But my zeal would be much greater, if I were made an earl.’ ‘Rouse all the marquess within me!’ exclaims the earl, ‘and the peerage never turned out a more undaunted champion in the cause.’ ‘Stain my green riband blue,’ cries out the gallant knight, ‘and the fountain of honour will have a fast and faithful servant.’ But, what are the people to think of our sincerity? What credit are they to give to our professions? It there nothing which whispers to that right honourable gentleman, that the crisis is too big, that the times are too gigantic, to be ruled by the hackneyed means of ordinary corruption?”

Wyndham pronounced, that the speech of the noble lord had recapitulated the conduct of France in a manner so true, so masterly, and so alarming, “as to fix the attention of the House and the nation.” Pitt spoke in terms still more expressive. “The speech of my noble friend,” said he, “has been styled declamatory; on that principle I know not, unless that every effort of eloquence, in which the most forcible reasoning was adorned and supported by all the powers of language, was to be branded with the epithet declamatory.” This debate was decisive; two hundred and seventy-seven voted for the vigorous prosecution of the war: for Fox’s amend-

ment, *only* fifty-seven. We have now to follow the career of the noble lord to another quarter of the globe, where his presence was more essential, and where his capabilities had a still wider field.

The resignation of Sir John Shore had left the government of India vacant; and the conspicuous exertions of Lord Mornington in the late debates had placed him in a high position before the ministerial eye. He was now fixed on for the Governor-generalship. His connexion with Indian affairs as a member of the Board of Control, had given him official knowledge; his education had given him the accomplishment suited to diplomatic distinction; and his abilities, his ardour, and his time of life, rendered him the fittest man for the arduous government of India. The period demanded all the qualities of government. France was notoriously intriguing to enlist the native princes in a general attack on the British power; a large French force was already organized in the territories of the Nizam, and Tippoo Saib had drawn together an army with seventy guns in the Mysore. The Indian princes, always jealous of the British authority, which had checked their old savage depredations on each other, and had presented in its own dominions a noble contrast to the ravaged and wretched condition of their kingdoms, were all preparing to join the alliance of the French; and the first shock of a war, now almost inevitable, would probably involve all India. At this period Lord Mornington, who had been raised to an English barony, was appointed governor-general in October 1797; and such was his promptitude that he sailed on the 7th of the month following. In the April of 1798, he arrived on the coast of Coromandel, and landed at Madras, accompanied by his brother, the Hon. Henry Wellesley, as private secretary, (now Lord Cowley.) On the 17th of May he arrived at Calcutta, where he found his brother, since so memorable, Colonel Arthur Wellesley, and Sir Alured Clarke, the commander-in-chief.

Lord Mornington had been sent to India in anticipation of French attempts on the British dominions, and

there could be no doubt of the intentions of the French Directory. But the blow came sooner, and was more openly struck than an European public man could have surmised. It exhibited all that arrogant contempt of an enemy which once characterised Eastern supremacy; and would have been worthy of Gengis, proclaiming his sovereign will. It was a proclamation from the French governor of the Mauritius, on the 30th of June; announcing, without any attempt at disguise, that two ambassadors from Tippoo Sultaun had arrived there with letters for the governor, and despatches for the government of France; and that the object of the embassy was, to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with France, and to demand a subsidiary force, for the purpose of expelling the English from India. The proclamation further invited all Frenchmen, in the isles of France and Bourbon, to volunteer for the sultaun's service, and promised to secure them pay under the protection of the Republic.

The daring insolence of this proclamation, and the palpable rashness of making the designs of Tippoo public, before any direct preparation for attack, were so unlike the usual forms of diplomacy, that the governor-general, in the first instance, was inclined to doubt its authenticity. But it awoke his vigilance, and he wrote without delay to General Harris, then commanding at Madras, and governor for the time, to be on his guard. "If Tippoo," said his letter, "should choose to avow the objects of his embassy to be such as are described in this proclamation, the consequences may be very serious, and may ultimately involve us in the calamity of war. I wish you to be apprised of my apprehensions on the subject, and to prepare your mind for the possible event. You will, therefore, turn your attention to the means of collecting a force, if necessity should unfortunately require it. But it is not my desire that you should proceed to take any public steps towards the assembling of the army, before you receive some further information from me."

The governor-general has been charged with precipitancy in making war on Tippoo. But the charge is

refuted by dates. The French proclamation was dated 10th Pluviose, sixth year of the Republic, (30th January 1798.) Its truth or falsehood was carefully enquired into, until the evidence was completed by despatches from the British governors of the Cape and Bombay, the admiral at the Cape, the testimony of prisoners, and finally by the actual landing of a corps of French volunteers from the Mauritius. It was not till six months after the date of the proclamation, that the governor-general wrote thus (20th of June) to General Harris:—"I now take the earliest opportunity of acquainting you with my final determination. I mean to call upon the allies without delay, and to assemble the army upon the coast with all possible expedition. You will receive my public instructions in the course of a few days. Until you have received them, it will not be proper to take any public steps for the assembling of the army. But whatever can be done without a disclosure of the ultimate object, I authorize you to do immediately; intending to apprise you, by this letter, that it is my positive resolution to assemble the army upon the coast."

The Mysore dynasty was one of the natural productions of Indian sovereignty. They had each been founded by a successful soldier, had made conquests of prodigious extent, had devastated the land with frightful rapidity; and then, after a generation or two of opulent possession, had seen their provinces divided by rebellious viceroys; until some slave, bolder than the rest, sprang up, broke down the tottering viceroys, and seized the supreme throne. Hyder Ali, the father of Tippoo, had been a common trooper in the service of the Rajah of Mysore—by his intrepidity he became the captain of one of those bands, half soldier and half robber, which form the irregulars of an Asiatic army. By his address as a courtier, he rose into favour with the rajah, who gave him the command of his army. By the treachery which always surrounds and subverts an Asiatic throne, he finally took the sovereign power to himself. Disputes of the new rajah with the Company's agents produced a war, and the

cavalry of this daring adventurer rode up to the gates of Madras. Peace was at length proclaimed, and Hyder acquired a vast reputation among the natives as the champion of India. In 1770, an invasion of the Mahrattas, a robber nation, but the most renowned of Indian plunderers, determined to crush the new power, and poured down upon Mysore. Hyder now applied for assistance to Madras; but the settlement had no assistance to give, and Hyder was forced to make a disadvantageous treaty. He now loudly protested against the failure of the English contingent, which he declared to have been the subject of a treaty, and resolved on revenge. The plunder of the merchants' stores at Madras was the more probable motive to his next desperate attack. The half military, half commercial government of the Company, at that period, paralyzed all measures of effective resistance; and while the garrison urged vigorous proceedings, and the inhabitants dreaded mercantile loss, the plains surrounding Madras were deluged by an invasion from the Mysore. Hyder ranged in line seventy thousand horse and twenty thousand regular infantry! with all the marauders of India in his train, and all the Indian sovereigns ready to rise. At Madras all was confusion. Some detachments of Europeans and Sepoys, scattered through the country, were surrounded, fought gallantly, and were cut to pieces. Warren Hastings, the most indefatigable of Indian governors, now came in person to the seat of war; but such was the feebleness of the British means, that he could bring with him but five hundred Europeans and five hundred Sepoys. But he brought the more effectual aid of an officer of decision and sagacity, the celebrated Sir Eyre Coote. This brave man, struggling with difficulties of every kind, was, in almost all instances, victorious, and the last hours of Hyder's daring career were embittered by defeat at Arree. In a few months after, at the age of eighty-two, this great chieftain, but barbarous and bloody warrior, died; leaving his son Tippoo, who had commenced his warfare at eighteen, and had followed him in all his battles, the possessor of his throne.

Tippoo was the heir of his father's bravery, but not of his intelligence. Hyder had a mean opinion of his understanding, and evidently regarded him as little better than a royal tiger. "That boy," said he, "will overthrow all that it has cost me a life to raise, and will ruin himself."

The war continued, carried on by detachments on the part of the English, and by marauding expeditions on the part of Tippoo; time, life, and treasure were thus thrown away on both sides. But at length the news of peace between England and France reached India, and peace was concluded between the Company and the Mysore on the 11th of March 1784.

Some conception of the resources of India may be formed from the military means which the single state of Mysore was able to accumulate, under all the pressure of a long war. At the peace, the treasure of Tippoo was calculated at eighty millions sterling; he had six hundred thousand stand of arms, two thousand cannons, with a regular force of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, of little less than one hundred thousand men!

The history of the Mysore dynasty would form a brilliant poem; and, if India shall ever have a poet again, he could not choose a more varied, animating, and splendid theme. Tippoo, in peace, turned saint, and, following the example of his prophet, forced one hundred thousand Hindoos, at the sword's point, to swear by the Koran. We pass over the remaining features of his fierce history. Restless with ambition, and plethoric with power, in 1790 he invaded Travancore. The rajah called upon his English allies for protection. The war began by the appearance of Tippoo in the field at the head of another deluge of cavalry. But the genius of Hyder was in the tomb; and the English army, under Cornwallis, forced its way to the ramparts of Seringapatam. A peace stripped the Mysore of half its territory, of three millions and a half for the expenses of the war, and of the two sons of Tippoo as hostages. But the rajah constantly looked for revenge; and the successes of the French Republic urged him to a contest, in which every thing was to be lost to him but his daring name.

The first step of the governor-general exhibited singular decision, and was attended with singular success. The Nizam had raised a regular corps of eleven thousand men, disciplined by French officers. It was ascertained that those officers held a correspondence with Tippoo, and there was every probability of their either forcing the Nizam into his alliance, or of their marching to join him. A British force was now ordered to move towards the capital of the Nizam, without any intimation of its object or its approach. On its arrival, a distinct demand was made for the dismissal of the French. The Nizam hesitated; but the officer commanding the British declared, that if there was any further delay, he would attack the battalions in their camp. The Nizam then gave his consent, and the battalions were informed that hesitation would expose them to the penalties of treason. A negotiation then began, in the presence of the British troops and the Nizam's horse. The French officers were promised protection, the possession of their personal property, their arrears, and a passage to France; the battalions were promised pay and future employment. The terms were accepted, and the British officer had the satisfaction to see the eleven thousand lay down their arms! This event struck all India with surprise. The measure had been conducted so noiselessly, that the result was wholly unexpected. It gave a prodigious *prestige* to the character of the governor-general throughout the "golden peninsula."

The war began. The seizure of Egypt by Bonaparte had inflamed Tippoo with the hope of conquest; and, on the 13th of February 1799, he crossed his own frontier at the head of 12,000 horse, and attacked the Bombay force, of six thousand men, under General Stuart. He was repulsed after some charges, and recrossed his frontier. This battle occurred *five days* before General Harris's invasion of Mysore. But another eminent soldier was here to acquire his first distinction. Tippoo, manœuvring to prevent the junction of Generals Harris and Stuart, fell upon the British at the lines of Malavelly. "Colonel Arthur Wellesley" there

commanded the 33d regiment, and the Nizam's force. A strong body of horse charged the 33d. The soldiers were ordered to reserve their fire till within pistol-shot; they then fired, and charged with the bayonet. A general charge of the British dragoons took place, and the Mysore troops were routed, with the loss of two thousand men.

On the 30th of April the breaching battery opened against Seringapatam. Terms had been offered to Tippoo, by which he was to cede half his territories, to pay two millions sterling, to renounce the French alliance, and to give up four of his sons, and four of his generals, as hostages. Those terms were merciful, for he was now reduced to his last extremity, and it was palpable that there could be no hope of peace while he retained the power of making war. His conduct, at this period, seems to have been the work of infatuation. It was said that he had some superstitious belief, that as the English had before retired from the walls, the city was destined never to be taken. It had provisions for a long defence, and a garrison of twenty-two thousand regular troops. But, by shutting himself up in the fortress, he transgressed one of the first rules of national war—that the monarch should never be compelled to stand a siege. Tippoo, in the field, might have escaped, to wait a change of fortune; but within walls he must conquer, or be undone.

On the 4th of May, at one in the afternoon, the stormers, commanded by Baird, advanced. He, with some other officers of the 71st, had once been a prisoner, and been cruelly treated in the fortress. The column consisted of two thousand five hundred English, and one thousand eight hundred Sepoys. They crossed the Caverry, the river of Seringapatam; and in ten minutes the British flag was on the top of the rampart! The column now cleared the ramparts to the right and left, and after a gallant but confused resistance by the garrison, this famous fortress was taken. Tippoo, after having his horse killed under him, and receiving two wounds, attempted to make his escape on foot. A soldier, attracted by his jewels, rushed to seize him; Tippoo gave him a cimeter

wound in the knee, the soldier then fired, and Tippoo fell dead. The fortress was strongly provided. Its works mounted two hundred and eighty guns. In its arsenal were found four hundred and fifty-one brass guns, and four hundred and seventy-eight iron guns. Stores of every kind were found in abundance. The storm scarcely exceeded an hour. Thus fell the dynasty of the great Hyder Ali; and thus was extinguished a dream of conquest, which once embraced the Empire of Hindostan.

Thus, by promptitude of action and sagacity of council, this formidable war was extinguished in little more than eight weeks; a territory producing a million sterling a-year was added to the Company's dominions; and the whole fabric of a power which it had cost the genius of Hyder a life to raise, and which once threatened to overthrow the empire of the English in India, was broken down and dismantled for ever. But Mysore was given to the family of its former Hindoo Rajah, and simply reduced to the limits of its original territory; the conquests of Hyder having been alone lopped away.

In England, the thanks of Parliament were given to the governor-general and the army, and the former was made a marquess. The treasure taken in Seringapatam, with the various arms and stores, was subsequently valued at forty-five millions of star pagodas, (the pagoda being about eight shillings sterling;) General Harris, as commander-in-chief, receiving an eighth of the whole, or three hundred and twenty-four thousand nine hundred and seven pagodas. His right to this sum was afterwards disputed at law, but the claim was ultimately allowed. One hundred thousand pounds was offered by the army to the Marquess, but honourably declined by him as encroaching on the general prize-money. But the Court of Directors, in recompense, voted him five thousand pounds a-year for twenty years.

We now come to another important period in the career of this distinguished servant of the crown. The French expedition to Egypt had been expressly aimed at the British power in India. The Marquess Wellesley

instantly conceived the bold project of attacking the French in the rear, by the march of an Indian army to Egypt, to co-operate with an army from home.

The question of occupying Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea, was then discussed; and objected to by the marquess, on the several grounds of its unfitness for a naval station, for a commercial station, and for maintaining an influence on the coast. The admiral's opinion was strongly against it, and the design was abandoned. It has been since adopted; but the difference of circumstances must be remembered. We had then no regular overland communication, no steamers on the Red Sea, and thus no necessity for either a harbour or a depot of coals. Aden as a garrison may be of little comparative value, but as a rendezvous for the steam navy, it is of obvious importance, and not less as a means of guarding the overland communication for the general benefit of Europe. The advantages of this station may be the more appreciated, from the following letter of the governor-general to the chairman of the Court of Directors, (October 6, 1800,)—"In the present year I was nearly *seven months* without receiving one line of authentic intelligence from England. My distress and anxiety of mind were scarcely supportable. Speedy, authentic, and *regular* intelligence from Europe, is *essential* to the trade and government of this empire. If the sources of information be obstructed, no conscientious man can undertake this weighty charge."

In 1800, the army under Abercromby landed in Egypt, and defeated the French under Menou. General Baird, at the head of six thousand of the Indian army, reached Egypt. General Belliard surrendered in Cairo with thirteen thousand men. The Indian army then joined the British, and the siege of Alexandria was begun. Menou immediately capitulated, and thus the whole French expedition was undone—the fleet having been destroyed by Nelson, and the army having been captured by Hutchinson—the French army, amounting in the whole to twenty-four thousand men, and their captors only to nineteen thousand British; the Indian army making

up the general number to twenty-five thousand six hundred and eighteen.

In July 1801, the Addington cabinet was formed. Peace with France was signed at Amiens, March 27, 1802. Orders were now sent out to India to restore the French possessions. But the Marquess, by his personal sagacity, anticipated another war; and delayed the measure until he should receive further intelligence. The result was, that when Linois arrived with a French squadron to take possession of Pondicherry, Lord Clive answered, "that he had not received any orders from the governor-general." A despatch from Downing Street, of the 18th of March 1803, communicated to him the King's message to parliament declaring war!

It is beyond our limits to enter into the disputes with the directors, which preceded the return of the governor-general to Europe. He was charged with lavishness of living, with the affectation of being the director of the directors, with extravagance in the erection of the palace at Calcutta, and with equal extravagance in the establishment of the Indian college. But these charges have long since been forgotten; they speedily vanished; investigation did justice to the character of the Marquess; and the only foundation for those vague and wandering charges actually was, that he was a man of high conceptions, fond of the sumptuousness belonging to his rank, adopting a large expenditure for its effect on the native mind, and justly thinking that the noblest ornament of an empire is accomplished by literature.

He returned to England in January 1806, and found the great minister dying. On his arrival he wrote to Pitt, who replied by the following letter, dated from Putney:—

"MY DEAR WELLESLEY,

"On my arrival here last night I received, with inexpressible pleasure, your most friendly and affectionate letter. If I was not strongly advised to keep out of London till I have acquired a little further strength, I would have come up immediately, for the purpose of seeing you at the first possible moment. As it is, I am afraid I must trust to your goodness to give me the satisfaction of seeing you here, the first hour you can

spare for the purpose. If you can, without inconvenience, make it about the middle of the day, (in English style between two and four,) it would suit me rather better than any other time, but none can be inconvenient.

"I am recovering rather slowly from a series of stomach complaints, followed by severe attacks of gout; but I believe I am in the way of real amendment. Ever most truly and affectionately yours,
"W. PITT."

The great minister was unfortunately lost to his country and mankind within a week!

Lord Brougham, in his *Memoirs of British Statesmen*, records the testimony of the Marquess against the common report, that Pitt died of a broken heart in consequence of the calamities of Austria and the breaking up of the continental coalition. The Marquess declares, that Pitt, though emaciated, retained his "gaiety and constitutionally sanguine disposition" to the last, expressing also "confident hopes of recovery."

The biographer gives a passing touch of disapproval to Pitt's administration, though he imputes all his ministerial delinquencies "to sordid and second-rate men round him." But this is wholly contrary to the character of the man—never individual less acted on the suggestions of others than Pitt. The simple fact is, the biographer knows nothing on the subject, and would have much more wisely avoided giving us his opinions altogether.

We shall notice but one charge more against the Marquess on his return. It was made by a low fellow of the name of Paul, who had been a tailor, but had by some means or other obtained an office in India. No man could have held the highest power in India so long without making enemies among the contemptible; and this Paul, determined to figure as a public accuser, attacked the character of the Marquess with respect to his compelling the Nabob of Oude to pay his debts to the Company. Every one knows the degraded state of Indian morality, especially in pecuniary transactions; and the measures necessary in this instance were charged as the extreme of tyranny. But those charges were never substantiated; they came before the House of Com-

mons in the shape of resolutions, and were negatived by a large majority, 182 to 31. Paul, in a struggle to become a popular character, and as a candidate for Westminster, involved himself in an unfortunate duel with Sir Francis Burdett, in which both were wounded; but Paul's wound, suddenly turning to mortification, he died.

After the vote on the resolutions, Sir John Anstruther, who had been chief-justice in Bengal, moved "that the Marquess's conduct in Oude was highly meritorious." The resolution was triumphantly carried.

We are now to regard the Marquess in the character of a British statesman. In 1808, Napoleon invaded Spain. His purpose was, to make Spain the basis of an invasion of England. No act of the French Emperor exhibited more of the mingled subtlety and ferocity of his nature; and yet it should be remembered, for the benefit of mankind, that no act more distinctly exhibited the rashness with which avarice or power overlooks obstacles, and the folly with which the desire of entrapping others frequently outwits itself. Napoleon already, through the weakness of the king and the treachery of his minister, had all the resources of Spain at his disposal. But, not content with the reality, he resolved to arrogate the title; and he thus eventually lost the Peninsula. Under the pretext of settling the disputes of the royal family, the Emperor, in 1808, marched ninety thousand men into Spain, obtained possession of its principal fortresses, and established a garrison in the capital. The Spanish nation, always disdaining a foreign master, and yet accustomed to foreign influence, was roused by the massacre of Madrid on the 2d of May. Every province rose in arms, elected a governing body, and attacked the French. On the 6th of June 1808, Joseph Bonaparte was appointed King of Spain and the Indies.—On the same day, the Supreme Junta at Seville proclaimed war against France! Deputations from the provinces were sent to England, and they were answered by the dispatch of an army, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, to the coast of Portugal. The British general then commenced that series of victories

which finished only in the capitulation of Paris, and the downfall of Napoleon.

On the 21st of August Sir Arthur Wellesley beat the French army of Portugal at Vimeira, and would have inevitably forced the French marshal to capitulate on the field, but for the singular and unfortunate blunder by which two officers, superior in rank, had been inadvertently sent to join the expedition, by whom he was of course superseded; General Burrard arriving during the action, though he did not take the command until the day was over; and General Dalrymple arriving within a few days, to supersede General Burrard. The consequence was, that the whole operation was paralysed, and the French army, instead of being extinguished on the field, was allowed by a convention to retire from the country. Sir John Moore then, superseding them all, took the command. In the mean time, Austria had renewed the war, and been defeated in the decisive battle of Wagram. Napoleon now threw the whole force of France upon the Peninsula.

It was obvious that Spain was the field in which the great battle of Europe was now to be fought; but the inefficiency of public men in Spain, and the divisions of the provincial governments, rendered it necessary that some superintending mind should be sent to conduct the national affairs. Early in 1809, Mr Canning, then secretary for foreign affairs, received the royal commands to propose the appointment of ambassador-extraordinary to the Marquess Wellesley. On the 1st of April, Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed commander of the British forces in the Peninsula. The Marquess arrived in Cadiz on the 4th of July, four days after the battle of Talavera.

The first year of the Spanish campaign was, in one sense of the word, disastrous. Sir Arthur Wellesley, after fighting the desperate battle of Talavera, was forced to retire into Portugal; through the neglect of the Spanish government to supply his troops with the means of subsistence. They were actually starved out of the field. The Spanish armies had now been utterly broken; the great expedition of Walcheren had terminated in the capture of a fishing town, and the

loss of some thousand men by the marsh fever. At this period, Spain seemed utterly helpless ; Austria had been forced into peace ; Russia was on the closest terms of alliance with France ; and in England the two cabinet ministers, Lord Castlereagh and Mr Canning, had fought a duel with each other. The cabinet was now broken up, and reconstructed, the three secretaries of state being, the Marquess of Wellesley for foreign affairs, Lord Liverpool for the colonies, and the Hon. R. Ryder for the home department ; Mr Perceval, first lord of the treasury and prime minister.

In the year 1810, on the invasion of Portugal by Marshal Massena at the head of eighty thousand men, while Wellington had but thirty thousand, the declaimers of Opposition had produced so depressing an effect on public opinion, that a cabinet despatch actually left it to the decision of the British general, then Lord Wellington, whether the army should remain or return to England ! On that occasion, the British general returned the following gallant and decisive answer :—" From what I have seen of the objects of the French government, and the sacrifices they make to accomplish them, I have no doubt, that if the British army were for any reason withdrawn from the Peninsula, and the French government were relieved from the pressure of military operations on the Continent, they would incur all risks to land an army in his Majesty's dominions. Then, indeed, would commence an expensive contest, then would his Majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge ; and the cultivation, the beauty, and the prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants, would be destroyed, whatever might be the results of military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor, in the scene ! And I only hope that the King's government will consider well what I have stated to your lordship ; will ascertain, as it is in their power, the actual expenses of employing a certain number of men in this country, beyond that of employing them at home or else-

where ; and will keep up their force here on such a footing, as will, at all events, ensure their possession, without keeping the transports ; if it does not enable their commander to take advantage of events, and assume the offensive." This letter decided the fate of the Peninsula. Massena was driven out of Portugal before the close of the year, and the question of French conquest was at an end !

In 1811, the Marquess Wellesley retired from the cabinet. He had expressed opinions on the abilities of Mr Perceval, which rendered it necessary that either one or other should resign. The nominal cause of difference was the Roman Catholic question ; on which Perceval was as well-informed and principled, as the Marquess was ignorant and fanciful ; his chief argument being, that the Protestant Church in Ireland was feeble—an argument which should have led him to look for the remedy in giving it additional strength. But the only view which reasoners like the Marquess have ever taken on the subject is, the force of numbers—"The Roman Catholics are three times as numerous as the Protestants." An argument which would have been equally valid against the original attempt to spread Christianity among the heathen nations, and would be equally valid still, for Paganism is still more populous than Christendom. In fact, the argument would be equally valid against any attempt whatever to enlighten mankind ; for the ignorant are always the overwhelming majority. The true enquiry would have been, are the opinions of the Roman Catholics consistent with a Protestant throne ? is their divided allegiance perilous or not to a Protestant government ? are their religious prejudices consistent with the rights of the national religion ? We have now the melancholy proof of the shallowness of all the declamation on the subject. We see that power has been used only for public disturbance ; that pledges are scoffed at ; and that, in the fifteenth year of this boasted conciliation, Ireland is more turbulent, faction more violent, prejudice more envenomed, and life more in hazard than ever.

The unfortunate death of Mr Perceval by the hand of a half-frantic ruffian, who was resolved to shoot one

of the ministry, and in whose way the prime minister unhappily came, threw open the cabinet once more. A long negotiation followed, in which Lords Wellesley and Moira having failed to form an administration, Lord Liverpool was finally appointed premier, and retained power until 1827; a period of fifteen years, when he was struck by apoplexy, and died in December of the following year.

The policy towards Ireland was now sinking into that feeble and flexible shape, which has always characterised the predominance of Whig councils. The Marquess Wellesley had made some showy speeches on emancipation; and in 1822, and as if with the object of showing him the utter vanity of attempting to reform the bitterness of Popish faction by any measures of concession, the Popish advocate was sent to govern Ireland. He found the country in a state of the most frightful disturbance; half a century of weak and unstatesmanlike compliances had produced their natural effect, in party arrogance; and demands and conspiracy at once threw the ministry into confusion, and set the law at defiance. But the Marquess was received with national cordiality by the people. The city was illuminated on his arrival; the different public bodies gave him banquets; and, known as his opinions were on the Popish question, the Protestants forgot his prejudices in the recollection that he was an Irishman. But there was a faction still to be dealt with, which, having no real connexion with the substantial interests of the country, and living wholly on public credulity, uttered its ominous voice in the midst of all those acclamations. A paper from that faction lost no time in "reminding the Irish Catholics of the tantalizing and bitter repetition of expectations raised only to be blasted, and prospects of success opened to close on them in utter darkness;" finishing by a significant warning, "not to rely too much on the liberal intentions of the Marquess Wellesley."

The result of his lordship's government may be easily told. His personal favours to the Papists were received in the usual style of instalments; while the Protestant corporation stood aloof, and drank with renewed potations "the glorious and

immortal memory of William III." Such is the dignity of politics in Irish deliberations. At length the unlucky conciliator had his eyes opened by the nature of things, and was compelled to apply to parliament for the insurrection act. The Attorney-general Plunket, the ablest advocate of the Papists, was compelled, by a similar necessity, to write a long official letter, in which he stated—"That he feared in five or six counties, great numbers indeed of the lower classes had been involved in the conspiracy; some of them from a love of enterprise and ready disposition for mischief; some of them on a principle of counteraction to associations of an opposite description; but most of them, he should hope, from terror on the one hand, and the *expectation of impunity* on the other." There was the point, which no man comprehended better in theory than this clever law-officer, and none better in practice than the Popish peasant. "This *expectation*, however," he observes, "must now be effectually removed, and the terror of the law, I trust, be substituted in place of the terror of the conspirators." Adding, "your Excellency will observe with regret, that the association has been founded on a principle of *religious exclusion*!"

Such had been the fruit of concession. The opposite plan, so often suggested, and so essentially necessary, was then tried; and its fruits too followed. Almost the whole of Ireland became instantly tranquilized; men were no longer murdered in open day; cattle no longer maimed; houses no longer burned. The Marquess thus writes the English government:—"During the summer and autumn of 1822, the measures sanctioned by Parliament for the restoration of tranquillity, combined with other causes, have produced such a degree of quiet, that no necessity existed for my *usual* communications."

We pass rapidly over the contemptible squabbles of the party mobs which fill up the modern history of Irish politics, and which must have deeply disgusted a statesman who had seen public life on the stately scale of Indian government and English administration. But he was now far advanced in years, and he was betrayed into the absurdity of suffering

these squabbles to reach to himself. The decoration of the statue of William the Third, in one of the principal streets of the city, on his birthday, the 4th of November, had been an annual custom for upwards of a hundred years. But now the Papists resolved to regard the placing of a few knots of orange riband on this equestrian figure as a matter of personal offence, and prohibited the decoration. A patrol of horse surrounded the statue, and the decoration could not be accomplished. A letter from the secretary approved of the conduct of the civic authorities. Unluckily, within a few days after, the Marquess went in state to the theatre. The public disapprobation now vented itself in unmeasured terms. The uproar was incessant, and, in the height of the disturbance, a bottle was thrown by some drunken ruffian from the gallery into the viceregal box, but with so direct an aim, that it glanced close to the Marquess's head. A watchman's rattle, and several other missiles, were said to have followed the bottle. The unlucky result was, an indictment against several individuals for conspiracy by the Attorney-general; but the grand jury having ignored the bills, the case fell to the ground.

At this period, the Marquess, who had in early life married a Frenchwoman, fixed his regards on an American, the widow of Mr Patterson of America. In matters of this order public opinion can have no direct right to interfere. But the bride was a Roman Catholic. The marriage was solemnized by a Romish bishop, as well as by the Irish primate. The royal equipages were seen in regular attendance, subsequently, at her ladyship's place of worship; and, when the critical balance of public opinion at that period is considered, there was evidently more of the ardour of the lover than the wisdom of the statesman, in suffering that marriage to take place, at least *before* his retirement from the viceroyalty of Ireland.

On the formation of the Wellington cabinet, the illustrious brothers differing on the Romish question, the Marquess retired. In the debate on that occasion, the Duke of Wellington made one of those strong, *declaratory* speeches, and renewed those pledges

to the Protestant constitution in Church and State, which he made so solemnly before. The duke, after gracefully expressing his regret at being compelled to differ from the sentiments of his distinguished relative, said, "I wish, as much as my noble relation can do, to see this question brought to an amicable conclusion, although I do not see the means of bringing it to that conclusion by this resolution, (Lord Lansdowne's motion on the Catholic claims.) *I agree with the noble and learned Earl (Eldon) who has recently addressed your lordships, that we ought to see clear and distinct securities given to the state, before we can give our vote in the affirmative of the question.* My noble relative says, that our security will be found in the removal of the securities which now exist. I say, that the securities which we now enjoy, and which for a length of time we have enjoyed, are *indispensable to the safety of Church and State!* I should be glad to see the disabilities of the Roman Catholics removed; but before I can consent to their removal, I must see something in their stead which will *effectually protect our institutions.*"

Yet, within one twelvemonth! the Popish Bill was carried by the Wellington ministry! Its immediate result was, to introduce into the legislature a party whose aid to the Whigs carried the Reform Bill. The Reform Bill, in its turn, introduced into influence a party who demand implicit obedience from every minister, and whose declared object, at this hour, is the abolition of the whole system of commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural laws, under which England has become the greatest commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural country in the world. All power now threatens to fall into the hands of the populace; and, if that result shall follow, England will be revolutionized. With all our knowledge of the strength of England, of the vigour of educated opinion, of the gallant principle existing among our nobles and gentlemen, and, above all, of the religious integrity of a large portion of the empire, we still cannot disguise our apprehension of general change. The ferocity, recklessness, and insatiability of the democratic spirit, have been hitherto

withheld from the sight of our fortunate country, by the vigour of our government and the wisdom of our laws. But they exist; they lie immediately under the surface of the soil; and, once suffered to be opened to the light, the old pestilence will rise, and poison the political atmosphere.

The agriculture of England is the true treasury of England. We may exist with diminished manufactures, and we must prepare for their diminution, from the universal determination of other countries to manufacture for themselves. But we cannot exist without food; and, from the moment when the discouragement of tillage shall leave England in necessity, we shall see the cheap corn of Russia and Poland taxed by the monarch, raised to a famine price, all the current gold of the country sent to purchase subsistence in Russia, and our only resource a paper currency, followed with an enormous increase of expense in every common necessary of life. Throw a fourth of the land of England out of cultivation, and what must become of the labourers? They now complain of low wages; then they will have none. What must be the condition of Ireland, wholly agricultural, and ruined by a flood of foreign corn, at half the price for which the Irish farmer can bring it to market? These consequences are so notorious, that nobody attempts to dispute them. They are coolly taken as inevitable things; and the whole dependence, even of the mob advocates, is upon chance: "Oh, something will turn up! Things won't be so bad as you think!"

But the true conspirators see deeper. They know, that a revolution in the food of the people is the immediate forerunner of a revolution in the state. From the moment when foreign corn is admitted free of restraint, the confidence of the farmer must be shaken. From the farmer, the shock will instantly reach the landlord; his rent must be diminished. To one-half of the great proprietaries of the kingdom, a diminution of rent, even by a third, would make their possessors personally bankrupt. Their mortgages and loans must be repaid; and nothing would remain. The landlord now pays the Church. If he is

ruined, the whole Church income, independent of the small portions of glebe land, must perish with him.

Then will come the agitation for a still more daring purpose. It will be asked, why must the system of English life be artificial?—Because we have twenty-eight millions sterling of interest to pay, and for this we must have taxes. But, why not sweep the national debt away, as France did in her day of royal overthrow? A single sitting of the Convention settled that question. Why not follow the example? Then will come the desperate expedient, and all will be ruin on the heads of the most helpless of the community; for the national debt is only a saving bank on a larger scale, and nine-tenths of its creditors are of the most struggling order of the empire.

Of course, we do not anticipate this frightful catastrophe under the existing government, nor, perhaps, under its immediate successors, nor under any government which knows its duty. But, let the "pressure from without" be once an acknowledged principle; let agitation be once suffered as a legitimate instrument of public appeal; let the clamour of the streets be once received with the slightest respect, and the game is begun; property is the chase, the hounds are in full cry, and the prey will be torn down.

We believe that the majority of the empire are honest and true, but we know that faction is active and unscrupulous; we believe that there is in the country a genuine regard for the constitution, but we know that there are men within the circumference of England, whose nature is as foul as that of the blackest revolutionist of France in 1793; whose craving for possession is treacherous and tigerish, whose means are intrinsic and unadulterated mischief, whose element is public disturbance, and whose feverish hope of possession is in general overthrow. Against those we can have no defence but in the vigour, the caution, and the sincerity of the national administration.

The Marquess Wellesley, on the formation of Lord Grey's cabinet in 1830, accepted the office of Lord Steward. He had begun his political life as a high Tory, and the friend and follower of Pitt.—In 1793, he had fought boldly against the Reform

question. This was at the period when he retained the generosity of youth, and the classic impressions of his university; but he had now been trained to courts, and he became a reformer, with a white rod in his aged hand! In 1833, he was re-appointed to the government of Ireland; he returned full of the same innocent conceptions which had once fashioned Ireland into a political Arcadia. But he was soon and similarly reduced to the level of realities. He found confusion worse confounded, and was compelled to exert all his power to suppress "agitation," and exert it in vain; a Coercion Bill alone pioneered his way, a quarrel in which the Irish Secretary was involved with the Agitator, produced the resignation of the secretary, Littleton, though the Marquess's son-in-law.—Lord Grey, like Saturn, rebelled against by his own progeny, and overthrown by the impulse of Reform, resigned, (July 9, 1834.) The Whig government fell within the year, and the Marquess left Ireland. In England he condescended to accept the office of Lord Chamberlain; but, within a month, retired altogether from public life. It was full time: he was now seventy-five.

The East India Company, in 1837, voted him £20,000, and in 1841 honourably proposed to place his statue in the India House. His remaining years were unchequered. He died in Kingston House, Brompton, on the 26th of September 1842, in his eighty-third year.

The Marquess Wellesley, on the whole view of his qualifications, was an accomplished man; and, on a glance at his career, will be seen to have been singularly favoured by fortune. Coming forward at a period of great public interest, surrounded by the most eminent public men of the last hundred years, and early associated with Pitt, the greatest of them all; he enjoyed the highest advantages of example, intellectual exercise, and public excitement, until he was placed in the government of India. There, the career of every governor has exactly that portion of difficulties which gives an administrator a claim on public applause; with that assu-

rance of success which stimulates the feeblest to exertion. All our Indian wars have finished by the overthrow of the enemy, the possession of territory, and the increase of British power—with the single exception of the Afghan war, an expedition wholly beyond the natural limits of our policy, and as rashly undertaken as it was rashly carried on. The Marquess returned to Europe loaded with honours, conspicuous in the public eye, and in the vigour of life. No man had a fairer prospect of assuming the very highest position in the national councils. He had the taste and sumptuousness which would have made him popular with the first rank of nobility, the literature which gratified the learned and intelligent, the practical experience of public life which qualified him for the conduct of cabinets and councils, and the gallantry and spirit which made him a favourite with general society. He had, above all, a tower of strength in the talents of his illustrious brother. Those two men might have naturally guided the councils of an empire. That a man so gifted, so public, and so ambitious of eminent distinction, should ever have been the subordinate of the Liverpools, the Cannings, or the Greys, would be wholly incomprehensible, but for one reason.

In the commencement of his career, he rashly involved himself in the Catholic question. It was a showy topic for a young orator; it was an easy exhibition of cheap patriotism; it gave an opportunity for boundless metaphor—and it meant nothing. But, no politician has ever sinned with Popery but under a penalty—the question hung about his neck through every hour of his political existence. It encumbered his English popularity, it alienated the royal favour, it flung him into the rear rank of politicians. It made his English ambition fruitless and secondary; and his Irish government unstable and unpopular. It disqualified him for the noblest use of a statesman's powers, the power of pronouncing an unfettered opinion; and it suffered a man to degenerate into the antiquated appendage to a court, who might have been the tutelar genius of an empire.

LETTER TO EUSEBIUS.

MY DEAR EUSEBIUS,—I have received yours from the hands of the bearer, and such hands! Why write to consult me about railroads, of all things? I know nothing about them, but that they all seem to tend to some Pandemonium or another; and when I see of a dark night their monster-engines, with eyes of flame and tongues of fire, licking up the blackness under them, and snuffing up, as it were, the airs from Hades, I could almost fancy the stoker a Mercury, conducting his hermetically sealed convicts down those terrible passages that lead direct to the abominable ferry. I said, "I know nothing of them;" but now I verily believe you mean to twit me with my former experiment in railway knowledge, and have no intention to purchase shares in the La Mancha Company (and I doubt if there be any such) to countenance your Quixotic pleasantries. I did speculate once, it is true, in one—London and Falmouth Scheme—with very large promises. I was then living at W——, when one day, just before I was going to sit down to dinner, a chaise stops at my door, out steps a very "smart man," and is ushered into my library. When I went into the room, he was examining, quite in a connoisseur attitude, Eusebius, a picture; he was very fond of pictures, he said; had a small but choice collection of his own, and I won't say that he did not speak of the Correggiosity of Correggio. I was upon the point of interrupting him, with the intimation that I did not mean to purchase any, when, having thus ingratiated himself with me by this reference to my taste, he suddenly turns round upon me with the most business-like air, draws from under his cloak an imposingly official portfolio, takes out his scrip, presenting me with a demand for fifty pounds, the deposit of so many shares, looking positively certain that in a few seconds the money would be in his pocket. People say, Eusebius, that the five minutes before a dinner is the worst time in the world to touch the heart, or to get any thing out of a man's pocket

for affection; but I do not know if it be not the best time for an attack, if there be a speculation on foot which promises much to his interest, for at that time he is naturally greedy. Had Belisarius, with his dying boy in his arms, himself appeared at my gate, as seen in the French print, crying, "Date obolum Belisario," I should have pronounced him at once an impostor, and given him nothing, and, indeed, not pronounced wrongly, for the whole story is a fiction. But at this peculiar moment of hunger and of avarice, I confess I was too ready, and gave a check for the amount. I had no sooner, however, satisfied myself with what Homer calls *ἐδῆτος ἤδε ποτήτος*, and we moderns, meat and potatoes—than I began to suspect the soundness of the scheme, or the company, who had gone to the expense of a chaise for eight miles merely to collect this subscription of mine; and I was curious the next day to trace the doings of this smart gentleman, when I found he had dined at the inn at B—— on turtle, ducks, and green peas, and had recruited the weariness of his day's journey with exhilarating champagne. I knew my fate at once, and from that day to this have heard nothing of the London and Falmouth project. Now, Eusebius, as you publish my letters, if this should catch the eye of any of the directors of that company still possessing any atom of conscience, I beg to remind them that I am still minus fifty pounds; and as all claim seems to be quite out of the question, excepting on their "known and boundless generosity," I beg to wind up this little narrative of the transaction in the usual words of the beggar's petition, "The smallest donation will be thankfully received."

But the bearer, who was to consult me for your benefit—he hadn't a word to say to me on the subject, but that he would call and consult with me tomorrow. I found it in vain to question him, and I suspect it is a hoax. But what a rural monster you have sent me! "Cujum pecus?—an Melibeï?" He cannot possibly herd with

Eusebius ; he had no modest bearing about him. I had just opened your letter, and found you called him a friend of yours, who had many observations to make about poetry—so, as we were just going to tea, he was invited. It was most fortunate I did not offer him a bed, for I should then have been bored with him at this moment, when I am sitting down to write to you some little account of his manners and conversation, which you know very well, or you would not have sent him to me. I only now hope I shall not see him to-morrow ; and should I learn that he shall have departed in one of those Plutonian engines to the keeping of Charon himself, I should only regret that I had not put an obol into his hand, lest he should be presented with a return-ticket. What did he say, and what did he not say ? He called my daughter “ Miss,” and said he should like music very well but for the noise of it ; and as to his ideas of poetry, that you speak of, he treated it with the utmost contempt, and as a “ very round-about-way of getting to matter of fact.” What else could I have expected of him ?—with his tight-drawn skin over his distended cheeks, from which his nose scarcely protruded, as defying a pinch, with a forehead like Caliban’s, as villainously low, with his close-cut hair sticking to it, and his little chin retiring, lest a magnanimous thought should for a moment rest upon it. Such was never the image that Cassandra had in her mind’s eye when she cried, “ O, Apollo—O, Apollo !” And this was your friend, forsooth, with his novel ideas upon poetry ! Yet this vulgar piece of human mechanism is not without a little cunning shrewdness, characteristically marked in his little pig-eye ; and I must tell you one piece of criticism of his, and an emendation, not unworthy the great Bentley himself. Yet I know not why I tell you, for you know it well already, I suspect ; for he told me he had been talking with you about a letter which you had published, and told him was written by me, and which he had read while waiting in your library till you could see him. He said he thought a little common sense, observation, and plain matter of fact, would often either

throw light upon or amend many obscure passages of poets ; for that even those of most name either made egregious blunders, or they were made for them. I could not deny that truth, Eusebius, and yet he wasn’t a man to grant any thing to, if you could help it ; but I saw there was something rich to come, so I encouraged him ; and this remark of his, Eusebius, reminded me of a misery occasioned in the mind of a very sensitive and reverend poet, who preached weekly to a very particular congregation, by the printer’s devil mistaking an erasure for a hyphen, which gave to his sonnet a most improper expression. It made him miserable then, and will ever give him a twinge lest he should have suffered in reputation. He has so much reason to be happy now, that to remind him of it, should he happen to read this, is only to make his happiness the greater, by somewhat reducing its quality ; as the very atmosphere must be tempered for man’s use and health, by somewhat of a noxious ingredient. But I must return to your friend. His cheeks seem ready to burst with common sense, and polished with ruddy conceit. “ Do you remember,” said I, “ any particular passage upon which your observations will bear ?” “ Why,” said he, “ there was one in that paper which first struck me as utter nonsense ; but a little alteration easily sets it to rights. There was a quotation from Milton : I wasn’t very well acquainted with his poems, but I have read since, with much trouble to understand it, that whole scene and passage ; it is in a play of his called ‘ Comus ;’—and, by the by, all that part of the prose in the letter relating to the seashore and its treasures, is all stuff ; all the roads about the country are made and mended with those pebbles—they are worth nothing. What Milton is supposed to have said, when they wrote down for him, that the billows of the Severn “ roll ashore”—“ the beryl and the golden ore”—never could have been written by any one who knew the Severn. A beryl is a clear crystal, isn’t it ? and if the billows should roll one ashore in the muddy Severn, I should like to know who could find it ! There are no billows but from

the Bristol Channel, and that's mud all the way, miles and miles up;—pretty shores for a beryl to be *rolled* on. Besides, now, what man of common sense would talk of rolling a bit of a thing, not half so big as a nutmeg, and that upon mud, in which it would sink like a bullet? *He* would have said 'washed ashore;' but I'll tell you what it was: I understand Milton was blind, and his daughters wrote what he dictated: they say, too, he had a good deal of knowledge of things, and, without doubt, knew very well the trade of the Bristol Channel, and from the Severn into the Avon; and certainly meant '*barrel* and the golden ore,' and this word suggested the precious ornament which most women like to think of, and as she, his daughter, minced it in her own mouth, a beryl dropped from her pen. Now, only consider what was the great trade in those parts; the West India and the African trade were both at their height, and didn't one bring *barrels* of sugar, and the other gold dust—what can be clearer? There you see how proper the word *rolling* is, for you must have often seen them rolling their *barrels* from their ships upon planks, and so on their quays; and the golden ore speaks for itself, as plain as can be, gold dust; and there you have a reading that agrees with fact. I don't exactly know *when* Milton wrote; but I dare say it was at the very time of that notorious merchandize; and don't you think, sir, that the next edition of Milton ought to have this alteration? I do. I forgot to say that the gold dust came over in little barrels too; for no man in his senses would have thought of rolling or washing dust ashore, excepting in a keg or barrel; and so it was, I make no doubt."

I perfectly assented to every thing he said, Eusebius, by which happy concession on my part, having no food for an obstinate discussion, he soon withdrew. I sat awhile thinking, and now write to you. At least make a marginal note in your Milton of this criticism; and when posterity shall discover it, and forget that *Comus* was written when Milton was a young man, and had no daughters to write for him, then it will be adopted, and ad-

mired as a specimen of the critical acumen of the great and learned Eusebius.

It reminds me to tell you, that being the other day at the sea-side, and wanting a Horace, I borrowed one from a student of Cambridge. It was a Paris edition. I never should have dreamed of seeing an expurgated or emasculated edition from French quarters; but so it was. I looked for that beautiful little piece, the quarrel between Lydia and Horace. It was not there.

"Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candide
Cervici juvenis dabat."

I suppose the offence lay in these lines, which appear no worse than that old song, (the lovers' quarrel too,)

"I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty
fair maids."

An American lady must not be shocked with the word *leg*, and we are told they put flounces upon those pedestals of pianofortes; but that a lover throwing his arms around his mistress's neck should offend a Frenchman, is an outrageous prudery from a very unexpected quarter. We can imagine a scholar tutored to this affected purity, who should escape from it, and plunge into the opposite immoralities of our modern French novels, like him

"Qui frigidus Ætnam
Insiluit."

"Plunged cold into Ætnean fires."

There were many emendations, most of which I forget; but I could not help laughing at an absurdity in the following ode:—

"Vixi puellis nuper idoneus."

The word *puellis* is altered to *choreis*, which nevertheless, as a mark of absurdity, ought to be supposed to contain the *puellis*; for to say,

"I lately lived for dances fit,"

surely implies that the sayer had some one to dance with; or is there any dancing sect of men in France so devoted to celibacy that they will only dance with each other? We are certainly improved in this country, where it should seem that once a not unsi-

milar practice was compulsory upon the benchers, as will be seen from the following quotation from *The Revels at Lincoln's Inn* :—

“The exercise of dancing was thought necessary, and much conducing to the making of gentlemen, more fit for their books at other times; for by an order (*ex Registro Hosp. sine.* vol. 71, 438 C) made 6th February, 7 Jac., it appears that the under barristers were, by decimation, put out of Commons for example sake, because the whole bar offended by not dancing on Candlemas-day preceding, according to the ancient order of this Society, when the judges were present; with this, that if the like fault was committed afterwards, they should be fined or disbarred.”—(D, *Revels at Lincoln's Inn*, p. 15.) Eusebius, you would go on a pilgrimage, with unboiled peas, to Pump Court or more favourable locality, for these little “brief authorities.”

“To see how like are courts of law to fairs,
The dancing barristers to dancing bears;

Both suck their paws indulgent to their griefs,
These lacking provender, those lacking briefs.”

Shame to him who does not agree with our own delightful Robert Burns, of glorious memory, who “dearly lo’ed the lasses O!” So only “Let the merry dance go round.”

And now, as the dancers are off the stage, and it is the more proper time for gravity and decorum, I feel that irresistible desire to be as wicked as possible—a desire which I have heard you say tormented you in your childhood; for, whenever you were admonished to be remarkably good, you were invariably remarkably bad. So I yield to the temptation, and voluntarily, and with “malice prepense” throw myself into the wickedness of translating (somewhat modernizing I own) the “Tabooed” ode, in defiance of, and purposely to offend, the Parisian, or other editor or editors, who shall ever show themselves such incomparable ninnies as to omit that or any other ode of Horace. Accept the following.

“Vixi puellis nuper idoneus.”

CARMEN, 26, lib. iii.

For maiden’s love I once was fit,
But now those fields of warfare quit,
With all my boast, content to sit
In easy-chair;
And here lay by (a lover’s lances)
All poems, novels, and romances.
Ah! well a-day! such idle fancies
I well might spare.

There—on that shelf, behind the door,—
By all those works of Hannah More
And Bishop Porteus—Let a score
Of lectures guard them;
Take Bulwer, Moore, and Sand, and Sue,
The Mysteries, and the Wandering Jew;
May he who gives to all their due,
The Deil, reward them.

And Venus, if thou hast, as whilom,
For parted lovers an asylum,
To punish or to reconcile ’em,
Take Chloe to it;
And lift, if thou hast heart of flint,
Thy lash, and her fair skin imprint—
But ah! forbear—or, take the hint,
And let me do it.

Not a word, Eusebius, I know what you are going to say,—no shame at all. You have all your life acquitted Horace; and if he never intended

Chloe to have a whipping, you may be quite sure the little turn that I have ventured to give the affair, won't bear that construction; and there will be no occasion to ask the dimensions of the rod, as the ladies at the assize-town did of Judge Buller, requesting of him, with their compli-

ments, to send them the measure of his thumb.

Why should I not attempt this rejected ode? Here goes for the honour of Lydia. "Kiss and be friends" be ever the motto to lovers' quarrels.

"Donec gratus eram tibi."

HORACE.

When I was all in all to you,
Nor yet more favour'd youthful minion
His arms around your fair neck threw;
Not Persia's boasted monarch knew
More bless'd a state, more large dominion.

LYDIA.

And whilst you loved but only me,
Nor then *your* Lydia stood the second,
And Chloe first, in love's degree;
I thought myself a queen to be,
Nor greater Roman Ilia reckon'd.

HORACE.

Now Cretan Chloe rules me quite;
Skill'd in the lyre and every measure,
For whom I'd die this very night,
If but the Fates, in death's despite,
Would Chloe spare, my soul's best treasure.

LYDIA.

Me Caläis, Ornytus' young heir!
(The flame is mutual *we* discover.)
For whom to die *two* deaths I'd dare,
If the stern Fates would only spare,
And *he could* live, my youthful lover.

HORACE.

What—if our formèr love restore
Our bonds, too firm for aught to sever,—
I shake off Chloe; and the door
To Lydia open flies once more;
Returning Lydia, and for ever.

LYDIA.

He, though a beauteous star—you light
As cork, and rough as stormy weather,
That vexes Adria's raging might,
With you to live were my delight,
And willing should we die together.

So this is the offending ode! Was the proposition to be constant not quite agreeable to the French editor? Or was he in Horace's probable condition, getting a little up in years? See you, it is a youthful rival, Juvenis, who troubles him. And Lydia

takes care to throw in this ingredient, the "sweet age." He is not *old* Ornytus—a hint of comparison with Horace himself—but his son; indeed, he is hardly Juvenis, for she soon calls him her dear boy, as much as to say, "*You* are old enough to

be his father!" She carries out this idea, too, seeming to say, "You may love Chloe—I dare say you do; but, does Chloe love you? Whereas *our* passion is mutual."

Our poet, delightful and wise as he generally is, was not wise to match his wit against that of a woman, and an offended beauty. How miserably he comes off in every encounter! He would die, forsooth! once—she would die twice over! There is a bit in his very liver! And as to the survivorship of Chloe, that she suggests, considering their ages, might be very natural—but she doubts if her youth *could* survive should *she* die; though she even came to life again, a second time to die, it would be of no use. What could the foolish poet do after that? Nothing—but make up the quarrel in the best way he might. He drops his ears, is a little sulky still—most men are so in these affairs—seldom generous in love. To pretend to be so is only to encroach on woman's sweet and noble prerogative, and to assume her great virtue. No man could keep it up long; he would naturally fall into his virile sulks. So Horace does not at once open his arms that his Lydia may fall into them—but stands hesitatingly, rather foolish, his hands behind him, and puts forward the supposition *if*—that graceless peacemaker. Lydia, on the contrary—all love, all generosity, is in his arms at once; for he must at the moment bring them forward, whether he will for love or no, or Lydia would fall. It is now she looks into his very eyes, and only playfully, as quizzing his jealousy, reminds him of her Calais, her star of beauty; thus sweetly reproving and as sweetly forgiving the temper of her Horace—for he is her Horace still—and who can wonder at that? She will bear with all—will live, will die with him. I look, Eusebius, upon this ode as a real consolation to your lovers of an ambiguous and querulous age. Seeing what we are daily becoming, it is a comfort to think that, should such untoward persons make themselves disagreeable to all else of human kind, there will be, nevertheless, to each, one confiding loving creature, to put them in conceit with themselves, and make them, notwithstand-

ing their many perversities, believe that they are unoffending male angels, and die in the bewildering fancy that they are still loveable.

I have little more to say, but that, having been lately in a versifying mood, I have set to rhyme your story of the cook and the lottery ticket; and herein I have avoided that malicious propensity of our numerous tellers of stories, whose only pleasure, as it appears to me, lies in the plunging the heroes and heroines of their tales into inextricable troubles and difficulties, and in continuing them in a state of perplexity beyond the power of human sufferance; and who slur over their unexpected, and generally ill-contrived escape, as a matter of small importance; and with an envy of human happiness, like the fiend who sat scowling on the bliss of Eden, either leave them with sinister intentions, or absolutely drive them out of the Paradise which they have so lately prepared for them.

I have lately been reading a very interesting, well conceived in many respects, and pathetic novel, which, nevertheless, errs in this; and I even think the pathos is injured by the last page, which is too painful for *tenderness*, which appears the object of the able author. A monumental effigy is but the mockery of all life's doings, which are thus, with their sorrows and their joys, rendered nugatory; and all that we have been reading, and are interested about, is unnecessarily presented to us as dust and ashes. Such is the tale of Mount Sorrel.

Perhaps, too, I might say of this, and of other novels of the same kind, that there is in them an unhealthy egotism; a Byronism of personal feelings; an ingenious invention of labyrinth meandering into the mazes of the mind and of the affections, in which there is always bewilderment, and the escape is rather lucky than foreseen. Such was not the mode adopted heretofore by more vigorous writers, who preferred exhibiting the passions by action, and a few simple touches, which came at once to the heart, without the necessity of unravelling the mazes of their course. If Achilles had made a long speech in Elysium about his feelings, and

attempted to describe them, when his question, if his son excelled in glory, was happily answered, we should have thought less of him for his egotism, and had much less perfect knowledge of the real man's heart and soul. Homer simply tells us, that he walked away, with great strides, greatly rejoicing. I can remember, at this moment, but one tale in which this style of descriptive searchings into the feelings is altogether justifiable—Godwin's "*Caleb Williams*;" for there the ever instant terror, varying by the natural activity and ingenuity of the mind, which, upon the one pressing point, feverishly hurries into new, and all possible channels of thought, requires this pervading absolutism. It is the Erynnis of a bygone creed, in a renovated form of persecuting fatalism, brought to sport with the daily incidents and characters of modern life.

I do not wish to be tempted by this course of thought into lengthened criticism; which I should not have touched upon, had I not thought it proper to tell you that I have added a conclusion to your tale. Ever wishing a continuation of the happiness of two human beings, beyond that location in the story, where most spiteful authors leave them, the Church door.

I have been reading, too, over again two of Sir Walter Scott's novels, "*Guy Mannering*" and "*Ivanhoe*." How different they are, both in design and execution! The former, in all respects perfect—the latter, in design common-place, and but little enlarged from the old ballad tales of Robin Hood, and histories of the Crusaders; very slovenly in diction, and lengthened out by tiresome repetitions; the same things being told in protracted dialogues which had been previously narrated in the historic course. Then there are very ill-timed interruptions, and wearisome disquisitions, just where they should not be. Yet are there passages of perfect excellence, that prove the master-hand of the author. The novel of "*Ivanhoe*" seems to resemble some of those plays which, though doubtful, are called Shakspeare's, because it is evident that the master-hand has passed over them, and left

touches both of thought and character which justify the position which they enjoy. Rebecca is all in all. The other characters somewhat fail to interest. *Ivanhoe* himself says but little, and is in fact not much developed. We are disgusted, and unnecessarily, at every turn with Athelstane—there was no occasion for making him this degraded glutton. It seems a clumsy contrivance to break off his marriage with Rowena; and surely the boast of his eating propensities, when he shows himself to his astonished mourners escaped from the death and tomb prepared for him, is unnatural, and throws a contempt and ridicule over the whole scene. Richard and Robin Hood (or Locksley) are not characters of Sir Walter's creation—Richard is, we may suppose, truly portrayed. My friend S—, Eusebius, who, while I was suffering under influenza, read these novels out to me, was offended at a little passage towards the end, where the author steps out of the action of his dramatic piece, to tell you that King Richard did not live to fulfil the benevolent promises he had a line or two before been making; and I entirely agree with S—, and felt the unseemly and untimely intelligence as he read it. This would scarcely be justifiable in a note, but in the body of the work it shocks as a plague-spot on the complexion of health. This practice, too common in novelists, especially the "historical," becoming their own marplots, deserves censure. To borrow from another art, it is like marring a composition, by an uncomfortable line or two running out of the picture, and destroying the completeness. I know not if that fine scene, perhaps the most masterly in *Ivanhoe*, has ever been painted, where, after the defeat of De Bois-Guilbert, and after that Richard had broken in upon the court, the Grand Master draws off in the repose of stern submission his haughty Knights Templars. The slow procession finely contrasts with the taunting violence of Richard; and what a background is offered to the painter—the variously moved multitude, the rescued Rebecca, and the dead (though scarcely defeated) Templar!

Sir Walter, although an antiqua-

rian, was not perhaps aware that he was somewhat out in his chronology in connecting Robin Hood and his men with Richard the First. It is made very clear in an able essay in the *Westminster Review*, that Robin Hood's name and fame did not commence till after the defeat of Simon de Montfort in the battle of Evesham. In fact, Robin Hood was more of a political outlaw—one of the outlawed, after that defeat, than a mere sylvan robber. Sir Walter Scott has taken advantage of the general belief, gathered from many of our old ballads, in an intercourse between Robin Hood and England's king. But according to the oldest of the ballads, (or rather poems, for it is too long for a ballad, and composed of many parts,) *The Lyttel Geste of Robin Hood*, this king of England was Edward the First; so that the existence of the "bold outlaw" is antedated by the author of *Ivanhoe* upwards of seventy years. This, however, does not affect the story, excepting to those who entertain the fond fancy, that when they read an historical novel they read history.* Do you wonder, Eusebius, at my chronological learning? You well may; it must appear to you a very unexpected commodity. The truth is, my attention has been directed to this very matter by my antiquarian friend M^cGutch of Worcester, who not only pointed out to me the essay in the *Westminster*, but, finding my curiosity excited, sent me many of the ballads, Robin Hood's garlands, and *The Lyttel Geste*, together with an able introduction of his own to a new edition of the collection he is about to produce, with which you will be delighted, and learn all that is to be known; and it is more than you would expect to meet with about this "gentle robber."

S——, to whom I read the foregoing remarks on *Ivanhoe*, said, I ought to do penance for the criticism. I left the penance to his choice; and, like a

true friend, he imposed a pleasure; I do not say, Eusebius, that if left to myself I should have been a Franciscan. He took up *Marmion*, and read it from beginning to end. It is indeed a noble poem. Will not the day come, when Sir Walter's poems will be more read than his novels, good though they be?

In his poetry Scott always reminds me of Homer. There is the same energy ever working to the one simple purpose—the same spontaneity and belief in its own tale; and diversity of character for relief's sake is common to both. In reading Homer we must discard all our school notions; we began to read with difficulty; the task was a task, though it was true we warmed in it—the thread was broken a thousand times; and we too often pictured to ourselves the old bard in his gravity of beard and age—not in that vigour, that freshness of manhood, which is conspicuous in both poems, at whatever age they were composed.

I have had the curiosity, Eusebius, to enquire of very many real scholars, who have professed to keep up their Greek after leaving the universities, if they have re-read Homer in Greek, and almost all have confessed that they had not. They read him in Pope and Cowper. Let them read him off-hand, and fluently, continuously, as they do *Marmion*, or the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and I cannot but think they will be struck with the Homeric resemblance in the poems of Sir Walter Scott. Both great poets had, too, the same relish for natural scenery, the same close observation; did we not pass over such passages lightly, we should, I am persuaded, find in both the same nice discriminations in characters of outward scenes, that we do in those of men. In both there is the same kind of secret predominance of female character, the same delicacy, tenderness, (a wondrous thing in the age of

* It is a dangerous thing to touch upon chronology. It is said of the great Duke of Marlborough, that in a conversation respecting the first introduction of cannon, he quoted Shakspeare to prove that it was in the reign of John.

"O prudent discipline from north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth."

Yes, said his adversary, but you quote Shakspeare, not history.

Homer, or rather, perhaps, showing we know nothing about that age, not even so much as we do about those ages which we choose to call dark.) It must, however, be noted, that Sir Walter Scott has limited himself to more confined fields. There is not the same room for genius to work in—the production is, therefore, in degree less varied, and less complete; but is there not a likeness in kind? Is it too bold, is it merely fanciful, Eusebius, to say, too, that there is a something not dissimilar in the measures adopted by these ancient and modern poets. Homer possibly had no choice; but in the hexameter there is the greatest versative power. How different, for instance, are the first lines of the “Tale of Troy Divine,” and the more familiar adventures of Ulysses. The *ad libitum* alternation of dactyl and spondee make the lively or the grave; and the whole metrical glow is all life and action, without hitch or hindrance.

Our heroic measure is at once too long and too short—for, take the cæsura as a division of the line, (and what is it if not that?) and the latter part of the line is too short for any effective power—a fault that does not exist in the Greek hexameter. Without the cæsura, or with a very slight attention to it, the line is too long, and made tiresome by the monotony which the necessary pause of the rhyme imposes. Besides, how do we know, after all, that the Greeks did not read their one hexameter like two lines, with a decided pause at the cæsura, with the additional grace of the short syllable at its end often passing the voice into the second part, or, as we may call it in the argument, the second line? Try, Eusebius; read off a dozen lines any where in Homer with this view, and tell me what you think of the *possible* short measure of Homer. It is true our measures are of the iambic character, which Horace says is the fittest for action—and therefore, in the Greek, the dramatic. The trimeter iambic is a foot longer than our heroic measure. But then it has the double ictus; and, as the word implies, is divisible into three parts, thus giving a quickness and shortness where

wanted. Take away, however, the first cæsura, rest only on the second, (and then you have exactly one short measure, that of “Marmion,”) and how superfluous the last division of the trimeter appears! as weak and ineffective as the latter part of our long measure, if we read it as wanting the additional foot of the hexameter. For example,

“ὦ τέκνα καθ' ἑμὸν τὸ πάλα” —

There is the measure of Scott—the Greek iambic, however, is lengthened by two feet—*νεα τροφη*; so that to the Greek the three ictuses (at least to English ears, accustomed to our short measure) are necessary. That this short measure wants not power in any respect, *Marmion* alone sufficiently shows. I, however, wished only to show that it had something of an Homeric character; and the facility with which you can read the hexameter of Homer as two lines, you will, perhaps, more than suspect, tends to confirm this opinion. I think, somewhere, Sir Walter Scott recommends the translating Homer into short measure—you forget, perhaps, my making the trial upon the two first books of the *Odyssey* which I sent to you, and you returned, *condemned*; although, to tell you the truth, I was not displeased with my attempt, and expected your flattering commendation, and would even now deceive myself into a belief that you were not prepared for the novelty. Admire the candour that proclaims the failure. It is enough that Eusebius admitted my other Homeric translations.

You will easily detect that this letter is written at intervals. I told you what a kind reader I have found in S—, during my indulgence in the luxurious indolence for which influenza apologizes, and a growing convalescence renders a pleasing hypocrisy. He has been repeating, from memory, some lines of his favourite Collins. I remembered them not. He could not put his hand on an edition of Collins, but referred to the “Elegant Extracts,” and could not find his admired stanza. He remembered reading it in “The Speaker.” The lines are in the Ode to “Evening.” In the “Elegant Extracts” we have—

"Then let me rove some wild and
 heathy scene,
 Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary
 dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams."

These lines are substituted for the better lines—

"Then lead, dear votress, where some
 sheety lake
 Cheers the lone heath, or some time-
 hallow'd pile,
 Or upland fallows grey
 Reflect the last cool gleam."

Why should this beautiful stanza be lost? Is the substitute to be compared with it? Ask the landscape painter! He will admire the one—he will enjoy the other. Who substituted the one for the other? Did Collins write both, and was dubious which should stand; or do you discover the hand of an audacious emendator? Who would lose the sheety lake in which nothing is reflected but evening's own sky, and the "upland fallows grey," and the last *cool* gleam!

Odious, odious politics! While I am writing, there is an interruption, a sad interruption, to thoughts of poetry and snatches of criticism. It is like a sudden nightmare upon pleasant and shifting dreams. Here are three visitors new from reading Sir Robert Peel's speech. Two very indignant—one a timid character—apologetic. What, cries one—a statesman so egotistical and absolute in his vanity, as, at such a time as the present, to throw the many interests of this great country into peril, and some into sure difficulty, lest, as he himself confesses, he should be thought to have borrowed from Lord John Russell? What business has a statesman to think of himself at all? It is frightful, said another. There are two astounding things—one, that a minister should suddenly turn round upon the principles and the party who brought him into power upon them, confessing he had been changing his opinion three years, and yet last July he should have spoken against the measure which, at the time of speaking, in his heart he favoured, and which he now forces upon a reluctant Parliament; the other astounding thing is, that a Parliament created to

oppose this very measure, should show such entire subserviency as to promise a large majority to the minister. May we not expect one who so changes may suddenly some day join O'Connell and grant Repeal? We are to be governed by a minister, not by King, Lords, and Commons. The apologetic man urges expediency, public (assumed) opinion—any thing for peace sake, and to get rid of agitation. So, to avoid agitation, Eusebius, I scrambled up my papers and this letter to you, and left the room; and now, in one more quiet, resume my pen. With a mind not a little confused between politics, poetry, and classical reminiscences, I, however, rested a while to give scope to reflection; and meditation upon this "corn question," brought to mind the practical advice of the tyrant of Syracuse to Periander, to get rid of his aristocracy, which was shown by the action of cutting off the heads of the grain that grew highest in the field. A tyranny was the result, (not in the Greek sense of the word,) and it matters little whence the tyranny comes. With this idea prevalent, I looked for a copy of a Greek MS., taken from a palimpsest discovered in the Ambrosian library, and sat down to translate it for you—you may have the Greek when you like. In the meanwhile, be content with the following version of the apologue, and be not too critical.

THE STORY OF PERIANDER.

"When Periander had now reigned some years at Corinth, the Tyrant of Syracuse sent thither an ambassador, a man of great penetration, to enquire how the maxims of government, in which he had instructed him, had answered.

"The ambassador found Periander in the midst of his courtiers. After receiving him in such manner as it became him to receive a messenger from so excellent a friend, from whom he had obtained the best advice, and after hearing the object of his embassy:—'See,' said Periander, 'to what degree I have prospered. These gentlemen,' pointing to his courtiers, 'have been telling me that my people, and the universal opinion of mankind, enrol me one of the seven wise men of Greece.'

" 'Indeed!!!' quoth the ambassador; 'that will delight the king, my master, exceedingly; who will, without doubt, enquire if I have seen with my own eyes the happiness of a people who are so fortunate, and are possessed of so sound a judgment. As yet, I have seen none but those who immediately conducted me hither.'

" 'We will take a short circuit,' said Periander, 'and these gentlemen shall accompany us; and we shall see if what they report be true,' looking a little suspiciously at his courtiers, as if to say, 'I verily think you are but flattering knaves.'

"As they passed through the great hall, the officers of state, and the officers of the household, shouted, 'There are but seven wise men, and Periander is the wisest.'

"Periander, the ambassador, and the courtiers, soon left the vestibule, and found themselves in the streets of Corinth. Not a citizen was to be seen. On, and on they went—and still no one was in sight. 'Your majesty's subjects are somewhat more scarce than they were wont to be,' said the ambassador of Syracuse. Periander bit his lips. On, and on they went—and still no one was to be seen—till, turning the corner of another street, they saw, for an instant only, the backs of a few people, who suddenly disappeared into their houses, and a fierce dog flew out upon them, barking furiously, and would have bitten Periander by the leg had he not been rescued by the ambassador.

" 'Am I to tell my lord the King of Syracuse,' said the ambassador, 'that I have seen one class of your majesty's subjects, and heard their opinion?' Periander knit his brows, and looked daggers at his courtiers.

"They went on a little further, when a laden ass, whose owner had fled, stood directly in their way. The ass put out his ugly head and brayed in the very face of Periander.

" 'Do I hear,' said the ambassador, 'the voice of another class of your majesty's subjects?'

"Periander now could not forbear smiling, as he struck the ass, who kicked at him as he beat him out of the path.

" 'Well! they went on still a little further, and had now reached the suburbs, where they met a boy driving a flock of geese and goslings into a pond. The boy, as all the rest had done, fled.

"But the big gander, as they approached, waddled up with extended wings to Periander, and hissed at him.

" 'The voice of your people,' said the ambassador, 'is indeed unanimous.'

" 'At least,' said Periander, 'I will show my wisdom here, by roasting that fellow and eating him for supper.' Whereupon one of his courtiers, who, in matters of this kind take slight hints for mandates, ran the poor gander through the body; and Periander, in reward he said for so brave an action, bade him throw the creature round his neck* as a trophy, and carry him home for supper.

"But by this time the old goose, too, fearing for her goslings, came furiously upon Periander, and flapping and beating him with her wings, put him into a sad straight. On this occasion one of his courtiers came to his rescue, and he escaped; and seeing what a ridiculous figure he made, leaned against a wall, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

" 'It is enough,' said the ambassador from the Tyrant of Syracuse; 'I am now enabled to inform the king, my master, of the character, manners, and perfect felicity of your majesty's people, from my own observation. That they are of three classes. The first are dogs, the second are asses, and the third are geese; only I perceive that the geese are the more numerous.'

"They returned to the palace, but did not enter by the great vestibule, as Periander made use of a key for a private entrance, which led him into the interior of the building, at the end of the great hall. Hereupon, the officers of state, and the officers of the

* Is it possible that Coleridge may have seen this apologue when he wrote his "Ancient Mariner," and introduced a similar incident of the albatross?

household who stood near the vestibule, waiting their return, seeing Periander, the ambassador, and the courtiers at the other end, hastened towards them, shouting as before—‘There are but seven wise men, and Periander is the wisest.’ Periander ordered them to be beaten with stripes; then, retiring into his private apartment with the ambassador, he conversed freely with him, and dismissed him with many and large presents.

“The ambassador returned to Syracuse, and was immediately ordered into the royal presence, where he narrated, amidst the laughter of the courtiers, and of the Tyrant himself, the whole affair as it had happened. When the laughter had a little subsided, the king said, ‘Let it be written in a book, how one of the seven wise men had wellnigh been beaten by a goose, who certainly had been too much for him, had not another

come to the rescue. Truly a goose is a foolish bird, too much for one, but not enough for two.’”

N.B.—Hence it will be seen that this saying is of more antiquity than is generally believed, and has no relation to modern gluttony, and was in fact a saying of the Tyrant of Syracuse, when he heard the story told by his ambassador. This story, which will be Greek to many, will, perhaps, be no Greek at all to you. In that case go yourself to the Ambrosian library; or, in criticising what I may send, you may be as unfortunate as the great scholar who unconsciously questioned the Greek of Pindar. But, both for the moral and Greek, I will but add—

“Verbum sat sapienti.”

Dear Eusebius, ever yours,

THE STUDENT OF SALAMANCA.

PART VI.

A la lid, nacionales valientes!
Al combate á la gloria volad!
Guerra y muerte á tiranos y esclavos,
Guerra y despues habra paz!

Himno de Valladolid.

It still wanted an hour of day-break, on the 16th day of July 1835, when the stillness, that during the previous four or five hours had reigned undisturbed in the quiet streets of Artajona, was broken by the clang of the *diana*. But a few notes of the call had issued from the brazen throats of bugle and trumpet, when a notable change took place in the appearance of the town. Lights, of which previously only a solitary one had here and there proceeded from the window of a guard-room, or of some early-rising orderly-sergeant, now glimmered in every casement; the streets were still empty, save of the trumpeters, who stood at the corners, puffing manfully at their instruments; but on all sides was audible a hum like that of a gigantic

bee-hive, mingled with a slight clashing of arms, and with the neighing of numerous horses, who, as well as their masters, had heard and recognized the well-known sounds. Two or three minutes elapsed, and then doors were thrown open, and the deserted streets began to assume a more lively appearance. Non-commissioned officers, their squad-rolls in their hands, took their station in front of the houses where their men were billeted; in the stables, dragoons lighted greasy iron lamps, and, suspending them against the wall, commenced cleaning and saddling their horses; the shutters of the various wine-houses were taken down, and drowsy, nightcapped *taberneros* busied themselves in distributing to innumerable applicants the tiny glassful of

anisado, which, during the whole twenty-four hours, is generally the sole spirituous indulgence permitted himself by the sober Spanish soldier. A few more minutes passed; the *revêlle* had ceased to sound, and on the principal square of the town a strong military band played, with exquisite skill and unison, the beautiful and warlike air of the hymn of Valladolid.

“A la lid, nacionales valientes!

Al combate, á la gloria volad!”

“To the strife, brave nationals; to the strife, and to glory!” sang many a soldier, the martial words of the song recalled to his memory by the soul-stirring melody, as, buckling on sabre or shouldering musket, he hurried to the appointed parade. The houses and stables were now fast emptying, and the streets full. The monotonous “*Uno, dos,*” of the infantry, as they told off, was drowned in the noise of the horses’ feet and the jingle of accoutrements of the cavalry-men clattering out of their stables. By the light of a few dingy lanterns, and of the stronger illumination proceeding from the windows, whole battalions were seen assembled, resting on their arms, and presently they began to move out of the town. Outside of Artajona, the right wing of the army, under command of General Gurrea, formed up, and marched away in the direction of Mendigorria.

The sun had but just risen when this division, after driving in the Carlist cavalry pickets, which had been pushed up to within half a league of Artajona, halted and took position to the right of the high-road between that town and Mendigorria. The ground thus occupied is level, and opposite to nearly the centre of a line of low hills, which, after running for some distance parallel to the Arga, recedes at either extremity, thus forming the flattened arc of a circle, of which the river is the chord. Between the hills, which are inconsiderable and of gradual slope, and the river, runs the high-road from Puente de la Reyna to Larraga; and in rear of their more southerly portion, known as La Corona, opposite to the place where the road from Artajona passes through a dip or break in their con-

tinuity, are the town and bridge of Mendigorria. Upon these hills the Carlists, who had passed the night in the last-named town, now formed themselves, their main body upon the eastern slope, their reserves upon the western or reverse side. They were still bringing their masses into position, when the Christino right came upon the ground, and for awhile, although the distance between the hostile forces was not great, no shot was fired on either side. By and by, however, the dark figures of the Carlist guerillas were seen racing down the hills, the Christino skirmishers advanced to meet them, and soon a sharp irregular fire of musketry, and the cloud of smoke which spread over the middle ground between the armies, announced that the fight, or at least the prelude to it, had begun. This desultory sort of contest was of short duration. Several Carlist battalions moved forward, a gallant attack was made on the Christino position, and as gallantly repelled: commanded by a brave and skilful officer, and favoured by a judicious choice of ground, the Queen’s troops, although opposed to vastly superior numbers, and without their cavalry, which had remained with the reserve, repulsed repeated assaults, and held their own without serious loss, until, towards ten o’clock, the heads of columns of the centre of the army, under the commander-in-chief himself, made their appearance from the direction of Artajona. Almost at the same time, the left wing, with Espartero at its head, arrived from Larraga, where it had slept. Some little manœuvring took place, and then the whole Christino army appeared formed up, Cordova on either side of the high-road, Espartero on his left, nearer to the Arga, Gurrea on his right. By a rather singular arrangement, the whole force of cavalry, under General Lopez, was left in reserve, considerably in rear of the left wing, and at a full mile and a half from the centre; with the exception of one squadron, which, as well as his habitual escort, had accompanied General Cordova. That squadron was commanded by Luis Herrera.

A stranger who, on the morning referred to, should, for the first time,

have walked through the ranks of the Carlist army, would have found much that was curious and interesting to note. The whole disposable military force of what the Christinos called the Faction, was there assembled, and a motley crew it appeared. Had stout hearts and strong arms been as rare in their ranks as uniformity of garb and equipment, the struggle would hardly have been prolonged for four years after the date we write of. But it would be difficult to find in any part of Europe, perhaps of the world, men of more hardy frame, and better calculated to make good soldiers, than those composing many of the Carlist battalions. Amongst them the Navarrese and Guipuzcoans were pre-eminent; sinewy, broad-chested, narrow-flanked fellows, of prodigious activity and capacity for enduring fatigue. The Guipuzcoans especially, in their short grey frocks and red trousers, their necks bare, the shirt-collar turned back over their shoulders, with their bronzed faces and wiry mustaches, leathern belts, containing cartridges, buckled tightly round their waists, and long bright-barrelled muskets in their hands, were the very *beau-idéal* of grenadiers. Beside these, the Biscayans and some of the Castilians, undersized and unsoldierly-looking, showed to much disadvantage. Other battalions were composed in great part of Christino prisoners, who, having had the choice given them between death and service under Don Carlos, had chosen the latter, but who now seemed to have little stomach for a fight against their former friends. The whole of the Carlist cavalry, even then not very numerous, was also there. The grim-visaged priest Merino, ever the staunchest partisan of absolutism, bestrode his famous black horse, and headed a body of lancers as fierce and wild-looking as himself; Pascual Real, the dashing major of Ferdi-

nand's guard, who in former days, when he took his afternoon ride in the Madrid Prado, drew all eyes upon him by the elegance of his horsemanship, marshalled the Alavese hussars; and, in a third place, some squadrons of Navarrese, who had left the fat pastures of the valley of Echauri to be present at the expected fight, were ranged under the orders of the young and gallant Manolin.

But whoever had the opportunity of observing the Carlist army on that day and a month previously, saw a mighty difference in the spirit pervading it. He who had been its soul, whose prestige gave confidence to the soldier, and whose acknowledged superiority of talent prevented rivalry amongst the chiefs, was now no more; his death had been followed by a reverse, the only really serious one the Carlists had yet encountered, and dissension was already springing up amongst the followers of the Pretender. Intrigue was at work, rival interests were brought into play; there was no longer amongst the officers that unity of purpose which alone could have given the cause a chance of success; nor amongst the men that unbounded confidence in their leader, which on so many occasions had rendered them invincible. The spring of '35 had been a season of triumph for the Carlists; the summer was to be one of disasters.

Subsequent events sufficiently proved that Cordova was not the man to command an army. Diplomacy was his forte; and he might also, as a general, claim some merit for combinations in the cabinet. It was during his command that the plan was formed for enclosing the Carlists within certain fortified limits, in hopes that they would exhaust the resources of the country, and with a view to preserve other provinces from the contagion of Carlism.* Great credit was given him for this scheme, which was

* The blockade system, as it was called, much extolled at the time, did not prevent the occurrence of various Carlist expeditions into Castile and Arragon, any more than it hindered large bodies of rebels from establishing themselves, under Cabrera and others, in Catalonia and Arragon, where they held out till after the pacification of the Basque provinces. If any hope was really entertained of starving out the Biscayan and Navarrese Carlists, or even of inconveniencing them for supplies of food, it proved utterly fallacious. Although two-thirds of

carried out after many severe fights, and at great expense of life; but neither of the advantages expected from it was ever realized. In the field, Cordova was not efficient; he lacked resource and promptitude; and the command of a division was the very utmost to which his military talents entitled him to aspire. As before mentioned, however, his confidence and pretensions were unbounded, his partisans numerous, and the event of this day's fight was such as greatly to increase the former, and raise the admiration of the latter.

It was eleven o'clock before the two armies were drawn up opposite to each other in order of battle, and even then neither party seemed inclined immediately to assume the offensive. Clouds of skirmishers were thrown out along the whole line, bodies of troops advanced to support them, the artillery began to thunder, but still a fight was for a short time avoided, and, like wary chess-players at the commencement of a game, the two generals contented themselves with manœuvres. Presently, however, from the Carlist centre a column of cavalry advanced, and forming front, charged a regiment of the royal guard, the foremost of Cordova's division. The guards were broken, and suffered considerably; those who escaped the sabres and lances of the horsemen being driven back, some to the centre and some upon the left wing. The cavalry seemed, for a moment, disposed to push their advantage; but the steady fire with which they were received by several squares of infantry, thinned their ranks, and, in their turn, they retreated in disorder. They had scarcely

rejoined the main body when the advance was sounded along the whole Christino line, and the army moved forward to a general charge. At first the Carlists stood firm, and opened a tremendous fire upon the advancing line, but the gaps that it caused were speedily filled up; the Christinos poured in one deadly volley, gave a fierce cheer, and rushed on with the bayonet. The Carlists wavered, their whole army staggered to and fro; first companies, then battalions disbanded themselves, and pressed in confusion to the rear, and at last the entire line gave way; and the numerous host, seized with a panic, commenced a hasty and tumultuous retreat. The reserves on the opposite side of the hill were broken by the stream of fugitives that came pouring down upon them; the cavalry, who endeavoured to make a stand, were thrown into disorder, and pushed out of their ranks in the same manner. In vain did the Carlist officers exert themselves to restore order—imploring, threatening; even cutting at the soldiers with their swords. Here and there a battalion or two were prevailed upon to turn against the foe; but such isolated efforts could do little to restore the fortune of the day. The triumphant tide of the Christinos rolled ever forwards; the plunging fire of their artillery carried destruction into the ranks of the discomfited Carlists; the rattling volleys of small-arms, the clash of bayonets, the exulting shouts of the victors, the cries of anguish of the wounded, mingled in deafening discord. Amidst this confusion, a whole battalion of Carlists, the third of Castile, form-

Navarre, nearly the whole of Guipuzcoa, and a very large portion of Alava and Biscay Proper, consist of mountains, so great is the fertility of the valleys, that the Carlists never, during the whole struggle, experienced a want of provisions, but were, on the contrary, usually far better rationed than the Christino troops; and, strange to say, the number of sheep and cattle existing at the end of the war, in the country occupied by the Carlists, was larger than at its commencement. Money was wanting, tobacco, so necessary to the Spanish soldier, was scarce and dear, but food was abundant, although the number of mouths to be fed was much greater, and of hands to till the ground far less, than in time of peace. This, too, in one of the most thickly populated districts of Spain, and in spite of the frequent foraging and corn-burning expeditions undertaken by the Christinos into the Carlist districts, especially in the plains north of Vittoria and the valleys of southern Navarre.

ed originally of Christino prisoners, finding themselves about to be charged by a battalion of the guard, reversed their muskets, and shouting "Viva Isabel!" ranged themselves under the banners to which they had formerly belonged, taking with them as prisoners such of their officers as did not choose to follow their example. Generals Villareal and Sagastibelza, two of the bravest and most respected of the Carlist leaders, were severely wounded whilst striving to restore order, and inspire their broken troops with fresh courage. Many other officers of rank fell dead upon the field while similarly engaged; the panic was universal, and the day irretrievably lost.

"The cavalry! the cavalry!" exclaimed a young man, who now pressed forward into the *mêlée*. He wore a long, loose civilian's coat, a small oilskin-covered forage cap, and had for his sole military insignia an embroidered sword-belt, sustaining the gilt scabbard of the sabre that flashed in his hand. His countenance was pale and rather sickly-looking, his complexion fairer than is usual amongst Spaniards; a large silk cravat was rolled round his neck, and reached nearly to his ears, concealing, it was said, the ravages of disease. His charger was of surpassing beauty; a plumed and glittering staff rode around him; behind came a numerous escort.

"The cavalry! the cavalry!" repeated Cordova, for he it was. "Where is Lopez and the cavalry?"

But, save his own escort and Herrera's squadron, no cavalry was forthcoming. Lopez remained unpardonably inactive, for want of orders, as he afterwards said; but, under the circumstances, this was hardly an extenuation. The position of the Carlists had been, in the first instance, from the nature of the ground, scarcely attackable by horse, at least with any prospect of advantage; but now the want of that arm was great and obvious. Cordova's conduct in leaving his squadrons so far in the rear, seems, at any rate, inexplicable. It was by unaccountable blunders of this sort, that he and others of the Christino generals drew upon them-

selves imputations of lukewarmness, and even of treachery.

An aide-de-camp galloped up to Herrera, whose squadron had been stationed with the reserve of the centre. His horse, an Isabella-coloured Andalusian, with silver mane and tail, of the kind called in Spain *Perla*, was soaked with sweat and grey with foam. The rider was a very young man, with large fiery black eyes, thin and martially-expressive features, and a small mustache shading his upper lip. He was a marquis, of one of the noblest families in Spain. He seemed half mad with excitement.

"Forward with your squadron!" shouted he, as soon as he came within earshot. The word was welcome to Herrera.

"Left wheel! forward! gallop!"

And, with the aide-de-camp at his side, he led his squadron along the road to Mendigorria, which intersects the hills whence the Carlists were now being driven. They had nearly reached the level ground on the other side, when they came in sight of several companies of infantry, who made a desperate stand. Their colonel, a Navarrese of almost gigantic stature—his sword, which had been broken in the middle, clutched firmly in his hand, his face streaming with blood from a slash across the forehead, his left arm hanging by his side, disabled by a severe wound—stood in front of his men, who had just repulsed the attack of some Christino infantry. On perceiving the cavalry, however, they showed symptoms of wavering.

"Steady!" roared the colonel, knitting his bleeding brow. "The first man who moves dies by my hand!"

In spite of the menace, two or three men ventured to steal away, and endeavoured to leave the road unobserved. The colonel sprang like a tiger upon one of them.

"*Cobarde! muera!*" cried the frantic Carlist, cleaving the offender to the eyes with the fragment of his sword. The terrible example had its effect; the men stood firm for a moment, and opened a well-aimed fire on the advancing cavalry.

"*Jesús Cristo!*" exclaimed the young aide-de-camp. Herrera looked at him. His features were convulsed

with pain. One more name which he uttered—it was that of a woman—reached Herrera's ears, and then he fell from his saddle to the earth; and the dragoons, unable to turn aside, trampled him under foot. There was no time for reflection. "Forward! forward!" was the cry, and the horsemen entered the smoke. On the right of the Carlists, in front, stood their dauntless colonel, waving his broken sabre, and shouting defiance. Firm as a rock he awaited the cavalry. Struck by his gallantry, Herrera wished to spare his life.

"*Rinde te!*" he cried; "yield!"

"*Jode te!*" was the coarse but energetic reply of the Carlist, as he dealt a blow which Herrera with difficulty parried. At the same moment a lance-thrust overthrew him. There were a few shouts of rage, a few cries for mercy; here and there a bayonet grated against a sabre, but there was scarcely a check in the speed; such of the infantry as stood to receive the charge were ridden over, and Herrera and his squadron swept onwards towards the bridge of Mendigorria.

Now it was that the Carlists felt the consequences of that enormous blunder in the choice of a position, which, either through ignorance or over confidence, their generals had committed. With the Arga flowing immediately in their rear, not only was there no chance of rallying them, but their retreat was greatly embarrassed. One portion of the broken troops made for the bridge, and thronged over it in the wildest confusion, choking up the avenue by their numbers; others rushed to the fords higher up the stream, and dashing into the water, some of them, ignorant of the shallow places, were drowned in the attempt to cross. Had the Christino cavalry been on the field when the rout began, the loss of the vanquished would have been prodigious; as it was, it was very severe. The Christino soldiery, burning to revenge former defeats, and having themselves suffered considerably at the commencement of the fight, were eager in the pursuit, and gave little quarter. In less than two hours from the beginning of the action, the country beyond the Arga was covered with fugitives, flying for their

lives towards the mountains of Estella. Narrow were the escapes of many upon that day. Don Carlos had been praying during the action in the church at Mendigorria; and so sudden was the overthrow of his army, that he himself was at one time in danger of being taken. A Christino officer, according to a story current at the time, had come up with him, and actually stretched out his hand to grasp his collar, when a bullet struck him from his saddle.

Dashing over the bridge, Herrera and his squadron spurred in pursuit. Their horses were fresh, and they soon found themselves amongst the foremost, when suddenly a body of cavalry, which, although retiring, kept together and exerted itself to cover the retreat, faced about, and showed a disposition to wait their arrival. The Carlists were superior in numbers, but that Herrera neither saw nor cared for; and, rejoicing at the prospect of opposition to overcome, he waved his sword and cheered on his men. At exactly the same moment the hostile squadrons entered the opposite sides of a large field, and thundered along to the encounter, pounding the dry clods beneath their horses' hoofs, and raising a cloud of dust through which the lance-points sparkled in the sunlight, whilst above it the fierce excited features of the men were dimly visible. Nearer they came, and nearer; a shout, a crash, one or two shrill cries of anguish—a score of men and horses rolled upon the ground, the others passed through each other's ranks, and then again turning, commenced a furious hand-to-hand contest. The leader of the Carlists, a dark-browed, powerful man, singled out Herrera for a fierce attack. The fight, however, lasted but a few moments, and was yet undecided when the Christino infantry came up. A few of the surviving Carlists fled, but the majority, including their colonel, were surrounded and made prisoners. They were sent to the rear with an escort, and the chase was continued.

It was nightfall before the pursuit entirely ceased, and some hours later before Herrera and his dragoons, who, in the flush of victory, forgot fatigue, arrived at Puente de la Reyna,

where, and at Mendigorria, the Christiano army took up their quarters. Sending the squadron to their stables, Herrera, without giving himself the trouble to demand a billet, repaired to an inn, where he was fortunate enough to obtain a bed—no easy matter in the crowded state of the town. The day had been so busy, that he had had little time to reflect further on the intelligence brought by Paco, of whom he had heard nothing since the morning. And now, so harassed and exhausted was he by the exertions and excitement of the day, that even anxious thoughts were insufficient to deprive him of the deep and refreshing slumber of which he stood in such great need.

The morning sun shone brightly through the half-closed shutters of his apartment, when Herrera was awakened by the entrance of Paco. In the street without he heard a great noise and bustle; and, fearful of having slept too long, he sprang from his bed and began hastily to dress. Without saying a word, Paco threw open the window and beckoned to him. He hastened to look out. In front of the inn was an open *plaza*, now crowded with men and horses. A large body of troops were drawn up under arms, officers were assembled in groups, discussing the victory of the preceding day; and in the centre of the square, surrounded by a strong guard, stood several hundred Carlist prisoners. On one side of these were collected the captured horses both of men and officers, for the most part just as they had been taken, saddled and bridled, and their coats caked with dry sweat. Paco drew Herrera's attention to a man in officer's uniform, who stood, with folded arms and surly dogged looks, in the front rank of the prisoners. His eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he only occasionally raised them to cast vindictive glances at a party of officers of the Christiano guards, who stood at a short distance in his front, and who seemed to observe him with some curiosity.

"You see yonder colonel?" said Paco to Herrera. "Do you know him?"

"Not I," replied Herrera. "Yet, now I look again—yes. He is one

of my prisoners of yesterday. He commanded a body of cavalry which charged us."

"Likely, likely," said Paco. "Do you know his name?"

"How should I?" answered Herrera.

"I will tell it you. It is Baltasar de Villabuena."

Herrera uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Impossible!" said he.

"Certain; I have seen him too often to mistake him."

Herrera made no reply. His hasty toilet finished, he bade Paco remain where he was, and descended to the street. He approached the group of guardsmen already mentioned.

"Your next move, gentlemen?" said he, after the usual salutation.

"To Pampeluna with the prisoners," was the reply. "A reconnoissance *en force* has gone out, but it may go far, I expect, before meeting with a Carlist. They are completely broken, and at this moment I doubt if there is one within a day's march."

"Yes," said another officer, "they are far enough off, if still running. Caremba! what legs the fellows have! We caught a few, though, yesterday afternoon, in spite of their powdering along. Old acquaintances, too, some of them," he added.

"Indeed!" said Herrera.

"Yes; fellows who have served and marched side by side with us. Look there, for instance; do you see that sullen, black-looking dog squinting at us with such a friendly expression?"

"Who is he?" enquired Herrera.

"Baltasar de Villabuena, an old captain of our's before the war. He resigned when Zumalacarregui took the field, and joined the Carlists, and it seems they've made him a colonel. A surly, ill-conditioned cur he always was, or we should not be standing here without a word of kindness or consolation to offer him."

To the surprise of the guardsmen, Herrera, before the officer had done speaking, walked up to the prisoner in question.

"Colonel Villabuena?" said he, slightly touching his cap.

"That is my name," replied the prisoner, sullenly.

"We met yesterday, I believe," said Herrera, with cold politeness. "If I am not mistaken, you commanded the squadron which charged mine in the early part of the retreat."

Baltasar nodded assent.

"Is your horse amongst those yonder?" continued Herrera.

"It is," replied Baltasar, who, without comprehending the drift of these questions, began to entertain hopes that his rank and former comradeship with many officers of the Christino army were about to obtain him an indulgence rarely accorded, during that war, to prisoners of any grade—the captured Carlists being looked upon by their adversaries rather as rebels and malefactors than as prisoners of war, and treated accordingly. He imagined that his horse was about to be restored to him, and that he would be allowed to ride to Pampeluna.

"Yonder bay stallion," said he, "with a black sheepskin on the saddle, is mine."

Herrera approached the officer commanding the guard over the prisoner, spoke a few words to him, and returned to Baltasar.

"You will please to accompany me," said he.

Baltasar complied, and captive and captor advanced to the horses.

"This is mine," said Colonel Villabuena, laying his hand upon the neck of a powerful bay charger.

Without saying another word, Herrera raised the sheepskin covering the holsters, and withdrew from them a brace of pistols, which he carefully examined. They were handsomely mounted, long-barrelled, with a small smooth bore, and their butts were inlaid with a silver plate, upon which a coronet and the initials E. de V. were engraved.

"These pistols, I presume, are also yours?"

"They are so," was the answer.

"You will observe, sir," continued Herrera, showing the pistols to the officer on guard, who had followed him, "that I have taken these pistols from the holsters of this officer, Colonel Baltasar de Villabuena, who acknowledges them to be his. Look at them well; you may have to recognise them on a future day. I shall forth-

with explain to the general-in-chief my motives for taking possession of them."

The officer received the pistols, examined them carefully, and returned them to Herrera. Baltasar looked on with a perplexed and uneasy air. Just then the brigadier, who was to command the column proceeding to Pampeluna, rode into the plaza. The drums beat, and the troops stood to their arms.

"Return to your place," said Herrera, sternly, to the prisoner. "We shall shortly meet again."

And whilst Baltasar, alike disappointed and astonished at the strange conduct of the Christino officer, resumed his place in the captive ranks, Herrera betook himself to the quarters of the commander-in-chief.

This time Torres made no difficulty about introducing his friend into the general's apartment. Cordova was lying at length upon a sofa in a large cool room, a cigar in his mouth, a quantity of despatches on a table beside him, two or three aides-de-camp and secretaries writing in an adjoining chamber. He received Herrera kindly, complimented him on his conduct in the preceding day's fight, and informed him that particular mention had been made of him in his despatch to Madrid. After an interview of some duration, Herrera left the house, with leave of absence for a fortnight, signed by Cordova himself, in his pocket. Proceeding to the barracks, he made over the squadron to his second in command; and then mounting his horse, attended by Paco, and followed by half a dozen dragoons, he took the road to the Ebro.

In a street of Logroño, not far from the entrance of the town, stands one of those substantial and antiquated dwellings, remnants of the middle ages, which are of no unfrequent occurrence in Spain, and whose massive construction seems to promise as many more centuries of existence as they have already seen. It is the property, and at times the abode, of the nobleman whose arms are displayed, elaborately carved on stone, above the wide portal—a nobleman belonging to that section of the Spanish aristocracy, who, putting aside old prejudices, willingly adhered to the more

liberal and enlightened order of things to which the death of Ferdinand was the prelude. In a lofty and spacious apartment of this mansion, and on the evening of the first day after that of Herrera's departure from Puente de la Reyna, we find Count Villabuena reclining in an easy-chair, and busied with thoughts, which, it might be read upon his countenance, were of other than a pleasant character. Since last we saw him, full of life and strength, and still active and adventurous as a young man, encountering fatigues and dangers in the service of his so-called sovereign, a great and sad change had taken place in the Count, and one scarcely less marked in his hopes and feelings. The wound received by him in the plains of Alava, although severe and highly dangerous, had not proved mortal; and when Herrera sought his body with the intention of doing the last mournful honours to the protector of his youth, and father of his beloved Rita, he perceived, to his extreme joy, that life had not entirely fled. On a litter, hastily and rudely constructed of boughs, the Count was conveyed to Vittoria, where he no sooner arrived, than by the anxious care of Herrera, half the surgeons in the town were summoned to his couch. For some days his life was in imminent peril; but at last natural strength of constitution, and previous habits of temperance, triumphed over the wound, and over the conclave of Sangrados who had undertaken his case. The Count recovered, gradually it is true, and without a prospect of ever regaining his former firm health; but still, to Herrera's great delight, and owing in a great measure to the care he lavished upon him, his life was at last pronounced entirely out of danger.

Upon arriving at Vittoria with his sorely wounded friend, duty had compelled Herrera to report his capture; but although the prisoner was considered a most important one, his state was so hopeless, that Luis had little difficulty in obtaining permission to become his sole jailer, pledging himself to reproduce him in case he should recover. When the Count got better, and became aware of his position, he insisted upon Herrera's informing the authorities of his convalescence, and

of his readiness to proceed to any place of confinement they might appoint. Herrera's high character and noble qualities had made him many friends, some of them persons of influence, and he now successfully exerted himself to obtain a favour which was probably never before or afterwards conceded to a prisoner during the whole course of that war. Count Villabuena was allowed his parole, and was moreover told, that on pledging himself to retire to France, and to take no further share, direct or indirect, in the Carlist rebellion, he should obtain his release. One other condition was annexed to this. Two colonels of the Queen's army, who were detained prisoners by the Carlists, were to be given up in exchange for his liberty.

When these terms, so unexpectedly favourable, were communicated to the Count, he lost no time in addressing a letter to Don Carlos, informing him of his position, and requesting him to fulfil that portion of the conditions depending on him, by liberating the Christino officers. With shattered health, he could not hope, he said, again to render his Majesty services worth the naming; his prayers would ever be for his success, but they were all he should be able to offer, even did an unconditional release permit him to rejoin his sovereign. In the same letter he implored Don Carlos to watch over the safety of his daughter, and cause her to be conducted to France under secure escort. This letter dispatched, by the medium of a flag of truce, the Count sought and obtained permission to remove to the town of Logroño, where an old friend, the Marquis of Mendava, had offered him an asylum till his fate should be decided upon.

Long and anxiously did the Count await a reply to his letter, but weeks passed without his receiving it. Three days before the battle of Mendigorria, the Christino army passed through Logroño on its way northwards, and the Count had the pleasure of a brief visit from Herrera. A few hours after the troops had again marched away, a courier arrived from Vittoria, bringing the much wished-for answer. It was cold and laconic, written by one of the ministers of Don Carlos. Re-

gret was expressed for the Count's misfortune, but that regret was apparently not sufficiently poignant to induce the liberation of two important prisoners, in order that a like favour might be extended to one who could no longer be of service to the Carlist cause.

Although enveloped in the verbiage and complimentary phrases which the Spanish language so abundantly supplies, the real meaning of the despatch was evident enough to Count Villabuena. Courtied when he could be of use, he was now, like a worthless fruit from which pulp and juice had been expressed, thrown aside and neglected. It was a bitter pang to his generous heart to meet such ingratitude from the prince whom he had so much loved, and for whose sake he had made enormous sacrifices. To add to his grief, the only answer to his request concerning his daughter was a single line, informing him that she had left Segura several weeks previously, and that her place of abode was unknown.

Depressed and heartsick, the Count lay back in his chair, shading his eyes with his hand, and musing painfully on the events of the preceding two years. His estates confiscated, his health destroyed, separated from his only surviving child, and her fate unknown to him, himself a prisoner—such were the results of his blind devotion to a worthless prince and a falling principle. Great, indeed, was the change which physical and mental suffering had wrought in the Conde de Villabuena. His form was bowed and emaciated, his cheek had lost its healthful tinge; his hair, in which, but a short three months previously, only a few silver threads were perceptible, telling of the decline of life rather than of its decay, now fell in grey locks around his sunken temples. For himself individually, the Count grieved not; he had done what he deemed his duty, and his conscience was at rest; but he mourned the ingratitude of his king and party, and, above all, his heart bled at the thought of his daughter, abandoned friendless and helpless amongst strangers. The news of the preceding day's battle had reached him, but he took small interest in it; he foresaw that many more

such fights would be fought, and countless lives be sacrificed, before peace would revisit his unhappy and distracted country.

From these gloomy reflections Count Villabuena was roused by the sudden opening of his door. The next instant his hand was clasped in that of Luis Herrera, who, hot with riding, dusty and travel-stained, gazed anxiously on the pale, careworn countenance of his old and venerable friend. On beholding Luis, a beam of pleasure lighted up the features of the Count.

"You at least are safe!" was his first exclamation. "Thank Heaven for that! I should indeed be forlorn if aught happened to you."

There was an accent of unusually deep melancholy in the Count's voice which struck Herrera, and caused him for an instant to imagine that he had already received intelligence of his cousin's treachery, and of Rita's captivity. Convinced, however, by a moment's reflection, that it was impossible, he dreaded some new misfortune.

"You are dejected, sir," he said. "What has again occurred to grieve you?—The reverse sustained by your friends?"—

"No, no," interrupted the Count, with a bitter smile—"not so. My friends, as you call them, seem little desirous of my poor sympathy. Luis, read this."

As he spoke, he held out the letter received from the secretary of Don Carlos.

"It was wisely said," continued the Count, when Herrera had finished its perusal, "'put not your trust in princes.' Thus am I rewarded for devotion and sacrifices. Harken to me, Luis. It matters little, perhaps, whether I wear out the short remnant of my days in captivity or in exile; but my daughter, my pure, my beautiful Rita, what will become of her—alas! what has become of her? My soul is racked with anxiety on her account, and I curse the folly and imprudence that led me to re-enter this devoted land. My child—my poor child—can I forgive myself for perilling your defenceless innocence in this accursed war!"

His nerves unstrung by illness, and overcome by his great affliction, the

usually stern and unbending Villabuena bowed his head upon his hands and sobbed aloud. Inexpressibly touched by this outburst of grief in one to whose nature such weakness was so foreign, Herrera did his utmost to console and tranquillize his friend. The paroxysm was short, and the Count regained his former composure. Although dreading the effect of the communication, Herrera felt it absolutely necessary to impart at once the news brought by Paco. He proceeded accordingly in the task, and as cautiously as possible, softening the more painful parts, suggesting hopes which he himself could not feel, and speaking cheerfully of the probability of an early rescue. The Count bore the communication as one who could better sustain certain affliction than killing suspense.

"Something I know," said he, when Herrera paused, "of the convent you mention, and still more of its abbess. Carmen de Forcadell was long celebrated, both at Madrid and in her native Andalusia, for her beauty and intrigues. Her husband was assassinated by one of her lovers, as some said, and within three years of his death, repenting, it was believed, of her dissolute life, she took the veil. Once, I know, Baltasar was her reputed lover; but whatever may now be his influence over her, I cannot think she would allow my daughter to be ill treated whilst within her walls. No, Herrera, the danger is, lest the villain may remove my Rita, and place her where no shield may stand between her and his purposes."

"Do not fear it," replied Herrera, in his turn reassured by the Count's moderation. "Your cousin was taken in the action of the 16th, and is now a prisoner at Pampeluna."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Count, his face brightening with satisfaction. "It is good news, indeed."

"Better than you even think, perhaps. You have preserved the ball that was extracted from your wound?"

"I have," replied the Count, "at your request. What of it?"

"So long," said Herrera, "as no advantage could be gained from my communication, I would not shock you with a statement that even now will cause you serious pain. You re-

member, sir, that at the time of receiving your wound you were at a very short distance from me, and that your cousin was at a still less one from you, in your rear. As you advanced towards the intervening stream, my eyes, conducted by chance, or something better, fixed on your cousin, who at the moment drew a pistol from his holster. You were but a few paces from him, when I saw him deliberately—I could not be mistaken—deliberately vary his aim from myself to you. The pistol was fired—you fell from your horse, struck by his hand. You seem surprised. The deed was as inexplicable to me until from your own lips I heard who the officer was—that there had been serious disagreement between you—and that his temper was violent, and character bad. Coupled with what my own eyes saw, the bullet itself, far too small for a carbine ball, convinced me that it had proceeded from a pistol. Instinctively, rather than from any anticipation of its being hereafter useful, I requested you to preserve the ball, and to-day an extraordinary chance enables me to verify my suspicions. Let the bullet be now produced."

Astounded by what he heard, but still incredulous, the Count summoned his attendant.

"Bring me the bullet that I bade you keep," said the Count.

"And desire my orderly," added Herrera, "to bring me the brace of pistols he will find in my valise."

In a few moments both commands were obeyed. The bullet was of very small calibre, and, not having encountered any bone, had preserved its rotundity without even an indentation.

"Do you recognize these pistols?" said Herrera, showing the Count those which he had taken from Baltasar's holsters. "This coronet and initials proclaim them to have been once your own."

"They were so," replied the Count, taking one of them in his hand—"a present to my cousin soon after he joined us. I remember them well; he carried them on the day that I was wounded."

"Behold!" said Herrera, who placed the bullet in the muzzle of the pistol, into the barrel of which it slid,

fitting there exactly. Shocked and confounded by this proof of his kinsman's villany, the Count dropped the other pistol and remained sad and silent.

"You doubt no longer?" said Herrera.

"May it not have been accident?" said the Count, almost imploringly. "No Villabuena could commit so base and atrocious a crime."

"None but he," said Herrera. "I watched him as he took his aim, not twenty paces from you. With half a doubt, I would have bitten my tongue from my mouth before an accusation should have passed it against the man, in whose favour indeed I have no cause to be prejudiced. Count Villabuena, the shot was fired with intent. For that I pledge my honour and salvation."

There was a pause.

"But my daughter," said the Count; "you forget her, Luis. She must be rescued. How does this fiend's imprisonment render that rescue easier?"

"Thus," replied Herrera. "Yesterday I had an interview with Cordova, and told him every thing; the abduction of Rita, and Baltasar's attempt on your life. Of the latter I engaged to furnish ample proofs. Cordova, as I expected, was indignant, and would have shot the offender had I consented to the act. Upon reflection, however, he himself saw reasonable objections to a measure so opposed to the existing treaty for exchange of prisoners, and feared retaliation from the enemy. After some discussion it was agreed that the proof of Baltasar's attempt upon your life should be submitted, and, if found satisfactory, that the prisoner should be placed at my disposal. In that event his liberty, nay, his life, must depend upon his consenting, unreservedly, to write to the convent, to desire the abbess to set Rita at liberty, and to provide for her safe conduct into France. Until then, Baltasar, by the general's order, remains in solitary confinement at Pampeluna."

"Good," said the Count approvingly.

"I had a threefold object in coming hither," continued Herrera. "To obtain proof of Baltasar's guilt, to comfort you with the hopes of Rita's

safety, and to take you with me to Pampeluna. Baltasar of course believes you dead; he will the more readily abandon his designs when he finds that you still live."

"Rightly reasoned," said the Count. "Why should we now delay another instant? Your news, Herrera, has made me young and strong again."

"We will set out to-morrow," said Herrera. "A column of troops march at daybreak for Pampeluna, and we can avail ourselves of their escort."

His hopes revived and energies restored by the intelligence Luis had brought, the Count would have preferred starting without a moment's delay; but Herrera, although not less impatient, insisted on waiting till the next day. Although the principal force of the Carlists had been driven back into Western Navarre, the road to Pampeluna was not safe without a strong escort, and Herrera himself had incurred no small risk in traversing it as he had done, with only half a dozen dragoons. Count Villabuena yielded to his representations, and the following morning witnessed their departure.

Three days' marching brought the Count and Herrera to Pampeluna, whither Cordova and his victorious army had preceded them. Count Villabuena had reckoned too much upon his lately recovered strength; and, although the marches had not been long, he reached Pampeluna in a very exhausted state. It was evening when they arrived, and so crowded was the town with troops that they had some difficulty in obtaining quarters, which they at last found in the house of one of the principal tradesmen of the place. Leaving the Count to repose from his fatigues, Herrera went to visit Cordova, whom he informed of the positive certainty he had now obtained of Baltasar's culpability. The proofs of it might certainly, in a court of law, have been found insufficient, but Cordova took a military view of the case; his confidence in Herrera was great, his opinion of Baltasar, whom he had known in the service of Ferdinand, very bad; and finally, the valid arguments adduced by Luis left him no moral doubt of the prisoner's guilt. He gave the necessary orders for the admission of

Herrera and Count Villabuena into the prison. The next day, however, the Count was still so fatigued and unwell from the effects of his journey, that it was found necessary to call in a physician, who forbade his leaving the house. The Count's impatience, and the pressing nature of the matter in hand, would have led him to disregard the prohibition, and at once proceed to the prison, which was at the other extremity of the town, had not Herrera, to conciliate his friend's health with the necessity for prompt measures, proposed to have the prisoner brought to him. An order to that effect was readily granted by Cordova, and, under proper escort, Don Baltasar was conducted to the Count's quarters.

It would be erroneous to suppose, that, during the late war in Spain, adherents of Don Carlos were only to be found in the districts in which his standard was openly raised. In many or most of the towns best affected to the liberal cause, devoted partisans of the Pretender continued to reside, conforming to the established order of things, and therefore unmolested. In most instances their private opinions were suspected, in some actually known; but a few of them were so skilful in concealing their political bias and partialities, as to pass for steady and conscientious favourers of the Queen's government. Here was one and no unimportant cause of the prolongation of the war; the number of spies thus harboured in the very heart of the Christino camp and councils. By these men intelligence was conveyed to the Carlists, projected enterprises were revealed, desertion amongst the soldiery and disaffection amongst the people, stimulated and promoted. Many of these secretly-working agents were priests, but there was scarcely a class of the population, from the nobleman to the peasant, and including both sexes, in which they were not to be found. Innumerable were the plans traversed by their unseen and rarely detectable influence. On many a dark night, when the band of Zurbano, El Mochuelo, or some other adventurous leader, issued noiselessly from the gates of a town, opened expressly for their egress, to accomplish the surprise of a distant post or

detachment, a light in some lofty window, of no suspicious appearance to the observer uninformed of its meaning, served as a beacon to the Carlists, and told them that danger was abroad. The Christinos returned empty-handed and disappointed from their fruitless expedition, cursing the treachery which, although they could not prove it, they were well assured was the cause of their failure.

One of the most active, but, at the same time, of the least suspected, of these subtle agents, was a certain Basilio Lopez, cloth-merchant in the city of Pampeluna. He was a man past the middle age, well to do in the world, married and with a family, and certainly, to all appearance, the last person to make or meddle in political intrigues of any kind, especially in such as might, by any possibility, peril his neck. Whoever had seen him, in his soberly cut coat, with his smooth-shaven, sleek, demure countenance and moderately rotund belly, leaning on the half-door of his *Almacen de Paños*, and witnessed his bland smile as he stepped aside to give admission to a customer or gossip, would have deemed the utmost extent of his plottings to be, how he should get his cloths a real cheaper or sell them at a real more than their market value. There was no speculation, it seemed, in that dull placid countenance, save what related to ells of cloth and steady money-getting. Beyond his business, a well-seasoned *puchero* and an evening game at *loto*, might have been supposed to fill up the waking hours and complete the occupations of the worthy cloth-dealer. His large, low-roofed, and somewhat gloomy shop was, like himself, of respectable and business-like aspect, as were also the two pale-faced, elderly clerks who busied themselves amongst innumerable rolls of cloth, the produce of French and Segovian looms. Above the shop was his dwelling-house, a strange, old-fashioned, many-roomed building, with immensely thick walls, long, winding corridors, ending and beginning with short flights of steps, apartments paneled with dark worm-eaten wood, lofty ceilings, and queer quaintly-carved balconies. It was a section of a line of building forming half the side of a street, and which,

in days of yore, had been a convent of monks. Its former inmates, as the story went, had been any thing but ascetics in their practices, and at last so high ran the scandal of their evil doings, that they were fain to leave Pampeluna and establish themselves in another house of their order, south of the Ebro. Some time afterwards the convent had been subdivided into dwelling-houses, and one of these had for many years past been in the occupation of Basilio the cloth-merchant. Inside and out the houses retained much of their old conventual aspect, the only alterations that had been made consisting in the erection of partition walls, the opening of a few additional doors and windows, and the addition of balconies. One of the latter was well known to the younger portion of the officers in garrison at Pampeluna; for there, when the season permitted, the two pretty, black-eyed daughters of Master Basilio were wont to sit, plying their needles with a diligence which did not prevent their sometimes casting a furtive glance into the street, and acknowledging the salutation of some passing acquaintance or military admirer of their graces and perfections.

In this house was it that Herrera and the Count had obtained quarters, and thither, early upon the morrow of their arrival at Pampeluna, Baltasar was conducted. The passage through the streets of a Carlist prisoner, whose uniform denoted him to be of rank, had attracted a little crowd of children and of the idlers ever to be found in Spanish towns; and some of these loitered in front of the house after its door had closed behind Baltasar and his escort. The entrance of the prisoner did not pass unnoticed by Basilio Lopez, who was at his favourite post at the shop-door. His placid physiognomy testified no surprise at the appearance of such unusual visitors; and no one, uninterested in observing him, would have noticed that, as Baltasar passed him, the cloth-merchant managed to catch his eye, and made a very slight, almost an imperceptible sign. It was detected by Baltasar, and served to complete his perplexity, which had already been raised to a high pitch by the different circumstances that had oc-

curred during his brief captivity. He had first been puzzled by Herrera's conduct at *Puente de la Reyna*; the importance attached by the Christino officer to the possession and identification of his pistols was unaccountable to him, never dreaming of its real motive. Then he could not understand why he was placed in a separate prison, and treated more as a criminal than as a prisoner of war, instead of sharing the captivity and usage of his brother officers. And now, to his further bewilderment, he was conducted to a dwelling-house, before entering which, a man, entirely unknown to him, made him one of the slight but significant signs by which the adherents of Don Carlos were wont to recognise each other. He had not yet recovered from this last surprise, when he was ushered into a room where three persons were assembled. One of these was an aide-de-camp of Cordova, Herrera was another, and in the third, to his unutterable astonishment and consternation, Baltasar recognized Count Villabuena.

There was a moment's silence, during which the cousins gazed at each other; the Count sternly and reproachfully, Baltasar with dilated eyeballs and all the symptoms of one who mistrusts the evidence of his senses. But Baltasar was too old an offender, too hardened in crime and obdurate in character, to be long accessible to emotion of any kind. His intense selfishness caused his own interests and safety to be ever uppermost in his thoughts, and the first momentary shock over, he regained his presence of mind, and was ready to act his part. Affecting extreme delight, he advanced with extended hand towards the Count.

"Dare I believe my eyes?" he exclaimed. "A joyful surprise, indeed, cousin."

"Silence, sir!" sternly interrupted the Count. "Dissimulation will not serve you. You are unmasked—your crimes known. Repent, and, if possible, atone them."

Baltasar recoiled with well-feigned astonishment.

"My crimes!" he indignantly repeated. "What is this, Count? Who accuses me—and of what?"

Without replying, Count Villabuena looked at Herrera, who approached the door and pronounced a name, at which Baltasar, in spite of his self-command, started and grew pale. Paco entered the apartment.

"Here," said the Count, "is one witness of your villany."

"And here, another," said Herrera, lifting a handkerchief from the table and exhibiting Baltasar's pistols.

The Carlist colonel staggered back as if he had received a blow. All that he had found inexplicable in the events of the last few days was now explained; he saw that he was entrapped, and that his offences were brought home to him. With a look of deadly hate at Herrera and the Count, he folded his arms and stood doggedly silent.

In few words Herrera now informed Baltasar of the power vested in him by Cordova, and stated the condition on which he might yet escape the punishment of his crimes. These, however, Baltasar obstinately persisted in denying; nor were any threats sufficient to extort confession, or to prevail with him to write the desired letter to the abbess. Assuming the high tone of injured innocence, he scoffed at the evidence brought against him, and swore solemnly and deliberately that he was ignorant of Rita's captivity. Paco, he said, as a deserter, was undeserving of credit, and had forged an absurd tale in hopes of reward. As to the pistols, nothing was easier than to cast a bullet to fit them, and he vehemently accused Herrera of having fabricated the account of his firing at his cousin. A violent and passionate discussion ensued, highly agitating to the Conde in his then weak and feverish state. Finding, at length, that all Herrera's menaces had no effect on Baltasar's sullen obstinacy, Count Villabuena, his heart wrung by suspense and anxiety, condescended to entreaty, and strove to touch some chord of good feeling, if, indeed, any still existed, in the bosom of his unworthy kinsman.

"Hear me, Baltasar," he said; "I would fain think the best I can of you. Let us waive the attempt on my life; no more shall be said of it. Gladly will I persuade myself that we have

been mistaken; that my wound was the result of a chance shot either from you or your followers. Irregularly armed, one of them may have had pistols of the same calibre as yours. But my daughter, my dear poor Rita! Restore her, Baltasar, and let all be forgotten. On that condition you have Herrera's word and mine that you shall be the very first prisoner exchanged. Oh, Baltasar, do not drive to despair an old man, broken-hearted already! Think of days gone by, never to return; of your childhood, when I have so often held you on my knee; of your youth, when, in spite of difference of age, we were for a while companions and friends. Think of all this, Baltasar, and return not evil for good. Give me back my Rita, and receive my forgiveness, my thanks, my heartfelt gratitude. Your arm shall be stronger in the fight, your head calmer on your pillow, for the righteous and charitable act."

In the excitement of this fervent address, the Count had risen from his chair, and stood with arms extended, and eyes fixed upon the gloomy countenance of Baltasar. His lips quivering with emotion, his trembling voice, pale features, and long grey hair; above all, the subject of his entreaties—a father pleading for the restoration of his only child—and his passionate manner of urging them, rendered the scene inexpressibly touching, and must have moved any but a heart of adamant. Such a one was that of Baltasar, who stood with bent brow and a sneer upon his lip, cold, contemptuous, and relentless.

"Brave talk!" he exclaimed, in his harshest and most brutal tones; "brave talk, indeed, of old friendship and the like! Was it friendship that made you forget me in Ferdinand's time, when your interest might have advanced me? When you wanted me, I heard of you, but not before; and better for me had we never met. You lured me to join a hopeless cause, by promises broken as soon as claimed. You have ruined my prospects, treated me with studied scorn, and now you talk, forsooth, of old kindness and friendship, and sue—to me in chains—for mercy! It has come to that! The haughty Count Villabuena craves mercy at the hands of a

prisoner! I answer you, I know nothing of your daughter; but I also tell you, Count, that if all yonder fellow's lies were truth, and I held the keys of her prison, I would sooner wear out my life in the foulest dungeon than give them up to you. But, pshaw! she thinks little enough about you. She has found her protector, I'll warrant you. There are smart fellows and comely amongst the king's followers, and she won't have wanted for consolation."

It seemed as if Baltasar's defenceless condition was hardly to protect him from the instant punishment of his vile insinuation. With a deep oath, Herrera half drew his sword, and made a step towards the calumniator of his mistress. But his indignation, great though it was, was checked in its expression, and entirely lost sight of, owing to a sudden outbreak of the most furious and uncontrolled anger on the part of the Count. His face, up to that moment so pale, became suffused with blood, till the veins seemed ready to burst; his temples throbbed visibly, his eyes flashed, his lips grew livid, and his teeth chattered with fury.

"Scoundrel!" he shouted, in a voice which had momentarily regained all its power—"scoundrel and liar! Assassin, with what do you reproach me? Why did I cast you off, and when? Never till your own vices compelled me. What promise did I make and not keep? Not one. Base traducer, disgrace to the name you bear! so sure as there is a God in heaven, your misdeeds shall meet their punishment here and hereafter!"

During this violent apostrophe, Baltasar, who, at Herrera's threatening movement, had glanced hurriedly around him as if seeking a weapon of defence, resumed his former attitude of indifference. Leaning against the wall, he stood with folded arms, and gazed with an air of insolent hardihood at the Count, who had advanced close up to him, and who, carried away by his anger, shook his clenched hand almost in his cousin's face. Suddenly, however, overcome and exhausted by the violence of his emotions, and by this agitating scene, the Count tottered, and would have fallen to the ground, had not Herrera

and Torres hurried to his support. They placed him in his chair, into which he helplessly sank; his head fell back, the colour again left his cheeks, and his eyes closed.

"He has fainted," cried Herrera.

The Count was indeed insensible. Torres hastened to unfasten his cravat.

"Air!" exclaimed Torres; "give him air!"

Herrera ran to the window and threw it open. Water was thrown upon the Count's face, but without reviving him; and his swoon was so deathlike, that for a moment his anxious friends almost feared that life had actually departed.

"Let him lie down," said Torres, looking around for a sofa. There was none in the room.

"Let us place him on his bed," cried Herrera. And, aided by Torres and Paco, he carefully raised the Count and carried him into an adjoining room, used as a bedchamber. Baltasar remained in the same place which he had occupied during the whole time of the interview, namely, on the side of the room furthest from the windows, and with his back against the wall.

It has already been said that Baltasar de Villabuena had few friends. In all Pampeluna there was probably not one man, even amongst his former comrades of the guard, who would have moved a step out of his way to serve or save him; and certainly, in the whole city, there were scarcely half a dozen persons who, through attachment to the Carlist cause, would have incurred any amount of risk to rescue one of its defenders. Most fortunately for Baltasar, it was in the house of one of those rare but strenuous adherents of Don Carlos that he now found himself. Scarcely had the Count and his bearers passed through the doorway between the two rooms, when a slight noise close to him caused Baltasar to turn. A pannel of the chamber wall slid back, and the sleek rotund visage of the man who had exchanged signs with him as he entered the house, appeared at the aperture. His finger was on his lips, and his small grey eyes gleamed with an unusual expression of decision and vigilance. One lynx-like glance he cast into the apartment,

and then grasping the arm of Baltasar, he drew, almost dragged him through the opening. The pannel closed with as little noise as it had opened.

Ten seconds elapsed, not more, and Herrera, who, in his care for the Count, had momentarily forgotten the prisoner, hurried back into the apartment. Astonished to find it empty, but not dreaming of an escape, he ran to the antechamber. The corporal and two soldiers, who had escorted Baltasar, rose from the bench whereon they had seated themselves, and carried arms.

"And the prisoner?" cried Herrera.

They had not seen him. Herrera darted back into the sitting-room.

"Where is the prisoner?" exclaimed Torres, whom he met there.

"Escaped!" cried Herrera. "The window! the window!"

They rushed to the open window. It was at the side of the house, and looked out upon a narrow street, having a dead wall for some distance along one side, and little used as a thoroughfare. At that moment not a living creature was to be seen in it. The height of the window from the ground did not exceed a dozen feet, offering an easy leap to a bold and active man, and one which, certainly, no one in Baltasar's circumstances would for a moment have hesitated to take. Herrera threw himself over the balcony, and dropping to the ground, ran off down a neighbouring lane, round the corner of which he fancied, on first reaching the window, that he saw the skirt of a man's coat disappear. Leaving the Count, who was now regaining consciousness, in charge of Paco, Torres hurried out to give the alarm and cause an immediate pursuit.

But in vain, during the whole of that day, was the most diligent search made throughout the town for the fugitive Carlist. Every place where he was likely to conceal himself, the taverns and lower class of posadas, the parts of the town inhabited by doubtful and disreputable characters, the houses of several suspected Carlists, were in turn visited, but not a trace of Baltasar could be found, and the night came with-

out any better success. Herrera was furious, and bitterly reproached himself for his imprudence in leaving the prisoner alone even for a moment. His chief hope, a very faint one, now was, that Baltasar would be detected when endeavouring to leave the town. Strict orders were given to the sentries at the gates, to observe all persons going out of Pampeluna, and to stop any of suspicious appearance, or who could not give a satisfactory account of themselves.

The hour of noon, upon the day subsequent to Baltasar's disappearance, was near at hand, and the peasants who daily visited Pampeluna with the produce of their farms and orchards, were already preparing to depart. The presence of Cordova's army, promising them a great accession of custom, and the temporary absence from the immediate vicinity of the Carlist troops, who frequently prevented their visiting Christino towns with their merchandise, had caused an unusual concourse of country-people to Pampeluna during the few days that the Christino army had already been quartered there. Each morning, scarcely were the gates opened when parties of peasants, and still more numerous ones of short-petticoated, brown-legged peasant women, entered the town, and pausing upon the market-place, proceeded to arrange the stores of fowls, fruit, vegetables, and similar rustic produce, which they had brought on mules and donkeys, or in large heavy baskets upon their heads. Long before the sun had attained a sufficient height to cast its beams into the broad cool-looking square upon which the market was held, a multitude of stalls had been erected, and were covered with luscious fruits and other choice products of the fertile soil of Navarre. Piles of figs bursting with ripeness; melons, green and yellow, rough and smooth; tomatas, scarlet and pulpy; grapes in glorious bunches of gold and purple; cackling poultry and passive rabbits; the whole intermingled with huge heaps of vegetables, and nose-gays of beautiful flowers, were displayed in wonderful profusion to the gaze of the admiring soldiers, who soon thronged to the scene of bustle. As the morning advanced, numerous

maid-servants, trim, arch-looking damsels, with small neatly-shod feet, basket on arm, and shading their complexion from the increasing heat of the sun under cotton parasols of ample dimensions, tripped along between the rows of sellers, pausing here and there to bargain for fruit or fowl, and affecting not to hear the remarks of the soldiers, who lounged in their neighbourhood, and expressed their admiration by exclamations less choice than complimentary. The day wore on; the stalls were lightened, the baskets emptying, but the market became each moment more crowded. Little parties of officers emerged from the coffee-houses where they had breakfasted, and strolled up and down, criticizing the buxom forms and pretty faces of the peasant girls; here and there a lady's mantilla appeared amongst the throng of female heads, which, for the most part, were covered only with coloured handkerchiefs, or left entirely bare, protected but by black and redundant tresses, the boast of the Navarrese maidens. Catalonian wine-sellers, their queer-shaped kegs upon their backs, bartered their liquor for the copper coin of the thirsty soldiers; pedlars displayed their wares, and *sardineras* vaunted their fish; ballad-singers hawked about copies of patriotic songs; mahogany-coloured *gitanas* executed outlandish, and not very decent, dances; whilst here and there, in a quiet nook, an itinerant gaming-table keeper had erected his board, and proved that he, of all others, best knew how to seduce the scanty and hard-earned maravedis from the pockets of the pleasure-seeking soldiery.

But, as already mentioned, the hour of noon now approached, and marketing was over for that day. The market-place, and its adjacent streets, so thronged a short time previously, became gradually deserted under the joint influence of the heat and the approaching dinner hour. The peasants, some of whom came from considerable distances, packed up their empty baskets, and, with lightened loads and heavy pockets, trudged down the streets leading to the town gates.

At one of these gates, leading out

of the town in a northerly direction, several of the men on guard were assembled, amusing themselves at the expense of the departing peasantry, whose uncouth physiognomy and strange clownish appearance afforded abundant food for the quaint jokes and comical remarks of the soldiers. The market people were, for the most part, women, old men, and boys; the able-bodied men from the country around Pampeluna, having, with few exceptions, left their homes, either voluntarily or by compulsion, to take service in the Carlist ranks. Beneath the projecting portico of the guard-house, sat a sergeant, occupied, in obedience to orders given since the escape of Baltasar, in surveying the peasants as they passed with a keen and scrutinizing glance. For some time, however, this military Cerberus found no object of suspicion in any of the passers-by. Lithe active lads, greyhaired old men, and women whose broad shoulders and brawny limbs might well have belonged to disguised dragoons, but who, nevertheless, were unmistakeably of the softer sex, made up the different groups which successively rode or walked through the gate. Gradually the departures became less numerous, and the sergeant less vigilant; he yawned, stretched himself in his chair, rolled up a most delicate cigarrito between his large rough fingers, and lighting it, puffed away with an appearance of supreme beatitude.

"Small use watching," said he to a corporal. "The fellow's not likely to leave the town in broad daylight, with every body on the look-out for him."

"True," was the answer. "He'll have found a hiding-place in the house of some rascally Carlist. There are plenty in Pampeluna."

"Well," said the first speaker, "I'm tired of this, and shall punish my stomach no longer. Whilst I take my dinner, do you take my place. Stay, let yonder cabbage-carriers pass."

The peasants referred to by the sergeant, were a party of half a dozen women, and nearly as many lads and men, who just then showed themselves at the end of the street, coming towards the gate. Most of them

were mounted on rough mountain ponies and jackasses, although three or four of the women trudged afoot, with pyramids of baskets balanced upon their heads, the perspiration streaming down their faces from the combined effects of the sun and their load. The last of the party was a stout man, apparently some five-and-forty years of age, dressed in a jacket and breeches of coarse brown cloth, and seated sideways on a scraggy mule, in such a position that his back was to the guard-house as he passed it. On the opposite side of the animal hung a pannier, containing cabbages and other vegetables; the unsold residue of the rider's stock in trade. The peasant's legs, naked below the knee, were tanned by the sun to the same brown hue as his face and bare throat; his feet were sandalled, and just above one of his ankles, a soiled bandage, apparently concealing a wound, was wrapped. A broad-brimmed felt hat shaded his half-closed eyes and dull stolid countenance, and the only thing that in any way distinguished him from the generality of peasants was his hair, which was cut short behind, instead of hanging, according to the usual custom of the province, in long ragged locks over the coat collar.

Occupied with his cigar and gossip, the sergeant vouchsafed but a careless and cursory glance to this party, and they were passing on without hindrance, when, from a window of the guard-house, a voice called to them to halt.

"How now, sergeant!" exclaimed the young ensign on guard. "What is the meaning of this? Why do these people pass without examination?"

The negligent sergeant rose hastily from his chair, and, assuming an attitude of respect, faltered an excuse.

"Peasants, sir; market-people."

The officer, who had been on guard since the preceding evening, had been sitting in his room, waiting the arrival of his dinner, which was to be sent to him from his quarters, and was rather behind time. The delay had put him out of temper.

"How can you tell that? You are cunning to know people without looking at them. Let them wait."

And the next moment he issued from the guard-house, and approached the peasants.

"Your name?" said he, sharply, to the first of the party.

"José Samaniego," was the answer. "A poor *aldeano* from Artica, *para servir á vuestra señoría*. These are my wife and daughter."

The speaker was an old, grey-haired man, with wrinkled features, and a stoop in his shoulders; and, notwithstanding a cunning twinkle in his eye, there was no mistaking him for any thing else than he asserted himself to be.

The officer turned away from him, glanced at the rest of the party, and seemed about to let them pass, when his eye fell upon the sturdy, crop-headed peasant already referred to. He immediately approached him,

"Where do you come from?" said he, eyeing him with a look of suspicion.

The sole reply was a stare of stupid surprise. The officer repeated the question.

"From Berrioazar," answered the man, naming a village at a greater distance from Pampeluna than the one to which old Samaniego claimed to belong. And then, as if he supposed the officer inclined to become a customer, he reached over to his pannier and took out a basket of figs.

"Fine figs, your worship," said he, mixing execrably bad Spanish with Basque words. "*Muy barato*. You shall have them very cheap."

When the man mentioned his place of abode, two or three of the women exchanged a quick glance of surprise; but this escaped the notice of the officer, who now looked hard in the peasant's face, which preserved its former expression of immovable and sleepy stupidity.

"Dismount," said the ensign.

The man pointed to his bandaged ankle; but on a repetition of the order he obeyed, with a grimace of pain, and then stood on one leg, supporting himself against the mule.

"I shall detain this fellow," said the officer, after a moment's pause. "Take him into the guard-room."

Just then a respectable-looking, elderly citizen, on his return apparently from a stroll outside the forti-

fications, walked past on his way into the town. On perceiving the young officer, he stopped and shook hands with him.

"Welcome to Pampeluna, Don Rafael!" he exclaimed. "Your regiment I knew was here, but could not believe that you had come with it, since I had never before known you to neglect your old friends."

"No fault of mine, Señor Lopez," replied the officer. "Three days here, and not a moment's rest from guards and fatigue duty."

"Well, don't forget us; Ignacia and Dolores look for you. Ah, Blas! you here? How's your leg, poor Blas? Did you bring the birds I ordered?"

These questions were addressed to the lame peasant, who replied by a grin of recognition; and an assurance that the birds in question had been duly delivered to his worship's servant.

"Very good," said Lopez. "Good morning, Don Rafael."

The young officer stopped him.

"You know this man, then, Señor Lopez?" inquired the ensign.

"Know him? as I know you. Our poultry-man; and if you will sup with us to-night, when you come off guard, you shall eat a fowl of his fattening."

"With pleasure," replied the ensign. "You may go," he added, turning to the peasant. "Let these people pass, sergeant. May I be shot, Don Basilio, if I didn't mean to detain your worthy poulterer on suspicion of his being a better man than he looked. There has been an escape, and a sharp watch is held to keep the runaway in the town. It would have been cruel, indeed, to stop the man who brings me my supper. Ha, ha! a capital joke! Stopping my own supplies!"

"A capital joke, indeed," said Lopez, laughing heartily. "Well, good bye, Don Rafael. We shall expect you to-night."

And the cloth-merchant walked

away, his usual pleasant smile upon his placid face, whilst the peasants passed through the gate; and the officer, completely restored to good-humour by the prospect of a dainty supper and pleasant flirtation with Don Basilio's pretty daughters, proceeded to the discussion of his dinner, which just then made its appearance.

Crossing the river, the party of peasants who had met with this brief delay, rode along for a mile or more without a word being spoken amongst them. Presently they came to a place where three roads branched off, and here the lame peasant, who had continued to ride in rear of the others, separated from them, with an abrupt "adios!" Old Samaniego looked round, and his shrivelled features puckered themselves into a comical smile.

"Is that your road to Berriojar, neighbour?" said he. "It is a new one, if it be."

The person addressed cast a glance over his shoulder, and muttered an inaudible reply, at the same time that he thrust his hand under the vegetables that half filled his panniers.

"If you live in Berriojar, I live in heaven," said Samaniego. "But fear nothing from us. *Viva el Rey Carlos!*"

He burst into a shrill laugh, echoed by his companions, and, quickening their pace, the party was presently out of sight. The lame peasant, who, as the reader will already have conjectured, was no other than Baltasar de Villabuena, rode on for some distance further, till he came to an extensive copse fringing the base of a mountain. Riding in amongst the trees, he threw away his pannier, previously taking from it a large horse pistol which had been concealed at the bottom. He then stripped the bandage from his leg, bestrode his mule, and vigorously belabouring the beast with a stick torn from a tree, galloped away in the direction of the Carlist territory.

HOW THEY MANAGE MATTERS IN "THE MODEL REPUBLIC."

In the present doubtful state of our relations with the American Republic, many anxious eyes are of course being directed across the Atlantic, and much speculation excited as to the present policy and ultimate designs of that anomalous and ambitious people. Since increased facilities of communication have brought the two continents into closer union, and afforded their respective inhabitants more frequent opportunities of observing each other's political and social arrangements, it cannot, we think, be said with truth, that those of the United States have risen in favour with the enlightened minds of Europe, least of all with those of England. For the obvious failings of that Republic are of a kind eminently adapted to shock minds cast in the European mould; while her virtues, however appropriate to the transatlantic soil in which they flourish, do not either so readily suggest themselves to the notice of the Old World, or, when fully realized, command a very extraordinary degree of respect. We do not very highly appreciate the liberty which appears to us license, nor the equality which brings with it neither good manners nor good morals, nor the vast material progress which occupies the energies of her people, to the exclusion of more elevating pursuits. There are moreover griefs connected with the United States which come peculiarly home to British interests and prejudices; the existence of slavery, for instance, in its most revolting form, in direct opposition to the spirit of their institutions, and to the very letter of that celebrated declaration which is the basis of all their governments; the repudiation or non-payment of debts contracted for the purposes of public works, of which they are every day reaping the advantages; and the unprincipled invasion of our Canadian frontier by their citizens during the late disturbances in that colony. Within the last few months, more particularly, they have committed many and grievous offences against their own dignity, the peace of the world, and the interests of Britain. We have heard their chief magistrate

defy Christendom, and inform the world that the American continent is, for the future, to be held as in fee-simple by the United States; we have seen Texas forcibly torn from feeble Mexico, and the negotiations on the subject of Oregon brought to a close by a formal declaration, that the American title to the whole of it is "clear and unquestionable." They have displayed, in the conduct of their foreign relations during the past year, a vulgar indifference to the opinion of mankind, and an overweening estimate of their own power, which it is at once ludicrous and painful to behold. Nor is there reason to believe that these blots on the escutcheon of a nation, so young and so unembarrassed, are either deeply regretted or will be speedily effaced. We see no reaction of national virtue against national wrongdoing. For the cause of this great Republic is not, as in other countries, dependent upon the will of the one man, or the few men, who are charged with the functions of government, but on the will of the great mass of the people, deliberately and frequently expressed. The rule of the majority is in America no fiction, but a practical reality; and the folly or wisdom, the justice or injustice of her public acts, may, in ordinary times, be assumed as fair exponents of the average good sense and morals of the bulk of her citizens.

We are not of those who charge the democratic institutions of the United States as a crime upon their people, or who think that, in separating themselves from the British crown, they were guilty of a deliberate wickedness which has yet to be expiated. Whether that separation was fully justified by the circumstances of the time, is a question upon which we do not propose to enter: but having so separated, it does not appear that any course was left open to them but that which they have pursued. Through the negligence of the mother country, no pains had been taken to plant even the germs of British institutions in her American colonies, and the War of Independence found them already in possession of all, and more

than all, of the democratic elements of our constitution; while the feeling of personal attachment to the sovereign had died out through distance and neglect, and the influence of the aristocracy and the church was altogether unknown. Even in Virginia, where, in consequence of the existence of domestic slavery on a large scale, and the laws of primogeniture and entail, a certain aristocratical feeling had sprung up, a jealousy of the British crown and parliament showed itself from first to last, at least as strongly as elsewhere; and the ink of the Declaration of Independence was scarcely dry, before those laws of property were repealed, and every vestige of an Established Church swept away. Nothing then remained, in the absence of Conservative principles and traditions, but to construct their government upon the broadest basis of Democracy; accordingly, the triumph of that principle was complete from the first. The genius of progressive democracy may have removed some of the slender barriers with which it has found itself accidentally embarrassed; but it has not been able to add any thing to the force of those pithy abstractions which were endorsed by the most respectable chiefs of the Revolution, and which remain to sanctify its wildest aspirations.

All men, therefore, in America—that is, all *white* men—are "free and equal;" and every thing that has been done in her political world for the last half century has gone to illustrate and carry out this somewhat intractable hypothesis. Upon this principle, the vote of John Jacob Astor, with his twenty-five millions of dollars, is neutralized by that of the Irish pauper just cast upon its shores. The *millionaire* counts one, and so does the dingy unit of Erin, though the former counts for himself, and the latter for his demagogue and his priest. The exclusion of women and negroes from this privilege remains, it is true, a *hiatus valde defendendus* by the choicer spirits of the democracy. It is thought, however, that the system will shortly be completed by the addition of these new constellations. At this moment, in prospect of a convention to re-tinker the constitution, two agitations are going on in the

state of New York—one to secure the "Political Rights of Women;" the other to extend those which negroes, under certain grievous restrictions, already enjoy. The theory of virtual representation has been held up to these two classes of citizens with as little success as to our own Radicals. Both negroes and women throw themselves upon the broad fact of their common humanity, and indignantly demand wherefore a black skin or a gentle sex should disqualify their possessors from the exercise of the dearest privilege of freemen.

Now, however absurd this system may appear to us in the abstract, and however strongly we should resist its application to our own political case, we believe, as we said before, that the Americans have no choice in the matter but to make it work as well as possible, and that it is for the interest of the world, as well as for their own, that it should so work. The preservation of peace, and our commercial relations with the United States, are far more important to us than the triumph of an idea. We are quite content, if they will permit us, to remain on the best of terms with our transatlantic descendants, and to see them happy and prosperous in their own way. We even think it fortunate for mankind that the principle of self-government is being worked out in that remote region, and under the most favourable circumstances, in order that the civilized world may take note thereof, and guide itself accordingly. It is, we know, a favourite theme with their demagogues, that the glory and virtue and happiness of Yankee-doodle-doo have inspired the powers of the rotten Old World with the deepest jealousy and hatred, and that every crown in Europe pales before the lustre of that unparalleled confederacy. Nothing can be wider of the truth, pleasing as the illusion may be to the self-love of the most vainglorious people under the sun. The *prestige* which America and her institutions once undoubtedly enjoyed in many parts of Europe is rapidly fading away, as each successive post brings fresh evidence of her vices and her follies. We can, indeed, recollect a time when the example of the model Republic was held up for admiration in the most respectable quarters, and

was the trump-card at every gathering of Radical reformers. But now the scene is changed—now, "none so poor to do her reverence." Even Chartist and Suffrage-men, Mr Miall and the Northern Star, have at last

— "forgot to speak
That once familiar word."

They turn from her, and pass away as gingerly as the chorus in the Greek play from the purloins of those omnis-goddesses—

ὡς τρέμομεν λέγειν
καὶ παραμειβόμεθ'
ἀδέρκτως ἀφώτως—

Mr O'Connell himself can find no room in his capacious affections for men who repudiate their debts, burn convents, "mob the finest pisantry," and keep a sixth of their population in chains in the name of liberty!

If "the great unwashed", on the other side of the Atlantic, will only consent to send men to their councils of moderately pure hearts and clean hands, they may rest assured that any conspiracy which the united powers of kings, nobles, and priests may devise against them, will take little by its motion. But they do just the reverse, as we shall presently show. The profligacy of their public men is proverbial throughout the states; and the coarse avidity with which they bid against each other for the petty spoils of office, is quite incomprehensible to an European spectator. To "make political capital," as their slang phrase goes, for themselves or party, the most obvious policy of the country is disregarded, the plainest requirements of morality and common sense set aside, and the worst impulses of the people watched, waited on, and stimulated into madness. To listen to the debates in Congress, one would think the sole object of its members in coming together, was to make themselves and their country contemptible. Owing to the rantings of this august body, and the generally unimportant character of the business brought before it, little is known of its proceedings in Europe except through the notices of some passing traveller. But its shame does not consist merely or chiefly in the occasional bowie-knife or revolver produced to clinch the argument of some ardent Western member, nor even in the un-

noted interchange of compliments not usually current amongst gentlemen. Much more deplorable is the low tone of morality and taste which marks their proceedings from first to last, the ruffian-like denunciations, the puerile rants, the sanguinary sentiments poured forth day by day without check or censure. This is harsh language, but they shall be judged out of their own mouths. We have before us a file of the *Congressional Globe*, the official record of the debates in both Houses, extending from December 12 to January 15. During this period the Oregon question was called up nearly every day, and we propose to give some specimens, *verbatim et literatim*, of the spirit in which it has been discussed. We shall give notices of the speakers and their constituents as we go along, to show that the madness is not confined to one particular place or party, but is common to Whig and Democrat, to the representatives of the Atlantic as well as of the Western states. Most of our European readers will, we think, agree with us, that, considering the entire absence of provocation, and the infinitely trivial nature of the matter in dispute, these rhetorical flourishes are without parallel in the history of civilized senates.

What is commonly called Oregon, is a strip of indifferent territory betwixt the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. It is separated from both the American and British possessions by an arid wilderness of great extent, or by many thousands of miles of tempestuous navigation, *via* Cape Horn. Since 1818, the claims of both parties to this region have been allowed to lie in abeyance under a convention of joint occupancy, if the advantages enjoyed in common by a handful of traders and trappers of both nations can be so called. The settlers from both countries are still numbered by hundreds, and the soil is very ill adapted to agricultural purposes; in short, it is the last thing in the world that a decent nation would get into a passion about. Still, as the previous administration had gained much glory by completing the robbery of Texas from Mexico, Mr Polk has thought fit to illustrate his by an attempt to squeeze and bully the sterner majesty of England. Accordingly, in his message, he boasts of having offered less

favourable terms than his predecessors; and these being of course rejected, retires with dignity upon the completeness of the American title, and intimates that the time is at hand when the rights of his country must be asserted, if necessary, by the sword. All this is new light to all the parties concerned; this tempest in a tea-pot is of Mr Polk's own particular brewing; the real Oregon being a little political capital, as aforesaid, for himself. So far he has been eminently successful, for the fierce democracy howls forth its applause upon the floor of Congress, in manner and form as followeth:—

Mr Cass, *Democratic* senator from Michigan, an *insolvent* western state, opened the ball on the 12th of December. He is said to aspire to the presidential chair, and is already a full general of militia. We give him his civil title, however, because we find him so set down in the *Globe*, which knows best what the military one is worth. There is nothing remarkable in his speech, except the fuss which he makes about national honour. He may find it lying in the ditch, much nearer home than Oregon—

"As to receding, it is neither to be discussed nor thought of. I refer to it but to denounce it—a denunciation which will find a response in every American bosom. Nothing is ever gained by national pusillanimity. The country which seeks to purchase temporary security by yielding to unjust pretensions, buys present ease at the expense of permanent honour and safety. It sows the wind to reap the whirlwind. I have said elsewhere what I repeat here, that it is better to fight for the first inch of national territory than for the last. It is better to defend the door-sill than the hearth-stone—the porch than the altar. *National character is a richer treasure than gold or silver*, and exercises a moral influence in the hour of danger, which, if not power itself, is it surest ally. *Thus far ours is untarnished!*" &c.

This statement of the relative value of "national character" as compared with the precious metals, will be very edifying to the creditors of Michigan.

Mr Serier, *Democratic* senator from Arkansas, another *insolvent* western state, is a still richer representa-

tive of the majesty of the American senate. This state is the head-quarters of the bowie-knife, revolver, and Judge Lynch *regime*, and Mr S.'s education in these particulars does not appear to have been neglected.

"It has been her (Great Britain's) bullying that has secured for her the respect of all Europe. *She is a court-house bully; and in her bullying, in my opinion, lies all her strength.* Now, she must be forced to recede; and like any of our western bullies, who, when once conquered, can be kicked by every body, from one end of the country to the other, England will, in case she do not recede from her position on this question, receive once more that salutary lesson which we have on more than one occasion already taught her." * * *

"I should like very much indeed to hear any one get on the stump, in my part of the country, sir, and undertake to tell us that the President had established our claims to Oregon, and made it as plain as the avenue leading to the White House; but inasmuch as there is great danger that Great Britain may capture our ships, and burn our cities and towns, it is very improper for us to give notice that we will insist upon our claim. *I need hardly say that such a one, if he could be found, would be summarily treated as a traitor to his country.*" * * *

No doubt of it. Furthermore, Mr Serier cannot think of arbitration, because—

"When I see such billing and cooing betwixt France and England; and when I think the Emperor of Russia may not desire to have so near his territory a set of men who read *Paine's Rights of Man*, and whistle 'Yankee-doodle,' I feel disposed to settle the matter at once by force of gunpowder. I consider the President acted wisely—very wisely—in keeping the case in its present position, and in giving intimation of taking possession after twelve months' notice, and then to hold it. Yes, sir, to hold it by the force of that rascally influence called gunpowder. That's my opinion. These are plain common-sense observations which I have offered."

What a love of a senator! We put it to the House of Lords—have they anything to show like unto this nobleman of the woods?—We will now, with the permission of our readers, introduce them for a few moments

to the House of Representatives. Mr Douglas, a *Democratic* representative from Illinois, another *insolvent* western state, wants to know why Great Britain should not be bullied as well as Mexico.

"He did hope that there would be no dodging on this Oregon question. Yes; that there would be no dodging on the Oregon question; that there would be no delay. There was great apprehension of war here last year—but of war with Mexico instead of Great Britain; and they had found men brave, and furious in their bravery, in defying Mexico and her allies, England and France, who now had an awful horror in prospect of a war with Great Britain. He (Mr D.) had felt pretty brave last year with reference to Mexico and her allies, and he felt equally so now. He believed if we wished to avoid a war upon this Oregon question, *the only way we could avoid it was preparing to give them the best fight we had on hand.* The contest would be a bloodless one; we should avoid war, for the reason that Great Britain knows too well: if she had war about Oregon, farewell to her Canada."

Our next extract will be from the speech of Mr Adams, a *Whig* representative from, we regret to say, Massachusetts, which is in every respect the pattern state of the Union. We are willing to believe that in this single case the orator does not represent the feelings of the majority of his constituents. Mr Adams has filled the Presidential chair, and other high offices; and, while secretary of state, permitted himself to say on a public occasion, that the madness of George the Third was a divine infliction for the course that monarch had pursued towards the United States. The ruling passions of his life are said to be, hatred to England and to his southern brethren; and he thinks that war would gratify both these malignant crotchets at once, as the former would, in that contingency, lose Canada, and the latter their slaves. He urges that notice to terminate the convention of joint occupation should be given, and then observes—

"We would only say to Great Britain, after negotiating twenty odd years under that convention, we do not choose to negotiate any longer in this way. We choose to take possession of our

own, and then, if we have to settle what is our own, or whether any portion belongs to you, we may negotiate. *We might negotiate after taking possession. That was the military way of doing business. It was the way in which Frederick II. of Prussia had negotiated with the Emperor of Austria for Silesia.* [Here Mr A. gave an account of the interview of Frederick the Great with the Austrian minister, and of the fact of Frederick having sent his troops to take possession of that province the very day that he had sent his minister to Vienna to negotiate for it.] Then we should have our elbows clear, and could do as we pleased. It did not follow as a necessary consequence that we should take possession; but he hoped it would follow as a consequence, and a very immediate one. But whether we give the notice or not, it did not necessarily draw after it hostility or war. If Great Britain chose to take it as an indication of hostility, and then to commence hostilities, why, we had been told that there would be but one heart in this country; and God Almighty grant that it might be so! If this war came—which God forbid! and of which, by the way, he had no apprehension whatever—he hoped the whole country would go into it with one heart and one mighty hand; and, if that were done, he presumed the question between us and Great Britain would not last long, neither Oregon, nor any country north of this latitude would long remain to Great Britain. Strong as was his moral aversion to war, modern war and military establishments, then, if he should have the breath of life at the time when the war commences, he hoped he should be able and willing to go as far in any sacrifices necessary to make the war successful, as any member of that house. He could say no more."

This profligate drivel is uttered by the Nestor of the commonwealth, an infirm old man, with one foot in the grave. In order, however, to make the course pursued by this gentleman and the next speaker intelligible to the English reader, we may explain that, by the annexation of Texas, the Southern States have a majority of votes in Congress; the Northern States are therefore indifferent about war for Oregon, and the abolitionists among them frantic for it, in order that their domestic balance of power may be restored. Mr Giddings, a *Whig*

representative from Ohio, and a red-hot abolitionist, indulges in the following most wicked and treasonable remarks:—

"This policy of adding territory to our original government is the offspring of the south. They have forced it upon the northern democracy. Their objects and ends are now answered. Texas is admitted. They have now attained their object, and now require the party to face about—to stop short, and leave the power of the nation in their hands. *They now see before them the black regiments of the West India islands landed on their shores. They now call to mind the declarations of British statesmen, that a war with the United States will be a war of emancipation. They now see before them servile insurrections which torment their imaginations; murder, rapine, and bloodshed, now dance before their affrighted visions. Well, sir, I say to them, this is your policy, not mine. You have prepared the cup, and I will press it to your lips till the very dregs shall be drained. Let no one misunderstand me. Let no one say I desire a slave insurrection; but, sir, I doubt not that hundreds of thousands of honest and patriotic hearts will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh. No, sir; should a servile insurrection take place, should massacre and blood mark the footsteps of those who have for ages been oppressed—my prayer to God shall be that justice—stern, unalterable justice—may be awarded to the master and the slave!*" "A war with England in the present state of the two nations must inevitably place in our possession the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. Six states will be added to the northern portion of the union, to restore the balance of power to the Free States. . . . I demand of you not to leave the nation in its present state of subjugation to the south. I will vote to give you the means of doing so," &c.

We hold up the ferocious cant of this mock philanthropist to the scorn of all good men, whether in Europe or America. So, because "the domestic institution" of his happy land is not to the taste of this Giddings, thousands of white men are to imbrue their hands in each other's blood, and England, the great champion of the negro race, at her own expense, is to be driven by force of arms out of Oregon. It is consoling, however, to find at last by their own confession,

that there is a weak place—and a very weak one too—in "the area of freedom."

Besides the acquisition of Canada, which is put down on all hands as a "gone 'coon," other brilliant results are to ensue from the possession of Oregon. Mr Ingersoll, (*Whig*), "a drab-coloured man" from Pennsylvania—"flattered himself that two years would not elapse before the Chinese and Japanese—sober, industrious, and excellent people—would be attracted there to settle. It was only a short voyage across the Pacific Ocean. Millions of those starving workmen who, in point of sobriety, industry, and capacity, were among the best in the world—workmen from every isle in the Pacific—men able to outwork the English, would flock there."

In the same fine strain of prophecy, Mr Darragh, another "drab" of the Democratic school, observes—

"He was one of those who believed that there were men now here, who might yet live to see a continuous railroad extending from the mouth of the Columbia to the Atlantic. The country would soon be filled with a dense population, and would eventually control the China trade, and affect the whole commerce of the Pacific. He trusted in God there would be a beginning of this end. He trusted that this government would say to the despotisms of Europe—Stay on your own side of the water, and do not attempt to intermeddle with the balance of power on this continent. He believed it to be the design of God that our free institutions, or institutions like ours, should eventually cover this whole continent—a consummation which could not but affect every part of the world, and the prospect of which ought to fill with joy the heart of every philanthropic man!"

But it won't till you've paid your debts, O Darragh!

Mr Baker, (*Whig*), another *insolvent* from Illinois, is very rich and rapacious—

"He (Mr B.) went for the whole of Oregon; for every grain of sand that sparkled in her moonlight, and every pebble on its wave-worn strand. It was ours—all ours; ours by treaty, ours by discovery. . . . There was such a thing as destiny for this American race—a destiny that would yet appear upon

the great chart of human history. It was already fulfilling, and that was a reason why we could now refuse to Great Britain that which we had offered her in 1818 and 1824. Reasons existed now in our condition, which did not exist then. Who at that time could have divined that our boundary was to be extended to the Rio del Norte, if not to Zacatecas, to Potosi, to California? No, we had a destiny, and Mr B. felt it." . . . "Cui a was the tongue which God had placed in the Gulf of Mexico to dictate commercial law to all who sought the Carribean Sea. And England was not to be allowed to take Cuba or hold Oregon, because *we, the people of the United States, had spread, were spreading, and intend to spread, and should spread, and go on to spread!*" . . . "Mr Speaker, if from this claim an echo shall come back, it may not come from Oregon, but it will come from the Canadas. Sir, it will be 'the last echo of a host o'erthrown.' The British power will be swept from this continent for ever; and though she may, 'like the sultan sun, struggle upon the fiery verge of heaven,' she must yield at last to the impulses of freedom, and to the touch of that destiny which shall crush her power in the western hemisphere!"

This may be considered bad to beat; yet, in our opinion, a choice spirit from Missouri, Sims by name, does it—

"It is so common on this floor, for inexperienced members to make apologies for their embarrassment, that I will not offer any for mine. I find some difficulty in getting along with all the questions that may be raised by the north or by the south, and by lawyers, and by metaphysicians, and learned doctors who abound here, that I shall be slow in getting along. I hope, therefore, that gentlemen will keep cool, and suffer me to get through." . . .

Certainly, Sims—there is no false modesty, you will observe, in this good Sims. He thus defines his position.

"I wish it to be distinctly understood what banner I fight under. *It is for Oregon, all or none, now or never!* Not only *I myself*, but all my own people whom I represent, will stand up to this motto. Around that will we rally, and for it will we fight, till the British lion shall trail in the dust. The lion has cowered before us before. *Take of whipping this nation?* Though not, sir, brought up in the tented field, nor ac-

customed to make war an exercise, and do not so much thirst for martial renown as to desire to witness such a war, yet I cannot fear it, nor doubt its success."

A touching episode in the life of Sims!—

"When I was a boy, sir—a small boy—in 1815, I was with my father in church where he was offering his prayers to the Almighty, and it was then that the news of the victory of New Orleans was brought to the spot. *I never felt so happy, sir, as at that moment.* At that moment my love of country commenced, and from that hour it has increased more and more every year; and I shall be ever ready to peril every thing in my power for the good of my country. Still, *I am for the whole of Oregon, and for nothing else but the whole; and in defence of it I will willingly see every river, from its mountain source to the ocean, reddened with the blood of the contest. Talk about this country being whipped! The thing is impossible! Why did not Great Britain whip us long ago, if she could?*" *

* * * * "I shall lose as much as any one in a war—I do not mean in property—but I have a wife and children, and I love them with all the heart and soul that I possess. No one can love his family more than I do mine, unless a stronger intellect may give him more strength of affection; and my family will be exposed to the merciless savages, who will as ever become the allies of Great Britain in any war. But still, sir, my people on the frontier will press on to the mouth of the Columbia, and fight for Oregon. *I am not sure but I will go myself.*"

The feelings of the female Sims, and all the little Simses, on reading that last sentence! We shudder to think of it. Sims, however, has made up his mind that the exploit is no great matter after all.

"It was said that the route to Oregon was impracticable, and that it was beset with dangerous enemies, and that we could not send troops over to Oregon, nor provisions to feed them. Now, sir, *we of Missouri can fit out ten thousand waggon-loads of provisions for Oregon, and ten thousand waggon-boys to drive them, who, with their waggon-whips, will beat and drive off all the British and Indians that they find in their way.*"

The peroration of this harangue is, perhaps, the funniest part of it all,

but want of space compels us to omit it. We let Sims drop with great reluctance, and pass over several minor luminaries who are quite unworthy to follow in his wake. Now, ladies and gentlemen, we are about to introduce to you Mr Kennedy, a *Democratic* representative from Indiana—a *very insolvent* Western state, and a celebrated "British or any other lion" tamer.

"Sir, (says Mr K.,) when the British lion, or any other lion, lies down in our path, we will not travel round the world in blood and fire, but will make him leave that lair." * * *

After this mysterious announcement, he enquires—

"Shall we pause in our career, or retrace our steps, because the British lion has chosen to place himself in our path? Has our blood already become so pale, that we should tremble at the roar of the king of beasts? We will not go out of our way to seek a conflict with him; but if he cross our path, and refuses to move at a peaceful command, *he will run his nose on the talons of the American eagle, and his blood will spout as from a harpooned whale. The spectators who look upon the struggle may prepare to hear a crash, as if the very ribs of nature had broke!*" . . .

Once more into the lion—or lioness—for it does not appear exactly which this time!

"We are one people and one country, and have one interest and one destiny, which, if we live up to, *though it may not free us to follow the British lion round the world in blood and slaver, will end in her expulsion from this continent, which he rests not upon but to pollute!*"

Mr Kennedy's solicitude for the rising generation is very touching—

"Where shall we find room for all our people, unless we have Oregon? What shall we do with all those little white-headed boys and girls—God bless them!—that cover the Mississippi valley, as the flowers cover the western prairies?"

In order to show the truly awful and more than Chinese populousness of this ancient State of Indiana, which was admitted into the Union so long ago as 1816, we may observe that its superficial extent is thirty-six thousand square miles, or twenty-three millions and forty thousand acres. The population in 1840, black and

white all told, amounted to the astounding number of six hundred and eighty-five thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, or about one-third of that of London! The adjoining states of Illinois and Missouri are still less densely peopled.

Mr Kennedy's opinions touching the British government—

"Cannibal-like, it fed one part of its subjects upon the other. She drinks the blood and sweat, and tears the sinews of its labouring millions to feed a miserable aristocracy. England is now seen standing in the twilight of her glory; but a sharp vision may see written upon her walls, the warning that Daniel interpreted for the Babylonish king—'Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin!'"

We cannot help the confusion of genders. It's so writ down in the *Globe*, as are all our quotations—*verbatim*. Here comes a fine "death or glory" blast—

"Why is it that, after all, we should so dread the shock of war? We all have to die, whether in our beds or in the battle-field. *Who of you all, when roused by the clangour of Gabriel's trumpet, would not rather appear in all the bloom of youth, bearing upon your front the scar of the death-wound received in defence of your country's right, than with the wrinkled front of dishonoured age?*"

Hoorra!—Only one more quotation from Kennedy, and that because it permits us to take a last fond look at Sims, who re-appears, for a moment, like a meteor on the scene of his past glories!

"Was it not a burning, blistering, withering shame that the cross of St George should be found *floating on American soil?*" [Here Mr L. H. Sims exclaimed, "Yes, and it will blister on our foreheads like the mark of Cain!"]

Mr Hamlin, a Democratic representative from Maine, one of the pattern New England states, is not far behind his Western brethren—

"Their progress was as certain as destiny. He could not be mistaken in the idea, that our flag was destined to shed its lustre over every hill and plain on the Pacific slope, and on every stream that mingles with the Pacific. What would monarchical institutions do—what would tyrants do—in this age of improvement—*this age of steam and lightning?* The still small voice in our legislative halls and seminaries of learning, would soon be re-echoed in distant

lands. Should we fold our arms and refuse, under all these circumstances, to discharge our duty? No; let us march

steadily up to this duty, and discharge it like men;

' And the gun of our nation's natal day
At the rise and set of sun,
Shall boom from the far north-east away
To the vales of Oregon.
And ships on the seashore luff and tack,
And send the peal of triumph back.'

Mr Stanton, a Democratic representative from the slave state of Tennessee—Polk's own—observes, that war about Oregon

"Would be another crime of fearful magnitude added to that already mountainous mass of fraud and havoc by which England has heretofore extended her power, and by which she now maintains it. *Did some gentlemen say that her crimes were represented by a vast pyramid of human skulls? I say, sir, rather by a huge pyramid of human hearts, living, yet bleeding in agony, as they are torn from the reeking bosoms of the toiling, fighting millions.*"

Peace, this person observes, is rather nearer his heart than any thing else, but

"If she must depart, if she is destined to take her sad flight from earth to heaven again, then welcome the black tempest of war. Welcome its terrors, its privations, its wounds, its deaths! We will sternly bare our bosoms to its deadliest shock, and trust in God for the result."

After all this, our readers will be little surprised to find that a Mr Gordon, from the rich and partially civilized state of New York, whose commercial relations with us are of such magnitude and importance, makes an ass of himself with the best of them.

"The next war with Great Britain will expel her from this continent. Though a peace-loving people, we are, when aroused in defensive warfare, the most warlike race ever clad in armour. Let war come, if it will come, boldly and firmly will we meet its shock, and roll back its wave on the fast anchored isle of Britain, and dash its furious flood over those who raised the storm, but could not direct its course. In a just war, as this would be on our part, the sound of the clarion would be the sweetest music that could greet our ears! . . . *I abhor and detest the British government.* Would to God that the

British people, the Irish, the Scotch, the Welsh, and the English, would rise up in rebellion, sponge out the national debt, confiscate the land, and sell it in small parcels among the people. *Never in the world will they reach the promised land of equal rights, except through a red sea of blood.* Let Great Britain declare war, and I fervently hope that the British people, at least the Irish, will seize the occasion to rise and assert their independence. . . . I again repeat, that *I abhor that government; I abhor that purse-proud and pampered aristocracy, with its bloated pension-list, which for centuries past has wrung its being from the toil, the sweat, and the blood of that people.*"

Mr Bunkerhoff, from Ohio, and his people—

"Would a great deal rather fight Great Britain than some other powers, for *we do not love her.* We hear much said about the ties of our common language, our common origin, and our common recollections, binding us together. But I say, *we do not love Great Britain at all; at least my people do not, and I do not.* A common language! It has been made the vehicle of an incessant torrent of abuse and misrepresentation of our men, our manners, and our institutions, and even our women—it might be vulgar to designate our plebeian girls as *ladies*—have not escaped it; and all this is popular, and encouraged in high places."

Mr Chipman, from Michigan, thus whistles Yankee-doodle, with the usual thorough-base accompaniment of self-conceit:—

"Reflecting that from three millions we had increased to twenty millions, we could not resist the conclusion, that Yankee enterprise and vigour—he used the term Yankee in reference to the whole country—were destined to spread our possessions and institutions over the whole country. Could any act of the government prevent this? He must be allowed to say, that wherever the Yankee slept for a night, there he would

rule. What part of the globe had not been a witness of their moral power, and to the light reflected from their free institutions?" * * *

Your Yankee proper can no more "get along" without his spice of cant, than without his chew of tobacco and his nasal twang. What follows, however, took even us by surprise:—

"Should we crouch to the British lion, because we had been thus prosperous? He remembered the time when education, the pride of the northern Whigs, was made the means of opposition to the democracy. He recollected the long agony that it cost him to relieve his mind from federal thralldom. EDUCATION WAS AN INSTRUMENT TO RIDICULE AND PUT DOWN DEMOCRACY."

What Mr Chipman would do—if—

"I appeal to high Heaven, that if a British fleet were anchored off here, in the Potomac, and demanded of us one inch of territory, or one pebble that was smoothed by the Pacific wave into a child's toy, upon penalty of an instant bombardment, I would say fire." * * "Now he (Mr C.) lived on the frontier. He remembered when Detroit was sacked. Then we had a Hull in Michigan; but now, thank God, we

had a Lewis Cass, who would protect the border if war should come, which, in his opinion, would not come. There were millions on the lake frontier who would, in case of war, rush over into Canada—the vulnerable point that was exposed to us. *He would pledge himself, that, upon a contract with the government, Michigan alone would take Canada in ninety days; and, if that would not do, they would give it up, and take it in ninety days again.* The Government of the United States had only to give the frontier people leave to take Canada."

Though Michigan has the benefit of this hero's councils, he is at the pains to inform us that Vermont, a New England state, claims his birth, parentage, and education—a fact which we gladly record on the enduring page of Maga for the benefit of the future compiler of the Chipman annals. He closes an oration, scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of Sims, with a melodious tribute to the land of his nativity.

"If Great Britain went to war for Oregon, how long would it be before her starving millions would rise in infuriated masses, and overwhelm their bloated aristocracy! He would say, then, if war should come—

'Hurrah for Vermont! for the land which we till
Will have some to defend her from valley and hill;
Leave the harvest to rot on the field where it grows,
And the reaping of wheat for the reaping of foes.

'Come Mexico, England! come tyrant, come knave,
If you rule o'er our land, ye shall rule o'er our grave!
Our vow is recorded—our banner unfurl'd,
In the name of Vermont, we defy all the world!"

Magnifique—superbe—pretty well! Would not the world like to know something of the resources of this unknown anthropophagous state which throws down the gauntlet so boldly? Well, in this very year of grace, the population of Vermont amounts to no less than 300,000 souls of all ages, sexes, and colours! She pays her governor the incredible sum of £150 a-year. Her exports in 1840 amounted to £60,000. Every thing about her is on the same homœopathic scale, except her heroes!

We have by no means exhausted our file, but our patience is expended, and so we fear is that of our readers. We write this in the city of New York,

in the first week of February, and the debate is still proceeding in a tone, if possible, still more outrageous and absurd. The most astounding feature of the whole is, that the "collective wisdom" of any country professing to be civilized, can come together day after day and listen to such trash, without censure—without even the poor penalty of a sneer.

The Americans complain that they have been grievously misrepresented by the British press. Mrs Trollope, Mr Dickens, and other authors, are no doubt very graphic and clever in their way; but in order to do this people full justice, they must be allowed to represent themselves. A man

must go amongst them fully to realize how hopeless and deplorable a state of things is that phase of society which halts betwixt barbarism and civilization, and is curiously deficient in the virtues of both. If he wishes to form a low idea of his species, let him spend a week or two at Washington; let him go amongst the little leaders of party in that preposterous capital, watch their little tricks, the rapacity with which they clutch the meanest spoils, and wonder how political profligacy grows fat upon diet so meagre and uninviting. He will come away with a conviction, already indorsed by the more respectable portion of the American community, that their government is the most corrupt under the sun; but he will not, with them, lay the flattering notion to his soul, that the people of whom such men are the chosen representatives and guides, are likely to contribute much to the aggregate of human happiness, freedom, and civilization.

As to the denunciations of Great Britain, so thickly strewn through these *carmina non prius audita* of the Congressional muse, we are sure they will excite no feeling in our readers but that of pity and contempt, and that comment upon them is unnecessary. The jealousy of foreign nations towards the arts and arms of his country, is no new experience to the travelled Englishman. Still, as the Americans have no reason to be particularly sore on the subject of our arms, and as they appropriate our arts, at a very small expense, to themselves, they might afford, we should think, to let the British lion alone, and glorify themselves without for ever shaking their fists in the face of that magnanimous beast. In a political point of view, however, the deep-seated hostility of this people towards the British government, is a fact neither to be concealed nor made light of. From a somewhat extended personal observation, the writer of this is convinced that war at any time, and in any cause, would be popular with a large majority of the inhabitants of the United States. It is in vain to oppose to their opinion the interests of their commerce, and the genius of their institutions, so unsuited to schemes of warlike aggrandizement.

The government of the United States is in the hands of the mob, which has as little to lose there as elsewhere, by convulsion of any kind.

We are willing to believe that the person who at present fills the Presidential chair at Washington, is fully alive to the responsibilities of his situation, and would gladly allay the storm which himself and his party have heretofore formed for their own most unworthy purposes. He knows full well that the dispute is in itself of the most trumpery nature; that the course of Great Britain has been throughout moderate and conciliatory to the last degree; that the military and financial position of the United States is such as to forbid a warlike crisis; and that, if hostilities were to ensue betwixt Great Britain and his country, no time could be more favourable to the former than the present. Yet, with all these inducements to peace, we fear he will find it impossible to bring matters to a satisfactory termination. But should an opportunity occur of taking us at disadvantage—should we find ourselves, for instance, involved in war with any powerful European nation—we may lay our account to have this envious and vindictive people on our backs. We are not, therefore, called upon to anticipate the trial, and to take the course of events into our own hands; but still less ought we to make any concessions, however trifling, which may retard, but will eventually exasperate, our difficulties. Much is in our power on the continent of North America, if we are but true to our own interests and to those of mankind. We should cherish to the utmost that affectionate and loyal spirit, which at present so eminently distinguishes our flourishing colony of Canada; we should look to it, that such a form of government be established in Mexico as shall at once heal her own dissensions, and guarantee her against the further encroachments of her neighbours; and we should invite other European nations to join with us in informing the populace of the United States, that they cannot be indulged in the gratification of those predatory interests, which the public opinion of the age happily denies to the most compact despotisms and the most powerful empires.

ANTONIO PEREZ.

As often as we revisit the fair city of Brussels, an irresistible attraction leads us from the heights crowned with its modern palaces, down among the localities of the valley beneath, the seat and scene of so many of the old glories of the capital of the Netherlands. On these occasions our steps unconsciously deviate a little from the direct line of descent, turning off on the left hand towards the Hotel d'Arenberg. But it is not to saunter through the elegant interior of this princely mansion, and linger over exquisite pictures and rare Etruscan vases, that we then approach it. Our musing eye sees not the actual walls shining with intolerable whiteness in the fierce summer-sun, but the towers of an ancient edifice, long ago demolished by the pitiless Alva, which once, as the Hotel de Cuylenbourg, covered the same site. Beneath its roof the Protestant Confederates, in 1566, drew up their memorable "Request" to Margaret of Parma; and at one of its windows these "Beggars," being dismissed with such contumelious scorn from the presence of the Regent, nobly converted the stigma into a war-cry; and, with the wallet of the "Gueux" slung across their shoulders, drank out of wooden porringers a benison on the cause of the emancipation of the United Provinces. So prompted to think of these stirring times, we are carried by the steep declivity of a few streets to that magnificent Town Hall, where, only eleven years before the occurrences in the Hotel Cuylenbourg, Charles V. had resigned into the hands of his son Philip the sovereignty of an extensive and flourishing empire. All that could be achieved by the energy of a mind confident of its own force and clearness—by a strong will wielding enormous resources of power—by prudence listening to, and able to balance, cautious experience, and fearless impetuosity—and by consummate skill in

the art of government, had been laboriously and successfully achieved by Charles. To Philip he transferred the most fertile, delightful, opulent, and industrious countries of Europe—Spain and the Netherlands, Milan and Naples. His African possessions included Tunis and Oran, the Cape Verd and Canary islands. The Moluccas, the Philippine and Sunda islands heaped his storehouses with the spices, and fruits, and prolific vegetable riches of the Indian Ocean; while from the New World, the mines of Mexico, Chili, and Potosi poured into his treasury their tributary floods of gold. His mighty fleet was still an invincible armada; and his army, inured to war, and accustomed to victory under heroic captains, upheld the wide renown of the Spanish infantry. But neither the abilities nor the auspicious fortunes of Charles were inherited with this vast dominion by Philip. It is almost a mystery the crumbling away during his reign of such wealth and such strength. To read the riddle, we must know Philip. The biography which we shall now hurriedly sketch, of one of his most eminent favourites and ministers, who was, also, one of the most remarkable men that ever lived, enables us to see further into the breast of the gloomy, jealous, and cruel king, than we could hope to do by the less penetrating light of general history.

It was in the course of the year 1594, that the mother of the great Lord Bacon wrote bitterly to his brother Anthony—"Tho' I pity your brother, yet so long as he pities not himself, but keepeth that bloody PEREZ, yea, as a coach-companion and bed-companion, a proud, profane, costly fellow, whose being about him I verily fear the Lord God doth mislike, and doth less bless your brother in credit, and otherwise in his health, surely I am utterly discouraged, and make conscience further to undo myself to maintain such wretches as he

is, that never loved your brother but for his own credit, living upon him."

This dark portrait, even from the pencil of maternal anxiety, is not overcharged with shade. A few words, which could not have been uttered by the Lady Bacon except as a prophetess, we may add in reference to the meeting of the famous Englishman and the notorious Spaniard. At that moment the public life of Francis Bacon was faintly dawning. The future Minister of State and Chancellor of England had just entered the House of Commons, and was whining for promotion at the gate of the royal favourite. The mean subservience of his nature was to be afterwards developed in its repulsive fullness. His scheming ambition saw itself far away from the ermine of justice, doomed to be spotted by his corruption. He had not then betrayed, and brought to the scaffold, and slandered his benefactor. The power and honours of which he was to be stripped, were yet to be won. His glory and his shame alike were latent. He was beginning hazardously a career of brilliant and dismal vicissitudes, to finish it with a halo of immortal glory blazing round his name.

But such a career along a strange parallelism of circumstances, although with a gloomier conclusion, Antonio Perez had already run. The unscrupulous confidant and reckless tool of a crafty and vindictive tyrant, he had wielded vast personal authority, and guided the movements of an immense empire.

"Antonio Perez, secretary of state," said one of his contemporaries, "is a pupil of Ruy Gomez. He is very discreet and amiable, and possesses much authority and learning. By his agreeable manners, he goes on tampering and disguising much of the disgust which people would feel at the king's slowness and sordid parsimony. Through his hands have passed all the affairs of Italy, and also those of Flanders, ever since this country has been governed by Don Juan, who promotes his interests greatly, as do, still more, the Archbishop of Toledo and the Marquis de Los Valez. He is so clever and capable that he must become the king's principal minister. He is thin, of delicate health, rather extravagant, and fond of his ad-

vantages and pleasures. He is tenacious of being thought much of, and of people offering him presents."

To gratify, by one dreadful blow, a cruel king and a guilty passion, he murdered his friend. The depth of his misery soon rivalled and exceeded the eminence of his prosperity. Hurlled from his offices and dignities, deprived of the very title of nobility, condemned by the civil, and excommunicated by the ecclesiastical tribunals, cast into prison, loaded with irons, put to the torture, hunted like a wild beast out of his own country and many a nook of refuge in other lands, Perez, who had been "the most powerful personage in the Spanish monarchy," was, when we first meet him in the company of Bacon, an exile in penury. And so he died, an impoverished outcast, leaving to posterity a name which befits, if it cannot adorn, a tale, and may well point a moral.

The "bloody" Perez was the natural son of Gonzalo Perez, who was for a long time Secretary of State to Charles V. and Philip II. Of his mother nothing is known. The conjectures of scandal are heightened and perplexed by the fact that he was ennobled when a child, and that, amidst all the denunciations of his overbearing behaviour and insufferable arrogance, he is never reproached with the baseness of his maternal lineage. Legitimated in infancy by an imperial diploma, Antonio was literally a courtier and politician from his cradle.

"Being of a quick understanding, an insinuating character, and a devotedness which knew neither bounds nor scruples, full of expedients, a nervous and elegant writer, and expeditious in business, he had gained the favour of Philip II., who had gradually given him almost his entire confidence. He was, with Cayas, one of the two secretaries of the council of state, and was charged principally with the *despacho universal*; that is, with the counter-sign and the conduct of the diplomatic correspondence and the royal commands. Philip imparted to him his most secret designs; and it was Perez who, in deciphering the despatches, separated the points to be communicated to the council of state

for their opinion, from those which the king reserved for his exclusive deliberation. Such high favour had intoxicated him. He affected even towards the Duke of Alva, when they met in the king's apartments at dinner, a silence and a haughtiness which revealed at once the arrogance of enmity and the infatuation of fortune. So little moderation in prosperity, coupled with the most luxurious habits, a passion for gaming, a craving appetite for pleasures, and excessive expenses, which reduced him to receive from every hand, excited against him both envy and animosity in the austere and factious court of Philip II.; and, on the first opportunity, inevitably prepared his downfall. This event, too, he himself hastened by serving too well the distrustful passions of Philip, and, perhaps, even by exciting them beyond measure against two men of his own party, Don Juan of Austria and his secretary Escovedo."

It is impossible to imagine that the character of Philip was not fathomed by Perez. The peril of his position, as the depositary of the innermost secrets of the king, could not have escaped his acute mind. The treachery of his daily services, to which, in the words we have quoted, allusion is made, must have perpetually reminded him how probably he was preparing for himself the ruin which before his own eyes had struck and destroyed more than one of his predecessors. At the same time, the bent of his disposition carried him readily enough into intrigue, deceit, and cool remorseless villany. He was not retarded by any scruple, or abashed by any principle. But he did not lack sagacity. The power which he loved and abused was acquired and retained easily, because the exercise of his talents had always been quite in harmony with the natural flexion of his mind. In the conduct of public affairs, Philip never had a minister who more dexterously conformed reasons and actions of policy to the will, or prejudices, or passions of the sovereign. All the extravagance, and even towards so terrible an enemy as Alva, all the insolence of Perez, could hardly have shaken his security. From what he knew, and what he had done, Philip, it is true, might at any moment be tempted to work his downfall, if not his death; but, in conse-

quence of that very knowledge and his very deeds, the value of such an adviser and such a tool was almost sure to protract and avert his doom. The disgrace and misfortune, therefore, of Perez, however enveloped afterwards in the mantle of political delinquency, are to be traced to more strictly personal causes. It is a curious, interesting, and horrible story.

The memorable struggle of the Netherlands against the domination of Spain was at its height. The flames kindled by the ferocity of Alva had not been extinguished by his milder but far less able successor, the Grand Commander Requesens, who sank under the harassing pressure of the difficulties which encompassed him. Upon his death, the Spanish court, alive to the momentous issues of the contest, invoked the services of one of the most celebrated men of the age. Don John of Austria, who saved Europe and Christianity at the Gulf of Lepanto, and had repeatedly humbled the Crescent in its proudest fortresses, was chosen to crush the rebellious Flemings. The appointment was hardly made, when clouds of distrust began to roll over the spirit of Philip. The ambition of his brother was known and troublesome to him, as he had baffled but two years before a project which Don John took little pains to conceal, and even induced the Pope to recommend, of converting his conquest of Tunis into an independent sovereignty for himself. Believing these alarming aspirations to be prompted by the Secretary Juan de Soto, whom Ruy Gomez had placed near his brother, Philip removed Soto and substituted ESCOVEDO, on whose fidelity he relied, and who received secret instructions to divert, as far as possible, the dreams of Don John from sceptres and thrones. But a faithless master taught faithlessness to his servants. Escovedo, neglecting the counsels of Philip, entered cordially into the views and schemes of Don John, until the sagacious vigilance of Antonio Perez startled the jealousy of the Spanish monarch by the disclosure, that Don John intended, and was actually preparing to win and wear the crown of England. Such a prospect, there can be no doubt, tore his sullen soul with bitter

recollections, and made him resolve, more sternly than ever, that the haughty island should groan beneath no yoke but his own. The mere subjugation of England by Spanish arms, and the occupation of its throne by a Spaniard, not himself, were insufficient to glut the hatred, and avenge the insulted majesty of Philip. For his own hands and his own purposes he reserved the task; and at a later period, the wreck of the Armada strewn the shores of Britain with memorials of his gigantic and innocuous malignity. Dissembling, however, his displeasure, he permitted Don John to expect, when the Netherlands had been pacified, his approval of the invasion of England.

"At the same time, to become acquainted with all his brother's designs, and watch the intrigues of Escovedo, he authorized Perez, who was the confidant of the one and the friend of the other, to correspond with them, to enter into their views, to appear to gain his favour for them, to speak even very freely of him, in order to throw them the more off their guard, and afterwards to betray their secrets to him. Perez sought, or, at the very least, accepted this odious part. He acted it, as he himself relates, with a shameless devotion to the king, and a studied perfidy towards Don Juan and Escovedo. He wrote letters to them, which were even submitted to the inspection of Philip, and in which he did not always speak respectfully of that prince; he afterwards communicated to Philip the bold despatches of Escovedo, and the effusions of Don Juan's restless and desponding ambition. In forwarding to the king a letter from Escovedo, he at once boasts, and clears himself of this disloyal artifice. 'Sire,' says he, 'it is thus one must listen and answer for the good of your service; people are held much better thus at sword's length; and one can better do with them whatever is conducive to the interest of your affairs. But let your majesty use good precaution in reading these papers; for, if my artifice is discovered, I shall no longer be good for any thing, and shall have to discontinue the game. Moreover, I know very well that, for my duty and conscience, I am doing, in all this, nothing but what I ought; and I need no other theology than my own to comprehend it.' The king answers—'Trust, in every thing, to my circumspection.

My theology understands the thing just as yours does, and considers not only that you are doing your duty, but that you would have been remiss towards God and man, had you not done so, in order to enlighten my understanding, as completely as is necessary, against human deceits and upon the things of this world, at which I am truly alarmed."

The laurels of the conqueror of the Turks drooped and withered in Flanders.

"This young and glorious captain found, in the provinces confederated at Ghent, an incurable distrust both of the Spaniards and himself. The profound and skilful policy of the Prince of Orange raised obstacles against him which he could not surmount. In spite of the moderate conditions which he offered to the assembled States-General, he was received by them much less as a pacificator than as an enemy. They refused to authorize the departure of the Spanish troops by sea, fearing they might be employed against the provinces of Holland and Zealand, and they required that they should repair to Italy by land. Don Juan saw his designs upon England, on this side, vanishing. Without authority, money, or any means of establishing the domination of the king, his brother, and of supporting his own renown, he took a disgust to a position which offered him no issue. Accustomed, hitherto, to rapid and brilliant enterprises, he desponded at his impotency; and already a prey to gnawing cares, which were leading him slowly to the tomb, he demanded his recall."

To enforce his complaints, Don John sent Escovedo to Spain. Redress was not granted, and his messenger never returned to him. The deadly correspondence between Perez and himself—the outpourings of an ardent and daring temper, swelling with lofty designs, and pining beneath an apparently irremediable inaction, into the ears of a frigid and false winnower of unguarded words and earnest feelings—was continued unremittingly. M. Mignet, it seems to us, shows very satisfactorily, that Perez, in his abominable office of an unjust interpreter of the wishes and intentions of Don John, drugged Philip copiously with calumnious reports and unwarrantable insinuations. Be

that as it may, we are inclined to believe, among other matters of a very different complexion, that, without repugnance on the part of Philip, there was tossing about for a time, in the lottery of events, a marriage between Don John and our beautiful and unfortunate Mary. There is a pleasure and a grace sometimes in idle speculation; but to the leisure of a happier fancy than ours we commit the picture of the consequences of an union between the heroic Don John and the lovely Queen of Scotland. "*Money, more money, and Escovedo*," became at length, in his perplexity and anguish, the importunate clamour of the governor of the Netherlands. Then it was, as *Perez tells us*, that Philip and his obsequious counsellors meditated on the course best fitted for what was evidently a serious conjuncture. Then it was, we learn from the same authority, that the king determined ON THE DEATH OF ESCOVEDO.

"They took a review of the various schemes that had been planned in favour of Prince Don Juan, ever since his residence in Italy, without the king having any communication or perfect knowledge of them; they called to mind the grievous disappointment experienced by the authors of these projects, at the expedition to England not taking place according to their first idea; the attempt they made a second time, for the same object, with his Holiness, when they were in Flanders, and always without giving the king any account; the design of deserting the government of Flanders, when once the expedition to England was abandoned; the secret understandings formed in France without the king's knowledge; the resolution they had formed, to prefer going as adventurers into France, with six thousand foot and one thousand horse, to filling the highest offices; lastly, the very strong language with which the prince, in his letters, expressed his grief and despair. The result of all this seemed, that there was reason to fear some great resolution, and the execution of some great blow or other which

might trouble the public peace, and the tranquillity of his majesty's states, and, moreover, that Prince Don Juan might himself be ruined, if they let the secretary, Escovedo, remain any longer with him."

What a gap there is in the whole truth in this story, on which Perez subsequently built his defence, we shall now briefly explain. With one considerable exception, historians concur in their belief of the amours of Perez with the Princess of Eboli. Ranke, who is satisfied with the political explanation given by Perez of the murder of Escovedo, discredits the notion of Perez being a lover of the princess, because she was old, and blind of one eye, and because his own wife, Dona Juana Coello, evinced towards him, throughout his trial, the most devoted and constant affection.

"The last reason," says our author, with perfect truth, "goes for nothing." The love of woman buries her wrongs without a tear. "As to the objection," M. Mignet proceeds to remark, "derived from the age and appearance of the Princess of Eboli, it has not much foundation either. All contemporary writers agree in praising her beauty (*hermosura*.) Born in 1540, she married Ruy Gomez at the age of thirteen, and was only thirty-eight years old at the present period. She was not one-eyed, but she squinted. There was nothing in her person to prevent the intimacy which Ranke discredits, but which numerous testimonies place beyond any doubt. I quote only the most important, waiving the presents which Perez had received from the princess, and which he was condemned to give back by a decree of justice."

It is too late now, we join M. Mignet in believing, to doubt or even to decry the personal charms of the Princess of Eboli, which the misty delirium of the poet may have magnified, or the expedient boldness of the romancer too voluptuously emblazoned, but which more than one grave annalist has calmly commemorated.*

* "*Dona Ana de Mendoza y de la Cerda*," observes the historian of the house of Silva, "the only daughter of Don Diego de Mendoza and the Lady Catalina de Silva, was, from the blood which ran in her veins, from her beauty, and her noble inheritance, one of the most desirable matches (*apeticidos casamientos*) of the day!"

We shall not, however, venture to decide the nice question which oscillates between an obliquity and a loss of vision. The Spanish word "tuerto" means, ordinarily, "blind of one eye." And there is an answer which M. Mignet probably considers apocryphal, as he does not allude to it, said to have been made by Perez to Henry IV. of France, who expressed surprise that he should be so much the slave of a woman that had but one eye. "Sire," replied the ingeniously gallant Perez, "she set the world on fire with that; if she had preserved both, she would have consumed it." It is of little consequence. Any slight physical blemish or imperfection was more than counterbalanced by the wit and accomplishments of this seductive woman, whose enchantments, like those of Ninon de l'Enclos, defied the impairing inroads of old age.

It is unnecessary here to repeat or analyse the powerful concatenation of proofs by which her criminal intimacy with Perez is established. We may frankly admit, nevertheless, that the first perusal of the evidence did not convince us. The probability was strong that much would be exaggerated, perverted, and invented, before a partial tribunal, in order to annihilate a disgraced courtier, a fallen and helpless enemy. But the reasons which appear conclusively to fix culpability, will be better understood when the facts of the case are stated. Every witness must be branded with perjury, to entitle us to doubt that the familiarity of Perez with the princess had attracted observation. Escovedo was aware of it, saw it, and denounced it. He remonstrated with both parties on their guilt and on their danger. The appeals to conscience and to fear were of unequal force. The guilt of their conduct was not likely to excite, in a couple abandoned to the indulgence of a mutual and violent passion, any emotion except anger against the honesty and audacity which rebuked them. By a grave discourse on breaches of decorum and morality, Escovedo ran the risk of being considered—what the princess actually declared him to be—a rude fellow and a bore. But the danger of their profligacy was a more delicate and ominous text for censure. In the peril of any public exposure was in-

volved an additional complication of guilt. Perez was not the only favoured votary of the versatile siren. His rival, or rather his partner, was—Philip of Spain! The revelation of promiscuous worship, threatened by Escovedo, sounded like a knell to Perez and the princess. Was it a mad defiance, or a profound prescience, of the consequences, which, when Escovedo, stung on one occasion beyond forbearance by the demonstration of iniquity which Othello in his agony demands of Iago, declared loudly his purpose of divulging every thing to the king?—was it, we say, the fury or the shrewdness of despair which then drew from the lady a reply of outrageous and coarse effrontery? The irrecoverable words being spoken, we think, with M. Mignet, that "the ruin of Escovedo, whose indiscretions were becoming formidable, was doubtless sworn, from this moment, by Perez and the princess."

We shall now, with some consciousness of superiority over the German, Feuerbach, whose common-place murders are flavourless for us, (who were fellow-citizens of Burke, and rode in an omnibus with Greenacre, just as Bacon had Perez for a coach-companion,) transcribe the minute continuous narrative of the assassination of Escovedo, taken down from the lips of Antonio Enriquez, the page and familiar of Antonio Perez:—

" 'Being one day at leisure in the apartment of Diego Martinez, the majordomo of Antonio Perez, Diego asked me whether I knew any of my countrymen who would be willing to stab a person with a knife. He added, that it would be profitable and well paid, and that, even if death resulted from the blow, it was of no consequence. I answered, that I would speak of it to a mule-driver of my acquaintance, as in fact I did, and the muleteer undertook the affair. Afterwards, Diego Martinez gave me to understand, with rather puzzling reasons, that it would be necessary to kill the individual, who was a person of importance, and that Antonio Perez would approve of it; on this, I remarked that it was not an affair to be trusted to a muleteer, but to persons of a better stamp. Then Diego Martinez added, that the person to be killed often came to the house, and that, if we

could put any thing in his food or drink, we must do so; because that was the best, surest, and most secret means. It was resolved to have recourse to this method, and with all dispatch.

“ ‘During these transactions, I had occasion to go to Murcia. Before my departure, I spoke of it to Martinez, who told me I should find, in Murcia, certain herbs well adapted to our purpose; and he gave me a list of those which I was to procure. In fact, I sought them out and sent them to Martinez, who had provided himself with an apothecary, whom he had sent for from Molina in Aragon. It was in my house that the apothecary, assisted by Martinez, distilled the juice of those herbs. In order to make an experiment of it afterwards, they made a cock swallow some, but no effect followed; and what they had thus prepared, was found to be good for nothing. The apothecary was then paid for his trouble, and sent away.

“ ‘A few days after, Martinez told me he had in his possession a certain liquid fit to be given to drink, adding that Antonio Perez, the secretary, would trust nobody but me, and that, during a repast which our master was to give in the country, I should only have to pour out some of this water for Escovedo, who would be among the guests, and for whom the preceding experiments had already been tried. I answered, that unless my master himself gave me the order, I would not have a hand in poisoning any body. Then the secretary, Anthony Perez, called me one evening in the country, and told me how important it was for him that the secretary Escovedo should die; that I must not fail to give him the beverage in question on the day of the dinner: and that I was to contrive the execution of it with Martinez; adding, moreover, good promises and offers of protection in whatever might concern me.

“ ‘I went away very contented, and consulted with Martinez as to the measures to be taken. The arrangement for the dinner was as follows: entering the house by the passage of the stables, which are in the middle, and advancing into the first room, we found two side-boards, one for the service of plates, and the other for that of the glasses, from which we were to supply the guests with drink. From the said room, on the left, we passed to that where the tables were laid, and the windows of which looked out on the country. Between

the room where they were to dine, and that where the side-boards stood, was a square room, serving as an antechamber and passage. Whilst they were eating, I was to take care that every time the secretary Escovedo asked for drink, I should be the person to serve him. I had thus the opportunity of giving him some twice; pouring the poisoned water into his wine at the moment I passed through the antechamber, about a nut-shell-full, as I had been ordered. The dinner over, secretary Escovedo went away, but the others remained to play, and Antonio Perez having gone out for a moment, rejoined his major-domo and me in one of the apartments over the court-yard, where we gave him an account of the quantity of water that had been poured into secretary Escovedo's glass; after which, he returned to play. We heard, afterwards, that the beverage had produced no effect.

“ ‘A few days subsequent to this ill success, secretary Antonio Perez gave another dinner in what is called Cordon House, which belonged to the count of Punoñ Rostro, where secretary Escovedo, Dona Juana Coëllo, the wife of Perez, and other guests, were present. Each of them was served with a dish of milk or cream, and in Escovedo's was mixed a powder like flour. I gave him, moreover, some wine mixed with the water of the preceding dinner. This time it operated better, for secretary Escovedo was very ill, without guessing the reason. During his illness, I found means for one of my friends, the son of captain Juan Rubio, governor of the principality of Melfi, and formerly Perez's major-domo (which son, after having been page to Dona Juana Coëllo, was a scullion in the king's kitchens), to form an acquaintance with secretary Escovedo's cook, whom he saw every morning. Now, as they prepared for the sick man a separate broth, this scullion, taking advantage of a moment when nobody saw him, cast into it a thimble-full of a powder that Diego Martinez had given him. When secretary Escovedo had taken some of this food, they found that it contained poison. They subsequently arrested one of Escovedo's female slaves who must have been employed to prepare the pottage; and, upon this proof, they hung her in the public square at Madrid, though she was innocent.

“ ‘Secretary Escovedo having escaped all these plottings, Antonio Perez adopted another plan, viz., that we should

kill him some evening with pistols, stilettoes, or rapiers, and that without delay. I started, therefore, for my country, to find one of my intimate friends, and a stiletto with a very thin blade, a much better weapon than a pistol for murdering a man. I travelled post, and they gave me some bills of exchange of Lorenzo Spinola at Genoa, to get money at Barcelona, and which, in fact, I received on arriving there.'

'Here Enriquez relates, that he enticed into the plot one of his brothers, named Miguel Bosque, to whom he promised a sum of gold and the protection of Perez; that they arrived at Madrid the very day Escovedo's slave was hanged; that, during his absence, Diego Martinez had fetched from Aragon, for the same object, two resolute men, named Juan de Mesa and Insausti; that the very day after his arrival, Diego Martinez had assembled them all four, as well as the scullion Juan Rubio, outside Madrid, to decide as to the means and the moment of the murder; that they had agreed upon this, that Diego Martinez had procured them a sword, broad and fluted up to the point, to kill Escovedo with, and had armed them all with daggers; and that Antonio Perez had gone, during that time, to pass the holy week at Alcala, doubtless with the intention of turning suspicion from him when the death of Escovedo was ascertained. Then Antonio Enriquez adds:—

'It was agreed, that we should all meet every evening upon the little square of Saint James (Jacobo), whence we should go and watch on the side by which secretary Escovedo was to pass; which was done. Insausti, Juan Rubio, and Miguel Bosque, were to waylay him; while Diego Martinez, Juan de Mesa, and I, were to walk about in the neighbourhood, in case our services should be required in the murder. On Easter Monday, March 31, the day the murder was committed, Juan de Mesa and I were later than usual in repairing to the appointed spot, so that, when we arrived at St James's Square, the four others had already started to lie in ambush for the passing of secretary Escovedo. Whilst we were loitering about, Juan de Mesa and I heard the report that Escovedo had been assassinated. We then retired to our lodgings. Entering my room, I found Miguel Bosque there, in his doublet, having lost his cloak and pistol; and Juan de Mesa found, likewise, Insausti at his door,

who had also lost his cloak, and whom he let secretly into his house.'

The quiet pertinacity which characterizes this deliberate murder adds a creditable chapter to the voluminous "Newgate Calendar" of the sixteenth century. The murderers—first, second, third, and fourth—having executed their commission, were rewarded with a dramatic appreciation of their merits. Miguel Bosque received a hundred gold crowns from the hand of the clerk in the household of Perez. Juan de Mesa was presented with a gold chain, four hundred gold crowns, and a silver cup, to which the Princess of Eboli added, in writing, a title of employment in the administration of her estates. Diego Martinez brought to the three others brevets, signed nineteen days after this deed of blood, by Philip II. and Perez, of *alfarez*, or ensign in the royal service, with an income of twenty gold crowns. They then smilingly dispersed, as the play directs, "you that way, I this way."

Such blood will not sink in the ground. Instantly, at a private audience granted to him by Philip, the son of Escovedo, impelled by a torrent of universal suspicion, charged his father's death home to Perez. On the same day, Philip communicated to Perez the accusation. No pictorial art, we are sure, could exhibit truly the faces of these two men, speaking and listening, at that conference. This, however, was the last gleam of his sovereign's confidence that ever shone on Perez. His secret and mortal enemy, Mathew Vasquez, one of the royal secretaries, having espoused the cause of the kinsmen of Escovedo, wrote to Philip, "People pretend that it was a great friend of the deceased who assassinated the latter, because he had found him interfering with his honour, and *on account of a woman*." The barbed missile flew to its mark, and rankled for ever.

Our limits preclude the most concise epitome of the next twelve years of the life of Perez, of which the protracted tribulations, indeed, cannot be related more succinctly and attractively than they are by M. Miguet. During this weary space of time, Perez, single-handed, maintained an energetic defensive warfare against the disfavour of a vindictive monarch,

the oppression of predominant rivals, the insidious machinations and wild fury of relentless private revenge, the most terrific mockeries of justice, the blackest mental despondency, and exquisite physical suffering. Philip II. displayed all his atrocious feline propensities—alternately hiding and baring his claws—tickling his victim to-day with delusions of mercy and protection, in order to smite him on the morrow with heavier and unmitigated cruelty. The truth is, he did not dare to kill, while he had no desire to save. Over and over again, in the course of the monstrous burlesques which were enacted in judicial robes as legal inquiries, did Philip privately, both orally and in writing, exonerate and absolve the murderer. Prosecutors and judges were bridled and overawed—kinsmen were abashed—popular indignation was quelled by reiterated assurances and reports, that the confidential secretary of state had been the passive and faithful executioner of royal commands. Even Uncle Martin, the privileged court-fool, when the flight ultimately of Perez gave general satisfaction, though not to the implacable Philip, exclaimed openly—"Sire, who is this Antonio Perez, whose escape and deliverance have filled every one with delight? He cannot, then, have been guilty; rejoice, therefore, like other people." But the lucky rival—the happy lover, could not expiate his rank offence by any amount of sacrifice in person or estate. According to our view of these lingering scenes of rancorous persecution, Philip gradually habituated himself to gloat over the sufferings of Perez with the morbid rapture of monomania. So long as the wretched man was within his reach, he contemplated placidly the anguish inflicted on him by the unjust or excessive malevolence of his enemies. He repeatedly checked the prosecutions of the Escovedo family, and sanctioned their revival with as little difficulty as if he had never interposed on any former occasion. He relaxed at intervals the rigorous imprisonment under which Perez was gasping for the breath of life, granting him for nearly a twelvemonth so much liberty as to inflate a naturally buoyant temperament with inordinate hope; but, in that very period, instigated and ap-

proved of investigations and actions at law, which resulted in reducing Perez, in so far as wealth and honours were concerned, to beggary and rags. He threw into a dungeon Pedro de Escovedo, who talked unreservedly of his desire to assassinate Perez; and refused the fervent entreaties of Perez himself to remove, for a temporary relief, the fetters with which, when his ailing body could scarcely support its own weight, his limbs had been loaded. He sent Perez compassionate and encouraging messages, writing to him, "I will not forsake you, and be assured that their animosity (of the Escovedos) will be impotent against you;" while he regularly transmitted to Vasquez and the Escovedos the information which nourished and hardened their hatred. And finally, having constantly enjoined Perez to take heed that no one should discover the murder to have been perpetrated by the king, Philip, on the ground that he obstinately refused to make a full confession, imperturbably consigned him "to that dreadful proof, the revolting account of which," says M. Mignet, "I will quote from the process itself:"—

"At the same instant, the said judges replied to him that the proofs still remaining in all their force and vigour . . ., they ordered him to be put to the torture to make him declare what the king required; that if he lost his life, or the use of some limbs, it would be his own fault; and that he alone would be responsible. He repeated, once more, his former assertions, and protested, moreover, against the use of torture towards him, for these two reasons: first, because he was of a noble family; and secondly, because his life would be endangered, since he was already disabled by the effects of his eleven years' imprisonment. The two judges then ordered his irons and chain to be taken off; requiring him to take an oath and declare whatever he was asked. Upon his refusal, Diego Ruis, the executioner, stripped him of his garments, and left him only his linen drawers. The executioner having afterwards retired, they told him once more to obey the king's orders, on pain of suffering torture *by the rope*. He repeated once more that he said what he had already said. Immediately the ladder and apparatus of torture having been brought, Diego Ruis,

the executioner, crossed the arms of Antonio Perez, one over the other; and they proceeded to give him one twist of the rope. He uttered piercing cries, saying: *Jesus! that he had nothing to declare; that he had only to die in torture; that he would say nothing; and that he would die.* This he repeated many times. By this time they had already given him four turns of the rope; and the judges having returned to summon him to declare what they wanted of him, he said, with many shrieks and exclamations, *that he had nothing to say; that they were breaking his arm. Good God! I have lost the use of one arm; the doctors know it well.* He added with groans: *Al! Lord, for the love of God! . . . They have crushed my hand, by the living God!* He said, moreover: *Senor Juan Gomez, you are a Christian; my brother, for the love of God, you are killing me, and I have nothing to declare.* The judges replied again, that he must make the declarations they wanted; but he only repeated: *Brother, you are killing me! Senor Juan Gomez, by our Saviour's wounds, let them finish me with one blow! . . . Let them leave me, I will say whatever they will; for God's sake, brother, have compassion on me!* At the same time, he entreated them to relieve him from the position in which he was placed, and to give him his clothes, saying, he would speak. This did not happen until he had suffered eight turns of the rope; and the executioner being then ordered to leave the room where they had used the torture, Perez remained alone with the licentiate Juan Gomez and the scrivener Antonio Marquez."

The impunity of tyranny was overstrained. The tide of sympathy fluctuated, and ebbed with murmuring agitation from the channel in which it had flowed so long with a steady current. Jesters and preachers uttered homely truths—the nobles trembled—and the people shuddered. With a few intelligible exceptions, there was a burst of general satisfaction when, on the 20th April 1591, two months after his torture, Perez, by the aid of his intrepid and devoted wife—(and shall we be too credulous in adding, with the connivance of his guards?)—broke his bonds, fled from Castile, and set his foot on the soil of independent Aragon.

Let us now, for a moment, reconsider the motives which solve, as they

guided, at once the indefensible guilt of Perez, and the malignant perfidy of Philip. The King of Spain unquestionably ordered the murder of Escovedo, and confided its perpetration to the docile secretary. But the death-warrant slumbered for a while in the keeping of the executioner. It was not until Escovedo acquired his perilous knowledge of the debaucheries of Perez and the Princess of Eboli, and had avowed his still more perilous resolution of publishing their frailty in a quarter where detection was ruin, that Perez plied with inflexible diligence artifice and violence, poison and dagger—to satisfy, coincidently, himself and his sovereign. By a similar infusion of emotions, roused by later occurrences, the feelings of Philip towards Perez underwent, after the murder, a radical change. He at first unhesitatingly joined, as we have seen, in rewarding the actual murderers. The tale of the preference lavished by beauty on his minion had not seared his heart-strings. With that revelation came the mood of inexpiable hate. A word from him, uttered with unequivocal emphasis, would have cleared and rescued Perez. Such words, indeed, he pronounced more than once; but never as he would have done, if their effect had been to screen merely the faithful minister of state. The object in their occasional recurrence was one of profound dissimulation. Philip's design was to lull the alarm of Perez, and to recover out of his hands every scrap of written evidence which existed, implicating himself in the death of Escovedo. And it was under an erroneous impression of his efforts having been at length completely triumphant, that he sent Perez to the torture, with a foregone determination of killing him with the sword of justice, as a slanderous traitor, who could not adduce a tittle of proof to support his falsehood.

But the wit of Perez was as penetrating as Philip's, and had avoided the snare. Retaining adroitly, in authentic documents, ample materials for his own defence, and the inculpation of the king, Perez fought undauntedly and successfully his battle, on the charge of Escovedo's murder, before the tribunals of Aragon, which were either ignorant of, or indifferent

to, the scandals and personal criminalities inseparably mixed up with the case at Madrid. The retributive justice which had overwhelmed Perez in his person and circumstances in Castile, now descended on the reputation of Philip in Aragon, who was likewise not only obliged to hear of the acquittal of his detested foe by the supreme court there, but necessitated, by the tremendous statements promulgated by Perez as his justification, founded on unimpeachable writings in his possession, to drop and relinquish all legal proceedings.

The bitterness of the cup of woe, however, it had still been in the power of the fierce despot otherwise to deepen. Infuriated by the flight of Perez, the king caused the wife, then pregnant, and the children of the fugitive, to be arrested and cast into the public prison, dragging them "on the day when it is usual to pardon the very worst of criminals, at the very hour of the procession of the penitents on Holy Thursday, with a reckless disregard of custom and decency, among the crosses and all the cortèges of this solemnity, in order that there might be no lack of witnesses for this glorious action." These words we have cited from a famous narrative subsequently published by Perez in England, from which we are also tempted to extract, in relation to the same occurrence, the following passage, full of that energetic eloquence which contributed, among other causes, to win over general commiseration to the writer :—

"The crime committed by a wife who aids her husband to escape from prison, martyred as he had been for so many years, and reduced to such a miserable condition, is justified by all law—natural, divine and human—and by the laws of Spain in particular. Saul, pursuing David, respected Michal, though she was his daughter, and had even saved her husband from the effects of his wrath. Law—common, civil, and canonical—absolves woman from whatever she does to defend her husband. The special law of Count Fernan Gonzalès leaves her free; the voice and the unanimous decree of all nations exalt and glorify her. If, when her children are in her house, in their chamber, or their cradle, it be proved that they are strangers to every thing, by that alone, and by their age,

which excludes them from such confidences, how much more must that child be a stranger to all, which the mother bore in her bosom, and which they thus made a prisoner before its birth? Even before it could be guilty, it was already punished; and its life and soul were endangered, like one of its brothers who lost both when they seized his mother a second time, near the port of Lisbon.' He finishes with these noble and avenging threats :—' But let them not be deceived; wherever they put them, such captives have, on their side, the two most powerful advocates in the whole world—their innocence and their misfortune. No Cicero, no Demosthenes can so charm the ear, or so powerfully rouse the mind, as these two defenders; because, among other privileges, God has given them that of being always present, to cry out for justice, to serve both as witnesses and advocates, and to terminate one of those processes which God alone judges in this world: this is what will happen in the present case, if the justice of men be too long in default. And let not the debtors of God be too confident about the delay of His judgment; though the fatal term be apparently postponed, it is gradually approaching; and the debt to be paid is augmented by the interest which is added to it down to the last day of Heaven's great reckoning.'

It was not till eight years later, in 1599, when Philip III. sat on the throne of Spain, that the wife and children of Perez regained their liberty, and not till nearly twenty-five later, in 1615, that his children, who had passed their youth in prison, and been legally attainted with their father's degradation without having participated in his offences, were restored to their rank and rights as Spanish nobles.

Baffled in his pursuit of vengeance by the sturdy independence of the civil courts of Aragon, Philip turned his eyes for assistance to a tribunal, of which the jurisdiction had apparently no boundary except its exorbitant pretensions. At the king's bidding, the Inquisition endeavoured to seize Perez within its inexorable grasp. It seized, but could not hold him. The free and jealous Aragonese, shouting "Liberty for ever!" flew to arms, and emancipated from the mysterious oppression of the Holy Office the man

already absolved of crime by the regular decrees of justice.

The Inquisition having renewed its attempt, the people, headed and supported by leaders of the highest lineage, condition, and authority in Aragon, increased in the fervour and boldness of their resistance. Their zealous championship of Perez—a most unworthy object of so much generous and brave solicitude—drove them into open insurrection against Philip. The biographer narrates, that when the storm raised by him, and on his account, drew near, Perez escaped across the Pyrenees into France; and the historian records, that when the sun of peace again re-emerged from the tempest, Philip had overthrown the ancient constitution of Aragon, crushed its nobility, destroyed its independence, and incorporated its territory with the Spanish monarchy.

Perez, although compelled to fly, bade farewell for ever to his native land with reluctance. There is something touching in the familiar image which he uses to describe his own condition: "He was like a dog of a faithful nature, who, though beaten and ill-treated by his master and household, is loth to quit the walls of his dwelling." He found at Béarn, in the court of the sister of Henry IV. of France, a resting-place from hardship, but not a safe asylum from persecution. During his brief residence there, three separate attempts to assassinate him were detected or defeated; nor were these the only plots directed against his person. M. Mignet quotes a pleasant variety of the species from the lively pen of Perez himself.

"When Perez was at Pau, they went so far as to try to make use of a lady of that country, who lacked neither beauty, gallantry, nor distinction; a notable woman, an Amazon, and a huntress; riding, as they say, up hill and down dale. One would have thought they wanted to put to death some new Samson. In short, they offered her ten thousand crowns and six Spanish horses to come to Pau, and form an intimacy with Perez; and, after having charmed him by her beauty, to invite and entice him to her house, in order, some fine evening, to deliver him up, or allow him to be carried off in a hunting party. The lady, either being importuned, or desirous, from a curiosity natural to her sex, to know a man whom authority

and his persecutors considered of so much consequence, or, lastly, for the purpose of warning the victim herself, feigned, as the sequel makes us believe, to accept the commission. She travelled to Pau, and made acquaintance with Perez. She visited him at his house. Messengers and love-letters flew about like hail. There were several parties of pleasure; but, in the end, the good disposition of the lady, and her attachment for Perez, gained the victory over interest, that metal of base alloy, which defiles more than any act of love; so that she herself came and revealed to him the machinations from beginning to end, together with the offers made, and all that had followed. She did much more. She offered him her house and the revenue attached to it, with such a warmth of affection, (if we may judge of love by its demonstrations,) that any sound mathematician would say there was, between that lady and Perez, an astrological sympathy."

His restless spirit of intrigue, and perhaps a nascent desire, provoked by altered circumstances, of reciprocal vengeance against Philip, hurried Perez from the tranquil seclusion of Béarn to the busy camp of Henry IV. After a long-conference, he was sent to England by that monarch, who calculated on his services being usefully available with Queen Elizabeth in the common enterprise against Spain. Then it was that he formed his intimate acquaintance with the celebrated Francis Bacon, in whose company we first introduced him to our readers, and with many other individuals of eminence and note.

"It was during the leisure of this his first residence in London that Perez published, in the summer of 1594, his *Relaciones*, under the imaginary name of *Raphael Peregrino*; which, far from concealing the real author, in reality designated him by the allusion to his wandering life. This account of his adventures, composed with infinite art, was calculated to render his ungrateful and relentless persecutor still more odious, and to draw towards himself more benevolence and compassion. He sent copies of it to Burghley, to Lady Rich, sister of the Earl of Essex, to Lords Southampton, Montjoy, and Harris, to Sir Robert Sidney, Sir Henry Unton, and many other personages of the English court, accompanying them with letters gracefully written and melan-

choly in spirit. The one which he confided to the patronage of the Earl of Essex was at once touching and flattering:—"Raphael Peregrino," said he, "the author of this book, has charged me to present it to your Excellency. Your Excellency is obliged to protect him, since he recommends himself to you. He must know that he wants a godfather, since he chooses such as you. Perhaps he trusted to his name, knowing that your Excellency is the support of the pilgrims of fortune." "

The dagger of the assassin continued to track his wanderings. And it is, probably, not commonly known, that upon one of the city gates of London, near St Paul's, there might be seen, in 1594, the heads of two Irishmen, executed as accomplices in a plot for the murder of Antonio Perez.

In England, where he was supported by the generosity of Essex, he did not remain very long, having been recalled, in 1594, to France by Henry, who had recently declared war against Philip. At Paris, Perez was received with great distinction and the most flattering attentions, being lodged in a spacious mansion, and provided with a military body-guard. The precaution was not superfluous. Wearing seemingly a charmed life, the dusky spectre of premature and unnatural death haunted him wherever he went or sojourned. Baron Pinilla, a Spaniard, was captured in Paris on the eve of his attempt to murder Perez, put to the torture, and executed on the Place de Grève—thus adding another name to the long catalogue of people, to whom any connexion with, or implication in, the affairs of Perez, whether innocently or criminally, for good or evil, attracted, it might be imagined as by Lady Bacon, from an angry Heaven the flash of calamitous ruin.

His present prosperity came as a brilliant glimpse through hopeless darkness, and so departed. Revisiting England in 1596, he found himself denied access to Essex, shunned by the Bacons, and disregarded by every body. The consequent mortification accelerated his return to France, which he reached, as Henry was concluding peace with Philip, to

encounter cold distrust and speedy neglect from the French king. All this was the result of his own incurable double-dealing. He had been Henry's spy in the court of Elizabeth, and was, or fancied himself to be, Elizabeth's at Paris. But the omnipotent secretary of state and the needy adventurer played the game of duplicity and perfidy with the odds reversed. All parties, as their experience unmasked his hollow insincerity, shrunk from reliance on, or intercourse with an ambidextrous knave, to whom mischief and deceit were infinitely more congenial than wisdom and honesty. "The truth is," wrote Villeroy, one of the French ministers, to a correspondent in 1605, "that his adversities have not made him much wiser or more discreet than he was in his prosperity." We must confess ourselves unable to perceive any traces of even the qualified improvement admitted by Villeroy.

The rest of the biography of this extraordinary man is a miserable diary of indignant lamentations over his abject condition—of impudent laudations of the blameless integrity of his career—of grovelling and ineffectual efforts and supplications to appease and eradicate the hatred of Philip—and of vociferous cries for relief from penury and famine. "I am in extreme want, having exhausted the assistance of all my friends, and no longer knowing where to find my daily bread," is the terrible confession of the once favourite minister of the most powerful monarch in Europe. He never touched the ground, or even gazed on the distant hills of Spain again. In one of the obscure streets of Paris, in solitude and poverty, he dragged the grief and infirmities of his old age slowly towards the grave; and at length, in the seventy-second year of his age, on a natural and quiet deathbed, closed the troubles of his tempestuous existence.

Such is "this strange eventful history." Such was the incalculable progeny of misery, disgrace, disaster, and ruin, involving himself, his family, countless individuals, and an entire nation, which issued from the guilty love of Perez and the Princess of Eboli.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LOVER OF SOCIETY.

No. II.

1802.

ALL the great people of London, and most of the little, have been kept in a fever of agitation during the last fortnight, by the preparatives for the grand club ball in honour of the peace. Texier had the direction of the fête, and he exhibited his taste to the astonishment of *les sauvages Britanniques*. Never were seen such decorations, such chaplets, such chandeliers, such bowers of roses. In short, the whole was a Bond Street Arcadia. All the world of the West End were there; the number could not have been less than a thousand—all in fancy dresses and looking remarkably brilliant. The Prince of Wales, the most showy of men every where, wore a Highland dress, such, however, as no Highlander ever wore since Deucalion's flood, unless Donald was master of diamonds enough to purchase a principality. The Prince, of course, had a separate room for his own supper party, and the genius of M. Texier had contrived a little entertainment for the royal party, by building an adjoining apartment in the style of a cavern, after the Gil Blas fashion, in which a party of banditti were to carry on their carousal. The banditti were, of course, amateurs—the Cravens, Tom Sheridan, and others of that set—who sang, danced, gambled, and did all sorts of strange things. The Prince was delighted; but even princes cannot have all pleasures to themselves. Some of the crowd by degrees squeezed or coaxed their way into the cavern, others followed, the pressure became irresistible; until at last the banditti, contrary to all the laws of melodrame, were expelled from their own cavern, and the invaders sat down to their supper. Lords Besborough, Ossulston, and Bedford were the directors of the night; and the foreign ministers declared that nothing in Europe, within their experience, equalled this Bond Street affair. Whether the directors had the horses taken from their carriages, and were carried home in an

ovation, I cannot tell; but Texier, not at all disposed to think lightly of himself at any time, talks of the night with tears in his eyes, and declares it the triumph of his existence.

George Rose has had a narrow escape of being drowned. All the wits, of course, appeal to the proverb, and deny the possibility of his concluding his career by water. Still, his escape was extraordinary. He had taken a boat at Palace Yard to cross to Lambeth. As he was standing up in the boat, immediately on his getting in, the waterman awkwardly and hastily shoved off, and George, accustomed as he was to take care of himself, lost his balance, and plumped head foremost into the water. The tide was running strong, and between the weight of his clothes, and the suddenness of the shock, he was utterly helpless. The parliamentary laughers say, that the true wonder of the case is, that he has been ever able to keep his head above water for the last dozen years; others, that it has been so long his practice to swim with the stream, that no one can be surprised at his slipping eagerly along. The fact, however, is, that a few minutes more must have sent him to the bottom. Luckily a bargeman made a grasp at him as he was going down, and held him till he could be lifted into his boat. He was carried to the landing-place in a state of great exhaustion. George has been, of course, obnoxious to the Opposition from his services, and from his real activity and intelligence in office. He is good-natured, however, and has made no enemies. Sheridan and the rest, when they have nothing else to do in the House, fire their shots at him to keep their hands in practice, but none of them have been able to bring him down.

A remarkable man died in June, the well-known Colonel Barré. He began political life about the commencement of the American war, and

distinguished himself by taking an active part in the discussion of every public measure of the time. Barré's soldiery impressed its character on his parliamentary conduct. He was prompt, bold, and enterprising, and always obtained the attention of the House. Though without pretensions to eloquence, he was always a ready speaker; and from the rapidity with which he mastered details, and from the boldness with which he expressed his opinions, he always produced a powerful effect on the House. Though contemporary with Burke, and the countryman of that illustrious orator, he exhibited no tendency to either the elevation or the ornament of that distinguished senator; yet his speeches were vigorous, and his diligence gave them additional effect. No man was more dreaded by the minister; and the treasury bench often trembled under the force and directness of his assaults. At length, however, he gave way to years, and retired from public life. His party handsomely acknowledged his services by a retiring pension, which Mr Pitt, when minister, exchanged for the clerkship of the pells, thus disburdening the nation by substituting a sinecure. For many years before his death, Barré was unfortunately deprived of sight; but, under that heaviest of all afflictions, he retained his practical philosophy, enjoyed the society of his friends, and was cheerful to the last. He was at length seized with paralysis, and died.

The crimes of the French population are generally of a melodramatic order. The temperament of the nation is eminently theatrical; and the multitude of minor theatres scattered through France, naturally sustain this original tendency. A villain in the south of France, lately constructed a sort of machinery for murder, which was evidently on the plan of the trap-doors and banditti displays of the Porte St Martin. Hiring an empty stable, he dug a pit in it of considerable depth. The pit was covered with a framework of wood, forming a floor, which, on the pulling of a string, gave way, and plunged the victim into a depth of twenty feet. But the contriver was not satisfied with his at-

tempt to break the bones of the unfortunate person whom he thus entrapped. He managed to have a small chamber filled with some combustible in the side of the pit, which was to be set on fire, and, on the return of the platform to its place, suffocate his *detenu* with smoke. Whether he had performed any previous atrocities in this way, or whether the present instance was the commencement of his profession of homicide, is not told. By some means or other, having inveigled a stout countrywoman, coming with her eggs and apples to market, into his den, she no sooner trod upon the frame, than the string was pulled, it turned, and we may conceive with what astonishment and terror she must have felt herself plunged into a grave with the light of day shut out above. Fortunately for her, the match which was to light the combustibles failed, and she thus escaped suffocation. Her cries, however, were so loud, that they attracted some of the passers-by, and the villain attempted to take to flight. He was, however, seized, and given into the hands of justice.

An action was lately brought by an old lady against a dealer in curiosities, for cheating her in the matter of antiques. Her taste was not limited to the oddities of the present day, and, in the dealer, she found a person perfectly inclined to gratify her with wonders. He had sold her a model of the Alexandrian library, a specimen of the original type invented by Memnon the Egyptian, and a manuscript of the first play acted by Thespis. These had not exhausted the stock of the dealer: he possessed the skin of a giraffe killed in the Roman amphitheatre; the head of King Arthur's spear; and the breech of the first cannon fired at the siege of Constantinople. The jury, however, thought that the virtuoso having ordered those curiosities, ought to pay for them, and brought in a verdict for the dealer.

The French consul has been no sooner installed, than he has begun to give the world provocatives to war. His legion of honour is a military noblesse, expressly intended to make all public distinction originate in the

army; for the few men of science decorated with its star are not to be compared with the list of soldiers. and even they are chiefly connected with the department of war as medical men, practical chemists, or engineers.

His next act was to fix the military establishment of France at 360,000 men; his third act, in violation of his own treaties, and of all the feelings of Europe, was to make a rapid invasion of Switzerland, thus breaking down the independence of the country, and seizing, in fact, the central fortress of the Continent. His fourth act has been the seizure of Piedmont, and its absolute annexation to France. By a decree of the Republic, Piedmont is divided into six departments, which are to send seventeen deputies to the French legislature. Turin is declared to be a provincial city of the Republican territory; and thus the French armies will have a perpetual camp in a country which lays Italy open to the invader, and will have gained a territory nearly as large as Scotland, but fertile, populous, and in one of the finest climates of the south. Those events have excited the strongest indignation throughout Europe. We have already discovered that the peace was but a truce; that the cessation of hostilities was but a breathing-time to the enemy; that the reduction of our armies was precipitate and premature; and that, unless the fears of the French government shall render it accessible to a sense of justice, the question must finally come to the sword.

Schiller's play of the "Robbers" is said to have propagated the breed of highwaymen in Germany. To ramble through the country, stop travellers on the highway, make huts in the forest, sing Bedlamite songs, and rail at priests and kings, was the fashion in Germany during the reign of that popular play. It was said, a banditti of students from one of the colleges had actually taken the road, and made Carl Moor their model. All this did very well in summer, but the winter probably cooled their enthusiasm; for a German forest, with its snow half a dozen feet deep, and the probability of famine, would be a

formidable trial to the most glowing mysticism.

But an actual leader of banditti has been just arrested, whose exploits in plunder have formed the romance of Germany for a considerable period. The confusion produced by the French war, and the general disturbance of the countries on both sides of the Rhine, have at once awakened the spirit of license, and given it impunity. A dashing fellow named Schindelhannes, not more than three-and-twenty years of age, but loving the luxuries of life too well to do without them, and disliking the labour required for their possession, commenced a general system of plunder down the Rhine. He easily organized a band, composed, I believe, of deserters from the French and Austrian troops, who preferred wholesale robbery to being shot in either service at the rate of threepence a-day; and for a while nothing could be more prosperous than their proceedings. Their leader, with all his daring, was politic, professing himself the friend of the poor, standing on the best terms with the peasantry, scattering his money in all directions with the lavishness of a prince, and professing to make war only on the nobility, the rich clergy, and the Jew merchants especially—the German Jews being always supposed by the people to be the grand depositories of the national wealth. But this favouritism among the peasantry was of the highest service to his enterprizes. It gave him information, it rescued him from difficulties, and it recruited his troop, which was said to amount to several hundreds, and to be in the highest state of discipline. After laying the country under contribution from Mayence to Coblentz, he crossed the river into Franconia, and commenced a period of enterprize there. But no man's luck lasts for ever. It was his habit to acquire information for himself by travelling about in various disguises. One day, in entering one of the little Franconian towns in the habit of a pedlar, and driving a cart with wares before him, he was recognized by one of the passers-by, whose sagacity was probably sharpened by having been plundered by him. An investigation followed,

in which the disguised pedlar declared himself an Austrian subject, and an Austrian soldier. In consequence, he was ordered to the Austrian dépôt at Frankfort, where he met another recognition still more formidable. A comrade with whom he had probably quarrelled, for this part of the story is not yet clear, denounced him to the police; and, to the astonishment of the honest Frankforters, it was announced that the robber king, the bandit hero, was in their hands. As his exploits had been chiefly performed on the left bank of the Rhine, and his revenues had been raised out of French property in the manner of a forced loan, the Republic, conceiving him to be an interloper on their monopoly, immediately demanded him from the German authorities. In the old war-loving times, the Frankforters would probably have blown the trumpet and insisted on their privilege of acting as his jailers, but experience had given them wisdom, they swallowed their wrath, and the robber king was given up to the robber Republic. If Schinderhannes had been in the service of France, he would have been doing for the last ten years, on its account, exactly what he had been doing on his own. But unluckily for himself, he robbed in the name of Schinderhannes, and not in the name of liberty and equality; and now, instead of having his name shouted by all France, inserted in triumphant bulletins, and ranked with the Bonapartes and Cæsars, he will be called a thief, stripped of his last rixdollar, and hanged.

An extraordinary instance of mortality has just occurred, which has favoured the conversation of the clubs, and thrown the west end into condolence and confusion for the last twenty-four hours. Colonel O'Kelly's famous parrot is dead. The stories told of this surprising bird have long stretched public credulity to its utmost extent. But if even the half of what is told be true, it exhibited the most singular sagacity. Not having seen it myself, I can only give the general report. But, beyond all question, it has been the wonder of London for years, and however willing John Bull

may be to be deluded, there is no instance of his being deluded long. This bird's chief faculty was singing, seldom a parrot faculty, but its ear was so perfect, that it acquired tunes with great rapidity, and retained them with such remarkable exactness, that if, by accident, it made a mistake in the melody, it corrected itself, and tried over the tune until its recollection was completely recovered. It also spoke well, and would hold a kind of dialogue almost approaching to rationality. So great was its reputation, that the colonel was offered £500 a-year by persons who intended to make an exhibition of it; but he was afraid that his favourite would be put to too hard work, and he refused the offer, which was frequently renewed. The creature must have been old, for it had been bought thirty years before by the colonel's uncle, and even then it must have had a high reputation, for it was bought at the price of 100 guineas. Three remarkable bequests had been made by that uncle to the colonel,—the estate of Canons, the parrot, and the horse Eclipse, the most powerful racer ever known in England; so superior to every other horse of his day, that his superiority at length became useless, as no bets would be laid against him. In the spirit of vague curiosity, this parrot was opened by two surgeons, as if to discover the secret of his cleverness; but nothing was seen, except that the muscles of the throat were peculiarly strong; nothing to account for its death was discovered.

Andreossi, the French ambassador, has arrived. He is a rude and rough specimen even of the Republican, but a man of intelligence, an engineer, and distinguished for his publications. Still the bone of contention is Malta, and the difficulty seems greater than ever. The French consul insists on its abandonment by England, as an article of the treaty of Amiens; but the answer of England is perfectly intelligible,—You have not adhered to that treaty in any instance whatever, but have gone on annexing Italian provinces to France. You have just now made a

vassal of Switzerland, and to all our remonstrances on the subject you have answered with utter scorn. While you violate your stipulations, how can you expect that we shall perform ours? But another obstruction to the surrender of Malta has been produced by the conduct of France herself. She has seized the entire property of the Order in France, in Piedmont, and wherever she can seize it. Spain, probably by her suggestion, has followed her example, and the Order now is reduced to pauperism; in fact, it no longer exists. Thus it is impossible to restore the island to the Order of St John of Jerusalem; and to give it up at once to France, would be to throw away an important security for the due performance of the treaty. Government are so determined on this view of the case, that orders have been sent to Malta for all officers on leave to join their regiments immediately.

Malta is one of the remarkable instances in which we may trace a kind of penalty on the rapaciousness of the Republic. While it remained in the possession of the Order, it had observed a kind of neutrality, which was especially serviceable to France, as the island was a refuge for its ships, and a *dépôt* for its commerce, in common with that of England. But Bonaparte, in his Egyptian expedition, finding the opportunity favourable, from the weakness of the knights, and the defenceless state of the works, landed his troops, and took possession of it without ceremony. No act could be more atrocious as a breach of faith, for the knights were in alliance with France, and were wholly unprepared for hostilities. The place was now in full possession of the treacherous ally. Contributions were raised; the churches were plundered of their plate and ornaments; the knights were expelled, and a French garrison took possession of the island. What was the result? Malta was instantly blockaded by the British, the garrison was reduced by famine, and Malta became an English possession; which it never would have been, if the knights had remained there; for England, in her respect for the faith of treaties, would not have disturbed their independence. Thus,

the Republic, by iniquitously grasping at Malta, in fact threw it into the hands of England. It is scarcely less remarkable, that the plunder of Malta was also totally lost, it being placed on board the admiral's ship, which was blown up at the battle of the Nile.

One of the first acts of the French consul has been to conciliate the Italian priesthood by an act which they regard as equivalent to a conversion to Christianity. The image of our Lady of Loretto, in the French invasion of Italy, had been carried off from Rome; of course, the sorrows of the true believers were unbounded. The image was certainly not intended to decorate the gallery of the Louvre, for it was as black as a negro; and, from the time of its capture, it had unfortunately lost all its old power of working miracles. But it has at length been restored to its former abode, and myriads of the pious followed the procession. Discharges of cannon and ringing of bells welcomed its approach. It was carried by eight bishops, in a species of triumphal palanquin, splendidly decorated, and placed on its altar in the Santa Casa with all imaginable pomps and ceremonies. The whole town was illuminated in the evening, and the country was in a state of exultation at what it regards as an evidence of the immediate favour of heaven.

A singular and melancholy trial has just taken place, in which a colonel in the army, with several of the soldiery and others, have been found guilty of a conspiracy to overthrow the government, and kill the king on the day of his opening Parliament. The 16th of November 1802, had been the day appointed for this desperate deed; but information having been obtained of the design through a confederate, the whole party of conspirators were seized on that day by the police at a house in Lambeth, where they arrested Despard and his fellow traitors. On the floor of the room three printed papers were found, containing their proclamation.

They were headed, "*Constitution, the independence of Great Britain and Ireland, an equalization of civil and reli-*

gious rights, an ample provision for the wives of the heroes who shall fall in the conquest, a liberal reward for distinguished merits; these are the objects for which we contend, and to obtain these objects we swear to be united in the awful presence of Almighty God." Then follows the oath: "I, A. B., do voluntarily declare that I will endeavour to the utmost of my power to obtain the objects of this union, viz. to recover those rights which the Supreme Being, in his infinite bounty, has given to all men; that neither hopes, fears, rewards, nor punishments, shall ever induce me to give any information, directly or indirectly, concerning the business, or of any member of this or any similar society, so help me God."

One of the witnesses, a private in the Guards, gave evidence that the object of the conspiracy was to overturn the present system of government; to unite in companies, and to get arms. They subscribed, and the object of the subscription was, to pay delegates to go into the country, and to defray the expense of printing their papers. All persons belonging to the subscription were to be divided into ten companies, each consisting of ten, with an eleventh who was called captain. The next order was, that the oldest captain of five companies took the command of those fifty men, and was to be called colonel of the subdivision. Every means was to be adopted to get as many recruits as possible. There was to be no regular organization in London, for fear of attracting the eye of government. But the system was to be urged vigorously in the great manufacturing towns; the insurrection was to commence by an attack on the House of Parliament; and the king was to be put to death either on his way to the House, or in the House. The mail-coaches were then to be stopt, as a signal to their adherents in the country that the insurrection had triumphed in the metropolis. An assault was then to be made on the Tower, and the arms seized. At subsequent meetings, the question of the royal seizure was more than once discussed; and Despard had declared it to be essential to the success of the plot, that no effect could be produced un-

less the whole royal family were secured. The first plan for the seizure of the king was to shoot his carriage horses, then force him out of the carriage; and carry him off. A second plan was then proposed, viz. that of loading the Egyptian gun in St James's Park with chain shot, and firing it at the royal carriage as it passed along.

Lord Nelson and General Sir Alured Clarke were brought as evidence to character. Lord Nelson said, that he and Colonel Despard had served together on the Spanish Main in 1799, and that he was then a loyal man and a brave officer. Lord Ellenborough strongly charged the jury. He declared that there was no question of law, and that the whole case resolved itself into a question of fact. The jury, after retiring for half an hour, brought in a verdict of guilty.

In a few days after, Despard, with six of his accomplices, were executed in front of the new jail in the Borough. The men were chiefly soldiers whom this wretched criminal had bribed or bewildered into the commission of treason. Despard made a speech on the scaffold, declaring himself innocent, and that he was put to death simply for being a friend to truth, liberty, and justice. How he could have made this declaration after the evidence that had been given, is wholly unintelligible except on the ground of insanity, though of that there was no symptom, except in the design itself. What prompted the design except narrow circumstances, bad habits, and the temptations of a revengeful spirit, was never discovered.

A trial, which exhibited extraordinary talent in the defence, by a counsel hitherto unknown, has attracted an interest still more general, though of a less melancholy order. Peltier, an emigrant, and supposed to be an agent of the French emigrant body, had commenced a periodical work, entitled *L'Ambigu*; the chief object of which was to attack the policy, person, and conduct of the First Consul of France. His assaults were so pointed, that they were complained of by the French government as libels; and the answer returned was, that the

only means which the ministry possessed of punishing such offences, was by the verdict of a jury. The Attorney-general, in opening the case, described the paper. On its frontispiece, was a sphinx with a crown upon its head, the features closely resembling those of Bonaparte. A portion of the paper was devoted to a parody of the harangue of Lepidus against Sylla. It asks the French people, "Why they have fought against Austria, Prussia, Italy, England, Germany, and Russia, if it be not to preserve our liberty and our property, and that we might obey none but the laws alone. And now, this tiger, who dares to call himself the Founder, or the Regenerator of France, enjoys the fruit of your labours as spoil taken from the enemy. This man, sole master in the midst of those who surround him, has ordained lists of proscription, and put in execution banishment without sentence, by which there are punishments for the French who have not yet seen the light. Proscribed families, giving birth out of France to children, oppressed before they are born. In another part, the paper urged to immediate action. It says, "Citizens, you must march, you must oppose what is passing, if you desire that he should not seize upon all that you have. There must be no delays, no useless wishes; reckon only upon yourselves, unless you indeed have the stupidity to suppose that he will abdicate through shame of tyranny that which he holds by force of crime." In another part, he assails the First Consul on the nature of his precautions to secure his power. He charges him with the formation of a troop of Mamelukes, composed of Greeks, Maltese, Arabians, and Copts, "a collection of foreign banditti, whose name and dress, recalling the mad and disastrous Egyptian expedition, should cover him with shame; but who, not speaking our language, nor having any point of contact with our army, will always be the satellites of the tyrant, his mutes, his cut-throats, and his hangmen. The laws, the justice, the finances, the administration; in fine, the liberty and life of the citizens, are all in the power of one man. You see at every moment arbitrary

arrests, judges punished for having acquitted citizens, individuals put to death after having been already acquitted by law, sentences and sentences of death extorted from judges by threats. Remains there for men, who would deserve that name, any thing else to do, but to avenge their wrongs, or perish with glory?"

Another portion of this paper contained an ode, in which all things were represented as in a state of convulsion, all shaken by a tremendous storm; but nature, either blind or cruel, sparing the head of the tyrant alone:—still carrying on the parody of the Roman speech, it pronounces that a poniard is the last resource of Rome to rescue herself from a dictator. It asks, is it from a Corsican that a Frenchman must receive his chains? was it to crown a traitor that France had punished her kings? In another, a libel, which traced the rise of Bonaparte, and charged him with the intention of assuming imperial power, concluded in these words:—"Carried on the shield, let him be elected emperor; finally, (and Romulus recalls the thing to mind,) I wish that on the morrow he may have his 'apotheosis.'" This the Attorney-general certainly, with every appearance of reason, pronounced to be a palpable suggestion to put the First Consul to death; as history tells us that Romulus was assassinated.

The defence by Mackintosh was a bold and eloquent performance. He commenced by a spirited animadversion on the Attorney's speech, and then extended his subject into a general defence of the liberty of the press, which he pronounced to be the true object of attack on the part of the First Consul. He followed the history of its suppression through all the states under French influence, and then came to the attempt at its suppression here. He then invoked the jury to regard themselves as the protectors of the freedom of speech on earth, and to rescue his client from the severity of an oppression which threatened the universal slavery of mankind.

This speech has been strongly criticised as one in which the advocate defended himself and his party, while he neglected his client. But the ob-

vious truth is, that unless the suggestion of assassination is defensible, there could be no defence, and unless the laws of nations justify the most violent charges on the character of foreign sovereigns, there could be no justification for the language of the whole paper. Mackintosh evidently took the best course for his cause. He made out of bad materials a showy speech; he turned the public eye from the guilt of the libel to the popular value of the press; where others would have given a dull pleading, he gave a stately romance; where the jury, in feebler hands, would have been suffered to see the facts in their savage nudity, he exhibited them clothed in classic draperies, and dazzled the eye with the lofty features and heroic attitudes of ancient love of country. All the skill of man could not have saved Peltier from a verdict of guilty; but the genius of the orator invested his sentence with something of the glory of martyrdom. The breaking out of the war relieved Peltier from the consequences of the verdict. But there can be no question that, if he had been thrown into prison, he would have been an object of the general sympathy; that the liberty of the press would have been regarded as in some degree involved in his sufferings; that he would have found public liberality willing to alleviate his personal and pecuniary difficulties; and that his punishment would have been shortened, and his fine paid by the zeal of the national sympathy. Such are the triumphs of eloquence. Such is the value of having a man of genius for an advocate. Such is the importance to the man of genius himself, of resolving to exert his highest powers for his client. Mackintosh has been called an indolent man; and he has been hitherto but little known. But he has at last discovered his own faculties, and he has only to keep them in action to achieve the highest successes of the bar; to fill the place of Erskine; and if no man can make Erskine forgotten, at least make him unregretted. This speech also has taught another lesson, and that lesson is, that the bar can be the theatre of the highest rank of eloquence, and that all which is regarded as the limit of forensic excellence, is a gratuitous degradation of its own dignity. The

sharp retort, the sly innuendo, the dexterous hint, the hard, keen subtlety, the rough common sense, all valuable in their degree, and all profitable to their possessor, are only of an inferior grade. Let the true orator come forth, and the spruce pleader is instantly flung into the background. Let the appeal of a powerful mind be made to the jury, and all the small address, and practical skill, and sly ingenuity, are dropped behind. The passion of the true orator communicates its passion; his natural richness of conception fills the spirit of his hearers; his power of producing new thoughts and giving new shapes to acknowledged truths; his whole magnificence of mind erecting and developing new views of human action as it moves along, lead the feelings of men in a willing fascination until the charm is complete. But after such a man, let the mere advocate stand up, and how feebly does his voice fall on the ear, how dry are his facts, how tedious his tricks, how lacklustre, empty, and vain are his contrivances to produce conviction!

Mackintosh wants one grand quality for the jury,—he speaks like one who thinks more of his argument than of his audience; he forgets the faces before him, and is evidently poring over the images within. Though with a visage of the colour, and seemingly of the texture of granite, he blushes at a misplaced word, and is evidently sensitive to the error of a comma. No man ever spoke with effect who cannot hesitate without being overwhelmed, blunder without a blush, or be bewildered by his own impetuosity, without turning back to retrace. *En avant* is the precept for the orator, as much as it is the principle of the soldier. Mackintosh has to learn these things; but he has a full mind, a classic tongue, and a subtle imagination, and these constitute the one thing needful for the orator, comprehend all, and complete all.

The late Lord Orford, the relative of the well-known Horace Walpole, is one of the curious evidences that every man who takes it into his head to be conspicuous, right or wrong, may make for himself a name. Lord Orford, while his relative was writ-

ing all kinds of brilliant things, collecting antiquities, worshipping the genius of cracked china, and bowing down before fardingales and topknots of the time of Francis I., in the Temple of Strawberry Hill, was forming a niche for his fame in his dog-kennel, and immortalizing himself by the help of his hounds. Next to Actæon, he was the greatest dog-fancier that the world has ever seen, and would have rivalled Endymion, if Diana was to be won by the fleetest of quadrupeds. He was boundless in his profusion in respect of his favourite animals, until at last, finding that his ideas of perfection could not be realized by any living greyhounds, he speculated on the race unborn, and crossed his dogs until, after seven summers, he brought them to unrivalled excellence. He had at various times fifty brace of greyhounds, quartering them over every part of his county Norfolk, of which he was lord-lieutenant, probably for the sake of trying the effect of air and locality.

One of his lordship's conceptions was, that of training animals to purposes that nature never designed them for; and, if lions had been accessible in this country, he would probably have put a snaffle into the mouth of the forest king, and have trained him for hunting, unless his lordship had been devoured in the experiment. But his most notorious attempt of this order, was a four-in-hand of stags. Having obtained four red deer of strong make, he harnessed them, and by dint of the infinite diligence which he exerted on all such occasions, was at length enabled to drive his four antlered coursers along the high-road. But on one unfortunate day, as he was driving to Newmarket, a pack of hounds, in full cry after fox or hare, crossing the road, got scent of the track. Finding more attractive metal, they left the chase, and followed the stags in full cry. The animals now became irrestrainable, dashed along at full speed, and carried the phaeton and his lordship in it, to his great alarm, along the road, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Luckily they did not take their way across the country, or their driver's neck must have been broken. The scene was now particularly animating;

the hounds were still heard in full cry; no power could stop the frightened stags; his lordship exerted all his charioteering skill in vain. Luckily, he had been in the habit of driving to Newmarket. The stags rushed into the town, to the astonishment of every body, and darted into the inn yard. Here the gates were shut, and scarcely too soon, for in a minute or two after the whole dogs of the hunt came rushing into the town, and roaring for their prey. This escape seems to have cured his lordship of stag-driving; but his passion for coursing grew only more active, and the bitterest day of the year, he was seen mounted on his piebald pony, and, in his love of the sport, apparently insensible to the severities of the weather; while the hardest of his followers shrank, he was always seen, without great-coat or gloves, with his little three-cocked hat facing the storm, and evidently insensible to every thing but the performances of his hounds.

His lordship was perhaps the first man who was ever made mad by country sports, though many a man has been made a beggar by them; and none but fools will waste their time on them. His lordship at length became unquestionably mad, and was put under restraint. At length, while still in confinement, and in a second access of his disorder, having ascertained, by some means or other, that one of his favourite greyhounds was to run a match for a large sum, he determined to be present at the performance. Contriving to send his attendant from the room, he jumped out of the window, saddled his piebald pony with his own hands, all the grooms having gone to the field, and there being no one to obstruct him, and suddenly made his appearance on the course, to universal astonishment. In spite of all entreaties, he was determined to follow the dogs, and galloped after them. In the height of the pursuit, he was flung from his pony, fell on his head, and instantly expired.

The fluctuations of the public mind on the subject of the peace, have lately influenced the stock market to a considerable degree. The insolence

of the First Consul to our ambassador, Lord Whitworth, naturally produces an expectation of war. Early this morning, a man, calling himself a messenger from the Foreign Office, delivered a letter at the Mansion-house, and which he said had been sent from Lord Hawkesbury, and which was to be given to his lordship without delay. The letter was in these words :—"Lord Hawkesbury presents his compliments to the Lord Mayor, and has the honour to acquaint his lordship, that the negotiation between this country and the French republic is brought to an amicable conclusion. Signed, Downing Street, eight o'clock, May 5, 1803."

The Lord Mayor, with a precipitancy that argued but little for the prudence of the chief magistrate, had this letter posted up in front of the Mansion-house. The effect on the Stock Exchange was immediate; and consols rose eight per cent, from 63 to 71. The delusion, however, was brief; and the intelligence of the rise had no sooner reached Downing Street in its turn, than a messenger was dispatched to undeceive the city, and the city-marshal was employed to read the contradiction in the streets. The confusion in the Stock Exchange was now excessive; but the committee adopted the only remedy in their power. They ordered the Stock Exchange to be shut, and came to a resolution, that all bargains made in the morning should be null and void. Immediately after, another attempt of the same kind was made; and the Lord Mayor was requested by the people of the Stock Exchange to inquire into its reality from the government. The inquiry was answered by Mr Addington, of course denying it altogether, and finishing with this rebuke to civic credulity :—"I feel it my duty distinctly to caution your lordship against receiving impressions of the description alluded to, through any unauthorized channel of information." The funds immediately fell to 63 once more.

And yet it remains a delicate question, whether any committee can have the power of declaring the bargains null and void. Of course, where the inventors of the fraud have been parties, they have no right to gain by

their own fraud; but where individuals, wholly unacquainted with the fraud, have gained, there seems no reason why a *bonâ fide* transaction should not stand.

The question of war is decided. On the 17th of May, an Order in Council, dated yesterday, has appeared in the *Gazette*, directing general reprisals against the ships, goods, and subjects of the French Republic. The peace, which rather deserves the name of a suspension of arms, or still more, the name of a prodigious act of credulity on the part of well-meaning John Bull, and an act of desperate knavery on the part of the First Consul and his accomplices, has lasted exactly one year and sixteen days,—England having occupied the time in disbanding her troops and dismantling her fleets; and France being not less busy in seizing on Italian provinces, strengthening her defences, and making universal preparations for war. Yet the spirit of England, though averse to hostilities in general, is probably more prepared at this moment for a resolute and persevering struggle than ever. The nation is now convinced of two things: first, that it is unassailable by France—a conviction which it has acquired during ten years of war; and next, that peace with France, under its present government, is impossible. The trickery of the Republican government, its intolerable insolence, the exorbitancy of its demands, and the more than military arrogance of its language, have penetrated every bosom in England. The nation has never engaged so heartily in a war before. All its old wars were government against government; but the First Consul has insulted the English people, and by the personal bitterness and malignant acrimony of his insults, has united every heart and hand in England against him. England has never waged such a war before; either party must perish. If England should fail, which heaven avert, the world will be a dungeon. If France should be defeated, the victory will be for Europe and all mankind.

Lord Nelson has sailed in the *Victory* from Portsmouth to take the

command in the Mediterranean. A French frigate has been taken; and a despatch declaring war has been received from France, ordering the capture of all English vessels, offering commissions to privateers, and by an act of treachery unprecedented among nations, annexed to this order is a command that all the English, from eighteen to sixty, residing in France, should be arrested; the pretext being to answer as prisoners for the French subjects who may have been made prisoners by the ships of his Britannic Majesty, previously to any declaration of war.

This measure has excited the deepest indignation throughout London; and an indignation which will be shared by the empire. The English in France have been travelling and residing under French passports, and under the declared protection of the govern-

ment. No crime has been charged upon them; they remained, because they regarded themselves as secure, relying on the honour of France. Their being kept as pledges for the French prisoners captured on the seas, is a mere trifling with common sense. The French subjects travelling or residing in England have not been arrested. The mere technicality of a declaration of war was wholly useless, when the ambassador of France had been ordered to leave England. The English ambassador had left Paris on the 12th; the French ambassador had left London on the 16th. The English order for reprisals appeared in the *Gazette* of the 17th. The English declaration of war was laid before Parliament on the 18th; and the first capture, a French lugger of fourteen guns.

THE "OLD PLAYER."

IMITATED FROM ANASTASIUS GRÜN.

BY A. LODGE.

ALOFT the rustling curtain flew,
That gave the mimic scene to view;
How gaudy was the suit he wore!
His cheeks with red how plaster'd o'er!

Poor veteran! that in life's late day,
With tottering step, and locks of gray,
Essay'd each trick of antic glee,
Oh! my heart bleeds at sight of thee.

A laugh thy triumph! and so near
The closing act, and humble bier;
This thy ambition? this thy pride?
Far better thou had'st earlier died!

Though memory long has own'd decay,
And dim the intellectual ray,
Thou toil'st, from many an idle page,
To cram the feeble brain of age.

And stiff the old man's arms have grown.
And scarce his folded hands alone
Half raised in whisper'd prayer they see,
To bless the grandchild at his knee.

But here—'tis action lends a zest
To the dull, pointless, hacknied jest;
He saws the air 'mid welcome loud
Of laughter from the barren crowd.

A tear creeps down his cheek—with pain
His limbs the wasted form sustain ;
Ay—weep ! no thought thy tears are worth,
So the Pit shakes with boist'rous mirth.

And now the bustling scene is o'er,
The weary actor struts no more ;
And hark, " The old man needed rest,"
They cry ; " the arm-chair suits him best."

His lips have moved with mutter'd sound—
A pause—and still the taunt goes round ;
" Oh ! quite worn out—'tis doting age,
Why lags the driveller on the stage ? "

Again the halting speech he tries,
But words the faltering tongue denies,
Scarce heard the low unmeaning tone,
Then silent—as tho' life were flown.

The curtain falls, and rings the bell,
They know not 'tis the Player's knell ;
Nor deem their noise and echoing cry
The dirge that speeds a soul on high !

Dead in his chair the old man lay,
His colour had not pass'd away ;—
Clay-cold, the ruddy cheeks declare
What hideous mockery lingers there !

Yes ! there the counterfeited hue
Unfolds with moral truth to view,
How false—as every mimic part—
His life—his labours—and his art !

The canvass-wood devoid of shade,
Above, no plaintive rustling made ;
That moon, that ne'er its orb has fill'd,
No pitying, dewy tears distill'd.

The troop stood round—and all the past
In one brief comment speaks at last ;
" Well, he has won the hero's name,
He died upon his field of fame."

A girl with timid grace draws near,
And like the Muse to sorrow dear,
Amid the silvery tresses lays
The torn stage-wreath of paper bays !

I saw two men the bier sustain ;—
Two bearers all the funeral train !
They left him in his narrow bed,
No smile was seen—no tear was shed !

THE CRUSADES.

THE CRUSADES are, beyond all question, the most extraordinary and memorable movement that ever took place in the history of mankind. Neither ancient nor modern times can furnish any thing even approaching to a parallel. They were neither stimulated by the lust of conquest nor the love of gain; they were not the results of northern poverty pressing on southern plenty, nor do they furnish an example of civilized discipline overcoming barbaric valour. The warriors who assumed the Cross were not stimulated, like the followers of Cortes and Pizarro, by the thirst for gold, nor roused, like those of Timour and Genghis Khan, by the passion for conquest. They did not burn, like the legionary soldiers of Rome, with the love of country, nor sigh with Alexander, because another world did not remain to conquer. They did not issue, like the followers of Mahomet, with the sword in one hand and the "Koran" in the other, to convert by subduing mankind, and win the houris of Paradise by imbruing their hands in the blood of the unbelievers. The ordinary motives which rouse the ambition, or awaken the passions of men, were to them unknown. One only passion warmed every bosom, one only desire was felt in every heart. To rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels—to restore the heritage of Christ to his followers—to plant the Cross again on Mount Calvary—was the sole object of their desires. For this they lived, for this they died. For this, millions of warriors abandoned their native seats, and left their bones to whiten the fields of Asia. For this, Europe, during two centuries, was precipitated on Asia. To stimulate this astonishing movement, all the powers of religion, of love, of poetry, of romance, and of eloquence, during a succession of ages, were devoted. Peter the Hermit shook the heart of Europe by his preaching, as the trumpet rouses the war-horse. Poetry and romance aided the generous illusion. No maiden would look at a lover who had not

served in Palestine; few could resist those who had. And so strongly was the European heart then stirred,—so profound the emotions excited by those events, that their influence is felt even at this distant period. The highest praise yet awarded to valour is, that it recalls the lion-hearted Richard; the most envied meed bestowed on beauty, that it rivals the fascination of Armida. No monument is yet approached by the generous and brave with such emotion as those now mouldering in our churches, which represent the warrior lying with his arms crossed on his breast, in token that, during life, he had served in the Holy Wars.

The Crusades form the true heroic age of Europe—the *Jerusalem Delivered* is its epic poem. Then alone its warriors fought and died together. Banded together under a second "King of men," the forces of Christendom combated around the Holy City against the strength of Asia drawn to its defence. The cause was nobler, the end greater, the motives more exalted, than those which animated the warriors of the Iliad. Another Helen had not fired another Troy; the hope of sharing the spoils of Phrygia had not drawn together the predatory bands of another Greece. The characters on both sides had risen in proportion to the magnitude and sanctity of the strife in which they were engaged. Holier motives, more generous passions were felt, than had yet, from the beginning of time, strung the soldier's arm. Saladin was a mightier prince than Hector; Godfrey a nobler character than Agamemnon; Richard immeasurably more heroic than Achilles. The strife did not continue for ten years, but for twenty lustres; and yet, so uniform were the passions felt through its continuance, so identical the objects contended for, that the whole has the unity of interest of a Greek drama.

All nations bore their part in this mighty tragedy. The Franks were there, under Godfrey of Bouillon and Raymond of Toulouse, in such strength

as to have stamped their name in the East upon Europeans in general; the English nobly supported the ancient fame of their country under the lion-hearted King; the Germans followed the Dukes of Austria and Bavaria; the Flemings those of Hainault and Brabant; the Italians and Spaniards reappeared on the fields of Roman fame; even the distant Swedes and Norwegians, the descendants of the Goths and Normans, sent forth their contingents to combat in the common cause of Christianity. Nor were the forces of Asia assembled in less marvellous proportions. The bands of Persia were there, terrible as when they destroyed the legions of Crassus and Antony, or withstood the invasions of Heraclius and Julian; the descendants of the followers of Sesostri appeared on the field of ancient and forgotten glory; the swarthy visages of the Ethiopians were seen; the distant Tartars hurried to the theatre of carnage and plunder; the Arabs, flushed with the conquest of the Eastern world, combated, with unconquerable resolution, for the faith of Mahomet. The arms of Europe were tested against those of Asia, as much as the courage of the descendants of Japhet was with the daring of the children of Ishmael. The long lance, ponderous panoply, and weighty war-horse of the West, was matched against the twisted hauberk, sharp sabre, and incomparable steeds of the East; the sword crossed with the cimex, the dagger with the poniard; the armour of Milan was scarce proof against the Damascus blade; the archers of England tried their strength with the bowmen of Arabia. Nor were rousing passions, animating recollections, and charmed desires awaiting to sustain the courage on both sides. The Christians asserted the ancient superiority of Europe over Asia; the Saracens were proud of the recent conquest of the East, Africa, and Southern Europe, by their arms; the former pointed to a world subdued and long held in subjection—the latter to a world newly reft from the infidel, and won by their sabres to the sway of the Crescent. The one deemed themselves secure of salvation while combating for the Cross, and sought an entrance to heaven through the breach of Jerusalem; the

other, strong in the belief of fatalism, advanced fearless to the conflict, and strove for the hours of Paradise amidst the lances of the Christians.

When nations so powerful, leaders so renowned, forces so vast, courage so unshaken in the contending parties, were brought into collision, under the influence of passions so strong, enthusiasm so exalted, devotion so profound, it was impossible that innumerable deeds of heroism should not have been performed on both sides. If a poet equal to Homer had arisen in Europe to sing the conflict, the warriors of the Crusades would have been engraven on our minds like the heroes of the Iliad; and all future ages would have resounded with their exploits, as they have with those of Achilles and Agamemnon, of Ajax and Ulysses, of Hector and Diomedes. But though Tasso has with incomparable beauty enshrined in immortal verse the feelings of chivalry, and the enthusiasm of the Crusades, he has not left a poem which has taken, or ever can take, the general hold of the minds of men, which the Iliad has done. The reason is, it is not founded in nature—it is the ideal—but it is not the ideal based on the real. Considered as a work of imagination, the *Jerusalemme Liberata* is one of the most exquisite conceptions of human fancy, and will for ever command the admiration of romantic and elevated minds. But it wants that yet higher excellence, which arises from a thorough knowledge of human nature—a graphic delineation of actual character; a faithful picture of the real passions and sufferings of mortality. It is the most perfect example of poetic fancy; but the highest species of the epic poem is to be found not in poetic fancy, but in *poetic history*. The heroes and heroines of the *Jerusalem Delivered* are noble and attractive. It is impossible to study them without admiration; but they resemble real life as much as the Enchanted Forest and spacious battle-fields, which Tasso has described in the environs of Jerusalem, do the arid ridges, waterless ravines, and stone-covered hills in the real scene, which have been painted by the matchless pens of Chateaubriand and Lamartine.

The love of Tancred, the tenderness of Erminia, the heroism of Rinaldo,

are indelibly engraven in the recollection of every sensitive reader of Tasso; but no man ever saw such characters, or any thing resembling them, in real life. They are ærial beings, like Miranda in the "Tempest," or Rosalind in the forest; but they recall no traits of actual existence. The enchantment of Armida, the death of Clorinda, belong to a different class. They rise to the highest flights of the epic muse; for female fascination is the same in all ages; and Tasso drew from the life in the first, while his exquisite taste and elevated soul raised him to the highest moral sublimity and pathos which human nature can reach in the second. Considered, however, as the poetic history of the Crusades, as the Iliad of modern times, the *Jerusalem Delivered* will not bear any comparison with its immortal predecessor. It conveys little idea of the real events; it embodies no traits of nature; it has enshrined no traditions of the past. The distant era of the Crusades, separated by three centuries from the time when he wrote, had come down to Tasso, blended with the refinements of civilization, the courtesy of chivalry, the graces of antiquity, the conceits of the troubadours. In one respect only he has faithfully portrayed the feelings of the time when his poem was laid. In the uniform elevation of mind in Godfrey of Bouillon; his constant forgetfulness of self; his sublime devotion to the objects of his mission, is to be found a true picture of the spirit of the Crusades, as it appeared in their most dignified champions. And it is fortunate for mankind that the noble portrait has been arrayed in such colours as must render it as immortal as the human race.

If poetry has failed in portraying the real spirit of the Crusades, has history been more successful? Never was a nobler theme presented to human ambition. We may see what may be made of it, by the inimitable fragment of its annals which Gibbon has left in his narrative of the storming of Constantinople by the Franks and Venetians. Only think what a subject is presented to the soul of genius, guiding the hand, and sustaining the effort of industry! The rise of the Mahometan power in the

East, and the subjugation of Palestine by the arms of the Saracens; the profound indignation excited in Europe by the narratives of the sufferings of the Christians who had made pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre; the sudden and almost miraculous impulse communicated to multitudes by the preaching of Peter the Hermit; the universal frenzy which seized all classes, and the general desertion of fields and cities, in the anxiety to share in the holy enterprise of rescuing it from the infidels; the unparalleled sufferings and total destruction of the huge multitude of men, women, and children who formed the vanguard of Europe, and perished in the first Crusade, make up, as it were, the first act of the eventful story. Next comes the firm array of warriors which was led by Godfrey of Bouillon in the second Crusade. Their march through Hungary and Turkey to Constantinople; the description of the Queen of the East, with its formidable ramparts, noble harbours, and crafty government; the battles of Nice and Dorislaus, and marvellous defeats of the Persians by the arms of the Christians; the long duration, and almost fabulous termination of the siege of Antioch, by the miracle of the holy lance; the advance to Jerusalem; the defeat of the Egyptians before its walls, and final storming of the holy city by the resistless prowess of the crusaders, terminate the second act of the mighty drama.

The third commences with the establishment, in a durable manner, of the Latins in Palestine, and the extension of its limits,—by the subjection of Ptolemais, Edessa, and a number of strongholds towards the east. The constitution of the monarchy by the "Assizes of Jerusalem," the most regular and perfect model of feudal sovereignty that ever was formed; with the singular orders of the knights-templars, hospitallers, and of St John of Jerusalem, which in a manner organized the strength of Europe for its defence, blend the detail of manners, institutions, and military establishments, with the otherwise too frequent narratives of battles and sieges. Next come the vast and almost convulsive efforts of the Orientals to expel the Christians from

their shores ; the long wars and slow degrees by which the monarchy of Palestine was abridged, and at last its strength broken by the victorious sword of Saladin, and the wood of the true cross lost, in the battle of Tiberias. But this terrible event, which at once restored Jerusalem to the power of the Saracens, again roused the declining spirit of European enterprise. A hero rose up for the defence of the Holy Land. Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus appeared at the head of the chivalry of England and France. The siege of Ptolemais exceeded in heroic deeds that of Troy ; the battle of Ascalon broke the strength and humbled the pride of Saladin ; and, but for the jealousy and defection of France, Richard would have again rescued the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels, and perhaps permanently established a Christian monarchy on the shores of Palestine.

The fourth Crusade, under Dandolo, when the arms of the Faithful were turned aside from the holy enterprise by the spoils of Constantinople, and the blind Doge leapt from his galleys on the towers of the imperial city, forms the splendid subject of the fourth act. The marvellous spectacle was there exhibited of a band of adventurers, not mustering above twenty thousand combatants, carrying by storm the mighty Queen of the East, subverting the Byzantine empire, and establishing themselves in a durable manner, in feudal sovereignty, over the whole of Greece and European Turkey. The wonderful powers of Gibbon, the luminous pages of Sismondi, have thrown a flood of light on this extraordinary event, and almost brought its principal events before our eyes. The passage of the Dardanelles by the Christian armament ; the fears of the warriors at embarking in the mighty enterprise of attacking the imperial city ; the imposing aspect of its palaces, domes, and battlements ; the sturdy resistance of the Latin squares to the desultory charges of the Byzantine troops ; in fine, the storm of the city itself, and overthrow of the empire of the Cæsars, stand forth in the most brilliant light in the immortal pages of these two writers. But great and

romantic as this event was, it was an episode in the history of the Crusades, it was a diversion of its forces, a deviation from its spirit. It is an ordinary, though highly interesting and eventful siege ; very different from the consecration of the forces of Europe to the rescuing of the Holy Sepulchre.

Very different was the result of the last Crusade, under Saint Louis, which shortly after terminated in the capture of Ptolemais, and the final expulsion of the Christians from the shores of Palestine. Melancholy, however, as are the features of that eventful story, it excites a deeper emotion than the triumphant storm of Constantinople by the champions of the Cross. St Louis was unfortunate, but he was so in a noble cause ; he preserved the purity of his character, the dignity of his mission, equally amidst the arrows of the Egyptians on the banks of the Nile, as in the death-bestriden shores of the Lybian Desert. There is nothing more sublime in history than the death of this truly saint-like prince, amidst his weeping followers. England reappeared with lustre in the last glare of the flames of the crusades, before they sunk for ever ; the blood of the Plantagenets proved worthy of itself. Prince Edward again erected the banner of victory before the walls of Acre, and his heroic consort, who sucked the poison of the assassin from his wounds, has passed, like Belisarius or Cœur de Lion, into the immortal shrine of romance. Awful was the catastrophe in which the tragedy terminated ; and the storm of Acre, and slaughter of thirty thousand of the Faithful, while it finally expelled the Christians from the Holy Land, awakened the European powers, when too late, to a sense of the ruinous effect of those divisions which had permitted the vanguard of Christendom, the bulwark of the faith, to languish and perish, after an heroic resistance, on the shores of Asia.

Nor was it long before the disastrous consequences of these divisions appeared, and it was made manifest, even to the most inconsiderate, what dangers had been averted from the shores of Europe, by the contest which had so long fixed the struggle

on those of Asia. The dreadful arms of the Mahometans, no longer restrained by the lances of the Crusaders, appeared in menacing, and apparently irresistible strength, on the shores of the Mediterranean. Empire after empire sank beneath their strokes. Constantinople, and with it the empire of the East, yielded to the arms of Mahomet II.; Rhodes, with its spacious ramparts and well-defended bastions, to those of Solymán the Magnificent; Malta, the key to the Mediterranean, was only saved by the almost superhuman valour of its devoted knights; Hungary was overrun; Vienna besieged; and the death of Solymán alone prevented him from realizing his threat, of stabling his steed at the high altar of St Peter's. The glorious victory of Lepanto, the raising of the siege of Vienna by John Sobieski, only preserved, at distant intervals, Christendom from subjugation, and possibly the faith of the gospel from extinction on the earth. A consideration of these dangers may illustrate of what incalculable service the Crusades were to the cause of true religion and civilization, by fixing the contest for two centuries in Asia, when it was most to be dreaded in Europe; and permitting the strength of Christendom to grow, during that long period, till, when it was seriously assailed in its own home, it was able to defend itself. It may show us what we owe to the valour of those devoted champions of the Cross, who struggled with the might of Islamism when "it was strongest, and ruled it when it was wildest;" and teach us to look with thankfulness on the dispensations of that overruling Providence, which causes even the most vehement and apparently extravagant passions of the human mind to minister to the final good of humanity.

For a long period after their termination, the Crusades were regarded by the world, and treated by historians, as the mere ebullition of frenzied fanaticism—as a useless and deplorable effusion of human blood. It may be conceived with what satisfaction these views were received by Voltaire, and the whole sceptical writers of France, and how completely, in consequence, they deluded more than

one generation. Robertson was the first who pointed out some of the important consequences which the Crusades had on the structure of society, and progress of improvement in modern Europe. Guizot and Sismondi have followed in the same track; and the truths they have unfolded are so evident, that they have received the unanimous concurrence of all thinking persons. Certain it is, that so vast a migration of men, so prodigious a heave of the human race, could not have taken place without producing the most important effects. Few as were the warriors who returned from the Holy Wars, in comparison of those who set out, they brought back with them many of the most important acquisitions of time and value, and arts of the East. The terrace cultivation of Tuscany, the invaluable irrigation of Lombardy, date from the Crusades: it was from the warriors or pilgrims that returned from the Holy Land, that the incomparable silk and velvet manufactures, and delicate jewellery of Venice and Genoa, took their rise. Nor were the consequences less material on those who remained behind, and did not share in the immediate fruits of Oriental enterprise. Immense was the impulse communicated to Europe by the prodigious migration. It dispelled prejudice, by bringing distant improvement before the eyes; awakened activity, by exhibiting to the senses the effects of foreign enterprise; it drew forth and expended long accumulated capital; the fitting out so vast a host of warriors stimulated labour, as the wars of the French Revolution did those of the European states six centuries afterwards. The feudal aristocracy never recovered the shock given to their power by the destruction of many families, and the overwhelming debts fastened on others, by these costly and protracted contests. Great part of the prosperity, freedom, and happiness which have since prevailed in the principal European monarchies, is to be ascribed to the Crusades. So great an intermingling of the different faiths and races of mankind, never takes place without producing lasting and beneficial consequences.

These views have been amply illus-

trated by the philosophic historians of modern times. But there is another effect of far more importance than them all put together, which has not yet attracted the attention it deserves, because the opposite set of evils are only beginning now to rise into general and formidable activity. This is the fixing the mind, and still more the heart of Europe, for so long a period, on *generous and disinterested objects*. Whoever has attentively considered the constitution of human nature as he feels it in himself, or has observed it in others,—whether as shown in the private society with which he has mingled, or the public concerns of nations he has observed,—will at once admit that SELFISHNESS is its greatest bane. It is at once the source of individual degradation and of public ruin. He knew the human heart well who prescribed as the first of social duties, “to love our neighbour as ourself.” Of what incalculable importance was it, then, to have the mind of Europe, during so many generations, withdrawn from selfish considerations, emancipated from the sway of individual desire, and devoted to objects of generous or spiritual ambition! The passion of the Crusades may have been wild, extravagant, irrational, but it was noble, disinterested, and heroic. It was founded on the sacrifice of self to duty; not on the sacrifice, so common in later times, of duty to self. In the individuals engaged in the Holy Wars, doubtless, there was the usual proportion of human selfishness and passion. Certainly they had not all the self-control of St Anthony, or the self-denial of St Jerome. But this is the case with all great movements. The principle which moved the general mind was grand and generous. It first severed war from the passion of lust or revenge, and the thirst for plunder on which it had hitherto been founded, and based it on the generous and disinterested object of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre. Courage was sanctified, because it was exerted in a noble cause: even bloodshed became excusable, for it was done to stop the shedding of blood. The noble and heroic feelings which have taken such hold of the mind of modern Europe, and distinguish it from any other age

or quarter of the globe, have mainly arisen from the profound emotions awakened by the mingling of the passions of chivalry with the aspirations of devotion during the Crusades. The sacrifice of several millions of men, however dreadful an evil, was a transient and slight calamity, when set against the incalculable effect of communicating such feelings to their descendants, and stamping them for ever upon the race of Japhet, destined to people and subdue the world.

Look at the mottoes on the seals of our older nobility, which date from the era of the Crusades, or the ages succeeding it, when their heroic spirit was not yet extinct, and you will see the clearest demonstration of what was the spirit of these memorable contests. They are all founded on the sacrifice of self to duty, of interest to devotion, of life to love. There is little to be seen there about industry amassing wealth, or prudence averting calamity; but much about honour despising danger, and life sacrificed to duty. In an utilitarian or commercial age, such principles may appear extravagant or romantic; but it is from such extravagant romance that all the greatness of modern Europe has taken its rise. We cannot emancipate ourselves from their influence: a fountain of generous thoughts in every elevated bosom is perpetually gushing forth, from the ideas which have come down to us from the Holy Wars. They live in our romances, in our tragedies, in our poetry, in our language, in our hearts. Of what use are such feelings, say the partisans of utility? “Of what use,” answers Madame De Staël, “is the Apollo Belvidere, or the poetry of Milton; the paintings of Raphael, or the strains of Handel? Of what use is the rose or the eglantine; the colours of autumn, or the setting of the sun?” And yet what object ever moved the heart as they have done, and ever will do? Of what use is all that is sublime or beautiful in nature, if not to the soul itself? The interest taken in such objects attests the dignity of that being which is immortal and invisible, and which is ever more strongly moved by whatever speaks to its immortal and invisible nature, than by all the cares of present existence.

When such is the magnificence and interest of the subject of the Crusades, it is surprising that no historian has yet appeared in Great Britain who has done justice to the theme. Yet unquestionably none has even approached it. Mill's history is the only one in our language which treats of the subject otherwise than as a branch of general history; and though his work is trustworthy and authentic, it is destitute of the chief qualities requisite for the successful prosecution of so great an undertaking. It is—a rare fault in history—a great deal too short. It is not in two thin octavo volumes that the annals of the conflict of Europe and Asia for two centuries is to be given. It is little more than an abridgement, for the use of young persons, of what the real history should be. It may be true, but it is dull; and dulness is an unpardonable fault in any historian, especially one who had such a subject whereon to exert his powers. The inimitable episode of Gibbon on the storming of Constantinople by the Crusaders, is written in a very different style: the truths of history, and the colours of poetry, are there blended in the happiest proportions together. There is a fragment affording, *so far as description goes*, a perfect model of what the history of the Crusades should be; what in the hands of genius it will one day become. But it is a model *only* so far as description goes. Gibbon had greater powers as an historian than any modern writer who ever approached the subject; but he had not the elevated soul requisite for the highest branches of his art, and which was most of all called for in the annalist of the Crusades. He was destitute of enlightened principle; he was without true philosophy; he had the eye of painting, and the *powers*, but not the *soul* of poetry in his mind. He had not moral courage sufficient to withstand the irreligious fanaticism of his age. He was benevolent; but his aspirations never reached the highest interests of humanity,—humane, but “his humanity ever slumbered where women were ravished, or Christians persecuted.”*

Passion and reason in equal proportions, it has been well observed, form energy. With equal truth, and for a similar reason, it may be said, that intellect and imagination in equal proportions form history. It is the want of the last quality which is in general fatal to the persons who adventure on that great but difficult branch of composition. It in every age sends ninety-nine hundreds of historical works down the gulf of time. Industry and accuracy are so evidently and indisputably requisite in the outset of historical composition, that men forget that genius and taste are required for its completion. They see that the edifice must be reared of blocks cut out of the quarry; and they fix their attention on the quarriers who loosen them from the rock, without considering that the soul of Phidias or Michael Angelo is required to arrange them in the due proportion in the immortal structure. What makes great and durable works of history so rare is, that they alone, perhaps, of any other production, require for their formation a combination of the most opposite qualities of the human mind, qualities which only are found united in a very few individuals in any age. Industry and genius, passion and perseverance, enthusiasm and caution, vehemence and prudence, ardour and self-control, the fire of poetry, the coldness of prose, the eye of painting, the patience of calculation, dramatic power, philosophic thought, are all called for in the annalist of human events. Mr Fox had a clear perception of what history should be, when he placed it *next to poetry in the fine arts, and before oratory*. Eloquence is but a fragment of what is enfolded in its mighty arms. Military genius ministers only to its more brilliant scenes. Mere ardour, or poetie imagination, will prove wholly insufficient; they will be deterred at the very threshold of the undertaking by the toil with which it is attended, and turn aside into the more inviting paths of poetry and romance. The labour of writing the “Life of Napoleon” killed Sir Walter Scott. Industry and intellectual power, if unaided by more

* Porson.

attractive qualities, will equally fail of success; they will produce a respectable work, valuable as a book of reference, which will slumber in forgotten obscurity in our libraries. The combination of the two is requisite to lasting fame, to general and durable success. What is necessary in an historian, as in the *élite* of an army, is not the desultory fire of light troops, nor the ordinary steadiness of common soldiers, but the regulated ardour, the burning but yet restrained enthusiasm, which, trained by discipline, taught by experience, keeps itself under control till the proper moment for action arrives, and then sweeps, at the voice of its leader, with "the ocean's mighty swing" on the foe.

MICHAUD is, in many respects, an historian peculiarly qualified for the great undertaking which he has accomplished, of giving a full and accurate, yet graphic history of the Crusades. He belongs to the elevated class in thought; he is far removed, indeed, from the utilitarian school of modern days. Deeply imbued with the romantic and chivalrous ideas of the olden time, a devout Catholic as well as a sincere Christian, he brought to the annals of the Holy Wars a profound admiration for their heroism, a deep respect for their disinterestedness, a graphic eye for their delineation, a sincere sympathy with their devotion. With the fervour of a warrior, he has narrated the long and eventful story of their victories and defeats; with the devotion of a pilgrim, visited the scenes of their glories and their sufferings. Not content with giving to the world six large octavos for the narrative of their glory, he has published six other volumes, containing his travels to all the scenes on the shores of the Mediterranean which have been rendered memorable by their exploits. It is hard to say which is most interesting. They mutually reflect and throw light on each other: for in the History we see at every step the graphic eye of the traveller; in the Travels we meet in every page with the knowledge and associations of the historian.

Michaud, as might be expected from his turn of mind and favourite studies, belongs to the romantic or picturesque school of French historians; that

school of which, with himself, Barante, Michelet, and the two Thierry's are the great ornaments. He is far from being destitute of philosophical penetration, and many of his articles in that astonishing repertory of learning and ability, the *Biographie Universelle*, demonstrate that he is fully abreast of all the ideas and information of his age. But in his history of the Crusades, he thought, and thought rightly, that the great object was to give a faithful picture of the events and ideas of the time, without any attempt to paraphrase them into the language or thoughts of subsequent ages. The world had had enough of the flippant *persiflage* with which Voltaire had treated the most heroic efforts and tragic disasters of the human race. Philosophic historians had got into discredit from the rash conclusions and unfounded pretensions of the greater part of their number; though the philosophy of history can never cease to be one of the noblest subjects of human thought. To guard against the error into which they had fallen, the romantic historians recurred with anxious industry to the original and contemporary annals of their events, and discarded every thing from their narrative which was not found to be supported by such unquestionable authority. In thought, they endeavoured to reflect, as in a mirror, the ideas of the age of which they treated, rather than see it through their own: in narrative or description, they rather availed themselves of the materials, how scanty soever, collected by eyewitnesses, in preference to eking out the picture by imaginary additions, and the richer colouring of subsequent ages. This is the great characteristic of the graphic or picturesque school of French history; and there can be no question that in regard to the first requisite of history, trustworthiness, and the subordinate but also highly important object, of rendering the narrative interesting, it is a very great improvement, alike upon the tedious narrative of former learning, or the provoking pretensions of more recent philosophy. Justice can never be done to the actions or thoughts of former times, unless the former are narrated from the accounts of eye-

witnesses, and with the fervour which they alone can feel—the latter in the very words, as much as possible, employed by the speakers on the occasions. Nor will imagination ever produce any thing so interesting as the features which actually presented themselves at the moment to the observer. Every painter knows the superior value of sketches, however slight, made on the spot, to the most laboured subsequent reminiscences.

But while this is perfectly true on the one hand, it is equally clear on the other, that this recurrence to ancient and contemporary authority must be for the facts, events, and outline of the story only; and that the filling up must be done by the hand of the artist who is engaged in producing the complete work. If this is not done, history ceases to be one of the fine arts. It degenerates into a mere collection of chronicles, records, and ballads, without any connecting link to unite, or any regulating mind to arrange them. History then loses the place assigned it by Mr Fox, next to poetry and before oratory; it becomes nothing more than a magazine of antiquarian lore. Such a magazine may be interesting to antiquaries; it may be valuable to the learned in ecclesiastical disputes, or the curious in genealogy or family records; but these interests are of a very partial and transient description. It will never generally fascinate the human race. Nothing ever has, or ever can do so, but such annals as, independent of local or family interest, or antiquarian curiosity, are permanently attractive by the grandeur and interest of the events they recount, and the elegance or pathos of the language in which they are delivered. Such are the histories of Herodotus and Thucydides, the annals of Sallust and Tacitus, the narratives of Homer, Livy, and Gibbon. If instead of aiming at producing one uniform work of this description, flowing from the same pen, couched in the same style, reflecting the same mind, the historian presents his readers with a collection of quotations from chronicles, state papers, or *jeune* annalists, he has entirely lost sight of the principles of his art. He has not made a picture, but merely

put together a collection of original sketches; he has not built a temple, but only piled together the unfinished blocks of which it was to be composed.

This is the great fault into which Barante, Sismondi, and Michelet have fallen. In their anxiety to be faithful, they have sometimes become tedious; in their desire to recount nothing that was not true, they have narrated much that was neither material nor interesting. Barante, in particular, has utterly ruined his otherwise highly interesting history of the Dukes of Burgundy by this error. We have bulls of the Popes, marriage-contracts, feudal charters, treaties of alliance, and other similar instruments, quoted *ad longum* in the text of the history, till no one but an enthusiastic antiquary or half-cracked genealogist can go on with the work. The same mistake is painfully conspicuous in Sismondi's *Histoire des Français*. Fifteen out of his valuable thirty volumes are taken up with quotations from public records or instruments. It is impossible to conceive a greater mistake, in a composition which is intended not merely for learned men or antiquaries, but for the great body of ordinary readers. The authors of these works are so immersed in their own ideas and researches, they are so enamoured of their favourite antiquities, that they forget that the world in general is far from sharing their enthusiasm, and that many things, which to them are of the highest possible interest and importance, seem to the great bulk of readers immaterial or tedious. The two Thierrys have, in a great measure, avoided this fatal error; for, though their narratives are as much based on original and contemporary authorities as any histories can be, the quotations are usually given in an abbreviated form in the 'notes, and the text is, in general, an unbroken narrative, in their own perspicuous and graphic language. Thence, in a great measure, the popularity and interest of their works. Michaud indulges more in lengthened quotations in his text from the old chronicles, or their mere paraphrases into his own language; their frequency is the great defect of his valuable his-

tory. But the variety and interest of the subjects render this mosaic species of composition more excusable, and less repugnant to good taste, in the account of the Crusades, than it would be, perhaps, in the annals of any other human transactions.

As a specimen of our author's powers and style of description, we subjoin a translation of the animated narrative he gives from the old historians of the famous battle of Dorislaus, which first subjected the coasts of Asia Minor to the arms of the Crusaders.

"Late on the evening of the 31st of June 1097, the troops arrived at a spot where pasturage appeared abundant, and they resolved to pitch their camp. The Christian army passed the night in the most profound security; but on the following morning, at break of day, detached horsemen presented themselves, and clouds of dust appearing on the adjoining heights, announced the presence of the enemy. Instantly the trumpets sounded, and the whole camp stood to their arms. Bohemond, the second in command, having the chief direction in the absence of Godfrey, hastened to make the necessary dispositions to repel the threatened attack. The camp of the Christians was defended on one side by a river, and on the other by a marsh, entangled with reeds and bushes. The Prince of Tarentum caused it to be surrounded with palisades, made with the stakes which served for fixing the cords of the tents; he then assigned their proper posts to the infantry, and placed the women, children, and sick in the centre. The cavalry, arranged in three columns, advanced to the margin of the river, and prepared to dispute the passage. One of these corps was commanded by Tancred, and William his brother; the other by the Duke of Normandy and the Count of Chartres. Bohemond, who headed the reserve, was posted with his horsemen on an eminence in the rear, from whence he could descry the whole field of battle.

"Hardly were these dispositions completed, when the Saracens, with loud cries, descended from the mountains, and, as soon as they arrived within bowshot, let fall a shower of arrows upon the Christians. This discharge did little injury to the knights, defended as they were by their armour and

shields; but a great number of horses were wounded, and, in their pain, introduced disorder into the ranks. The archers, the slingers, the crossbow-men, scattered along the flanks of the Christian army, in vain returned the discharge with their stones and javelins; their missiles could not reach the enemy, and fell on the ground without doing any mischief. The Christian horse, impatient at being inactive spectators of the combat, charged across the river, and fell headlong with their lances in rest on the Saracens; but they avoided the shock, and, opening their ranks, dispersed when the formidable mass approached them. Again rallying at a distance in small bodies, they let fly a cloud of arrows at their ponderous assailants, whose heavy horses, oppressed with weighty armour, could not overtake the swift steeds of the desert.

"This mode of combating turned entirely to the advantage of the Turks. The whole dispositions made by the Christians before the battle became useless. Every chief, almost every cavalier, fought for himself; he took counsel from his own ardour, and it alone. The Christians combated almost singly on a ground with which they were unacquainted; in that terrible strife, death became the only reward of undisciplined valour. Robert of Paris, the same who had sat on the imperial throne beside Alexis, was mortally wounded, after having seen forty of his bravest companions fall by his side. William, brother of Tancred, fell pierced by arrows. Tancred himself, whose lance was broken, and who had no other weapon but his sword, owed his life to Bohemond, who came up to the rescue, and extricated him from the hands of the Infidels.

"While victory was still uncertain between force and address, agility and valour, fresh troops of the Saracens descended from the mountains, and mingled in overwhelming proportion in the conflict. The Sultan of Nice took advantage of the moment when the cavalry of the Crusaders withstood with difficulty the attack of the Turks, and directed his forces against their camp. He assembled the élite of his troops, crossed the river, and overcame with ease all the obstacles which opposed his progress. In an instant the camp of the Christians was invaded and filled with a multitude of barbarians. The Turks massacred without distinction all who presented themselves to their

blows; except the women whom youth and beauty rendered fit for their seraglios. If we may credit Albert d'Aix, the wives and daughters of the knights preferred in that extremity slavery to death; for they were seen in the midst of the tumult to adorn themselves with their most elegant dresses, and, arrayed in this manner, sought by the display of their charms to soften the hearts of their merciless enemies.

"Bohemond, however, soon arrived to the succour of the camp, and obliged the Sultan to retrace his steps to his own army. Then the combat recommenced on the banks of the river with more fury than ever. The Duke Robert of Normandy, who had remained with some of his knights on the field of battle, snatched from his standard-bearer his pennon of white, bordered with gold, and exclaiming, '*A moi, la Normandie!*' penetrated the ranks of the enemy, striking down with his sword whatever opposed him, till he laid dead at his feet one of the principal emirs. Tancred, Richard, the Prince of Salerno, Stephen count of Blois, and other chiefs, followed his example, and emulated his valour. Bohemond, returning from the camp, which he had delivered from its oppressors, encountered a troop of fugitives. Instantly advancing among them, he exclaimed, 'Whither fly you, O Christian soldiers?—Do you not see that the enemies' horses, swifter than your own, will not fail soon to reach you? Follow me—I will show you a surer mode of safety than flight.' With these words he threw himself, followed by his own men and the rallied fugitives, into the midst of the Saracens, and striking down all who attempted to resist them, made a frightful carnage. In the midst of the tumult, the women who had been taken and delivered from the hands of the Mussulmans, burning to avenge their outraged modesty, went through the ranks carrying refreshments to the soldiers, and exhorting them to redouble their efforts to save them from Turkish servitude.

"But all these efforts were in vain. The Crusaders, worn out by fatigue, parched by thirst, were unable to withstand an enemy who was incessantly recruited by fresh troops. The Christian army, a moment victorious, was enveloped on all sides, and obliged to yield to numbers. They retired, or rather fled, towards the camp, which the Turks were on the point of entering

with them. No words can paint the consternation of the Christians, the disorder of their ranks, or the scenes of horror which the interior of the camp presented. There were to be seen priests in tears, imploring on their knees the assistance of Heaven—there, women in despair rent the air with their shrieks, while the more courageous of their numbers bore the wounded knights into the tents; and the soldiers, despairing of life, cast themselves on their knees before their priests or bishops, and demanded absolution of their sins. In the frightful tumult, the voice of the chief was no longer heard; the most intrepid had already fallen covered with wounds, or sunk under the rays of a vertical sun and the horrors of an agonizing thirst. All seemed lost, and nothing to appearance could restore their courage, when all of a sudden loud cries of joy announced the approach of Raymond of Toulouse and Godfrey of Bouillon, who advanced at the head of the second corps of the Christian army.

"From the commencement of the battle, Bohemond had dispatched accounts to them of the attack of the Turks. No sooner did the intelligence arrive, than the Duke of Lorraine, the Count of Vermandois, and the Count of Flanders, at the head of their corps-d'armée, directed their march towards the valley of Gorgoni, followed by Raymond and D'Adhemar, who brought up the luggage and formed the rear-guard. When they appeared on the eastern slope of the mountains, the sun was high in the heavens, and his rays were reflected from their bucklers, helmets, and drawn swords; their standards were displayed, and a loud flourish of their trumpets resounded from afar. Fifty thousand horsemen, clad in steel and ready for the fight, advanced in regular order to the attack. That sight at once reanimated the Crusaders and spread terror among the Infidels.

"Already Godfrey, outstripping the speed of his followers, had come up at the head of fifty chosen cavaliers, and taken a part in the combat. Upon this the Sultan sounded a retreat, and took post upon the hills, where he trusted the Crusaders would not venture to attack him. Soon, however, the second corps of the Christians arrived on the field still reeking with the blood of their brethren. They knew their comrades and companions stretched in the dust—they became impatient to avenge them, and

demanded with loud cries to be led on to the attack; those even who had combated all day with the first corps desired to renew the conflict. Forthwith the Christian army was arranged for a second battle. Bohemond, Tancred, Robert of Normandy, placed themselves on the left; Godfrey, the Count of Flanders, the Count de Blois, led the right: Raymond commanded in the centre; the reserve was placed under the order of D'Adhemar. Before the chiefs gave the order to advance, the priests went through the ranks, exhorted the soldiers to fight bravely, and gave them their benediction. Then the soldiers and chiefs drew their swords together, and repeated aloud the war-cry of the Crusades, 'Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!' That cry was re-echoed from the mountains and the valleys. While the echoes still rolled, the Christian army advanced, and marched full of confidence against the Turks, who, not less determined, awaited them on the summit of their rocky asylum.

"The Saracens remained motionless on the top of the hills—they did not even discharge their redoubtable arrows; their quivers seemed to be exhausted. The broken nature of the ground they occupied precluded the adoption of those rapid evolutions, which in the preceding conflict had proved so fatal to the Christians. They seemed to be no longer animated with the same spirit—they awaited the attack rather with the resignation of martyrs than the hope of warriors. The Count of Toulouse, who assailed them in front, broke their ranks by the first shock. Tancred, Godfrey, and the two Roberts attacked their flanks with equal advantage. D'Adhemar, who with the reserve had made the circuit of the mountains, charged their rear, when already shaken by the attack in front, and on both flanks. This completed their route. The Saracens found themselves surrounded by a forest of lances, from which there was no escape but in breaking their ranks and seeking refuge among the rocks. A great number of emirs, above three thousand officers, and twenty thousand soldiers fell in the action or pursuit. Four thousand of the Crusaders had perished, almost all in the first action. The enemy's camp, distant two leagues from the field of battle, fell into the hands of the Crusaders, with vast stores of provisions, tents magnificently ornamented, immense treasures, and a vast number of camels. The sight of these animals, which they had not yet

seen in the East, gave them as much surprise as pleasure. The dismounted horsemen mounted the swift steeds of the Saracens to pursue the broken remains of the enemy. Towards evening they returned to the camp loaded with booty, and preceded by their priests singing triumphant songs and hymns of victory. On the following day the Christians interred their dead, shedding tears of sorrow. The priests read prayers over them, and numbered them among the saints in heaven."—*Hist. des Croisades*, i. 228-233.

This extract gives an idea at once of the formidable nature of the contest which awaited the Christians in their attempts to recover the Holy Land, of the peculiar character of the attack and defence on both sides, and of the talent for graphic and lucid description which M. Michaud possesses. It is curious how identical the attack of the West and defence of the East are the same in all ages. The description of the manner in which the Crusading warriors were here drawn into a pursuit of, and then enveloped by the Asiatic light horse, is precisely the same as that in which the legions of Crassus were destroyed; and might pass for a narrative of the way in which Napoleon's European cavalry were cut to pieces by the Arab horse at the combat at Salahout, near the Red Sea; or Lord Lake's horse worsted in the first part of the battle of Laswaree in India, before the infantry came up, and, by storming the batteries, restored the combat. On the other hand, the final overthrow of the Saracens at Dorislaus was evidently owing to their imprudence in *standing firm*, and awaiting in that position the attack of the Christians. They did so, trusting to the strength of the rocky ridge on which they were posted; but that advantage, great as it was; by no means rendered them a match in close fight for the weighty arms and the determined resolution of the Europeans, any more than the discharges of their powerful batteries availed the Mahrattas in the latter part of the battles of Assaye and Laswaree, or, more recently, the Sikhs in the desperate conflict at Ferozepore in the Punjab. The discovery of fire-arms, and all the subsequent improvements in tactics and strategy, though they

have altered the weapons with which war is carried on, yet have not materially changed the mode in which success is won, or disaster averted, between ancient and modern times.

Our author's account of the storming of Jerusalem, the final object and crowning glory of the Crusades, is animated and interesting in the highest degree.

"At the last words of the Hermit Peter the warmest transports seized the Crusaders. They descended from the Mount of Olives, where they had listened to his exhortations; and turning to the south, saluted on their right the fountain of Siloë, where Christ had restored sight to the blind; in the distance they perceived the ruins of the palace of Judah, and advanced on the slope of Mount Sion, which awakened afresh all their holy enthusiasm. Many in that cross march were struck down by the arrows and missiles from the walls: they died blessing God, and imploring his justice against the enemies of the faith. Towards evening the Christian army returned to its quarters, chanting the words of the Prophet—'Those of the West shall fear the Lord, and those of the East shall see his glory.' Having re-entered into the camp, the greater part of the pilgrims passed the night in prayer: the chiefs and soldiers confessed their sins at the feet of their priests, and received in communion that God whose promises filled them with confidence and hope.

"While the Christian army prepared, by these holy ceremonies, for the combat, a mournful silence prevailed around the walls of Jerusalem. The only sound heard was that of the men who, from the top of the mosques of the city, numbered the hours by calling the Mussulmans to prayers. At the well-known signals, the Infidels ran in crowds to their temples to implore the protection of their Prophet: they swore by the mysterious House of Jacob to defend the town, which they styled 'the House of God.' The besiegers and besieged were animated with equal ardour for the fight, and equal determination to shed their blood—the one to carry the town, the other to defend it. The hatred which animated them was so violent, that during the whole course of the siege, no Mussulman deputy came to the camp of the besiegers, and the Christians did not even deign to sum-

mon the town. Between such enemies, the shock could not be other than terrible, and the victors implacable.

"On Thursday, 14th July 1199, at daybreak, the trumpets resounded, and the whole Christian army stood to their arms. All the machines were worked at once: the mangonels and engines poured on the ramparts a shower of stones, while the battering-rams were brought up close to their feet. The archers and slingers directed their missiles with fatal effect against the troops who manned the walls, while the most intrepid of the assailants planted scaling-ladders on the places where the ascent appeared most practicable. On the south, east, and north of the town, rolling towers advanced towards the ramparts, in the midst of a violent tumult, and amidst the cries of the workmen and soldiers. Godfrey appeared on the highest platform of his wooden tower, accompanied by his brother Eustache and Baudoin du Bourg. His example animated his followers: so unerring was their aim, that all the javelins discharged from this platform carried death among the besieged. Tancred, the Duke of Normandy, and the Count of Flanders, combated at the head of their followers: the knights and men-at-arms, animated with the same ardour, pressed into the *mêlée*, and threw themselves into the thickest of the fight.

"Nothing could equal the fury of the first shock of the Christians; but they met every where the most determined resistance. Arrows and javelins, boiling oil and water, with Greek fire, were poured down incessantly on the assailants; while fourteen huge machines, which the besieged had got time to oppose to those of the besiegers, replied with effect to the fire of the more distant warlike instruments. Issuing forth by one of the breaches in the rampart, the Infidels made a sortie, and succeeded in burning some of the machines of the Christians, and spread disorder through their army. Towards the end of the day, the towers of Godfrey and Tancred were so shattered, that they could no longer be moved, while that of Raymond was falling into ruins. The combat had lasted eleven hours, without victory having declared for the Crusaders. The Christians retired to their camp, burning with rage and grief: their chiefs, and especially the two Roberts, sought in vain to console them,

by saying that 'God had not judged them as yet worthy to enter into his Holy City, and adore the tomb of his Son.'

"The night was passed on both sides in the utmost inquietude: every one deplored the losses already discovered, and dreaded to hear of fresh ones. The Saracens were in hourly apprehension of a surprise: the Christians feared that the Infidels would burn their machines, which they had pushed forward to the foot of the rampart. The besieged were occupied without intermission in repairing the breaches in their walls; the besiegers in putting their machines in a condition to serve for a new assault. On the day following, the same combats and dangers were renewed as on the preceding one. The chiefs sought by their harangues to revive the spirits of the Crusaders. The priests and bishops went through their tents promising them the assistance of Heaven. On the signal to advance being given, the Christian army, full of confidence, advanced in silence towards the destined points of attack, while the clergy, chanting hymns and prayers, marched round the town.

"The first shock was terrible. The Christians, indignant at the resistance they had experienced on the preceding day, combated with fury. The besieged, who had learned the near approach of the Egyptian army, were animated by the hopes of approaching succour. A formidable array of warlike engines lined the tops of their ramparts. On every side was heard the hissing of javelins and arrows: frequently immense stones, discharged from the opposite side, met in the air, and fell back on the assailants with a frightful crash. From the top of their towers, the Mussulmans never ceased to throw burning torches and pots of Greek fire on the storming parties. In the midst of this general conflagration, the moving towers of the Christians approached the walls. The chief efforts of the besieged were directed against Godfrey, on whose breast a resplendent cross of gold shone, the sight of which was an additional stimulus to their rage. The Duke of Lorraine saw one of his squires and several of his followers fall by his side; but, though exposed himself to all the missiles of the enemy, he continued to combat in the midst of the dead and the dying, and never ceased to exhort his companions to redouble their courage

and ardour. The Count of Toulouse directed the attack on the southern side, and stoutly opposed his machines to those of the Mussulmans: he had to combat the Emir of Jerusalem, who bravely animated his followers by his discourse, and showed himself on the ramparts surrounded by the *élite* of the Egyptian soldiers. On the northern side, Tancred and the two Roberts appeared at the head of their battalions. Firmly stationed on their moving tower, they burned with desire to come to the close combat of the lance and sword. Already their battering-rams had on many points shaken the walls, behind which the Saracens were assembled in dense battalions, as a last rampart against the attack of the Crusaders.

"Mid-day arrived, and the Crusaders had as yet no hope of penetrating into the place. All their machines were in flames: they stood grievously in want of water, and still more of vinegar, which could alone extinguish the Greek fire used by the besieged. In vain the bravest exposed themselves to the most imminent danger, to prevent the destruction of their wooden towers and battering-rams; they fell crushed beneath their ruins, and the devouring flames enveloped their arms and clothing. Many of the bravest warriors had found death at the foot of the ramparts: most of those who had mounted on the rolling towers were *hors de combat*; the remainder, covered with sweat and dust, overwhelmed with heat and the weight of their armour, began to falter. The Saracens who perceived this raised cries of joy. In their blasphemies they reproached the Christians for adoring a God who was unable to defend them. The assailants deplored their loss, and believing themselves abandoned by Jesus Christ, remained motionless on the field of battle.

"But the aspect of affairs was soon changed. All of a sudden the Crusaders saw, on the Mount of Olives, a horseman shaking a buckler, and giving this signal to enter the town. Godfrey and Raymond, who saw the apparition at the same instant, cried aloud, that St George was come to combat at the head of the Christians. Such was the tumult produced by this incident, that it bore down alike fear and reflection. All rushed tumultuously forward to the assault. The women even, with the children and sick, issued from their retreats, and pressed forward into the throng,

bearing water, provisions, or arms, and aiding to drag forward the moving towers. Impelled in this manner, that of Godfrey advanced in the midst of a terrible discharge of stones, arrows, javelins, and Greek fire, and succeeded in getting so near as to let its drawbridge fall on the ramparts. At the same time a storm of burning darts flew against the machines of the besieged; and the bundles of straw piled up against the last walls of the town took fire. Terrified by the flames the Saracens gave way. Lethalde and Engelbert de Tournay, followed by Godfrey and his brother Everard, crossed the drawbridge and gained the rampart. Soon with the aid of their followers they cleared it, and, descending into the streets, struck down all who disputed the passage.

"At the same time, Tancred and the two Roberts made new efforts, and on their side, too, succeeded in penetrating into the town. The Mussulmans fled on all sides; the war-cry of the Crusaders, "Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!" resounded in the streets of Jerusalem. The companions of Godfrey and Tancred with their hatchets cut down the gate of St Stephen, and let in the main body of the Crusaders, who with loud shouts rushed tumultuously in. Some resistance was attempted by a body of brave Saracens in the mosque of Omar; but Everard of Puyssave expelled them from it. All opposition then ceased; but not so the carnage. Irritated by the long resistance of the Saracens, stung by their blasphemies and reproaches, the Crusaders filled with blood that Jerusalem which they had just delivered, and which they regarded as their future country. The carnage was universal. The Saracens were massacred in the streets, in the houses, in the mosques."

The number of the slain greatly exceeded that of the conquerors. In the mosque of Omar alone ten thousand were put to the sword.

"So terrible was the slaughter, that the blood came up to the knees and reins of the horses; and human bodies, with hands and arms severed from the corpse to which they belonged, floated about in the crimson sea.

"In the midst of these frightful scenes, which have for ever stained the glory of the conquerors, the Christians of the Holy City crowded round Peter the Hermit, who five years before had promised to arm the West for the deliver-

ance of the faithful in Jerusalem, and then enjoyed the spectacle of their liberation. They were never wearied of gazing on the man by whom God had wrought such prodigies. At the sight of their brethren whom they had delivered, the pilgrims recollected that they had come to adore the tomb of Jesus Christ. Godfrey, who had abstained from carnage after the victory, quitted his companions, and attended only by three followers, repaired bareheaded and with naked feet to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Soon the news of that act of devotion spread among the Christian army. Instantly the fury of the war ceased, and the thirst for vengeance was appeased; the Crusaders threw off their bloody garments, and marching together to the Holy Sepulchre, with the clergy at their head, bareheaded and without shoes, they made Jerusalem resound with their groans and sobs. Silence more terrible even than the tumult which had preceded it, reigned in the public places and on the ramparts. No sound was heard but the canticles of repentance, and the words of Isaiah, 'Ye who love Jerusalem, rejoice with me.' So sincere and fervent was the devotion which the Crusaders manifested on this occasion, that it seemed as if the stern warriors, who had just taken a city by assault, and committed the most frightful slaughter, were cenobites who had newly emerged from a long retreat and peaceful meditations."—*Hist. des Croisades*, i. 440-446.

Inexplicable as such contradictory conduct appears to those who "sit at home at ease," and are involved in none of the terrible calamities which draw forth the latent marvels of the human heart, history in every age affords too many examples of its occurrence to permit us to doubt the truth of the narrative. It is well known that during the worst period of the French Revolution, in the massacres in the prisons on Sept. 2, 1792, some of the mob who had literally wearied their arms in hewing down the prisoners let loose from the jails, took a momentary fit of compunction, were seized with pity for some of the victims, and after saving them from their murderers, accompanied them home, and witnessed with tears of joy the meeting between them and their relations. We are not warranted,

after such facts have been recorded on authentic evidence in all ages, in asserting that this transient humanity is assumed or hypocritical. The conclusion rather is, that the human mind is so strangely compounded of good and bad principles, and contains so many veins of thought apparently irreconcilable with each other, that scarce any thing can be set down as absolutely impossible, but every alleged fact is to be judged of mainly by the testimony by which it is supported, and its coincidence with what has elsewhere been observed of that strange compound of contradictions, the human heart.

In the events which have been mentioned, the Crusaders were victorious; and the Crescent, in the outset of the contest, waned before the Cross. But it was only for a time that it did so. The situation of Palestine in Asia, constituting it the advanced post as it were of Christendom across the sea, in the regions of Islamism, perpetually exposed it to the attack of the Eastern powers. They were at home, and fought on their own ground, and with their own weapons, in the long contest which followed the first conquest of Palestine; whereas the forces of the Christians required to be transported, at a frightful expense of life, over a hazardous journey of fifteen hundred miles in length, or conveyed by sea at a very heavy cost from Marseilles, Genoa, or Venice. Irresistible in the first onset, the armament of the Christians gradually dwindled away as the first fervour of the Holy Wars subsided, and the interminable nature of the conflict in which they were engaged with the Oriental powers became apparent. It was the same thing as Spain maintaining a transatlantic contest with her South American, or England with her North American colonies. Indeed, the surprising thing, when we consider the exposed situation of the kingdom of Palestine, the smallness of its resources, and the scanty and precarious support it received, after the first burst of the Crusades was over, from the Western powers, is not that it was at last destroyed, but that it existed so long as it did. The prolongation of its life was mainly

owing to the extraordinary qualities of one man.

It is hard to say whether the heroism of Richard Cœur de Lion has been most celebrated in Europe or Asia. Like Solomon, Alexander the Great, Haroun El Raschid, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, his fame has taken root as deeply in the East as in the West, among his enemies as his friends; among the followers of Mahomet as the disciples of the Cross. If he is the hero of European romance,—if he is the theme of the Troubadour's song, he is not less celebrated among the descendants of the Saracens; his exploits are not less eagerly chanted in the tents of the children of Ishmael. To this day, when an Arab's steed starts at a bush in the desert, his master asks him if he expects to see Richard issue from the covert. He possessed that surprising personal strength and daring valour which are so highly prized by warriors in all rude periods, and united with those qualities that singleness of heart and *bonhomme* of disposition, which, not less powerfully in the great, win upon the hearts of men. His chief qualities—those which have given him his deathless fame—undoubtedly were his heroic courage, extraordinary personal strength, and magnanimity of mind. But if his campaigns with Saladin are attentively considered, it will appear that he was also a great general; and that his marvellous successes were as much owing to his conduct as a commander as his prowess as a knight. This is more particularly conspicuous, in the manner in which he conducted his then sorely diminished army from Acre to within sight of Jerusalem, surrounded as it was the whole way by prodigious clouds of Asiatic horse, headed by the redoubtable Saladin. Beyond all doubt he would, but for the defection of Philip Augustus and France, have wrested Palestine from the Infidels, and again planted the Cross on Mount Calvary, despite the whole forces of the East, led by their ablest and most powerful sultans. His grief at not being able to accomplish this glorious object, is well described by Michaud—

“After a month's abode at Bethnopolis, seven leagues from Jerusalem, the

Crusaders renewed their complaints, and exclaimed with sadness, 'We shall never go to Jerusalem!' Richard, with a heart torn by contending feelings, while he disregarded the clamours of the pilgrims, shared their grief, and was indignant at his own fortune. One day, that his ardour in pursuing the Saracens had led him to the heights of Emmaus, from which he beheld the towers of Jerusalem, he burst into tears at the sight, and, covering his face with his buckler, declared he was unworthy to contemplate the Holy City which his arms could not deliver."—*Hist. des Croisades*, ii. 309.

As a specimen of the magnitude of the battles fought in this Crusade, we take that of Assur, near Ptolemais—

"Two hundred thousand Mussulmans were drawn up in the plains of Assur, ready to bar the passage of the Christian army, and deliver a decisive battle. No sooner did he perceive the Saracen array, than Richard divided his army into five corps. The Templars formed the first; the warriors of Brittany and Anjou the second; the king, Guy, and the men of Poitou the third; the English and Normans, grouped round the royal standard, the fourth; the Hospitallers the fifth; and behind them marched the archers and javelin men. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the army was all arranged in order of battle, when all at once a multitude of Saracens appeared in rear, who descended from the mountains which the Crusaders had just crossed. Amongst them were Bedouin Arabs, bearing bows and round bucklers; Scythians with long bows, and mounted on tall and powerful horses; Ethiopians of a lofty stature, with their sable visages strangely streaked with white. These troops of barbarians advanced on all sides against the Christian army with the rapidity of lightning. The earth trembled under their horses' feet. The din of their clarions, cymbals, and trumpets, was so prodigious, that the loudest thunder could not have been heard. Men were in their ranks, whose sole business it was to raise frightful cries, and excite the courage of the Mussulman warriors by chanting their national songs. Thus stimulated, their battalions precipitated themselves upon the Crusaders, who were speedily assailed at once in front, both flanks, and rear—enveloped by enemies, say the old chronicles, as the eyelashes surround the eye. After their arrows and javelins were discharged, the Saracens com-

menced the attack with the lance, the mace, and the sword. An English chronicle aptly compares them to smiths, and the Crusaders to the anvil on which their hammers rang. Meanwhile, the Franks did not for a moment intermit their march towards Assur, and the Saracens, who sought in vain to shake their steady ranks, called them 'a nation of iron.'

"Richard had renewed his orders for the whole army to remain on the defensive, and not to advance against the enemy till six trumpets sounded—two at the head of the army, two in the centre, two in the rear. This signal was impatiently expected; the barons and knights could bear every thing except the disgrace of remaining thus inactive in presence of an enemy, who without intermission renewed his attacks. Those of the rear-guard had already begun to reproach Richard with having forgotten them; they invoked in despair the protection of St George, the patron of the brave. At last some of the bravest and most ardent, forgetting the orders they had received, precipitated themselves on the Saracens. This example soon drew the Hospitallers after them; the contagion spread from rank to rank, and soon the whole Christian army was at blows with the enemy, and the scene of carnage extended from the sea to the mountains. Richard showed himself wherever the Christians had need of his succour; his presence was always followed by the flight of the Turks. So confused was the *mêlée*, so thick the dust, so vehement the fight, that many of the Crusaders fell by the blows of their comrades, who mistook them for enemies. Torn standards, shivered lances, broken swords, strewed the plain. Such of the combatants as had lost their arms, hid themselves in the bushes, or ascended trees; some, overcome with terror, fled towards the sea, and from the top of the rocks precipitated themselves into its waves.

"Every instant the combat became warmer and more bloody. The whole Christian army was now engaged in the battle, and returning on its steps, the chariot which bore the royal standard was in the thickest of the fight. Ere long, however, the Saracens were unable to sustain the impetuous assault of the Franks. Boha-Eddin, an eyewitness, having quitted the Mussulman centre, which was put to the route, fled to the tent of the Sultan, where he found the Sultan, who was attended only by seventeen

Mamelukes. While their enemies fled in this manner, the Christians, hardly able to credit their victory, remained motionless on the field which they had conquered. They were engaged in tending their wounded; and in collecting the arms which lay scattered over the field of battle, when all at once twenty thousand Saracens, whom their chief had rallied, fell upon them. The Crusaders, overwhelmed with heat and fatigue, and not expecting to be attacked, showed at first a surprise which bordered on fear. Taki-Eddin, nephew of Saladin, at the head of the bravest enemies, led on the Turks, at the head of whom were seen the Mameluke guard of Saladin, distinguished by their yellow banner. So vehement was their onset, that it ploughed deep into the Crusaders' ranks; and they had need of the presence and example of Richard, before whom no Saracen could stand, and whom the contemporary chronicles compare to a reaper cutting down corn. At the moment when the Christians, again victorious, resumed their march towards Assur, the Mussulmans, impelled by despair, again attacked their rear-guard. Richard, who had twice repulsed the enemy, no sooner heard the outcry, than, followed only by fifteen knights, he flew to the scene of combat, shouting aloud the war-cry of the Christians—"God protect the Holy Sepulchre!" The bravest followed their king; the Mussulmans were dispersed at the first shock, and their army, then a third time vanquished, would have been totally destroyed, had not night and the forest of Assur sheltered them from the pursuit of the enemy. As it was they lost eight thousand men, including thirty-two of their bravest emirs slain; while the victory did not cost the Christians a thousand men. Among the wounded was Richard himself, who was slightly hurt in the breast. But the victory was prodigious, and if duly improved by the Crusaders, without dissension or defection, would have decided the fate of Palestine and of that Crusade."—*Hist. des Croisades*, i. 468-471.

These extracts convey a fair idea of M. Michaud's power of description and merits as an historian. He cannot be said to be one of the highest class. He does not belong to the school who aim at elevating history to

its loftiest pitch. The antiquarian school never have, and never will do so. The minute observation and prodigious attentions to detail which their habits produce, are inconsistent with extensive vision. The same eyes scarcely ever unites the powers of the microscope and the telescope. He has neither the philosophic mind of Guizot, nor the pictorial eye of Gibbon; he neither takes a luminous glance like Robertson, nor sums up the argument of a generation in a page, like Hume. We shall look in vain in his pages for a few words diving into the human heart such as we find in Tacitus, or splendid pictures riveting every future age as in Livy. He is rather an able and animated abridger of the chronicles, than an historian. But in that subordinate, though very important department, his merits are of a very high order. He is faithful, accurate, and learned; he has given a succinct and yet interesting detail, founded entirely on original authority, of the wars of two centuries. Above all, his principles are elevated, his feelings warm, his mind lofty and generous. He is worthy of his subject, for he is entirely free of the grovelling utilitarian spirit, the disgrace and the bane of the age in which he writes. His talents for description are very considerable, as will be apparent from the account we hope to give in a future Number of his highly interesting travels to the principal scenes of the Crusades. It is only to be regretted, that in his anxiety to preserve the fidelity of his narrative, he has so frequently restrained it, and given us rather descriptions of scenes taken from the old chronicles, than such as his own observations and taste could have supplied. But still his work supplies a great desideratum in European literature; and if not the best that could be conceived, is by much the best that has yet appeared on the subject. And it is written in the spirit of the age so finely expressed in the title given by one of the most interesting of the ancient chroniclers to his work—

"Gesta Dei per Francos." *

* "The doings of God by the Franks."

THE BURDEN OF SION.

BY DELTA.

[THIS Ode, composed by Judas Hallevy bar Samuel, a Spanish Rabbi of the twelfth century, is said to be still recited every year, during the Fast observed in commemoration of the Destruction of Jerusalem. The versifier has been much indebted to a very literal translation, from the original necessarily obscure Spanish of the Rabbi, into excellent French, by Joseph Mainzer, Esq., a gentleman to whom the sacred music of this country is under great and manifold obligations.]

Captive and sorrow-pale, the mournful lot
 Say, hast thou, Sion, of thy sons forgot?
 Hast thou forgot the innocent flocks, that lay
 Prone on thy sunny banks, or frisk'd in play
 Amid thy lily meadows? Wilt thou turn
 A deaf ear to thy supplicants, who mourn
 Downcast in earth's far corners? Unto thee
 Wildly they turn in their lone misery;
 For wheresoe'er they rush in their despair,
 The pitiless Destroyer still is there!

Eden of earth! despisest thou the sighs
 From the slave's heart that rise
 To thee, amid his fetters—who can dare
 Still to hope on in his forlorn despair—
 Whose morn and evening tears for thee fall down
 Like dews on Hermon's thirsty crown—
 And who would blessed be in all his ills,
 Wander'd his feet once more even on thy desert hills!

But not is Hope's fair star extinguish'd quite
 In rayless night;
 And, Sion, as thy fortunes I bewail,
 Harsh sounds my voice, as of the birds that sail
 The stormy dark. Let but that star be mine,
 And through the tempest tremulously shine;
 So, when the brooding clouds have overpast,
 Rejoicing, with the dawn, may come at last,
 Even as an instrument, whose lively sound
 Makes the warm blood in every bosom bound,
 And whose triumphant notes are given
 Freely in songs of thanksgiving to Heaven!

Bethel!—and as thy name's name leaves my tongue,
 The very life-drops from my heart are wrung!
 Thy sanctuary—where, veil'd in mystic light,
 For ever burning, and for ever bright,
 Jehovah's awful majesty reposed,
 And shone for aye heaven's azure gates unclosed—
 Thy sanctuary!—where from the Eternal flow'd
 The radiance of his glory, in whose power
 Noonday itself like very darkness show'd,
 And stars were none at midnight's darkest hour—
 Thy sanctuary! oh *there!* oh *there!* that I
 Might breathe my troubled soul out, sigh on sigh,

There, where thine effluence, Mighty God, was pour'd
On thine Elect, who, kneeling round, adored!

Stand off! the place is holy. Know ye not,
Of potter's clay the children, that this spot
Is sacred to the Everlasting One—
The Ruler over heaven, and over earth?
Stand off, degraded slaves, devoid of worth!
Nor dare profane again, as ye have done,
This spot—'tis holy ground—profane it not!

Oh, might I cleave, with raptured wing, the waste
Of the wide air, then, where in splendour lie
Thy ruins, would my sorrowing spirit haste,
Forth to outpour its flood of misery!—
There, where thy grandeur owns a dire eclipse,
Down to the dust as sank each trembling knee,
Unto thy dear soil should I lay my face,
Thy very stones in rapture to embrace,
And to thy smouldering ashes glue my lips!

And how, O Sion! how should I but weep,
As on our fathers' tombs I fondly gazed,
Or, wistfully, as turn'd mine eye
To thee, in all thy desolate majesty,
Hebron, where rests the mighty one in sleep,
And high his pillar of renown was raised!
There—in thine atmosphere—'twere blessedness
To breathe a purer ether. Oh! to me
Thy dust than perfumes dearer far should be,
And down thy rocks the torrent streams should roam
With honey in their foam!

Oh, sweet it were—unutterably sweet—
Even though with garments rent, and bleeding feet,
To wander over the deserted places
Where once thy princely palaces arose,
And 'mid the weeds and wild-flowers mark the traces,
Where the ground, yawning in its earthquake throes,
The ark of covenant and the cherubim
Received, lest stranger hands, that reek'd the while
With blood of thine own children, should defile
Its heaven-resplendent glory, and bedim:
And my dishevell'd locks, in my despair,
All madly should I tear;
And as I cursed the day that dawn'd in heaven—
The day that saw thee to destruction given,
Even from my very frenzy should I wring
A rough, rude comfort in my sorrowing.

What other comfort can I know? Behold,
Wild dogs and wolves with hungry snarl contend
Over thy prostrate mighty ones; and rend
Their quivering limbs, ere life hath lost its hold.
I sicken at the dawn of morn—the noon
Brings horror with its brightness; for the day
Shows but the desolate plain,
Where, feasting on the slain,
(Thy princes,) flap and scream the birds of prey!

Chalice from Marah's bitterest spring distill'd !
Goblet of woe, to overflowing fill'd !
Who, quaffing thee, can live? Give me but breath—
A single breath—that I once more may see
The dreary vision. I will think of thee,
Colla, once more—of Cliba will I think—
Then fearlessly and freely drink
The cup—the fatal cup—whose dregs are death.

Awake thee, Queen of Cities, from thy slumber—
Awake thee, Sion! Let the quenchless love
Of worshippers, a number beyond number,
A fountain of rejoicing prove.
Thy sorrows they bewail, thy wounds they see,
And feel them as their own, and mourn for thee!
Oh, what were life to them, did Hope not hold
Her mirror, to unfold
That glorious future to their raptured sight,
When a new morn shall chase away this night!
Even from the dungeon gloom,
Their yearning hearts, as from a tomb,
Are crying out—are crying out to thee;
And, as they bow the knee
Before the Eternal, every one awaits
The answer of his prayer, with face toward thy gates.

Earth's most celestial region! Babylon
The mighty, the magnificent, to thee,
With all the trappings of her bravery on,
Seems but a river to the engulfing sea.
What are its oracles but lies? 'Tis given
Thy prophets only to converse with Heaven—
The hidden to reveal, the dark to scan,
And be the interpreters of God to man.
The idols dumb that erring men invoke,
Themselves are vanities, their power is smoke:
But, while the heathen's pomp is insecure,
Is transient, thine, O Sion! shall endure;
For in thy temples, God, the only Lord,
Hath been, and still delights to be, adored.

Blessed are they, who, by their love,
Themselves thy veritable children prove!
Yea! blessed they who cleave
To thee, with faithful hearts, and scorn to leave!
Come shall the day—and come it may full soon—
When thou, more splendid than the moon,
Shalt rise; and, triumphing o'er night,
Turn ebon darkness into silver light:
The glory of thy brightness shall be shed
Around each faithful head:
Rising from thy long trance, earth shall behold
Thee loftier yet, and lovelier than of old;
And portion'd with the saints in bliss shall be
All who, through weal and woe, were ever true to thee!

 RHYMED HEXAMETERS AND PENTAMETERS.

[THIS species of versification, consisting of rhymed Hexameter and Pentameter lines, we do not remember to have seen before attempted, and we now offer it as a literary curiosity. It is, perhaps, subject to the objection that applies against painted statuary, as combining embellishments of a character not altogether consistent, and not adding to the beauty of the result. But we are not without a feeling that some additional pleasure is thus conveyed to the mind. The experiment, of course, is scarcely possible, except in quatrains of an epigrammatic structure. But the examples are selected from the most miscellaneous sources that readily occurred.]

 HIS OWN EPITAPH.

BY ENNIUS.

Adspicite, O cives! senis Ennii imagini' formam;
 Hic vostrum panxit maxuma facta patrum.
 Nemo me lacrumis decoret, nec funera fletu
 Faxit. Cur? volito vivu' per ora virum.

See, O citizens! here old Ennius's image presented,
 Who to your forefathers' deeds gave their own glory again.
 Honour me not with your tears; by none let my death be lamented:
 Why? still in every mouth living I flit among men.

 ON GELLIA.

FROM MARTIAL.

Amissum non flet, cum sola est, Gellia patrem;
 Si quis adest, jussæ prosiliunt lacrymæ.
 Non dolet hic, quisquis laudari, Gellia, quærit;
 Ille dolet verè qui sine teste dolet.

Gellia, when she's alone, doesn't weep the death of her father;
 But, if a visitor comes, tears at her bidding appear.
 Gellia, they do not mourn who are melted by vanity rather;
 They are true mourners who weep when not a witness is near.

 TO CECILIANUS.

FROM MARTIAL.

Nullus in urbe fuit totâ qui tangere vellet
 Uxorem gratis, Cæciliane, tuam,
 Dum licuit: sed nunc positis custodibus ingens
 Agmen amatorum est. Ingeniosus homo es.

Nobody, Cecilianus, e'er thought of your wife (she's so ugly!)
 When she could gratis be seen, when she was easily won.
 Now that, with locks and with guards you pretend to secure her so snugly,
 Crowds of gallants flock around: faith, it is cleverly done.

 ON A BEE INCLOSED IN AMBER.

FROM MARTIAL.

Et latet et lucet Phaëthontide condita guttâ,
 Ut videatur apis nectare clausa suo.
 Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum:
 Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

Lucid the bee lurks here, bright amber her beauty inclosing!
 As in the nectar she made seems the fair insect to lie.
 Worthy reward she has gain'd, after such busy labours reposing:
 Well we might deem that herself thus would be willing to die.

THE SURVEYOR'S TALE.

Good resolutions are, like glass, manufactured for the purpose of being broken. Immediately after my marriage, I registered in the books of my conscience a very considerable vow against any future interference with the railway system. The Biggle-swades had turned out so well, that I thought it unsafe to pursue my fortune any further. The incipient gambler, I am told, always gains, through the assistance of a nameless personage who shuffles the cards a great deal oftener than many materialists suppose. Nevertheless, there is always a day of retribution.

I wish I had adhered to my original orthodox determination. During the whole period of the honeymoon, I remained blameless as to shares. Uncle Scripio relinquished the suggestion of "dodges" in despair. He was, as usual, brimful of projects, making money by the thousand, and bearing or bullying, as the case might be, with genuine American enthusiasm. I believe he thought me a fool for remaining so easily contented, and very soon manifested no further symptom of his consciousness of my existence than by transmitting me regularly a copy of the *Railway Gazette*, with some mysterious pencil-markings at the list of prices, which I presume he intended for my guidance in the case of an alteration of sentiment. For some time I never looked at them. When a man is newly married, he has a great many other things to think of. Mary had a decided genius for furniture, and used to pester me perpetually with damask curtains, carved-wood chairs, gilt lamps, and a whole wilderness of household paraphernalia, about which, in common courtesy, I was compelled to affect an interest. Now, to a man like myself, who never had any fancy for upholstery, this sort of thing is very tiresome. My wife might have furnished the drawingroom after the pattern of the Cham of Tartary's for any thing I cared, provided she had left me in due ignorance of the proceeding; but I was not allowed to escape so comfortably. I looked over

carpet patterns and fancy papers innumerable, mused upon all manner of bell-pulls, and gave judgment between conflicting rugs, until the task became such a nuisance, that I was fain to take refuge in the sacred sanctuary of my club. Young women should be particularly careful against boring an accommodating spouse. Of all places in the world, a club is the surest focus of speculation. You meet gentlemen there who hold stock in every line in the kingdom—directors, committee-men, and even crack engineers. I defy you to continue an altogether uninterested auditor of the fascinating intelligence of Mammon. In less than a week my vow was broken, and a new *liaison* commenced with the treacherous Delilah of scrip. As nine-tenths of my readers have been playing the same identical game towards the close of last year, it would be idle to recount to them the various vicissitudes of the market. It is a sore subject with most of us—a regular undeniable case of "*infandum regina*." The only comfort is, that our fingers were simultaneously burned.

Amongst other transactions, I had been induced by my old friend Cutts, now in practice as an independent engineer, to apply for a large allocation of shares in the Sloperton Valley, a very spirited undertaking, for which the Saxon was engaged to invent the gradients. This occurred about the commencement of the great Potato Revolution—an event which I apprehend will be long remembered by the squirearchy and shareholders of these kingdoms. The money-market was beginning to exhibit certain symptoms of tightness; premiums were melting perceptibly away, and new schemes were in diminished favour. Under these circumstances, the Provisional Committee of the Sloperton Valley Company were beneficent enough to gratify my wishes to the full, and accorded to me the large privilege of three hundred original shares. Two months earlier this would have been equivalent to a fortune—as it was, I must own that my gratitude was

hardly commensurate to the high generosity of the donors. I am not sure that I did not accompany the receipt of my letter of allocation with certain expletives by no means creditable to the character of the projectors—at all events, I began to look with a milder eye upon the atrocities of Pennsylvanian repudiation. However, as the crash was by no means certain, my sanguine temperament overcame me, and in a fit of temporary derangement I paid the deposit.

In the ensuing week the panic became general. Capel-court was deserted by its herd—Liverpool in a fearful state of commercial coma—Glasgow trembling throughout its Gorbals—and Edinburgh paralytically shaking. The grand leading doctrine of political economy once more was recognised as a truth: the supply exorbitantly exceeded the demand, and there were no buyers. The daily share-list became a far more pathetic document in my eyes than the Sorrows of Werter. The circular of my brokers, Messrs Tine and Transfer, contained a tragedy more woful than any of the conceptions of Shakspeare—the agonies of blighted love are a joke compared with those of baffled avarice; and of all kinds of consumption, that of the purse is the most severe. One circumstance, however, struck me as somewhat curious. Neither in share-list nor circular could I find any mention made of the Sloperton Valley. It seemed to have risen like an exhalation, and to have departed in similar silence. This boded ill for the existence of the £750 I had so idiotically invested, the recuperation whereof, in whole or in part, became the subject of my nightly meditations; and, as correspondence in such matters is usually unsatisfactory, I determined to start personally in search of my suspended deposit.

I did not know a single individual of the Sloperton Provisional Committee, but I was well enough acquainted with Cutts, whose present residence was in a midland county of England, where the work of railway construction was going actively forward. As I drove into the town where the Saxon had established his headquarters, I saw with feelings of peculiar disgust immense gangs of cut-throat looking

fellows—"the navies of the nations," as Alfred Tennyson calls them—busy at their embankments, absorbing capital at an alarming ratio, and utterly indifferent to the state of the unfortunate shareholders then writhing under the pressure of calls. Philanthropy is a very easy thing when our own circumstances are prosperous, but a turn of the wheel of fortune gives a different complexion to our views. If I had been called upon two months earlier to pronounce an oration upon the vast benefits of general employment and high wages, I should have launched out *con amore*. Now, the spectacle which I beheld suggested no other idea than that of an enormous cheese fast hastening to decomposition and decay beneath the nibbling of myriads of mites.

I found Cutts in his apartment of the hotel in the unmolested enjoyment of a cigar. He seemed fatter, and a little more red in the gills than when I saw him last, otherwise there was no perceptible difference.

"Hallo, old fellow!" cried the Saxon, pitching away a pile of estimates; "what the mischief has brought you up here? Waiter—a bottle of sherry! You wouldn't prefer something hot at this hour of the morning, would you?"

"Certainly not."

"Ay—you're a married man now. How's old Morgan? Lord! what fun we had at Shrewsbury when I helped you to your wife!"

"So far as I recollect, Mr Cutts, you nearly finished that business. But I want to have a serious talk with you about other matters. What has become of that confounded Sloperton Valley, for which you were engineer?"

"Sloperton Valley! Haven't you heard about it? The whole concern was wound up about three weeks ago. Take a glass of wine."

"Wound up? Why, this is most extraordinary. I never received any circular!"

"I thought as much," said Cutts very coolly. "That's precisely what I said to old Hasherton, the chairman, the day after the secretary bolted. I told him he should send round notice to the fellows at a distance, warning them not to cash up; but it

seems that the list of subscribers had gone amissing, and so the thing was left to rectify itself."

"Bolted! You don't mean Mr Glanders, of the respectable firm of Glanders and Co?"

"Of course I do. I wonder you have not heard of it. That comes of living in a confounded country where there are neither breeches nor newspapers—help yourself—and no direct railway communication. Glanders bolted as a matter of course, and I can tell you that I thought myself very lucky in getting hold of as much of the deposits as cleared my preliminary expenses."

"Cutts—are you serious?"

"Perfectly. But what's the use of making a row about it? You look as grim as if there was verjuice in the sherry. You ought to thank your stars that the thing was put a stop to so soon."

"Why—didn't you recommend me to apply for shares?"

"Of course I did, and I wonder you don't feel grateful for the advice. Every body thought they would have come out at a high premium. I would not have taken six pounds for them in the month of September; but this infernal potato business has brought on the panic, and nobody will table a shilling for any kind of new stock. It was a lucky thing for us that we got a kind of hint to draw in our horns in time."

"And pray, since the concern is wound up, as you say, how much of our deposit-money will be returned?"

"You don't mean to say," said Cutts, with singularly elaborate articulation—"You don't mean to say that you were such an inconceivable ass as to pay up your letter of allotment? Well—I never heard of such a piece of deliberate infatuation! Why, man, a blacksmith with half an eye must have seen that the game was utterly up a week before the calls were due. I don't think there is a single man out of Scotland who would have made such a fool of himself; indeed, so far as I know, nobody cashed up except a dozen old women who knew nothing about the matter, and ten landed proprietors, who expected compensation, and deserved to be

done accordingly. You need not look as though you meditated razors. The Biggleswade concern will pay for this more than thirty times over."

"I'll tell you what, Cutts," said I in a paroxysm, "this is a most nefarious transaction, and I'm hanged if I don't take the law with every one connected with it. I'll make an example of that fellow Hasherton, and the whole body of the committee."

"Just as you like," replied the imperturbable Cutts. "You're a lawyer, and the best judge of those sort of things. I may, however, as well inform you that Hasherton went into the Gazette last week, and that you won't find another member of the committee at this moment within the four seas of Great Britain."

"And pray, may I ask how *you* came to be connected with so discreditable a project? Do you know that it is enough to blast your own reputation for ever?"

"I know nothing of the kind," said the Saxon, commencing another cigar. "I look to the matter of employment, and have nothing to do with the character of my clients, beyond ascertaining their means of liquidating my account. The committee required the assistance of a first-rate engineer, and I flatter myself they could hardly have made a more unexceptionable selection. But what's the use of looking sulky about it? You can't help yourself; and, after all, what's the amount of your loss? A parcel of pound-notes that would have lain rotting in the bank had you not put them into circulation! Cheer up, Fred, you've made at least one individual very happy. Glanders is going it in New York. I shouldn't be surprised if half your deposit money is already invested in mint-juleps."

"It is very easy for you to talk, Mr Cutts," said I, with considerable acrimony. "Your account, at all events, appears to have been paid. Doubtless you looked sharply after that. I cannot help putting my own construction upon the conduct of a gentleman who makes a direct profit out of the misfortunes of his friends."

"You affect me deeply," said Cutts, applying himself diligently to the decanter; "but you don't drink. Do

you know you put me a good deal in mind of Macready? Did you ever hear him in *Lear*,

'How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is

To have a toothless child?'

You're remarkably unjust, Fred, as you will acknowledge in your cooler moments. I am hurt by your ingratitude—I ain," and the sympathizing engineer buried his face in the folds of a Bandana handkerchief.

I knew, by old experience, that it was of no use to get into a rage with Cutts. After all, I had no tenable ground of complaint against him; for the payment of the deposit money was my own deliberate act, and it was no fault of his that the shares were not issued at a premium. I therefore contrived to swallow, as I best could, my indignation, though it was no easy matter. Seven hundred and fifty pounds is a serious sum, and would have gone a long way towards the furnishing of a respectable domicile.

I believe that Cutts, though he never allowed himself to exhibit a symptom of ordinary regret, was internally annoyed at the confounded scrape in which I was landed by following his advice. At all events he soon ceased comporting himself after the manner of the comforters of Job, and finally undertook to look after my interest in case any fragment of the deposits could be rescued from the hands of the Philistines. I have since had a letter from him with the information that he has recovered a hundred pounds—a friendly exertion which shall be duly acknowledged so soon as I receive a remittance, which, however, has not yet come to hand.

By the time we had finished the sherry, I was restored, if not to good-humour, at least to a state of passive resignation. The Saxon gave strict orders that he was to be denied to every body, and made some incoherent proposals about "making a forenoon of it," which, however, I peremptorily declined.

"It's a very hard thing," said Cutts, "but I see it's an invariable rule that matrimony and good-fellowship can never go together. You're not half the brick you used to be, Fred; but I suppose it can't be

helped. There's a degree of slow-coachiness about you which I take to be peculiarly distressing, and if you don't take care it will become a confirmed habit."

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds—what! all my pretty chickens and their"——

"Don't swear! It's a highly immoral practice. At all events you'll dine with me to-day at six. You shall have as much claret as you can conscientiously desire, and, for company, I have got the queerest fellow here you ever set eyes on. You used to pull the long bow with considerable effect, but this chap beats you hollow."

"Who is he?"

"How should I know? He calls himself Leopold Young Mandeville—is a surveyor by trade, and has been working abroad at some outlandish line or another for the last two years. He is a very fair hand at the compasses, and so I have got him here by way of assistant. You may think him rather dull at first, but wait till he has finished a pint, and I'm shot if he don't astonish you. Now, if you will have nothing more, we may as well go out, and take a ride by way of appetizer."

At six o'clock I received the high honour of an introduction to Mr Young Mandeville. As I really consider this gentleman one of the most remarkable personages of the era in which we live, I may perhaps be excused if I assume the privilege of an acquaintance, and introduce him also to the reader. The years of Mr Mandeville could hardly have exceeded thirty. His stature was considerably above the average of mankind, and would have been greater save for the geometrical curvature of his lower extremities, which gave him all the appearance of a walking parenthesis. His hair was black and streaky; his complexion atrabilious; his voice slightly raucous, like that of a tragedian contending with a cold. The eye was a very fine one—that is, the right eye—for the other optic was evidently internally damaged, and shone with an opalescent lustre. There was a kind of native dignity about the man which impressed me favourably, notwith-

standing the reserved manner in which he exchanged the preliminary courtesies.

Cutts did the honours of the table with his usual alacrity. The dinner was a capital one, and the wine not only abundant but unexceptionable. At first, however, the conversation flowed but languidly. My spirits had not yet recovered from the appalling intelligence of the morning; nor could I help reflecting, with a certain uneasiness, upon the reception I was sure to meet with from certain brethren in the Outer House, to whom, in a moment of rash confidence, I had entrusted the tale of my dilemma. I abhor roasting in my own person, and yet I knew I should have enough of it. Mandeville eat on steadily, like one labouring under the conviction that he thereby performed a good and meritorious action, and scorning to mix up extraneous matter with the main object of his exertions. The Saxon awaited his time, and steadily circulated the champagne.

We all got more loquacious after the cloth was removed. A good dinner reconciles one amazingly to the unhappy chances of our lot; and, before the first bottle was emptied, I had tacitly forgiven every one of the Provisional Committee of the Slooperton Railway Company, with the exception of the villanous Glanders, who, for any thing I knew, might, at that moment, be transatlantically regaling himself at my particular expense. His guilt was of course inexpiable. Mandeville, having eat like an ogre, began to drink like a dromedary. Both the dark and the opalescent eye sparkled with unusual fire, and with a sigh of philosophic fervour he unbuttoned the extremities of his waistcoat.

"Help yourselves, my boys," said the jovial Cutts; "there's lots of time before us between this and the broiled bones. By Jove, I'm excessively thirsty! I say, Mandeville, were you ever in Scotland? I hear great things of the claret there."

"I never had that honour," replied Mr Young Mandeville, "which I particularly regret, for I have a high—may I say the highest?—respect for that intelligent country, and indeed

claim a remote connexion with it. I admire the importance which Scotsmen invariably attach to pure blood and ancient descent. It is a proof, Mr Cutts, that with them the principles of chivalry are not extinct, and that the honours which should be paid to birth alone, are not indiscriminately lavished upon the mere acquisition of wealth."

"Which means, I suppose, that a lot of rubbishy ancestors is better than a fortune in the Funds. Well—every man according to his own idea. I am particularly glad to say, that I understand no nonsense of the kind. There's Fred, however, will keep you in countenance. He says—but I'll be hanged if I believe it—that he is descended from some old king or another, who lived before the invention of breeches."

"Cutts—don't be a fool!"

"Oh, by Jove, it's quite true!" said the irreverent Saxon; "you used to tell me about it every night when you were half-seas-over at Shrewsbury. It was capital fun to hear you, about the mixing of the ninth tumbler."

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr Mandeville, with an appearance of intense interest—"do you indeed reckon kindred with the royal family of Scotland? I have a particular reason personal to myself in the inquiry."

"Why, if you really want to know about it," said I, looking, I suppose, especially foolish, for Cutts was evidently trotting me out, and I more than half suspected his companion—"I do claim—but it's a ridiculous thing to talk of—a lineal descent from a daughter of William the Lion."

"You delight me!" said Mr Mandeville. "The connexion is highly respectable—I have myself some of that blood in my veins, though perhaps of a little older date than yours; for one of my ancestors, Ulric of Mandeville, married a daughter of Fergus the First. I am very glad indeed to make the acquaintance of a relative after the lapse of so many centuries."

I returned a polite bow to the salutation of my new-found cousin, and wished him at the bottom of the Euxine.

"Will you pardon me, Mr Cutts, if I ask my kinsman a question or two

upon family affairs? The older cadets of the royal blood have seldom an opportunity of meeting."

"Fire away," said the Saxon, "but be done with it as soon as you can."

"Reduced as we are," continued Mr Mandeville, addressing himself to me, "in numbers as well as circumstances, it appears highly advisable that we should maintain some intercourse with each other for the preservation of our common rights. These, as we well know, had their origin before the institution of Parliaments, and therefore are by no means fettered or impugned by any of the popular enactments of a later age. Now, as you are a lawyer, I should like to have your opinion on a point of some consequence. Did you ever happen to meet our cousin, Count Ferguson of the Roman Empire?"

"Never heard of him in my life," said I.

"Any relation of the fellow who couldn't get into the lodging-house?" asked Cutts.

"I do not think so, Mr Cutts," replied Mandeville, mildly. "I had the pleasure of making the Count's acquaintance at Vienna. He is, I apprehend, the only heir-male extant to the Scottish crown, being descended from Prince Fergus and a daughter of Queen Boadicea. Now, you and I, though younger cadets, and somewhat nearer in succession, merely represent females, and have therefore little interest beyond a remote contingency. But I understand it is the fact that the ancient destination to the Scottish crown is restricted to heirs-males only; and therefore I wish to know, whether, as the Stuarts have failed, the Count is not entitled to claim in right of his undoubted descent?"

I was petrified at the audacity of the man. Either he was the most consummately impudent scoundrel I ever had the fortune to meet, or a complete monomaniac! I looked at him steadily in the face. The fine black eye was bent upon me with an expression of deep interest, and something uncommonly like a tear was quivering in the lash. Palpable monomania!

"It seems a very doubtful ques-

tion," said I. "Before answering it, I should like to see the Count's papers, and take a look at our older records."

"That means, you want to be fee'd," said Cutts. "I'll tell you what, my lads, I'll stand this sort of nonsense no longer. Confound your Fergusons and Boadiceas! One would think, to hear you talk, that you were not a couple of as ordinary individuals as ever stepped upon shoe-leather, but princes of the blood-royal in disguise. Help yourselves, I say, and give us something else."

"I fear, Mr Cutts," said Mandeville, in a deep and chokey voice, "that you have had too little experience of the vicissitudes of the world to appreciate our situation. You spoke of a prince. Know, sir, that you see before you one who has known that dignity, but who never shall know it more! O Amalia, Amalia!—dear wife of my bosom—where art thou now! Pardon me, kinsman—your hand—I do not often betray this weakness, but my heart is full, and I needs must give way to its emotion." So saying, the unfortunate Mandeville bowed down his head and wept; at least, so I concluded, from a succession of severe eruptions.

I did not know what to make of him. Of all the hallucinations I ever had witnessed, this was the most strange and unaccountable. Cutts, with great coolness, manufactured a stiff tumbler of brandy and water, which he placed at the elbow of the ex-potentate, and exhorted him to make a clean breast of it.

"What's the use of snivelling about the past?" said he. "It's a confounded loss of time. Come, Mandeville, toss off your liquor like a Trojan, and tell us all about it, if you have any thing like a rational story to tell. We'll give you credit for the finer feelings, and all that sort of nonsense—only look sharp."

Upon this hint the Surveyor spoke, applying himself at intervals to the reeking potable beside him. I shall give his story in his own words, without any commentary.

"I feel, gentlemen, that I owe to you, and more especially to my new-found kinsman, some explanation of circumstances, the mere recollection

of which can agitate me so cruelly. You seemed surprised when I told you of the rank which I once occupied, and no doubt you think it is a strange contrast to the situation in which you now behold me. Alas, gentlemen! the history of Europe, during the last half century, can furnish you with many parallel cases. Louis Philippe has, ere now, like myself, earned his bread by mathematical exertion—Young Gustavson—Henry of Bourbon, are exiles! the sceptre has fallen from the hands of the chivalrous house of Murat! Minor principalities are changed or absorbed, unnoticed amidst the war and clash of the great world around them! Thrones are eclipsed like stars, and vanish from the political horizon!

“Do not misunderstand me, gentlemen—I claim no such hereditary honours. I am the last representative of an ancient and glorious race, who cut their way to distinction with their swords on the field of battle. Rogér de Mandeville, bearer of the ducal standard at the red fight of Hastings, was the first of my name who set foot upon English ground. Since then, there is not an era in the history of our country which does not bear witness to some achievement of the stalwart Mandevilles. The Crusades—Cressy—Poitiers—and—pardon me, kinsman—Flodden, were the theatres of our renown.

“I dare not trust myself to speak of the broad lands and castles which we once possessed. These have long since passed away from us. A Birmingham artisan, whose churl ancestor would have deemed it an honour to run beside the stirrup of my forefathers, now dwells in the hall of the Mandeville. The spear is broken, and the banner mouldered. Nothing remains, save in the chancel of the roofless church a recumbent marble effigy, with folded hands, of that stout Sir Godfrey of Mandeville who stormed the breach of Ascalon!

“I was heir to nothing but the name. Of my early struggles I need not tell you. A proud and indomitable heart yet beat within this bosom; and though some of the ancient nobility of England, who knew and lamented my position, were not backward in their offers, I could not bring

myself in any one instance to accept of eleemosynary assistance. Even the colours which were spontaneously offered to me by the great Captain of the age, were rejected, though not ungratefully. Had there been war, Britain should have found me foremost in her ranks as a volunteer, but I could not wear the livery of a soldier so long as the blade seemed undissolubly soldered to the sheath. I spurned at the empty frivolity of the mess-room, and despised every other bivouac save that upon the field of battle.

“In brief, gentlemen, I preferred the field of science, which was still open to me, and became an engineer. Mr Cutts, whose great acquirements and brilliant genius have raised him to such eminence in the profession”—here Cutts made a grateful salaam—“can bear testimony to the humble share of talent I have laid at the national disposal; and if you, my kinsman, are connected with any of the incipient enterprises in the north, I should be proud of an opportunity of showing you that the genius of a Mandeville can be applied as well to the arts of peace as to the stormy exercises of war. But even Mr Cutts does not know how strangely my labours have been interrupted. What an episode was mine! A year of exaltation to high and princely rank—a year of love and battle—and then a return to this cold and heavy occupation! Had that interval lasted longer, gentlemen, believe me, that ere now I should have carried the victorious banners of Wallachia to the gates of Constantinople, plucked the abject and besotted Sultan from his throne, and again established in more than its pristine renown the independent Empire of the East!”

“Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Well said, Mandeville!” shouted Cutts. “I like to see the fellow who never sticks at trifles.”

“No reality, sirs, could have prevented me; but I fear my preface is too long. About two years ago I was requested by the projectors of the great railway between Paris and Constantinople to superintend the survey of that portion which stretches eastward from Vienna. I accepted the appointment with pleasure, for I

longed to see foreign countries, and the field abroad appeared to me a much nobler one than that at home. I had personal letters of introduction to the Emperor, who treated me with marked distinction; for some collateral branches of my family had done the Austrian good service in the wars of Wallenstein, and the heroic charge of the Pappenheimers under Herbert Mandeville at Lutzen was still freshly and gratefully remembered. It was in Vienna that I made the acquaintance of our mutual kinsman, Count Ferguson, whose claims to hereditary dignity, I trust, you will reflect on at your leisure.

"Do either of you, gentlemen, understand German?—No!—I regret the circumstance, because you can hardly follow me out distinctly when I come to speak of localities. But I shall endeavour to be as clear as possible. One evening I was in attendance upon his majesty—who frequently honoured me with these commands, for he took a vast interest in all matters of science—at the great theatre. All the wealth, beauty, and talent of Austria were there. I assure you, gentlemen, I never gazed upon a more brilliant spectacle. The mixture of the white and blue uniforms of the Austrian officers, with the national costumes of the nobility of Hungary, Wallachia, Moldavia, Transylvania, and the Tyrol, gave the scene the appearance of a studied and gorgeous carnival. The glittering of diamonds along the whole tier of the boxes was literally painful to the eyes. Several of the Esterhazy family seemed absolutely sheathed in jewel armour, and I was literally compelled to request the Duchessa Lucchesini, who was seated next me, to lower her beautiful arm, as the splendour of the brilliants on her bracelet—I, of course, said the lustre of the arm itself—was so great as to obstruct my view of the stage. She smilingly complied. The last long-drawn note of the overture was over, the curtain had risen, and the *prima donna* Schenkelnmann was just trilling forth that exquisite *aria* with which the opera of the *Gasthaus* begins, when the door of the box immediately adjoining the imperial one opened, and a party entered in the gay Wallachian costume. The first who took her

place, in a sort of decorated chair in front, and who was familiarly greeted by his Majesty, was a young lady, as it seemed to me even then, of most surpassing beauty. Her dark raven hair was held back from a brow as white as alabaster by a circlet of gorgeous emeralds, whose pale mild light added to the pensive melancholy of her features. I have no heart to describe her further, although that image stands before me now, as clearly as when I first riveted these longing eyes upon her charms!—O Amalia!

"Her immediate companion was a tall stalwart nobleman, beneath whose cloak glittered a close-fitting tunic of ring-mail. His looks were haughty and unprepossessing; he cast a fierce glance at the box which contained the Esterhazys; bowed coldly in return to the recognition of the Emperor; and seated himself beside his beautiful companion. I thought—but it might be fancy—that she involuntarily shrank from his contact. The remainder of the box was occupied by Wallachian ladies and grandes.

"My curiosity was so whetted, that I hardly could wait until the Schenkelnmann had concluded, before assailing my neighbour the Duchessa with questions.

"'Is it possible?' said she. 'Have you been so long in Vienna, cavalier, and yet never seen the great attraction of the day—the Wallachian fawn, as that foolish Count Kronthaler calls her? I declare I begin to believe that you men of science are absolutely born blind!'

"'Not so, beautiful Lucchesini! But remember that ever since my arrival I have been constantly gazing on a star.'

"'You flatterer! But, seriously, I thought every one knew the Margravine of Kalbs-Kuchen. She is the greatest heiress in Europe—has a magnificent independent principality, noble palaces, and such diamonds! That personage beside her is her relation, the Duke of Kalbs-Braten, the representative of a younger branch of the house. He is at deadly feud with the Esterhazys, and the Emperor is very apprehensive that it may disturb the tranquillity of Hungary. I am sure I am glad that my own poor little Duchy is at a distance. I wish he

would not bow to me—I am sure he is a horrid man. Only think, my dear chevalier! He has already married two wives, and nobody knows what has become of them. Poor Clara von Gandersfeldt was the last—a sweet girl, but that could not save her. They say he wants to marry his cousin—I hope she won't have him.'

"Does he indeed presume!" said I, 'that dark-browed ruffian, to aspire to such an angel?'

"I declare you make me quite jealous," said the Lucchesini; 'but speak lower or he will overhear you. I assure you Duke Albrecht is a very dangerous enemy.'

"O that I might beard him!" cried I, 'in the midst of his assembled Hulans! I tell you, Duchessa, that ere now a Mandeville'—

"*Potz tausend donner-wetter!*" said the Emperor, good-humouredly turning round; 'what is that the Chevalier Mandeville is saying? Why, chevalier, you look as fierce as a roused lion. We must take care of you old English fire-eaters. By the way,' added he very kindly, 'our Chancellor will send you to-morrow the decoration of the first class of the Golden Bugle. No thanks. You deserve it. I only wish the order could have been conferred upon such a field as that of Lutzen. And now come forward, and let me present you to the Margravine of Kalbs-Kuchen, whose territories you must one of these days traverse. Margravine—this is the Chevalier Mandeville, of whom I have already told you.'

"She turned her head—our eyes met—a deep flush suffused her countenance, but it was instantly succeeded by a deadly paleness.

"*Eh, wass henker!*" cried the Emperor, 'what's the meaning of this?—the Margravine is going to faint!'

"Oh no—no—your Majesty—'tis nothing—a likeness—a dream—a dizziness, I mean, has come over me! It is gone now. You shall be welcome, chevalier,' continued she, with a sweet smile, 'when you visit our poor dominions. Indeed, I have a hereditary claim upon you, which I am sure you will not disregard.'

"*Hagel und blitzen!*" cried his Majesty—'What is this? I under-

stood the chevalier was never in Germany before.'

"That may be, sire,' repeated the Margravine with another blush. 'But my great-grandmother was nevertheless a Mandeville, the daughter of that Field-marshal Herbert who fought so well at Lutzen. His picture, painted when he was a young cuirassier, still hangs in my palace, and, indeed, it was the extreme likeness of the chevalier to that portrait, which took me for a moment by surprise. Let me then welcome you, cousin; henceforward we are not strangers!'

"I bowed profoundly as I took the proffered hand of the Margravine. I held it for an instant in my own—yes!—by Cupid there *was* a gentle pressure. I looked up and beheld the dark countenance of the Duke of Kalbs-Braten scowling at me from behind his cousin. I retorted the look with interest. From that moment we were mortal foes.

"*Unser Ritter ist im klee gefallen*—the chevalier has fallen among clover,' said the Emperor with a smile—'he has great luck—he finds cousins every where.'

"And in this instance,' I replied, 'I might venture to challenge the envy even of your Majesty.'

"Well said, chevalier! and now let us attend to the second act of the opera.'

"You are in a critical position, Chevalier de Mandeville,' said the Lucchesini, to whose side I now returned. 'You have made a powerful friend, but also a dangerous enemy. Beware of that Duke Albrecht—he is watching you closely.'

"It is not the nature of a Mandeville to fear any thing except for the safety of those he loves. You, sweet Duchessa, I trust have nothing to apprehend?'

"*Ah, perfide!* Do not think to impose upon me longer. I know your heart has become a traitor already. Well—we shall not be less friends for that. I congratulate you on your new honours, only take care that too much good fortune does not turn that magnificent head.'

"I supped that evening with the Lucchesini. On my return home, I thought I observed a dark figure

following my steps; but this might have been fancy, at all events I regained my hotel without any interruption. Next morning I found upon my table a little casket containing a magnificent emerald ring, along with a small slip of paper on which was written, '*Amalia to her cousin—Silence and Fidelity.*' I placed the ring upon my finger, but I pressed the writing to my lips.

"On the ensuing week there was a great masquerade at the palace. I was out surveying the whole morning, and was occupied so late that I had barely half an hour to spare on my return for the necessary preparations.

"'There is a young lady waiting for you up-stairs, Herr Baron,' said the waiter with a broad grin; 'she says she has a message to deliver, and will give it to nobody else.'

"'Blockhead!' said I, 'what made you show her in there? To a certainty she'll be meddling with the theodolites!'

"I rushed up-stairs, and found in my apartment one of the prettiest little creatures I ever saw, a perfect fairy of about sixteen, in a gipsy bonnet, who looked up and smiled as I entered.

"'Are you the Chevalier Mandeville?' asked she.

"'Yes, my little dear, and pray who are you?'

"'I am Fritchen, sir,' she said with a courtesy.

"'You don't say so! Pray sit down, Fritchen.'

"'Thank you, sir.'

"'And pray now, Fritchen, what is it you want with me?'

"'My mistress desired me to say to you, sir—but it's a great secret—that she is to be at the masquerade to-night in a blue domino, and she begs you will place this White Rose in your hat, and she wishes to have a few words with you.'

"'And who may your mistress be, my pretty one?'

"'Silence and Fidelity!'

"'Ha! is it possible? the Margravine!'

"'Hush! don't speak so loud—you don't know who may be listening. Black Stanislaus has been watching me all day, and I hardly could contrive to get out.'

"'Black Stanislaus had better beware of me!'

"'Oh, but you don't know him! He's Duke Albrecht's chief forester, and the Duke is in *such* a rage ever since he found my lady embroidering your name upon a handkerchief.'

"'Did she, indeed?—my name?—O Amalia!'

"'Yes—and she says you're so like that big picture at Schloss-Swiggenstein that she fell in love with long ago—and she is sure you would come to love her if you only knew her—and she wishes, for your sake, that she was a plain lady and not a Princess—and she hates that Duke Albrecht so! But I wasn't to tell you a word of this, so pray don't repeat it again.'

"'Silence and fidelity, my pretty Fritchen. Tell your royal Mistress that I rest her humble slave and kinsman; that I will wear her rose, and defend it too, if needful, against the attacks of the universe! Tell her, too, that every moment seems an age until we meet again. I will not overload your memory, little Fritchen. Pray, wear this trifle for my sake, and'—

"'O fie, sir! If the waiter heard you!' and the little gipsy made her escape.

"I had selected for my costume that night, a dress in the old English fashion, taken from a portrait of the Admirable Crichton. In my hat I reverently placed the rose which Amalia had sent me, stepped into my fiacre, and drove to the palace.

"The masquerade was already at its height. I jostled my way through a prodigious crowd of scaramouches, pilgrims, shepherdesses, nymphs, and crusaders, until I reached the grand saloon, where I looked round me diligently for the blue domino. Alas! I counted no less than thirteen ladies in that particular costume.

"'You seem dull to-night, Sir Englishman,' said a soft voice at my elbow. 'Does the indifference of your country or the disdaintfulness of dark eyes oppress you?'

"I turned and beheld a blue domino. My heart thrilled strangely.

"'Neither, sweet Mask; but say, is not Silence a token of Fidelity?'

"'You speak in riddles,' said the

domino. 'But come—they are beginning the waltz. Here is a little hand as yet unoccupied. Will you take it?'

"For ever?"

"Nay—I shall burden you with no such terrible conditions. *Allons!* Yonder Saracen and Nun have set us the example."

"In a moment we were launched into the whirl of the dance. My whole frame quivered as I encircled the delicate waist with my arm. One hand was held in mine, the other rested lovingly upon my shoulder. I felt the sweet breath of the damask lips upon my face—the cup of my happiness was full."

"O that I may never wake and find this a dream! Dear lady, might I dare to hope that the services of a life, never more devotedly offered, might, in some degree, atone for the immeasurable distance between us? That the poor cavalier, whom you have honoured with your notice, may venture to indulge in a yet dearer anticipation?"

"I felt the hand of the Mask tremble in mine—

"The White Rose is a pretty flower," she whispered—"can it not bloom elsewhere than in the north?"

"Amalia!"

"Leopold!—but hush—we are observed."

"I looked up and saw a tall Bulgarian gazing at us. The mask of course prevented me from distinguishing his features, but by the red sparkle of his eye I instantly recognised Duke Albrecht."

"Forgive me, dearest Amalia, for one moment. I will rejoin you in the second apartment"—

"For the sake of the Virgin, Leopold—do not tempt him! you know not the power, the malignity of the man."

"Were he ten times a duke, I'd beard him! Pardon me, lady. He has defied me already by his looks, and a Mandeville never yet shrunk from any encounter. Prince Metternich will protect you until my return."

"The good-natured statesman, who was sauntering past unmasked, instantly offered his arm to the agitated Margravine. They retired. I strode up to the Bulgarian, who remained as motionless as a statue."

"Give you good-evening, cavalier. What is your purpose to-night?"

"To chastise insolence and punish presumption! What is yours?"

"To rescue innocence and beauty from the persecution of overweening power!"

"Indeed! any thing else?"

"Yes, to avenge the fate of those who trusted, and yet died before their time. How was it with Clara of Gandersfeldt? Fell she not by thy hand?"

"Englishman—thou liest!"

"Bulgarian—thou art a villain!"

"The duke gnashed his teeth. For a moment his hand clutched at the hilt of his poniard, but he suddenly withdrew it."

"I had thought to have dealt otherwise with thee," he said, "but thou hast dared to come between the lion and his bride. Englishman—hast thou courage to make good thy injurious words with aught else but the tongue?"

"I am the last of the race of Mandeville!"

"Enough. I might well have left the chastising of thee to a meaner hand, and yet—for that thou art a bold fellow—I will meet thee. Dost thou know the eastern gate?"

"Well."

"A mile beyond it there is a clump of trees and a fair meadow land. The moon will be up in three hours: light enough for men who are determined on their work. Dost thou understand me—three hours hence on horseback, with the sword, alone?"

"Can I trust thee, Bulgarian?—no treachery?"

"I am a Wallachian and a duke!"

"Enough said. I shall be there; and we parted."

"I flew back to Amalia. She was terribly agitated. In vain did I attempt to calm her with assurances that all was well. She insisted upon knowing the whole particulars of my interview with her dreaded cousin of Kalbs-Braten, and at last I told her without reserve."

"You must not go, Leopold," she cried, "indeed you must not. You do not know this Albrecht. Hard of heart and determined of purpose, there are no means which he will not use in order to compass his revenge."

Believe not that he will meet you alone: were it so, I should have little dread. But Black Stanislaus will be there, and strong Slavata, and Martinitz with all his Hulans! They will murder you, my Leopold! shed your young blood like water; or, if they dare not do that for fear of the Austrian vengeance, they will hurry you across the frontier to some dreary fortress, where you will pine in chains, and grow prematurely grey, far—far from your poor Amalia! Oh, were I to lose you, Leopold, now, I should die of sorrow! Be persuaded by me. My guards are few, but they are faithful. Avoid this meeting. Let us set out this night—nay, this very hour. Once within my dominions, we may set at defiance Duke Albrecht and all the black banditti of Kalbs-Braten. I have many friends and feudatories. The Hetman, Chopinski, is devoted to me. Count Rudolf of Haggenhausen is my sworn friend. No man ever yet saw the back of Conrad of the Thirty Mountains. We shall rear up the old ancestral banner of my house; give the Red Falcon to the winds of heaven; besiege, if need be, my perfidious kinsman in his stronghold—and, in the face of heaven, my Leopold, will I acknowledge the heir of Mandeville as the partner of my life and of my power!

“Dearest, best Amalia! your words thrill through me like a trumpet—but alas, it may not be! I dare not follow your counsel. Shall it be said that I have broken my word—shrunk like a craven from a meeting with this Albrecht;—a meeting, too, which I myself provoked? Think it not, lady. Poor Mandeville has nothing save his honour; but upon that, at least, no taint of suspicion shall rest. Farewell, beautiful Amalia! Believe me, we shall meet again; if not, think of me sometimes as one who loved you well, and who died with your name upon his lips.”

“O Leopold!”

“I tore myself away. Two hours afterwards I had passed the eastern gate of Vienna, and was riding towards the place of rendezvous. The moon was up, but a fresh breeze ever and anon swept the curtains of the clouds across her disk, and obscured the distant prospect. The cool air

played gratefully on my cheek after the excitement and fever of the evening; I listened with even a sensation of pleasure to the distant rippling of the river. For the future I had little care, my whole attention was concentrated upon the past. I felt no anxiety as to the result of the encounter; nor was this in any degree surprising, since, from my earliest youth, I had accustomed myself to the use of the sword, and was reputed a thorough master of the weapon. Neither could I believe that Duke Albrecht was capable, after having given his solemn pledge to the contrary, of any thing like deliberate treachery.

“I was about halfway to the clump of trees, which he of Kalbs-Braten had indicated, when a heavy bank of clouds arose, and left me in total darkness. Up to this time I had seen no one since I passed the sentry; but now I thought I could discern the tramping of horses upon the turf. Almost mechanically I loosened my cloak, and brought round the hilt of my weapon so as to be prepared. When the moon reappeared, I saw on either side of me a horseman, in long black cloaks and slouched hats, which effectually concealed the features of the wearers. They did not speak nor offer any violence, but continued to ride alongside, accommodating their pace to mine. The horses they bestrode were large and powerful animals. There was something in the moody silence and even rigid bearing of these persons, which inspired me with a feeling rather of awe than suspicion. It might be that they were retainers of the duke; but then, if any ambuscade or foul play was intended, why give such palpable warning of it? I resolved to accost them.

“‘Ye ride late, sirs.’

“‘We do,’ said the one to the right. ‘We are bent on a far errand.’

“‘Indeed! may I ask its nature?’

“‘To hear the bat flutter and the owlet scream. Wilt also listen to the music?’

“‘I understand you not, sirs. What mean you?’

“‘We are the guardians of the Red Earth. The guilty tremble at our approach; but the innocent need not fear!’

“‘Two of the night patrol!’

thought I. 'Very mysterious gentlemen, indeed; but I have heard that the Austrian police have orders to be reserved in their communications. I must get rid of them, however. Good-evening, sirs.'

'I was about to spur my horse, when a cloak was suddenly thrown over my head as if by some invisible hand; I was dragged forcibly from my saddle, my arms pinioned, and my sword wrested from me. All this was the work of a moment, and rendered my resistance useless.

"'Villains!' cried I, 'unhand me—what mean you?'

"'Peace, cavalier!' said a deep low voice at my ear; 'speak not—struggle not, or it may be worse for you; you are in the hands of the Secret Tribunal!'

During the course of his narrative, Mr Mandeville, as I have already hinted, by no means discontinued his attentions to the brandy and water, but went on making tumbler after tumbler, with a fervour that was truly edifying. Assuming that the main facts of his history were true, though in the eye of geography and politics they appeared a little doubtful, it was still highly interesting to remark the varied chronology of his style. A century disappeared with each tumbler. He concentrated in himself, as it appeared to me, the excellencies of the best writers of romance, and withal had hitherto maintained the semblance of strict originality. He had now, however, worked his way considerably up the tide of time. We had emerged from the period of fire-arms, and Mandeville was at this stage mediæval.

Some suspicion of this had dawned even upon the mind of Cutts, who, though not very familiar with romance, had once stumbled upon a translation of Spindler's novels, and was, therefore, tolerably up to the proceedings of the *Vehme Gericht*.

"Confound it, Mandeville!" interrupted he, "we shall be kept here the whole night, if you don't get on faster. Both Fred. and I know all about the ruined tower, the subterranean chamber—which, by the way, must have looked deucedly like a tunnel—the cord and steel, and all the rest of it. Skip the trial, man. It's a very old song now, and bring us as

fast as you can to the castle and the marriage. I hope the Margravine took Fritchen with her. That little monkey was worth the whole bundle of them put together!"

The Margrave made another tumbler. His eye had become rather glassy, and his articulation slightly impaired. He was gradually drawing towards the chivalrous period of the Crusades.

"Two days had passed away since that terrible ride began, and yet there was neither halt nor intermission. Blindfold, pinioned, and bound into the saddle, I sate almost mechanically and without volition, amidst the ranks of the furious Hulans, whose wild huzzas and imprecations rung incessantly in my ears. No rest, no stay. On we sped like a hurricane across the valley and the plain!

"At last I heard a deep sullen roar, as if some great river was discharging its collected waters over the edge of an enormous precipice. We drew nearer and nearer. I felt the spray upon my face. These, then, were the giant rapids of the Danube.

"The order to halt was given.

"'We are over the frontier now!' cried the loud harsh voice of Duke Albrecht; 'Stanislaus and Slavata! unbind that English dog from his steed, and pitch him over the cliff. Let the waters of the Danube bear him past the castle of his lady. It were pity to deny my delicate cousin the luxury of a coronach over the swollen corpse of her minion!'

"'Coward!' I exclaimed; 'coward as well as traitor! If thou hast the slightest spark of manhood in thee, cause these thy fellows to unbind my hands, give me back my father's sword, stand face to face against me on the greensward, and, benumbed and frozen as I am, thou shalt yet feel the arm of the Mandeville!'

"Loud laughed he of Kalbs-Braten. 'Does the hunter, when the wolf is in the pit, leap down to try conclusions with him. Fool! what care I for honour or thy boasted laws of chivalry? We of Wallachia are men of another mood. We smite our foe-man where we find him, asleep or awake—at the wine-cup or in the battle—with the sword by his side,

or arrayed in the silken garb of peace! Drag him from his steed, fellows! Let us see how lightly this adventurous English diver will leap the cataracts of the Danube!

"Resistance was in vain. I had already given myself up for lost. Even at that moment the image of my Amalia rose before me in all its beauty—her name was on my lips, I called upon her as my guardian angel.

"Suddenly I heard the loud clear note of a trumpet—it was answered by another, and then rang out the clanging of a thousand atabals.

"Ha! by Saint John of Nepomuck," cried the Duke, "the Croats are upon us—There flies the banner of Chopinski! there rides Conrad of the Thirty Mountains on the black steed that I have marked for my second charger! Hulans! to your ranks. Martinitz, bring up the rear-guard, and place them on the right flank. Slavata, thou art a fellow of some sense!"

"Ay, you can remember that now," grumbled Slavata.

"Take thirty men and lead them up that hollow—you will secure a passage somewhere over the morass—and then fall upon Chopinski in the rear. Let two men stay to guard the prisoner. Now, forward, gentlemen; and if you know not where to charge, follow the white plume of Kalbs-Braten!"

"I heard the cavalry advance. Madened by the loss of my freedom at such a moment, I burst my bonds by an almost supernatural exertion, and tore the bandage from my eyes. To snatch a battle-axe from the hand of the nearest Hulan, and to dash him to the ground, was the work of a moment—a second blow, and the other fell. I leaped upon his horse, shouted the ancient war-cry of my house—'Saint George for Mandeville!' and dashed onwards towards the serried array of the Croats, which occupied a little eminence beyond.

"For whom art thou, cavalier?" cried Chopinski, as I galloped up.

"For Amalia and Kalbs-Kuchen!" I replied.

"Welcome—a thousand times welcome, brave stranger, in the hour of battle! But ha!—what is this?—that white rose—that lordly mien—

can it be? Yes! it is the affianced bridegroom of the Margravine!"

"With a wild cry of delight the Croats gathered around me. 'Long live our gracious Margravine!' they shouted 'long live the noble Mandeville!'

"By my faith, Sir Knight," said the Count Rudolf of Hagenhausen, an old warrior whose seamed countenance was the record of many a fight—"By my faith, I deemed not we could carry back such glorious tidings to our lady—nor, by Saint Wladimir, so goodly a pledge!"

"May I never put lance in rest again," cried Conrad of the Thirty Mountains, "but the Margravine hath a good eye—there be thewes and sinews there. But we must take order with yon infidel scum. How say you, Sirs—shall this cavalier have the ordering of the battle? I, for one, will gladly fight beneath his banner!"

"And so say I," said Chopinski, "but he must not go thus. Yonder, on my sumpter-mule, is a suit of Milan armour, which a king might wear upon the day he went forth to do battle for his crown. Bring it forth, knaves, and let the Mandeville be clad as becomes the affianced of our mistress."

"Brave Chopinski," I said, "and you, kind sirs and nobles—pardon me if I cannot thank you now in a manner befitting to the greatness of your deserts. But there is a good time, I trust, in store. Suffer me now to arm myself, and then we shall try the boasted prowess of yonder giant of Kalbs-Braten!"

"In a few moments I was sheathed in steel, and, mounted on a splendid charger, took my station at the head of the troops. Again their applause was redoubled.

"Lord Conrad," said I to the warrior of the Thirty Mountains, "swart Slavata has gone up yonder with a plump of lances, intending to cross the morass, and assail us on the rear. Be it thine to hold him in check."

"By my father's head!" cried Conrad, "I ask no better service! That villain, Slavata, oweth me a life, for he slew my sister's son at disadvantage, and this day will I have it or die. Fear not for the rear, noble Mandeville—I will protect it while

spear remains or 'armour' holds together!

"I doubt it not, valiant Conrad! Brave Chopinski—noble Haggenghausen—let us now charge together! 'Tis not beneath my banner you fight. The Blue Boar of Mandeville never yet fluttered in the Wallachian breeze, but we may give it to the winds ere-long! Sacred to Amalia, and not to me, be the victory! Advance the Red Falcon of Kalbs-Kuchen—let it strike terror into the hearts of the enemy—and forward as it pounces upon its prey!"

"With visors down and lances in rest we rushed upon the advancing Eulans, who received our charge with great intrepidity. Martinitz was my immediate opponent. The shock of our meeting was so great that both the horses recoiled upon their hams, and, but for the dexterity of the riders, must have rolled over upon the ground. The lances were shivered up to the very gauntlets. We glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of our visors—each made a demi-volte"—

"I say, Cutts," said I, "it occurs to me that I have heard something uncommonly like this before. Our friend is losing his originality, and poaching unceremoniously upon Ivanhoe. You had better stop him at once."

"I presume then, Mandeville, you did for that fellow Martinitz?" said Cutts.

"The gigantic Hulan was hurled from his saddle like a stone from a sling. I saw him roll thrice over, grasping his hands full of sand at every turn."

"That must have been very satisfactory. And what became of the duke?"

"Often did I strive to force my way through the press to the spot where Kalbs-Braten fought. I will not belie him—he bore himself that day like a man. And yet he had better protection than either helm or shield; for around him fought his foster-father, Tiefenbach of the Yews, with his seven bold sons, all striving to shelter their prince's body with their own. No sooner had I struck down one of them than the old man

cried—"Another for Kalbs-Braten!" and a second giant stepped across the prostrate body of his brother!

"Meanwhile, Conrad of the Thirty Mountains had reached the spot where Slavata with his cavalry was attempting the passage of the morass. Some of the Eulans were entangled there from the soft nature of the ground, the horses having sunk in the mire almost up to their saddle-girths. Others, among whom was their leader, had successfully struggled through.

"Conrad and Slavata met. They were both powerful men, and well-matched. As if by common consent, the soldiers on either side held back to witness the encounter of their chiefs.

"Slavata spoke first. 'I know thee well,' he said; 'thou art the marauding baron of the Thirty Mountains, whose head is worth its weight of gold at the castle-gate of Kalbs-Braten. I swore when we last met that we should not part again so lightly, and now I will keep my oath!'

"And I know thee, too," said Conrad; 'thou art the marauding villain Slavata, whose body I intend to hang upon my topmost turret, to blacken in the sun and feed the ravens and the kites!'

"'Threatened men live long,' replied Slavata with a hollow laugh; 'thy sister's son, the Geissenheimer, said as much before, but for all that I passed this good sword three times through his bosom!'

"'Villain!' cried Conrad, striking at him, 'this to thy heart!'

"And this to thine, proud boaster!" cried Slavata, parrying and returning the blow.

"They closed. Conrad seized hold of Slavata by the sword-belt. The other"—

"He's off to Old Mortality now," said I to Cutts. "For heaven's sake stop him, or we shall have a second edition of the Bothwell and Burley business."

"Come, Mandeville, clear away the battle—there's a good fellow. There can be no doubt that you skewered that rascally duke in a very satisfactory manner. I shall ring for the broiled bones, and I beg you will finish your story before they make their appearance. Will you mix an-

other tumbler now, or wait till afterwards? Very well—please yourself—there's the hot water for you."

"They led me into the state apartment," said Mandeville, with a kind of sob. "Amalia stood upon the dais, surrounded by the fairest and the noblest of the land. The amethyst light, which streamed through the stained windows, gorgeous with armorial bearings, fell around her like a glory. In one hand she held a ducal cap of maintenance—with the other, she pointed to the picture of my great ancestor—the very image, as she told me, of myself. I rushed forward with a cry of joy, and threw myself prostrate at her feet!"

"Nay, not so, my Leopold!" she said. "Dear one, thou art come at last! Take the reward of all thy toils, all thy dangers, all thy love! Come, adored Mandeville—accept the prize of silence and fidelity!" And she added, "and never upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry be placed."

"She placed the coronet upon my head, and then gently raising me, exclaimed—

"Wallachians! behold your PRINCE!"

Mr Mandeville did not get beyond that sentence. I could stand him no

longer, and burst into an outrageous roar of laughter, in which Cutts most heartily joined, till the tears ran plentifully down his cheeks. The Margrave of Wallachia looked quite bewildered. He attempted to rise from his chair, but the effort was too much for him, and he dropped suddenly on the floor.

"Well," said I, after we had fairly exhausted ourselves, "there's the spoiling in that fellow of as good a novelist as ever coopered out three volumes. He would be an invaluable acquaintance for either Marryat or James. 'Tis a thousand pities his talents should be lost to the public."

"There's no nonsense about him," replied Cutts; "he buckles to his work like a man. Doesn't it strike you, Freddy, that his style is a great deal more satisfactory than that of some other people I could name, who talk about their pedigree and ancestors, and have not even the excuse of a good cock-and-bull story to tell. Give me the man that carves out nobility for himself, like Mandeville, and believes it too, which is the very next best thing to reality. Now, let's have up the broiled bones, and send the Margrave of Wallachia to his bed."

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PART THE LAST.

THERE was a crowd and a clamour in the principal coffee-house of Pam-peluna at nine o'clock on a July evening, that of the first day after Don Baltasar's escape from the town. The numerous tables were surrounded by officers of Cordova's army, still flushed with their recent victory, and eager to enjoy to the utmost a period of relaxation, which, for aught they knew, the next day might bring to a close. Great was the clattering of glasses and the consumption of ices and *refrescos*, rendered especially grateful by the extreme heat of the weather; long and loud were the peals of laughter that echoed through the apartments, and dense the clouds of tobacco smoke, which, in spite of open doors and windows, floated above the heads of the jovial assembly. In one room a party of *monté*-players, grouped round a baize-covered table, on which were displayed piles of gold and silver coin, and packs of Spanish cards, with their queer devices of horses, suns, and vases, notwithstanding the numerous general orders prohibiting gambling in the army, were busy in increasing or getting rid of a small and recently made issue of pay. Here comparative stillness reigned, only broken by the monotonous voices of the bankers, or by an occasional angry ejaculation from some unlucky

subaltern who saw his last dollar drawn into the vortex, without any means occurring to him whereby to replenish his empty pockets. The other apartments were thronged to suffocation; even the balconies were filled with idlers, leaning over the balustrade, puffing their cigars and listening to a band of amateur musicians, who performed a serenade, in honour of his late victory, under the windows of the commander-in-chief.

In a corner of the coffee-house two persons were seated, both of remarkable appearance, although in very different styles. One was a young man of about six-and-twenty years, low in stature and slightly built; his features regular, without beard, and of an expression of countenance rather pleasing than otherwise. His dress was a short braided jacket, unbuttoned on account of the sultriness of the evening, and disclosing a shirt of fine texture, and a coloured silk handkerchief tied loosely about his throat, which was round and moulded as that of a woman. His cavalry overalls were strapped and topped with leather, and had rows of large bright buttons down the sides; double-rowelled spurs were fixed to his boots, and on a chair beside him lay a foraging-cap and a light sabre. Although his features were small and

delicately chiselled, there was great daring and decision in the thin compressed lips, slightly expanded nostril, and keen grey eye; and when he smiled, which was but rarely, certain lines around his mouth gave a cruel, almost a savage expression to his otherwise agreeable physiognomy. A Navarrese by birth, and of a roving and adventurous disposition, this man, at the commencement of the civil war, had espoused the cause of Don Carlos; but a violent quarrel with a superior officer, punished, as he considered, with undue severity, soon induced him to transfer his services to the Christinos. He raised a free corps, composed of Carlist deserters, smugglers, and desperadoes of every description, and made war upon his former friends with unbounded vindictiveness and considerable success. At the period now referred to, he had already, by various well-planned and boldly-achieved expeditions, accomplished chiefly in the nighttime, gained a high reputation, and the *sobriquet*, by which he was generally known, of El Mochuelo, or the Night Owl.

The man seated opposite to the partisan just described, was of a totally different stamp. Several inches taller than his companion, broad-shouldered and powerful, he had the careless weatherbeaten look of an old campaigner, equally ready to do his devoir in the field, or to enjoy a temporary repose in snug quarters. A bushy beard covered the lower part of his face, which was further adorned with a purple scar reaching completely across one cheek, the result of a sabre cut of no very ancient date. He wore a dragoon's uniform: his right arm, which rested on the table before him, was large and brawny, apparently well fitted to wield the ponderous sword that hung from his hip; but his left had been severed between wrist and elbow, and in its stead an iron hook protruded from the empty coat-cuff. On his right shoulder a single epaulet, with long silver bullion, marked his rank as that of lieutenant of free corps.

"I tell you I'm sick of it, Velasquez," cried the Mochuelo, striking the table impatiently with his fist.

"Why are we idling in towns instead

of following up our late victory? When there's work to be done, do it at once, say I. If there's no sign of a move to-morrow, I shall venture something by myself, that I'm determined."

"Can't say I'm so impatient," returned his companion. "Fighting is very well in its way, and I believe I take to it as kindly as most men; but a feast after a fray, that's fair play and the soldier's privilege. But you are never easy without your foot is in the stirrup. Give the poor devils a day's rest; if it's only time to shake their feathers after their last thrashing."

"Curse them!" cried the Mochuelo; "not an hour, if I could help it. They treated me like a dog, and my debt of ill-usage is not half paid. No, to-morrow I move out, come what may."

"And why not to-night, Mochuelo?" said a young staff-officer who had approached the table and overheard the last words of the revengeful guerrilla. "It is yet early, the night is dark, why not at once?"

The Mochuelo sprang to his feet.

"Do you bring me orders, Señor Torres?" said he in a low eager tone to the aide-de-camp. "So much the better! Whither to go? In half an hour my men are ready."

"Not so fast, amigo," answered Mariano Torres, smiling at the guerrilla's impatience. "It's no ordinary or easy expedition that I propose to you, nor need you undertake it unless you choose. I bring the general's authorization, not his order. The risk is great, and the object a private one; but by accomplishing it you will lay my friend Captain Herrera, and consequently myself, under deep obligation."

"I would gladly oblige Captain Herrera," said the Mochuelo, bowing to Luis, who accompanied Torres. "Velasquez once served in his squadron." And he pointed to his one-handed companion.

"You have forgotten Sergeant Velasquez, captain," said the latter. "He escaped the ambuscade in which you were taken prisoner. You see I've got the epaulet at last."

"I remember you well," replied Herrera, cordially shaking the hand of his former subordinate. "Your

promotion has been dearly purchased," added he, glancing at the mutilated limb; "and I am sure well deserved."

"No time for compliments, señor," said the Mochuelo. "To business."

He again seated himself, and the others following his example, Herrera in few words exposed to the guerilla the nature of the projected expedition.

Notwithstanding the precautions taken to prevent Don Baltasar from leaving Pampeluna, precautions which, as the reader already knows, proved fruitless, Herrera, finding after a lapse of twenty-four hours that no tidings were obtained of the fugitive, resolved not to trust to the chance of his recapture, but at once to execute the plan he had formed when first he became aware of Rita's state of durance. This plan, it will be remembered, was to penetrate clandestinely and with a small force into the enemy's country, to surprise the convent and rescue his mistress. Impracticable when first devised at Artajona, the difficulties besetting the scheme, although diminished by the comparative proximity of Pampeluna to Rita's prison, still appeared almost insuperable. Could the expedition have commenced and terminated between sunset and sunrise, a party of active guerillas, well acquainted with the country and accustomed to such enterprises, might have accomplished it without incurring more than a moderate amount of danger; but, at that season of the year especially, a great part of the march would have to be made in broad daylight, through a district whose population was exclusively Carlist, and which was occupied by detachments and garrisons of the Pretender's troops. Indeed the risk was so great and manifest, and the chances of success apparently so slender, that Cordova, when applied to by Herrera, at first positively refused to allow him to go on so mad an expedition. He at last yielded to the young man's reiterated entreaties, and even permitted Torres to accompany his friend, but refused to give them any troops of the line, saying, however, that the Mochuelo might go, if willing. That he was so, the reader, after the glimpse that has been given of the guerilla's daring

character and impatience of inaction, will have small difficulty in conjecturing. He acknowledged that the proposed expedition was most difficult and dangerous; but confident in his own resources, and in the men under his command, he by no means despaired of its being successful. He should have liked, he said, to postpone it for two or three days, in order to send out spies and ascertain the exact position of the Carlist troops; but on learning from Herrera how urgent it was to lose no time, and how fatal might be the delay of even a single day, he made no further difficulties, but agreed to start at once.

Although in the month of July, the night was overcast and dark when the little band who undertook this perilous service left the town of Pampeluna, and, passing through the outer fortifications, struck into the open country. It consisted of four horsemen and two to three hundred foot soldiers, the latter almost without exception young men between twenty and thirty years of age, scarcely one of whom but might have been cited as an example of the highest perfection of hardiness and activity to which the human frame can be brought by constant exposure to climate, by habit of exertion and endurance of fatigue. Long-limbed, muscular and wiry, lightly clad in costumes remarkable for their picturesque and fantastical variety; unencumbered by knapsacks, or by any baggage save a linen bag slung across the back, and containing rations for two days; their long muskets over their shoulders; belts, full of cartridges and supporting bayonets, strapped tightly round their waists, they strode over hill and dale at a pace which kept the officers' horses at an amble. Fine studies were these for a painter desirous of depicting banditti or guerillas. Their marked features and sunburnt cheeks were shaded by broad flat caps, from beneath which shining ringlets of black hair hung down to their bare bronzed necks. Contempt of danger and reckless daring were legibly written on every one of their countenances, accompanied, it is true, in some instances, by the expression of less laudable qualities. In the plain and in a regular action, they might have

been no match for more highly disciplined troops; but it was evident that as light infantry, and for mountain warfare, their qualifications were unsurpassed, if not unequalled, by any troops of any country.

Whilst a few of the guerillas acted as scouts, and, scattering themselves over the fields on either side of the road which their comrades followed, kept a sharp look-out for lurking foes and ambushed danger, the remainder moved onwards in compact order and profound silence. In front came Herrera and Torres, the former thoughtful and anxious, the latter sanguine and *insouciant* as usual, ambling along as contentedly as if he were riding to a rendezvous with his mistress, instead of on an expedition whence his return was, to say the least, doubtful. Velasquez accompanied them, the bridle hooked on to his iron substitute for a hand, and guiding his horse rather by leg than rein. At starting, the Mochuelo, who had had little time to mature a plan of operations, appeared grave and pre-occupied. For a while he rode in rear of his men, talking in low tones with Paco the muleteer, who accompanied the party, and with an old grim-visaged Frenchman, a sergeant in his corps, who, on account of his having but one eye, went by the name of El Tuerto. The result of his conversation with these two men seemed satisfactory to him, and, on taking his place at the head of the column, he told Herrera that he had good hopes of success. Silence, however, was the order of the night, and he entered into no details. Paco and the Tuerto kept near him, apparently as guides. The former had testified no slight surprise on recognising his antagonist in the ball-court, and the skirmish, in the new character of a commissioned officer; but respect for the epaulet, and a few friendly words addressed to him by Velasquez, dissipated his angry feelings, if such indeed he still harboured, and he marched peaceably along beside the stirrup of his former opponent.

Steadily and silently the little party continued its march, winding like some dark and many-jointed snake over the inequalities of the ground, now disappearing in the hollow of a

ravine, then toiling its way up rugged mountain sides. The road had long been abandoned, and only here and there the adventurous troop were able to avail themselves of a cart track or country lane, whose deep ruts, however, rendered it but little preferable to the fields and waste land over which they at other times proceeded. After leaving the immediate vicinity of Pampeluna, and during several hours' march, but few words were exchanged between any of the party, and those few were uttered in a cautious whisper. Although the pace was a killing one, no man had flagged or straggled; when at last, after completing a tortuous and rugged descent, the Mochuelo commanded a halt. The place where this occurred was in a narrow gorge between two lines of hills, or it should rather be said of mountains; for although their altitude was only here and there very considerable, their craggy and precipitous conformation and rocky material entitled them to the latter denomination. The passage between them continued narrow only for a few hundred yards, after which, at either of its extremities, the mountains receded, and the valley opened into plains of some extent. To the right of the defile was a considerable tract of undulating and wooded country; the level on the left extended to a less distance, before the hills, closing in again, restricted it within narrow limits.

The thick clouds which had veiled the sky during the early part of the night, had now broken and dispersed, the stars shone out and disclosed the outline of surrounding objects, assuming in the dim light all manner of fantastic forms. A cool wind, the forerunner of morning, swept across the valley, bringing pleasant refreshment to the heated soldiery, as they leaned upon their muskets and waited the orders of their chief. On either hand videttes were advanced, keeping vigilant watch. El Mochuelo exchanged a few words with Paco and the Tuerto, and then turned to Herrera.

"We are now," said the guerilla, "within a short league of the convent. It is in the valley beyond the mountains in our front. But we are also

within less than an hour of daybreak, and if we execute the surprise now, our return to Pampeluna will be scarcely possible. The country in our rear swarms with Carlists; the first shot will bring overpowering numbers against us, and we shall be cut off. Our march has been rapid and fatiguing, and we shall have little chance of escape from fresh and unwearied troops. Hazardous as it may appear to you, Captain Herrera, I have decided to pass the day in the neighbourhood of this spot, and to defer our visit to the convent till nightfall. Under cover of the darkness, and guided by these men," he pointed to Paco and the old sergeant, "our retreat will be comparatively easy, even should the enemy get the alarm, which, as we have no resistance to expect at the convent, I trust may be avoided. What say you to my plan?"

"I am willing," replied Herrera, "to be guided by you in the matter; but this arrangement strikes me as extremely hazardous. Where can three hundred men conceal themselves during a whole day, even in this wild and thinly peopled district, without imminent risk of discovery? Remember that a glimpse obtained by a passing peasant of but one of our number, ensures our destruction. The forests and mountain passes are traversed by woodcutters and shepherds; the chances against us would be innumerable. Is it not better, without loss of time, to proceed to the convent, accomplish our object, and cut our way back to Pampeluna?"

"Not one of us would ever enter its gates," answered the Mochuelo. "It would be certain death to us all. But my plan is not so desperate as it seems. El Tuerto, here, is well acquainted with these mountains, and has had many a narrow escape amongst them whilst pursuing a less honest calling than the present. He has told me of a place of concealment, where it is scarcely possible we should be discovered. At any rate we must leave this spot, or some early-rising peasant will stumble upon us. There is danger here."

At that moment, as if to confirm his last words, the note of a bugle, sounded apparently at less than a

mile off, was borne upon the breeze to the ears of the adventurers.

"You hear," said the Mochuelo. "We must begone, and quickly. There are cantonments of the enemy a little to our right. Call in the videttes."

The order was obeyed, and, turning to the left, the guerillas quitted the defile and entered the smaller of the two valleys connected by it. Guided by the Tuerto, they presently approached a projecting hill, jutting out into the valley like some huge buttress placed there to support the mountain wall. It was of small elevation, but its sides were too perpendicular to be climbed, although that circumstance was partially concealed by the trees growing at its base. Its summit also was covered with trees, and its rocky flanks were clothed with ivy. The guerillas turned into a wood extending to some distance along the foot of the mountain, and made their way with some difficulty through the closely planted trunks and thick brushwood. Presently the sound of falling water was audible, increasing in loudness as they proceeded, until its cause became visible in a cascade that splashed down the mountain side. A rocky pool received the foaming element, and fed a pellucid stream that soon disappeared amongst the trees, on its way to irrigate and fertilize the neighbouring fields. The water fell from the least elevated part of the mountain buttress above described, a height of seventy or eighty feet.

"This is the place," said El Tuerto to the Mochuelo. The latter nodded, and again ordering a halt, passed the word for the men to sit down upon the grass and observe the strictest silence. Divesting themselves of their belts and muskets, El Tuerto and Paco now approached a lofty tree growing at a short distance from the cascade, and whose upper boughs reached to the top of the precipice, and to the astonishment of Herrera and Torres, and indeed of all who were sufficiently near to distinguish their movements, began to climb its knotty and uneven trunk. In obedience, however, to the order for silence, no one asked a question of the Mochuelo, who alone seemed aware of the meaning of this

manœuvre. Soon the two climbers reached the uppermost limits of the gigantic tree, and creeping cautiously along one of them, landed safely at the top of the precipice. For an instant they were visible like dark shadows against the starry sky, and then they disappeared amongst the trees.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed, when Herrera and Torres, who were nearest to the torrent, observed, to their great surprise, that the fall of water seemed of less volume. They watched it, the diminution continued, and presently its bed remained bare and dry, with the exception of a slight trickling, which each moment lessened. At the same instant, Paco and El Tuerto re-appeared on the summit of the precipice, and began to descend the water-course. Herrera now perceived that the latter was in fact a rude and irregular staircase, or rather a ladder of steps cut in the rocky surface, some perhaps naturally indented, but others evidently chiselled out by the hands of man. By means of these steps, which afforded a slippery but sufficient footing, it was not difficult for active men to ascend and descend in perfect safety. To increase this facility, wooden pegs had in various places been driven into the interstices of the rock; but when the water flowed, both these and the steps were so far concealed as not to attract notice.

Whilst Herrera gazed in mute astonishment at this singular staircase, the Mochuelo approached and tapped him on the shoulder.

"What say you to yonder hiding-place?" said he, pointing up to the wooded platform above them. "Will they seek us there, think you? Could we not lie hidden for a week instead of a day?"

"If that be the only road to it," said Herrera, indicating the water-course, "we need hardly fear intruders. But can it not be approached from the mountains in rear?"

"Hardly," answered the Mochuelo, "as you shall see when there is light enough. We shall be safe there, señor."

"And the horses?" said Herrera.

"Shall be cared for," replied the Mochuelo. "We must risk their

loss, although even that is not probable. But we shall have daylight here directly. Time is precious."

It was as he said. Already a brightness was visible in the eastern sky, and the stars in that quarter of the heavens began to fade and disappear. A word from the Mochuelo brought his men to their feet, and, slinging their muskets on their backs, they ascended the water-course. Meanwhile the horses were stripped of their equipments, and, taking hold of the halters, Paco and El Tuerto led them into the wood. A cord was lowered from the top of the precipice, and the saddles were drawn up. The men continued to ascend. Velasquez, on account of his mutilation, had some difficulty in climbing; but by the aid of a powerful guerilla, who went behind, and afforded him support, he succeeded in reaching the top. The Mochuelo, after ascertaining by the report of his sergeants that all the men who had left Pampeluna with him were present, still stood with Herrera at the foot of the water-course, waiting for El Tuerto and Paco, who in a few minutes made their appearance.

"You have disposed of the horses?" said the Mochuelo.

The answer was in the affirmative. The horses had been securely tethered in the thickest part of the wood, and left with an ample feed of corn before them. It was most improbable that they should be discovered during the few hours they must remain there; but even if they were, their presence in that retired spot, whatever surprise it might awaken, could afford, owing to the absence of the saddles and trappings, no clue to their owners. To obviate any risk of their hoof-prints being traced, Paco had had the forethought to take them into the stream, and lead them for some distance along its shallow bed.

Upon reaching the top of the precipice, the first care of the Mochuelo was to assemble his men, and warn them of the necessity of perfect silence and extreme caution, upon which the lives of all depended. Under pain of severe punishment, he commanded them to avoid the slightest noise, and forbade their walking

about, or leaving the place he assigned to them. This was under the shadow of some ancient trees, whose bushy crowns and branches were mingled and interlaced, so as to form a roof impervious to the sun, and almost to rain. Amongst them meandered one of two small streams, which, rising at different points of the adjacent mountains, flowed down to the platform, and uniting upon it, dashed over its brink, and formed the waterfall already described. For the present, at least, there was little need of the Mochuelo's command to ensure silence. Wearied by their rapid and toilsome march, the guerillas stretched themselves upon the grass, and seemed disposed to make amends by a morning nap for the vigilance and fatigues of the night.

The Mochuelo took Herrera's arm. "I will show you," he said, "that I have not overrated the security of our hiding-place."

Following the course of the rivulet, he led him to a place where a contrivance of great simplicity explained the sudden, and, as it had seemed, miraculous cessation of the waterfall. Just above the confluence of the two streams, which were of moderate width, and not deep, but which received, even in the summer months, an abundant supply of water from the mountain-springs, were a couple of rough-fashioned sluice-gates, consisting of strong boards, sliding down between grooved posts, and which the strength of two men sufficed to remove or return to their places. Above these gates, trenches, now overgrown with grass and bushes, had been cut; so that when the sluices were closed, and the confined water rose to a certain height, it found a vent in another direction, and the original channel remained dry. The gates had been taken out and concealed amongst the brushwood, where Paco and El Tuerto had found them, and, by forcing them down the grooves, had stopped the waterfall. They were now busied in removing them, and the Mochuelo and Herrera, on approaching the edge of the rock, found the torrent once more plashing down its accustomed bed, and the strange staircase, by which their ascent had been accomplished, concealed by its flow,

In reply to Herrera's enquiries as to the original authors of this curious contrivance, and the manner in which he had discovered it, the Mochuelo informed him that the Frenchman, Roche, or El Tuerto, as his Spanish comrades styled him, had, previously to the war, been one of a band of outlaws, smugglers avowedly, and on occasion, as it was affirmed, something worse, who for a considerable period had carried on their illegal avocations in the Navarrese Pyrenees and their contiguous ranges. Exposed to frequent pursuit, they had discovered and contrived hiding-places in various parts of the district they infested, and that now occupied by the guerillas was the one on the ingenuity of which they most prided themselves. In order to keep it secret, they resorted thither only in extreme cases, usually contriving to arrive and depart in the night-time, and carefully avoided making any of the peasantry aware of its existence. The scanty population of the district, which consisted chiefly of rock and mountain, forest and waste land, favoured the preservation of their secret. At the commencement of the war the gang broke up, and its members joined various guerilla corps. Roche was for some time with the Carlists, but finding pay and plunder less plentiful than hard duty and long marches, he deserted, and put himself under the orders of the Mochuelo. The latter knew something of his previous history, and, on leaving Pampeluna, had consulted him as a person likely to possess valuable information concerning the wild district whither they were about to proceed.

It seemed probable, from the appearance of the platform, that it had been unvisited, certainly unfrequented, since the dissolution of the honourable society to which El Tuerto had belonged. The grass was long and untrodden; no woodman's axe had been busy with the trees; save foxes and birds, no living creature had left traces of its presence. Only in one place Herrera and the Mochuelo discovered a number of sheep bones scattered amongst the long grass, remnants doubtless of some former banquet of the smugglers; and not far off, in the hollow of a tree,

serving as a niche, a small plaster figure of the Virgin and child, that had once been painted, but of which the damp had long since strangely confounded the colours, told of a lingering devotional qualm on the part of the wild law-breakers.

Still keeping under shelter of the abundant trees, the Mochuelo led his companion to the rear of the platform. There the mountains rose in precipices, and the most careful examination only showed one path, that being such as few besides a mountain-goat or a chamois-hunter would willingly have ventured upon, by which the lurking-place of the guerillas could on that side be approached. At the foot of this path, concealed amongst the bushes, crouched two sentries. At another point also, where, from the loftiest part of the platform, a view was obtained over the tree-tops up the defile between the mountains, other two watchers were stationed, stretched at full length amongst the fern, and peering out through laurel bushes, with whose dark foliage their bronzed physiognomies were confounded beyond a possibility of detection.

Fully satisfied of the security of their position, the Mochuelo and Herrera returned to their companions. The soldiers were for the most part asleep; some few, whose appetite was even greater than their drowsiness, were breaking their fast with black ration-bread, seasoned with an onion or sausage, and washed down, in the absence of better beverage, with draughts from the diamond-bright stream that rushed and tinkled past them. Torres, with his head on his saddle, was soundly sleeping; his dreams, to judge by the smile on his pleasant countenance, being of a more agreeable nature than the realities of his position. Velasquez had followed his example, and snored in a key that almost induced his chief to awaken him, lest his nasal melody should be heard at too great a distance.

"Can you depend on your men?" said Herrera to the Mochuelo. "A desertion would be ruin, and yet the temptation is great. What would the man get who delivered the dreaded Mochuelo and his band into the hands of the enemy?"

"Thanks and reward to-day, distrust and disgrace to-morrow," replied the guerilla. "Even those who profit by treason, hate and despise the traitor. Besides, most of my fellows have been with the Carlists, and have little fancy to return thither. At the same time, as the majority of them are infernal scoundrels, I neglect no precaution. There are only two ways of leaving this platform without the certainty of breaking one's neck; the mountain-path, where two of my most devoted followers are on sentry, and the waterfall, where Paco and Roche have taken the first turn of guard. You may go to sleep, therefore, in all security, and it is what I would advise you to do; for if our last-night's work was severe, you may be sure that our next will be far more so. And so good-night, or rather good-morning." And, throwing himself on the grass, the guerilla, accustomed to snatch sleep at all hours, had his eyes shut in an instant.

Although not less in want of repose, Herrera was hardly in a frame of mind to obtain it so easily. His reason, as well as the consciousness that opposition would be unavailing, had induced him to agree to the delay deemed necessary by the Mochuelo, but he was not the less impatient and irritated at the inaction to which he saw himself condemned. If Baltasar had succeeded in leaving Pampeluna, and the fruitlessness of the minute search made for him caused Herrera to fear that such had been the case, the twelve hours' delay might frustrate all his hopes of liberating Rita. In the anticipation of a forward movement of Cordova's army, it was highly probable that Baltasar would remove her to some less accessible part of the Carlist country; perhaps, even, exasperated by the severity with which he had been treated at Pampeluna, and by the reproaches and menaces of the Count, he might proceed to extremities, of which Herrera shuddered to think. The fevered and excited imagination of Luis conjured up the most maddening visions. He saw Rita dragged half-lifeless to the altar, compelled by atrocious menaces to place her hand in that of her abhorred kinsman, whilst a venal priest

blessed the unholy union. He heard the cries of the trembling victim imploring mercy from those who knew not the name, and calling on him, by whom she deemed herself deserted, for succour in her extremity. Tortured by these and similar imaginings, Herrera paced wildly up and down in the gloom and silence of the forest, and accused himself of indifference and cowardice for yielding to the representations of the Mochuelo, plausible and weighty though they were, and for not proceeding at once, alone even, and unaided, to the assistance of the defenceless and beloved being, the uncertainty of whose fate thus racked his soul. Cooler reflection, however, came to his aid, dissipating, or at least unveiling, these phantoms of a diseased fancy, and convincing him that precipitation could but ruin his last chance of success. It would indeed, he felt, be impracticable to regain the Christino lines in broad daylight. Had his own life alone been at stake, that he had willingly set upon the hazard; or rather he would at once and joyfully have sacrificed it to restore Rita to the arms of her father. But the same conflict in which he perished, would also ensure the return of Rita to her captivity and its terrible consequences. Moreover, it would have been an ungenerous requital of the promptness with which the Mochuelo had undertaken a most perilous enterprise, solely to oblige Herrera, and without a chance of advantage to himself, had he insisted upon his converting the risk into almost the certainty of destruction. Patience, then, was the only alternative; and, feeling the necessity of repose after the fatigues and agitation of the preceding night, Herrera lay down upon the ground, and physical exhaustion overcoming mental activity, he sank into an uneasy and broken slumber.

It was afternoon, and the valley and mountains were glowing and glittering in the ardent sun-rays, although within the bower of foliage where the guerillas had established themselves, all was cool and dark, when the Mochuelo awakened Herrera. With a vague fear of having slept too long, Luis started to his feet.

"Is it time to move?" he hurriedly demanded.

"Hush!" said the guerilla. "Come with me."

One of the Mochuelo's men stood by: he led the way to that lofty part of the platform whence a view of the defile was commanded. On approaching it, the two guerillas threw themselves on their hands and knees, and making signs to Herrera to imitate them, crept forward till they gained the bushes fringing the precipice. Through these a small party of cavalry was visible, riding along the mountain pass. By aid of his field-glass, Herrera was enabled to distinguish almost the features of the men. At the head of the detachment rode an officer, whose figure and general appearance he thought he recognized. A second glance confirmed his first impression. The leader of the troop was Baltasar de Villabuena.

Utterly bewildered by what he saw, Herrera turned to the Mochuelo.

"What are they?" he demanded, "and whither going?"

"You see what they are," answered the partisan. "Carlist lancers. They are going, I fear, to the convent."

"How, to the convent? Does that road lead to it?"

"It does. At some distance up this valley the mountains sink, and there is a track over them practicable for horsemen; the same which we shall follow. When they reach the other side of the mountain they are within ten minutes' ride of the convent."

Herrera remained for a moment as if petrified by what he heard.

"There can be no doubt," he exclaimed, "they go to remove her. Baltasar is with them. We shall come too late. Mochuelo, you will no longer refuse to act, and that on the instant. We must surprise and destroy the detachment, then at once attack the convent and make our way back to Pampeluna as best we may. If we wait till evening, the expedition might as well not have been attempted. It will be too late."

For an instant or two the Mochuelo stood silent and thoughtful, endeavouring to reconcile in his mind compliance with Herrera's passion-

ately urged wishes, and the dictates of common prudence.

"It is impossible, Captain Herrera," said he. "If there were only one chance in twenty in our favour I would attempt it, but there would not be one in a thousand. If we leave this before evening, we shall never see to-morrow's sun. Much against my will I must refuse your request."

The firm and decided tone of this refusal exasperated Herrera, already almost frantic at the thoughts of the new peril to which Rita was to be exposed. He lost all self-command, his lip curled with a smile of scorn, his look and tone expressed the most cutting contempt as he again addressed the Mochuelo.

"What!" cried he, "is this the renowned, the fearless guerilla, whose deeds have made him the dread of his foes and the admiration of his friends! This the daring soldier whom no peril deters, who now talks of danger, and calculates chances like a recruit or a woman! Oh, no! It is not the same, or if it be, his courage has left him, and cowardice has replaced daring."

On hearing himself thus unjustly and intemperately reproached, the Mochuelo turned very pale, and his left hand sunk down as though seeking the hilt of his sabre. His two followers, on sentry among the bushes, who had not lost a word of the brief dialogue, turned their heads and glared savagely at the man who dared to accuse their leader of cowardice. One of them muttered a half-audible oath, and was about to spring to his feet, but a gesture from the Mochuelo checked him. The Carlist cavalry had now passed the defile, and were no longer visible from the platform. The Mochuelo turned away and walked in the direction of the bivouac, and Herrera mechanically followed him, rage and despair in his heart. When out of earshot of the sentries the guerilla paused, and, leaning his back against a tree, folded his arms on his breast. His features, still pale, had assumed an expression of calm dignity, strongly contrasting with the flushed and agitated countenance of his companion.

"Señor de Herrera," said the Mo-

chuelo, "you have surprised me. Before two of my men you have taxed me with cowardice—fortunately they know me well enough to despise the accusation, and discipline will not suffer. Of the outrage to myself I say nothing. I make all allowance for your excited state. Many would think it necessary to repay your hard words by a shot or a stab; I can afford to laugh at any who blame my forbearance. When next we meet the enemy, look where the fire is hottest, and you will be convinced that the names of coward and of the Mochuelo can never be coupled."

Touched by this manly address, and already ashamed of the intemperate words which mental suffering had wrung from him, Herrera held out his hand to the Mochuelo.

"Pardon me," he said; "pardon a man whose agony at seeing all he loves on earth about to be snatched away, has made him forget what is due to you and to himself. Misery is ever selfish; but believe me I am not ungrateful for your willing aid. All that human courage can accomplish I know you will do. But alas! alas! this fatal though unavoidable delay is the ruin of all my hopes."

"Perhaps not," said the Mochuelo cheerily, and cordially pressing Herrera's hand. "The horses we saw pass must be wearied by their mid-day march. Unsuspecting of danger, Baltasar will probably remain a while at the convent. The case is by no means so hopeless as you imagine. At any rate we will risk sending a scout to keep an eye upon their movements. For that service Paco is the man."

Within ten minutes after this conversation, Paco left the platform and commenced the ascent of the mountain. A contribution had been levied amongst the motley habilitated guerillas to equip him in a manner unlikely to attract suspicion, and it was in the dress of a peasant of the province that he departed on his hazardous mission. Herrera would fain have undertaken it, but for the arguments of the Mochuelo and Torres, who convinced him how much more effectually it would be performed by the muleteer. Stationing himself at the foot of the mountain, he watched Paco, as,

with extraordinary daring and activity, he climbed its rugged sides, availing himself, with intuitive skill and judgment, of every description of cover, creeping up water-courses and amongst bushes; and when compelled to expose himself to observation from the valley in his rear, bounding and striding along as if insensible alike to fatigue and to the scorching heat of the sun. In half the time that appeared necessary for the painful ascent, he disappeared over the summit of the mountain.

An hour elapsed, and Herrera, who had not ceased to watch for Paco's re-appearance, became impatient and uneasy. The muleteer had been ordered to go no farther than was necessary to get a view of the convent, and that, El Tuerto affirmed, he would obtain within a few hundred yards of the mountain-top. The Mochuelo argued favourably from his prolonged absence, which proved, he said, that Baltasar's party were still at the convent, and that Paco was watching their movements. But when a second hour lagged by with like result, the *guevilla*, in his turn, became anxious; whilst Herrera made sure that Paco had ventured too far, and fallen into the hands of the enemy. In that case the Mochuela feared that, to save his life, he might betray their hiding-place; but Luis's assurances of the stanch and faithful character of the muleteer, partly dissipated his apprehensions. Nevertheless, additional *videttes* were posted round the edge of the platform, the *guerillas* looked to their arms, and every precaution was taken against a sudden attack. If discovered, said the Mochuelo, they could none of them hope to escape; but the natural fortress which they occupied would enable them to sell their lives at a dear rate.

In this state of suspense we will temporarily leave Herrera and his friends, to follow in the footsteps of the muleteer. So rapid had been his ascent of the mountain, that when he reached its summit the Carlists had not yet completed their circuit, and entered the valley where the convent stood. With a feeling of huge satisfaction Paco looked down upon his former prison, and chuckled at the

thought that he should soon have an opportunity of revenging himself for his sufferings within its walls. To make the most of his time before the appearance of Baltasar, he hastily descended the naked rock on which he stood, and sought shelter amongst the bushes and straggling trees clothing the middle and lower slopes of the mountain. Thence he commanded a near view of the convent. No change was visible in the grey, ghostly-looking edifice; so still was every thing about it, that it might have been deemed uninhabited but for the portress, who sat knitting in the shadow of the gateway, and for the occasional apparition of some ancient nun, showing her face, yellow and shrivelled as parchment, at a casement, or flitting with bowed head, and hands lost in the wide sleeves of her robe, across the spacious and solitary court. The red moss mantled the old walls, the bright green creepers dangled from their summits, the gardens and vineyard covering the slope in front of the convent, teemed with vegetable life. From where he stood Paco could discover the very point where he had entered the forest after his escape from the dungeon. As he gazed, it suddenly occurred to him that the same friendly shelter which had enabled him to leave the neighbourhood of the convent unperceived, put it in his power to return thither without detection. Bold to temerity, and forgetful of the Mochuelo's injunctions to expose himself to no risk of discovery, Paco no sooner conceived the project than he proceeded to execute it. The convent, it will be remembered, was situated at the extremity of the valley; the pass or rather dip in the surrounding hills, by which Baltasar and his companions would approach it, was to the east of the building; whereas Paco, by the short cut he had taken, found himself on the contrary or western side. Concealed amongst the trees, he moved stealthily but swiftly along, and was within a few hundred yards of the spot whence he proposed to reconnoitre the enemy's proceedings, when he heard the jingling noise of cavalry at the trot, and, looking through the branches, he saw Baltasar and his

party sweep round the base of the little eminence on which the convent stood, and ascend the path leading to its gate. Baltasar alone entered the court; the troopers, about thirty in number, halted outside, and remained mounted. Paco plunged deeper into the forest; five more minutes completed his circuit, and he found himself, still concealed by the trees, within a few paces of the convent wall. Opposite to him was the window whence Rita had held her conversation with the gipsy; below it, Paco saw traces of the loophole through which he had escaped. The long grass and bushes had been cleared away, and the rusty grating which Paco had so easily removed was replaced by solid masonry. At none of the casements on that side of the convent was any person visible. Both shutters and windows were open; but Venetian blinds masked the interior of the apartments from the view of the muleteer, who stood still and listened. Scarcely a minute elapsed, when a loud noise, as of a door dashed violently open, reached his ears. This was succeeded by a burst of furious vociferation in a voice which Paco knew to be that of Baltasar. Although his tones were loud, his utterance was so rapid and incoherent, the effect apparently of passion, that only a word here and there was intelligible to the muleteer, and these words were for the most part execrations. He seemed to lash himself into the most unbounded fury against some person who had entered the apartment in his company, and from the epithets he made use of, it was clear that that person was a woman. At first no reply was made to his violence, although Paco could distinguish that he put questions, and became more and more infuriated at the silence of her to whom they were addressed. Presently there was a momentary pause, and a female voice was heard. The accents were distinct though tremulous.

"Never!" it said, "never! You may murder me; but that, never!"

A blasphemy too horrible to transcribe, burst from the lips of Baltasar. A blow followed—a heavy, cruel, unmanly blow; there was a faint cry and

the sound of a fall. Paco's blood grew cold in his veins, he ground his teeth, and his hand played convulsively with the knife in his pocket. He looked up at the window as though he would have sprung to the assistance of the helpless victim of Baltasar's barbarity. Again the room-door opened, and was again violently slammed. All was now silent in the chamber.

With heavy heart, and a countenance pale with horror and suppressed rage, Paco left the spot, and hastened to another, whence he could see the front of the convent. The Carlist horsemen were filing in at the gate. Looking around him, Paco selected a lofty tree, easy of ascent; in an instant he was amongst its branches. Thence he commanded a view of the interior of the court. Baltasar was there giving orders to his men, who unbridled and watered their horses at a fountain in the centre of the court. This done, they proceeded to feed them, and to cleanse the legs and bellies of the wearied animals from the sweat and dust. Bread and a skin of wine were presently brought out of the convent; and by these and other indications, Paco became convinced that a halt of some duration, for the purpose of rest and refreshment, was intended, although, from the non-removal of the saddles, it was evident that the Carlists would not pass the night there. Having now obtained all the information he could hope for, and far more than he had expected to get, the indefatigable muleteer set out on his return to the platform.

Meanwhile Paco's prolonged absence had caused Herrera and the Mochuelo the most serious uneasiness; and as Luis knew him to be incapable of treachery, and vouched for his fidelity, they could only suppose that he had been taken prisoner, or had fallen and killed or maimed himself amongst the precipices he had to traverse. Sunset was near at hand, when Herrera, who continued to sweep the mountain ridge with his telescope, saw a man roll off the summit and then start to his feet. It was Paco, who now bounded down the mountain with a speed and apparent recklessness that made those who watched his progress tremble for his neck. But the hardy fellow knew well

what he did; his sure foot and practised eye served him well; and presently, reeking with sweat, and his hands and dress torn by rocks and brambles, he again stood amongst his friends. He was overwhelmed with enquiries concerning the result of his excursion, and gave a brief but lucid account of all he had seen. Only, with a delicacy and consideration hardly to be expected in one so roughly nurtured, he suppressed the more painful details, merely saying that he had heard a voice, which he believed to be that of Rita, in animated conversation with Baltasar, who seemed endeavouring to persuade her to something which she steadily refused to do.

"We may yet be in time," exclaimed Herrera, all his hopes revived by the muleteer's intelligence. And he looked anxiously at the Mochuelo.

"We will move at once," said the latter, replying to his look rather than to his words. "The sun is low. It will be dark before we reach the convent."

The flow of the waterfall was again stopped, and with the same caution that had marked all their movements since they left Pampeluna, the guerillas descended from their eyrie. Avoiding the open part of the valley, they kept within the forest, and reached the spot where the horses were concealed. They had not been meddled with; it was probable, indeed, that during the whole day Baltasar and his men were the only persons who had passed through the solitary valley. With strength restored by their long repose, the guerillas marched rapidly along, and soon found themselves in the vicinity of the convent. The sun had disappeared, leaving a red glow in the western sky; here and there a star shone out, and the heavens were of a transparent blue, excepting in the wind quarter, where the upper edge of a dense bank of cloud was visible. This, and the vapours, the result of the day's heat, which began to rise in the hollows and low grounds, the Mochuelo contemplated with much satisfaction.

"Tis a bright evening," he said, "but the night will be dark. The better for our retreat, Captain Herrera; all is in our favour. Fortune befriends us."

Halting his men, the guerilla dismounted and advanced on foot till he came within sight of the convent. By the waning light he distinguished the figures of two or three soldiers lounging outside the gate. He returned to Herrera.

"They are still there," said he, "and cannot escape us. We will wait till it grows somewhat darker, that the surprise may be more complete."

A few minutes were allowed to elapse, minutes that seemed hours to Herrera's impatience, and then a small party, guided by Paco and under command of Torres, moved off to gain the rear of the convent. At the same time the remainder of the guerillas approached the building on the eastern side, stealing along behind banks and trees. Unperceived they had commenced the ascent of the uncultivated slope, when their foremost files stumbled upon a Carlist soldier who had sneaked down to the garden to make provision of the fruit growing there in abundance. So silent were the movements of the guerillas, (Herrera, Velasquez, and the Mochuelo going on foot, whilst their horses were led at some distance in the rear,) that the Carlist was not aware of their approach till they were close to him, and he himself, hidden amongst the fruit-trees, had escaped their notice. He uttered a shout of surprise and terror; it was his last. A blow from the sabre of Velasquez brought him to the ground; the next instant three bayonets were in his body.

"Forward!" cried the Mochuelo, who saw that further caution was useless; and, closely followed by his men, ran at the top of his speed towards the convent. But the soldier's exclamation had given the alarm to a second Carlist, who had been waiting his comrade's return from the orchard. He saw the guerillas rush forward, sprang within the gate, shut and barred it. The Mochuela came up in time to hear the last bolt drawn.

A great bustle and confusion were now audible in the court; the men hurrying to their horses, and questioning each other as to the nature of the alarm. The Mochuelo lost not an instant. Two of his men carried axes; he took one, Herrera the other, and they dealt

furious blows upon the gate, which shook and splintered under their efforts. The voice of Baltasar was heard loud in oath, and abusing his men for their cowardly panic. Not conceiving it possible that a party of Christinos should have advanced in broad daylight to so great a distance from their lines, he at first attributed the attack to some roving banditti, who had expected a rich, or, at any rate, an easy prey in the defenceless convent of nuns. He advanced to the gate.

"Scoundrels!" he exclaimed,—
"What means this violence? Desist, or I fire upon you!"

A low laugh from the guerillas replied to his menace. With incredible hardihood, he opened the wicket and looked out. The Mochuelo had forbidden his men to fire, but nevertheless, at the sight of Baltasar, a dozen muskets were raised.

"For your lives not a shot!" cried the Mochuelo.

With his axe, Herrera made a furious blow at Baltasar, but the wicket was too small to admit the weapon, and the Carlist retreated into the interior of the court. The gate began to yield, fairly hewn in pieces by the axes; a few more blows and an opening was effected. The guerillas rushed with fixed bayonets into the court. It was deserted save by the horses. The doors and windows of the convent were closely shut, and not a single Carlist was to be seen. Just then several shots, fired in rear of the building, explained the solitude in its front. The besieged had endeavoured to escape by the outer windows, but had been prevented by Torres and his detachment. Foiled in this attempt, Baltasar now showed himself, raging like a wolf at bay, at a window above the gate of the convent. Some of his men accompanied him, and fired their carabines at the assailants. By the Mochuelo's order, the fire was not returned. A few shots, he thought, might be unheard or pass unnoticed by the Carlist troops in the vicinity, but the fire of his men would inevitably attract attention. In silence, therefore, and partly sheltered by a projecting portico, he and Herrera assailed the convent door with their axes. The obstacle was a slighter one than that

which had already been overcome, and its demolition seemed likely to be more speedy. There were other doors in the wings of the convent that would perhaps have been yet more easily broken down; but in the uncertainty of what the interior partitions and defences might be, the Mochuelo preferred attacking the principal entrance. The Carlists continued to fire, and several of the guerillas were already killed; but soon, in anticipation of their stronghold being speedily forced, the besieged ceased to defend themselves, and left the windows to seek concealment from the first fury of the foe. The door gave way, and the victorious Christinos, eager for booty, poured into the building. Herrera was the first who entered. He had ascertained from Paco the part of the convent where he might expect to find Rita; he darted up the stairs and along a gallery which ran completely round the first floor. The Mochuelo accompanied him. They were passing an open window, whence the Carlists had fired, when a loud shout was uttered by a detachment, who, in obedience to the orders of their chief, remained formed up in the court. The shout was followed by a few musket shots. The Mochuelo stopped and looked out: Herrera, all his thoughts concentrated on one subject, still hurried on, but an exclamation from his companion arrested his steps.

"Escaped!" cried the Mochuelo.

"Escaped!" repeated Herrera, in his turn looking out; "Who?"

The question was answered by what he saw. Whilst the guerillas in the court-yard, resting upon their arms, gazed at the convent windows, now rapidly becoming illuminated, and envied their more fortunate comrades, who, to judge from the noise within, were using unsparingly their privileges as victors, a door in one of the projecting wings suddenly opened, and a man on horseback, with a woman before him on his saddle, dashed into the court. His spurs plunged in his charger's flanks, he rode through the astonished soldiers, and out at the gate. There was still enough light for Herrera to catch a glimpse of his figure before he disappeared below the brow of the slope.

That glimpse told him that his hopes were again blasted. The horseman was Baltasar. There could be little doubt as to who was the companion of his flight.

In an instant Herrera was in the court. His horse stood near the gate; he leaped into the saddle, and galloped madly down the hill. Three or four of the guerillas had preceded him; but the captured horses of the Carlists, on which they were mounted, were sorry beasts, and he soon left them far in his rear. He saw Baltasar galloping at full speed up the valley, the double burthen apparently unfelt by the vigorous animal he bestrode. But Herrera also was well mounted, his horse fresh, and he gained on the fugitive, gradually it is true, but still he gained on him. Selecting the most favourable ground, and avoiding plantations or whatever else might impede his progress, Baltasar spurred onwards, stimulating his steed with his voice, occasionally even striking his flanks with his *salre-flat*. When dashing through the court, his companion, or, it should rather be said, his captive, had been seen to struggle, although the thick black veil in which her head was muffled prevented her cries, if any she uttered, from being audible. She now lay, as if insensible, on the left arm of the Carlist colonel. Behind came Herrera bareheaded, with clenched teeth, his drawn sword in his hand, in readiness to strike the very instant he should come within reach of the ravisher. Unfortunately the distance between them diminished but slowly, and Herrera trembled lest superior bone and endurance on the part of his enemy's charger should yet enable him to escape; when to his inexpressible relief he saw the horse stop, with a suddenness that almost threw his rider on his neck, and then, on being furiously spurred and urged forward, rear, turn round, and oppose all the resistance of a horse brought to a leap which he is afraid or unable to take. Whilst galloping down a rough and stony path, on one of whose sides was a high bank, and on the other an abrupt fall in the ground, Baltasar had come upon a deep trench or rivulet of considerable width, and this his horse obstinately

refused to cross. Casting a hasty glance back at his pursuer, who was still far behind, Baltasar turned his charger, and again rode him at the obstacle. Again the animal shied, and refused. His rider uttered a furious oath, and resolutely turned about, as if resolved to fight now that he could no longer fly. Herrera's heart beat quick with hope. At length, then, he should rescue and revenge his Rita. He was within twenty yards of the Carlist, when the latter drew a pistol and fired at him. His horse received the ball in his breast, staggered forward, carried on by the impetus he had acquired, and fell, with his rider partly under him. Before Herrera could extricate himself, the sound of hoofs was heard, and another horseman galloped down the lane. Again Baltasar rode at the ditch, but his steed, discouraged and cowed by his violent treatment, made no effort to cross it. With a fierce execration, Baltasar threw the woman violently to the ground, and driving the point of his sword an inch or more into his horse's crupper, the animal, relieved of part of his load, and maddened by the cruel and unusual stimulus, cleared the ditch. As he did so, Herrera having regained his feet, hurried to the unfortunate creature of whom Baltasar had so brutally disencumbered himself. She lay upon her side, quite motionless, and the veil that wrapped her head was wet with blood.

"Rita!" exclaimed Luis; "Rita!"

Raising her on his arm, he drew the covering from her face. The features disclosed were entirely unknown to him.

Just then Velasquez came up at speed, and, flying across the ditch, continued the pursuit.

The person whom Herrera supported in his arms was of middle age, and had the remains of great beauty, although her countenance was emaciated, and as pale as the white nun's robe in which she was clad. In falling she had received severe injury; her temple had struck against a sharp angle of the granite of which the path was chiefly composed, and blood flowed in abundance from a deep wound. Her eyes were closed, and her features wore a suffering expres-

sion. Amidst the various and opposite emotions that agitated Herrera when he found that it was not Rita whom he had rescued, the dominant impulse was to return immediately to the convent, there to seek his mistress. Nevertheless common humanity forbade his abandoning the nun, at least till her senses returned, or till he could leave her in proper care, and moreover he hoped to obtain from her some information concerning Rita. Raising her in his arms, he carried her to the bank of the little stream, laid her gently upon the grass, and, fetching water in the hollow of his hands, sprinkled it upon her face. It revived her, she opened her eyes, and by a convulsive movement assumed a sitting posture, but instantly fell back again. She glanced at Herrera's uniform in seeming surprise, and gazed around her with a haggard and terrified look.

"Have no fear," said Herrera; "you are in safety. Do I mistake, or are you Doña Carmen de Forcadell?"

The nun's lips moved, but no sound escaped them.

"And Rita?" said Herrera, unable to restrain the inquiry, "where is she?"

"Rita!" repeated the nun in a hollow broken voice, "What of her? Where am I? how came I here? Oh, oh!" she exclaimed in tones of anguish, "I remember!"

She put her hand to her head with a suffering gesture; a strange wild gleam shone in her eyes, her reason seemed departing. Herrera anxiously watched her. Her features became more composed, and for a moment she appeared to suffer less.

"And Rita?" he again asked.

She looked him full in the face, the fire of delirium in her eyes. "Rita!" she repeated. She paused, and then burst out into a scream of laughter that made Herrera shudder.

"Ha, ha!" she cried, "False! vile! faithless!"—

The laugh died away upon her convulsed lips, a deep sob burst from her breast, her head fell back. She was a corpse.

Herrera had but just assured himself that life had indeed fled, when he heard in two different directions the sound of horses' feet, and then Torres

galloped up, followed by three of the guerillas.

"What do you here? The Mochuelo is furious at the delay. You will be left behind. Where is Rita? Who is this?" cried he, looking at the dead body of the nun.

Before Herrera could reply, Velasquez cleared the ditch. His face was covered with blood, his sabre, which dangled from his wrist, showed the same sanguine signals, and he led Baltasar's horse by the rein.

"Mount!" cried he to Herrera, "and spur, all of you, like devils. We have been here too long already."

"You overtook him?" cried Herrera, springing into the saddle.

For sole reply, Velasquez raised his crimsoned sword, and dashing away with the back of his hand the blood that blinded him, and which flowed from a cut on his head, he set forward at full speed towards the convent.

The guerillas were already formed up in readiness to depart. The Mochuelo, chafing with impatience, had ridden a short distance to meet Herrera and Velasquez.

"By all the saints!" he exclaimed, as they came up, "this delay may cost us our lives, Captain Herrera. But how is this, you come alone? He has escaped then, and carried off the lady!"

"It was not her we seek," replied Luis; "she must still be in the convent."

"Impossible!" said the Mochuelo. "We have rummaged every corner of it."

"She must be there!" cried Herrera. "I will find her."

"We march instantly," said the Mochuelo, laying his hand on Herrera's bridle. "We have tarried too long."

"Go, then, without me," exclaimed Herrera. And, snatching his rein from the guerilla's grasp, he spurred his horse up the slope.

"Go with him, Señor Torres," said the Mochuelo. "Every moment is a man's life. Three minutes more and I march."

Torres rode after his friend.

"And Baltasar?" said the Mochuelo to his lieutenant.

"Lies yonder in the valley," was

the reply of Velasquez, as he wiped his sword on his horse's mane, and returned it to the scabbard. "Wolves' meat, if they will have him."

The convent, when Herrera and Torres re-entered it, showed abundant traces of the rough visitors by whom it had recently been occupied. Doors broken down, windows smashed, the corridors and cloisters encumbered with broken furniture, and lighted here and there by the thick wax tapers used at the altar, some of which had fallen from the places where the guerillas had stuck them, and lay flaming on the ground, threatening the building with conflagration. Some of the nuns had shut themselves in their cells, others sat weeping and moping in the refectory; on all sides were desolation and the sound of lamentation. Here and there lay the bloody and disfigured bodies of the slain Carlists. Not one of them had been spared. The chapel had been ransacked, and although the Mochuelo had forbidden his men to encumber themselves with plunder, all the smaller and more valuable decorations of the sacred edifice had been transferred to the havresacks of the guerillas. He had been more successful in preserving the nuns from ill usage, although, in moments of license and excitement, even his commands did not always find obedience. But a few minutes, however, had been granted to the reckless invaders to complete their work of spoliation, before he cleared the convent, and, forming up his men outside the gate, forbade their leaving their ranks. On Herrera's entrance, the terrified nuns thought that the guerillas were returning, and with cries of terror fled in all directions. He succeeded in calming their fears, and enquired for the abbess, although nearly certain that she it was to whose death he had been witness. None could tell him aught concerning her; nor was he able, either by threats or entreaties, to obtain any information with respect to Rita. Several of the nuns knew that she and her attendant had occupied apartments contiguous to those of the abbess; but they had none of them been admitted to see her, and knew nothing of her fate.

A rapid search instituted by Herrera and Torres was entirely fruitless. Already two messengers had been sent by the Mochuelo to hasten their movements, and at last Torres succeeded in dragging his friend away. The guerillas had already marched, with the exception of a small party who still waited at the foot of the slope, and now hurried after the main body.

Whilst traversing in silence and darkness the mountain in rear of the convent, Herrera was at length able to collect his bewildered thoughts, and with comparative calmness to pass in review the events of the evening, and the unsatisfactory results of his ill-fated expedition. Long used to disappointment, and aware of the difficulties environing his project, he had approached the convent in no sanguine mood; but still hopes he had, which were now blighted, and never, he feared, would be realized. What had become of Rita, and how could he obtain tidings of her? Had she already been removed from the convent by Baltasar? But why, then, had he returned thither? His death, at least, was some consolation. Wherever Rita might be, she no longer had his persecution to dread. Against Herrera's will, and although he spurned the thought and blamed himself for entertaining it, even for a moment, the ominous words, the last the abbess had spoken, still rang in his ears, like the judge's sentence in those of a condemned criminal. False, vile, faithless! Could it be? Could Rita, by importunity, intimidation, or from any other motive, have been induced to listen otherwise than with abhorrence to Baltasar's odious addresses? Herrera could not, would not, think so; and yet how was he to interpret the words of the abbess? Were they the mere ravings of delirium, or had they signification? If Rita was false, then indeed was there no truth upon earth. Confused, bewildered, tortured by the ideas that crowded upon his heated brain, Herrera sat like an automaton upon his horse, unmindful of where he was, and utterly forgetting the dangers that surrounded him. He was roused by the Mochuelo from his state of abstraction.

"We shall not reach Pampeluna without a skirmish," said the partisan, in a low but cheerful and confident tone. "I am much mistaken or the enemy have got the alarm, and are on the look-out for us."

The prospect of action was perhaps the only thing that could then have diverted Herrera's thoughts from the painful subject pre-occupying them. In his galled and irritated mood, driven to doubt of what he never before had doubted, the idea of something to grapple with, of resistance to overcome, an enemy to strive against, was a positive relief, and he answered the Mochuelo quickly and fiercely.

"The better," said he. "Our expedition will not have been entirely fruitless. Mochuelo, your men are brave and true. Night favours us. Let the rebels come. We will give them a lesson they shall long remember."

"Nevertheless," replied the guerrilla, "I would rather avoid them, for they are twenty to one. One fight will not settle the matter, even though we be victors. But they are gathering. Listen!"

Herrera listened, and from various quarters sounds that warned of approaching danger reached his ears. On one hand, although at a considerable distance, the clang of a cavalry trumpet was audible; on the other, church and convent bells rang out a tocsin of alarm. The sounds were taken up by other bells; in their rear, in front, on all sides. The Mochuelo rode along the flank of the little column, which in dead silence, and with rapid steps, followed El Tuerto, who, with Paco and Velasquez, marched at its head. So dim and shadowy did the dark figures of the guerrillas appear, as they noiselessly strode along, that they might have been taken for the spectres of the slain, risen from some bloody battle field, and condemned to wander over the scene of their former exploits. With words of praise and encouragement the Mochuelo stimulated their progress.

"Forward, men," he said, "steady and silent! Every moment is worth a million. There will be work for you before morning, but it is yet too soon."

Full of confidence in their leader, undeterred by danger, but knowing the necessity of speed and prudence in their perilous position, the guerrillas pressed on, keeping well together, and at a pace which it seemed almost impossible they should be able to sustain. They did sustain it, however; and, thanks to that circumstance, to the darkness, and to the skilful guidance of El Tuerto, to whom each tree and rock of that wild district was familiar, the Mochuelo's predictions were but partially realized. More than once, indeed, the adventurous little band were within a hair's-breadth of stumbling upon patrols and pickets of the enemy; more than once, whilst they lay upon their faces in the long fern, or stood concealed amongst trees, parties of cavalry rode by within pistol-shot; but nevertheless all encounters were happily avoided, and it was not till the first grey light of morning, and within a short league of Pampeluna, that they fell in with a Carlist battalion, occupied in posting the advanced pickets. Skirmishing ensued, and the Carlists, superior in number, pressed their opponents vigorously, until Herrera and the Mochuelo placed themselves at the head of the guerrillas and charged with the bayonet. The Carlists gave way and were pursued for a short distance, when the Mochuelo, not deeming it prudent to follow them further, ordered the recall to be sounded. A quarter of an hour afterwards he and his men were safely under the cannon of Pampeluna.

The morning sun was brightly shining when Herrera entered the town. At that early hour the streets had few occupants besides the market people, who walked briskly along, balancing their vegetable stores upon their heads, and chattering noisily in the Basque tongue; at a stable-door some Andalusian dragoons groomed their horses, gaily singing in chorus one of the lively seguidillas of their native province; here and there a 'prentice boy, yawning and sleepy-eyed, removed the shutters from his master's shop. The dew lay in glistering beads upon the house-tops; there was a crispness in the air, a cheerful freshness in the appearance of all around him, that was in jarring

discord with Herrera's gloomy and desponding mood, as, with fevered pulse and haggard looks, he guided his wearied horse towards Count Villabuena's quarters. He came in sight of the house; its upper windows had just caught the first sunbeams; the balconies were filled with plants, whose bright blossoms and fresh contrasted pleasantly with the ancient stone-work of the heavy façade; on a myrtle spray, a bird, capriciously deserting the greenwood for the city, trimmed his feathers and carolled a lively note; every thing about the dwelling seemed so gay and cheerful, that Herrera involuntarily checked his horse, and felt inclined to turn back. For the second time a messenger of evil, how could he break his sad intelligence to the Count—by what arguments console his heart-broken old man under this new and bitter disappointment? As he passed the angle of the house, he saw that the jealousies of Count Villabuena's windows were open; doubtless he was already up, looking anxiously for the arrival of his daughter; perhaps, alarmed at the prolonged absence of Herrera, he had not been to rest. Luis dreaded the effect of his painful tidings upon the Count's feeble health, and he racked his imagination to devise a way of gradually imparting them, but it was in vain; for his mere appearance, unaccompanied by Rita, would be sufficient to make her father conjecture even worse than the truth.

The family of Basilio, the cloth-merchant, were early in their habits, and the house was already open. With heavy and reluctant step, Luis ascended the stairs, and then paused, irresolute and unwilling to enter the Count's apartment. At last, summoning resolution, he was about to lift the latch, when it was raised, and Count Villabuena, completely dressed, and pale as if from a sleepless night, stood before him. He started on beholding Herrera, and his countenance was lighted up with joy.

"Thanks be to God!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands with a gesture of profound piety and gratitude—"thanks be to God, you are safe!"

"Alas!" cried Herrera, "my safety matters little. We have been unsuccessful; Rita"—

He became suddenly mute, for at that moment the door of an inner room opened, a voice, long unheard but well remembered, uttered his name, and Rita, more lovely than ever, tears upon her cheeks and joy in her eyes, threw herself into his arms.

We will leave to our readers' imagination the transports of the two lovers, who after so long a separation, and sufferings of so many kinds, found themselves thus happily, and, as far as one of them at least was concerned, unexpectedly reunited, and will confine ourselves to an explanation of the circumstances that led to so fortunate a result. It may be given in a few words.

Although Baltasar's ascendancy over Doña Carmen, partly the consequence of former complicity in crime, partly attributable to her dread of his brutal and violent character, had induced her to accept the custody of Rita, it was most unwillingly that she had done so, and with the full determination to protect to the utmost of her power the defenceless girl, of whom she was compelled to become the jailer. Rita's beauty and amiable qualities, and the angelic sweetness and patience displayed by her during the severe illness that followed her arrival at the convent, soon endeared her to the abbess, who became confirmed in her resolve to guard her interesting prisoner from harm. More than once, moved by Rita's tears and entreaties, she was tempted to set her at liberty, but was deterred by fear of Baltasar. The action of Mendi-gorria was fought—news came to the convent that Colonel Villabuena had been killed. The abbess hesitated no longer, but at once released Rita, who, accompanied by her waiting-maid, was escorted by a couple of sturdy and trustworthy peasants to the nearest town. Thence she safely reached the French frontier, which was at no great distance. Once in France, she learned to her unspeakable joy, from Spanish emigrants there resident, that her father still lived, although a prisoner, and that he was then at Logroño. At all risks she resolved to rejoin him, and proceeding to a point of the frontier held by the Christinos, she re-entered Spain, and arrived at

Pampeluna twelve hours after Herrera had left it with the purpose of rescuing her. She had friends in the town whom she hastened to visit, and by them she was conducted to her astonished and delighted father.

When Baltasar reached the convent, and found that Rita was no longer there, his fury was unbounded, and he loaded the abbess with reproaches and abuse. He became yet more violent when she refused to tell him the direction in which Rita had gone. Owing to the disturbed state of the country, and the recent movements of the Christino army, Doña Carmen could not be certain that her late prisoner had succeeded in leaving Spain, and she, therefore, resolutely refused to give Baltasar any information concerning her. It was then that occurred the scene of which Paco had overheard a part, when Baltasar struck and ill-treated the unfortunate nun, who with heroic courage remained firm in her refusal, submitting meekly to his cruelty, and trusting that her sufferings might be accepted as a partial expiation of her former offences, which she had long repented, if she could not atone them. Still, however, Baltasar did not despair of compelling her to reveal what he so ardently desired to know; and it was doubtless for that reason that he carried her with him when he fled from the convent. It has already been seen how care for his own preservation induced him to abandon her, although too late to save himself. Within a few hundred yards of the place where he had so brutally thrown her from his horse, he was overtaken by Velasquez, at whose hand, after a brief but desperate conflict, he met a more honourable death than he deserved. Upon the following day, his body and that of his erring but repentant victim were brought to the convent by peasants of the neighbourhood, and both found sepulture in the chapel. The convent has since been abandoned and partly pulled down; but the chapel still stands, and on its paved floor may still be read inscriptions recording the date and manner of the death of Baltasar de Villabuena and Carmen de Forcadell.

As if fortune, weary of persecuting Herrera, had on a sudden determined

to favour as much as she had previously slighted him, the same day that dawned upon his return to Pampeluna brought despatches from Madrid, announcing his promotion, and granting a free pardon to Count Villabuena, on the sole condition of his remaining neutral in the struggle between Carlists and Christinos. It was General Cordova, who, out of friendship for Herrera, and compassion for the sufferings and misfortunes of the Count, had exerted his influence, then almost unlimited, in favour of the latter. To the prescribed condition, Count Villabuena, already disgusted by the ingratitude of him whom he called his king, and despairing, since the death of Zumalacarregui, of the success of the Carlist cause, was without much difficulty induced to give his adherence.

Less successful were the Count and Rita in prevailing upon Herrera to leave the service, and, contenting himself with the laurels he had already won, to retire into private life. Gladly, perhaps, would he have done so, had he consulted only his inclinations; but he had not forgotten his pledge to his dying father, never to sheath his sword till the right cause had triumphed. In common with many of his party, he believed that triumph to be near at hand. Their recent successes, and the death of the only man amongst the Pretender's partisans who had shown military talents of a high order, made the Christinos confident of the speedy termination of a war which was yet to be prolonged for four years. And when Herrera, in compliance with the Count's wishes, urged as entreaties rather than commands, agreed to wait its conclusion before claiming the hand of his daughter, he little dreamed how many hard-fought fields he should be present at, how many tearful partings and joyful meetings would occur, before peace should be restored to Spain, and Rita could become his wife without risk of finding herself the next day a widow. From summer to winter, from winter to spring, the marriage was deferred, until at length the Count was about to withdraw his opposition, well-founded though it was, and as Herrera felt it to be, when the convention of Vergara took place, and removed the

only objection to the union of Rita and Luis. By that convention the war was in fact concluded; for although Cabrera and other chiefs still waved the banner of rebellion in the mountains of Catalonia and Arragon, there could now be no doubt of their speedy subjugation. Deprived of the support of Biscay and Navarre, and especially of the moral weight which the adherence of those provinces gave to it, the Carlist rebellion was virtually crushed.

On a bright autumnal afternoon of the year 1839, a travelling carriage, of form and dimensions by no means incommodious, although its antique construction, and the tawny tint of its yellow paint, might in London or Vienna have subjected it to criticism, drove rapidly past the roadside inn at which our story commenced. As it did so, a young man of military appearance looked out of the window of the vehicle, and then turning his head, caught the eye of the coachman, who had also glanced at the inn, and looked round at his master. Both smiled, although with a somewhat melancholy expression; the driver touched his cap, cracked his long whip, and the next instant the rapid gallop of the mules had taken the carriage out of sight of the venta. The driver was Paco the

muleteer, the gentleman was General Herrera; and the sight of the inn, still shaded by the huge tree in its front, and flanked by the broken wall, had recalled to their recollection the famous game at ball played by Paco and Velasquez, and which subsequently cost the one a horse and the other a broken head. A ball of another description had since proved fatal to the dragoon. He had fallen in one of the last actions of the war, fighting gallantly by the side of the Mochuelo, whose fortunes he had continued to share.

Accompanied by his bride and father-in-law, Herrera was on his way to the villa near Tudela, now again the property of Count Villabuena. Desirous to conciliate a nobleman of ancient name and high character, and out of consideration for the great services which Herrera's zeal and talents had rendered the cause, the queen's government had some time previously restored to the Count his confiscated estates. At length the clouds that had darkened the career of Louis Herrera were entirely dissipated, and the long perspective of happiness before him appeared the brighter, when contrasted with the misfortunes and sufferings that had embittered the early manhood of the Student of Salamanca.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE DRAMA.

A LETTER TO T. SMITH, ESQ., SCENE-PAINTER AND TRAGEDIAN
AT THE AMPHITHEATRE.

MY DEAR SIR—or let me at once break through the formalities of a first acquaintance, and say, dear Smith;—Dear Smith, I am delighted to have been at last introduced to a real member of the theatrical profession—a *bonâ fide* flesh and blood, silk-stocking'd and tinsel-rapier'd “pride of Astley's stage.” If you unite in your own person the artist and the player; if you occasionally handle the painter's brush as well as the field-marshal's truncheon—for have I not seen you lead the British troops with heroic valour through the awful passes of Cabul, which I had seen you creating with lamp-black and grey chalks in the morning?—it will only prove that your genius is universal, or, at least, not limited to one mode of development; but that, as D'Israeli is an orator and a statesman, you are a scene-painter and performer. But your qualities are not of so confined a nature even as this. For have I not seen you, in the intervals of your possessing the stage, employ your great strength in pushing forward the ponderous woods of Bondy you have painted? Have I not seen you dash off a dungeon in the Castle of Udolpho with all the vigour of Rembrandt, roll it forward on the stage with the strength of Hercules, and then murder the turnkey in it with the power and elegance of Thurtell? But it is not the multifariousness of your merits that makes me proud of calling you my friend: no, it is the modesty with which you bear your honours thick upon you—the ignorance, as it were, of your own position, as compared with that of others infinitely your inferiors—that shows you at once the man of genius and the gentleman. Macready, you acknowledge, is perhaps your superior in such parts as Lear and Hamlet; but did he ever paint a single side-scene in his life? Beverley, they say, is equal to Stanfield in the poetry of his landscapes; and you confess that in his airs and distances he surpasses your noblest

efforts. Ask yourself, my dear friend, if he ever fought a terrific combat with a sword in each hand, with such courage as I have seen you display in front of one of your own scenes? Ask him if he ever painted his mother's cottage in one character, pushed it forward in another, and poisoned her in it in a third? No, no, dear Smith, do not try to hide from yourself that there is no man your equal in so many different walks; that some may approach you in one branch and some in another; but that, in the combination of high qualifications, you are yourself your only parallel.

When we had the pleasure to spend an hour or two together after the play, the last time I was in London, I ventured to make a few remarks on theatrical subjects that seemed to meet with your approbation; and as, in the midst of so much hilarity as was raging round us in the tap-room of the Ducrow's Head, you may have forgotten the purport of my observations, I will repeat them here. You were reclining with your back against the table, and a pewter pot of foaming beer resting on the knee of the red stocking-breeches in which you had performed the Crimson Fiend of the Haunted Dell, when, after some preliminary matter, I expressed an opinion—unusual, I grant, but still conscientiously entertained—of the immortal Shakspeare, on which you used language stronger perhaps than the occasion justified, and reminding me, by its conciseness and power, of some energetic M.P., against which I will enter a short protest before proceeding further in this letter. No, my dear Smith, Shakspeare was not “a bloody fool;” I should say he was very far from it; and you also added, that Fitzball would kick his soul out of his elbow in less than no time. What Mr Fitzball might be able to do by dint of great kicking, I have no means of judging; but I have no intention of placing the two authors in an antagonistic attitude on the

present occasion, and therefore I trust the soul of Shakspeare will be left in peace.

What I stated was, as a general proposition, that Shakspeare has done more harm than good to the English stage.

It has always struck me that the phrase, "There is a time for all things," had a wider meaning than we usually attach to it. I think that the seed of all discoveries, past and present, was scattered ages ago—perhaps at the very creation of the world—in the mind of man; that when it had rested there long enough, and the season of its ripening came, up grew the stalk and the ear, and the harvest was gathered, and mankind garnered it up as a provision for them and their heirs for ever. The sense of beauty lay for generation and generation, germinating in the intellects and hearts of men; and, when the time came, a whole harvest of it was gathered at one time in the statues and pictures and temples of ancient Greece. But it was only the greater and more flourishing portion of the increase that grew in that birth-place of gods and heroes. The seed was scattered over a wider surface; and, if we could recover proofs of it, I should not at all fear to bet you two half-pints to one, that there were sculptors and painters in Asia and in Egypt, equal, in their several manners, to Phidias and Apelles. When printing, in the same way, had lain in furrow the proper time, the first blades of it began to appear in many regions at the same period. With steam it is the same; and, when the next invention is brought into practical use, it will be found that the thought of it had agitated hundreds of minds by the Rhine, by the Thames, by the Hudson, and perhaps by the sacred Ganges, or the still more sacred Nile.

I think I hear your deep sepulchral tones in the exclamation of, "All that 'ere is rubbage—cut it short!" and it is my intention, my dear Smith, to cut it short at once. When the drama's time was come, the whole of civilized Europe saw the glorious birth. In Spain and in England the soil was found most congenial; and the theatre in those countries took at once its place as the best possible

instructor—next, of course, to the church—and its lessons were inculcated by the inspired possessors of the art, Lope de Vega and Shakspeare. The Spaniard was born in 1566—the Englishman two years earlier; so that, allowing both to have reached the maturity of their powers at thirty years of age, and to have retained them twenty years, the appointed hour for the perfection of the drama was the end of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the next. Now, my dear Smith, cast your luminous eye over the state of society at that period. Lope was a volunteer on board of the Spanish Armada. Shakspeare, perhaps, saw Elizabeth ride forth to review the troops at Tilbury. Middle-aged men, with whom Shakspeare conversed in his youth, had seen the execution of Anne Boleyn. Old fellows, with whom both of them associated, had been present at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. And, above all, they had both of them watched, but with very different hopes, the ferocious progress of the Duke of Alva, and heard the echoes of the battle-cry of liberty and Protestantism beside the ditches and mounds of Holland; and the genius of these two men bears impress of the awful period in the world's history which had been reserved for their birth. They were both animated by the struggle in which the whole earth was engaged. Lope did battle for the church—the Pope—and, if need be, would have done so—for the devil, if he had worn a mitre; he wrote plays where the heretics required an immense quantity of rosin and blue lights to do justice to their appalling situation. He preached, and prayed, and excommunicated, and stirred up men's minds to enjoy the splendours of an *auto-da-fé*; and, for all these, he was honoured by Pope and Cæsar; was created a knight of Alcántara; and, as the acme to his glory, was made a *familiar* of the Holy Inquisition. Shakspeare no less felt the influence of the time. The old oppressive bonds under which bone and sinew were compressed in order to make jolly old England a footstool for the gouty toes of a wicked old man at Rome, (unless you choose rather to consider him an unfortunate female,

clothed in scarlet, and sitting on seven hills,) had been snapt asunder. Henry VIII. (to borrow your own classical expression, my dear Smith, as applied to your stage manager, "the regularlest beast as ever was," but the most useful beast mentioned in any natural history I have ever met with) had determined to sit on the seven hills himself; and little Edward had built a nice villa on the sunny slope of one of them; and Mary had tried to tumble it down again; and Elizabeth had planted round it, and laid out the grounds for national recreation and use—like the park at Battersea, whenever that scheme is carried into effect; and all men's minds were in a flurry. Some drank themselves to death; some took to privateering; and many took to having visions and dreaming dreams; and, in the midst of it, Shakspeare rushed in a fury to his pen, and wrote play after play—very noble, very bright, very wonderful—but mad—decidedly mad—the whole time. Every body was mad; Essex galloped through London streets, thinking, by mere dint of hard riding, to rouse the peaceful citizens to take up arms in his behalf, as if the very stones would rise and mutiny—a very mad idea, you will grant; Raleigh set off to seize as much wealth as would have bought the fee-simple of a moderate kingdom, with scarcely a sufficient force to follow the heroic Widdicombe at the battle of Waterloo—not a very wise proceeding, you will allow; and the greatest proof of the universal insanity is, that nobody thought Essex or Raleigh mad for doing as they did. Nor did the calmest observers—if there were any "calm observers" in those days—perceive that Shakspeare was labouring under an access of the most confirmed delirium. They listened to *Hamlet*, and *Lear*, and *Othello*, and did not discover that his inspiration was the effect of over-excitement; that his energy was the preternatural strength bestowed on him by convulsion; and that, in fact, instead of being a swan of Avon, he was neither more nor less than a March hare.

Pardon me, my dear Smith, in the escapade in the last page or two—it is a figurative mode of speech, and you will at once dissect the *alligator*

through all its scales, and see every thing it is intended to convey. It was a mad world, my masters; and, as you generally find an inferior dauber magnify the peculiarities of a great man's style, so as to give a better idea of his manner than you gather from his own performances, let us see the prodigious insanity developed in the imitators of Shakspeare. Never, till I saw the brass knocker on the door of the Vizier's palace in Timor the Tartar, painted, you told me, by Wilkins of the *Yorkshire Stingo*, did I know how you produced your marvellous effects on the door of Billy Button, the tailor of Brentford. The Vizier's knocker was a caricature; but it showed your style. So, read the love-scenes of any dramatist during Shakspeare's period—or the heroic passages of any poetaster copying his manner;—isn't that Bedlam, my dear Smith? isn't that Hanwell? Read the rhapsodies of Nat Lee—(by a stretch of truth-speaking which it would be wise to make more common)—called mad Nat Lee. What do you see in him more indicative of insanity than in any play of Shakspeare you like to name? Not, understand me, that Shakspeare was mad according to the standard of sanity in his own day. Far from it; he was infinitely wise compared to any man in his century, except, perhaps, Bacon and Burleigh, and retired to Stratford-on-Avon with a realized fortune equal to twelve or fifteen hundred a-year. But all mankind run the risk of having a different standard applied to them from that according to which they were measured during life. Diocletian was thought an excellent emperor for persecuting the Christians—we think him a considerable beast for doing so, now. Cortez was thought the perfect image of a hero for slaughtering the Mexicans, and the noblest of Christian missionaries for putting the heretical Montezuma to death—we think Cortez not quite so respectable a character as Greenacre or Burke. And it is most just that each century should pass its predecessors in review, and apply its own lights to bring every feature forward. What progress would there be open to the human mind if we were for ever to go on viewing incidents exactly as they were

viewed when they occurred? Are we to go on believing Galileo an infidel, because his discoveries were condemned by his contemporaries? Are we to think all the butchers, conquerors, and destroyers of mankind, great men, because their own age was terrified at their power, and proclaimed them heroes? The time may come when the great Bunn's efforts to make Drury-Lane into a squeaking, dancing, and dirty imitation of the Italian Opera, will not be considered conducive to the triumph of the legitimate English drama. Many things of this sort, my dear friend, may take place, and most justly; for each present generation is as the highest court of legislation—it can repeal all old acts, but it cannot bind its successors. Now, do me the favour to finish the pot of porter which, in my mind's eye, I see you dandling on your crossed knee, while your left hand, with easy elegance, is supporting the bowl of your pipe—and see how these observations apply to Shakspeare. He has ruined the stage; he has fixed its taste for ever, by establishing one unvarying standard for plot, language, and character—and that is his own. There can be no progress—not merely meaning, by progress, improvement, but, positively, no change. He blocks up every access to the dramatic Parnassus—he has acquired an entire monopoly of the heroines in Collins' Ode—and woe to the intruder into the sacred precincts of his zenana. Well, he *was* a tremendous Turk, that old swan of Avon—there is no denying the fact; but what I complain of is, that no other Leda should be looked at for a moment but only his. No man can look at the Swan for an instant, and doubt that the king of gods and men has disguised himself in that avatar of web-feet and feathers. Jupiter is only enveloped, not concealed; but, at the same time, is it possible to be blind to the fact, that he has degraded himself to the habits of the flat-billed bird—that he waddles most unmercifully when by chance he leaves the lake?—that he hisses and croaks most unmusical, most melancholy?—and that he gathers all unclean garbage for his food—newts, and frogs, and crawling worms? In short, that

though, in his pride, and grandeur, and passionate energy, he is the Tyrant of Olympus, he is, in many other respects, an animal not greatly to be admired—by no means comparable as a dish at Christmas to a well-fed goose, or even a couple of ducks. For reading aloud to ladies after tea, I prefer *Ion* to *Othello*. And now, my excellent friend, I will tell you the reason—not why I prefer *Ion*, which, though I have introduced it in this flippant manner, I consider a very beautiful and poetical drama—but why no play of Shakspeare is fit to be read to a party of ladies after tea. It is this—that ladies, in one sense of the word, were as unknown in Shakspeare's days as tea. There were certain human beings that wore petticoats, and, in due course of time, fulfilled the original command, and died; but, shades of Hannah More and Anne Seward! to call them ladies would be as absurd as to call Dulcinea del Tobosa a princess of the blood. A friend of mine—a well-known non-commissioned officer in the Devil's Own—told me this story, which I mention to you, my dear Smith, in strict confidence, in case the heroine of the anecdote should find that her confession is made known. An old lady—properly so called, both as respects the adjective and the noun, for she was past eighty, and was refined and pure—astonished my friend, by asking him one day to try and get a volume or two for her of the works of Assa Behn. He did so—no little wondering at such a choice of books—and in a day the novel was returned, “I send you back these volumes,” she said, “as I am unable to get through the first. Is it not strange that I, an old woman, sitting in my own room, am positively ashamed and disgusted at the scenes and conversations which were read aloud to me in mixed companies, without a blush or shudder, when I was eighteen?”

Now, in Shakspeare's time, there was no female in the land that would have stumbled at the grossest passages in Assa Behn. The tenderness, delicacy, and beauty of the feminine character were still in the future tense; and, therefore, it is not a matter of surprise that the female characters in

Shakspeare were original *creations*, and not transcripts from human life. For the time and the state of society when the plays were written, they are instances of the most marvellous imagination. But they were as purely fictitious as Caliban or Ariel. They borrowed from the infinite riches of the poet their noble or tender thoughts; but whenever he tried to make them more than abstractions—to unite them to the sympathies of his audience—or to clothe them in real flesh and blood—look at the means he takes—listen to the conversations of Miss Juliet and the songs of Ophelia—and you will perceive what were the lessons his experience in actual men and women had taught him.

It is impossible, my dear Smith, for a Frenchman to write an English comedy—and why? Because the turn of his mind, and unacquaintance with the peculiarities of our dispositions, unfit him for it. But not more separated from us is the Parisian Feuilletonist by his language and manners, not to mention the Channel, than the author of Elizabeth's and James's days by the lapse of two hundred years, and the total alteration of our modes of thought; and yet how frightfully you would be laughed at for applying the remark to Shakspeare, though, between ourselves, my dear fellow, he is the very man to call it forth! Oh, how vividly I can fancy the exclamations of Jiggles of the Victoria, or Pumpkins of the Stepney Temple of Thespis! "He is the poet of all time!" says Jiggles, with a thump on the table that sets all the pewter pots dancing. "Do you mean, Mr Bobson," cries Pumpkins, with a triumphant curl of his lip, "to say, that the laws of nature are transitory as the fashion of a coat, and that what was nature at one period will not be nature at another?" If he should ask you this question, my dear sir, tell him at once that that is decidedly your opinion, or, if it is not, tell him that it is most unquestionably mine; for most assuredly the same train of thought that would be natural among the chiefs of the Druids, would be most absurdly out of character if attributed to the bench of Bishops. "Oho!" exclaims Pumpkins, "what has the bench of Bishops to do with it? We

maintain that Shakspeare, or any one else, having written a play wherein the sentiments of the Druids were once true to nature, those sentiments will continue true to nature to the end of time."

By no means, Mr Pumpkins. Certain sentiments were *thought* true to nature by the critics and audience at the beginning of the seventeenth century; but nature, like every thing else, assumes a different appearance according to the point it is viewed from. At a time when human life was not very highly valued, and woman's feelings were held in no reverence or respect, it was, perhaps, thought "natural" that the Prince of Denmark should stab old Polonius, and bully his daughter to death; but in this nineteenth century of time, no amount of insanity, real or assumed, will make us think it in accordance with the high and noble *nature* of the philosophic prince, either to sneer at the poor old whiteheaded courtier he has murdered, or taunt the little trusting girl he has taught to love him. If it were not for the name of Shakspeare, Hamlet would be set down as nearly the beau-ideal of a snob—a combination of the pedantry of James and the unmanliness of Buckingham. Read the play, with this key to the character, and you will find it quite as true to nature as in the laborious glosses of Schlegel and Goethe.

If I ever have the honour to meet you again at the Ducrow Arms, I will enter more fully into this part of my view of the injuries inflicted on the stage by Shakspeare. It will be sufficient, at the present time, to condense my meaning into this one remark, that the nature of 1600 is not necessarily the nature of 1846, and probably is as different as the statesmanship of Sir Robert Cecil from that of Sir Robert Peel. If there had been a controller of politicians as powerful as the controller of the stage, we should have had the right honourable baronet making Popery punishable with death, dressed in trunk breeches and silver shoe-buckles—or taking measures to lessen the alarming power of Spain.

You think, perhaps, that I have let you off altogether, because I have declined enlarging on this particular

point; but no, my dear Smith, I have not had half my say out yet. It is not only that things are presented to us in Shakspeare's plays in a way that *was* admirable, because adapted to the feelings and fancies of the time, when they first enriched the Globe, but not so admirable now: I have also to find fault with the manner in which the characters—granting that they are true to nature—are developed and made palpable to vulgar eyes. The fact is, my benevolent friend, that every thing is gigantic in his conceptions. He is like a sculptor who despises the easy flow of the resting figure, and fills his studio with agonizing athletes—every muscle on the stretch—the eyeballs projecting, and the hair on end. Even when he carves a slumbering nymph, her proportions are tremendous—she is like a sleeping tigress, calm and hushed, but giving evidence of preternatural strength; her very softness is the softness of melted gold—when it hardens it will kill like lead; or, if that is a bad image, her very quiet is the quiet of the sea—let the wind blow, and then ———! Don't you see that Ophelia—Juliet—Imogen—all of them, are endowed with tremendous *power*, as well as other qualities? And that, as to the heroes, they are regular volcanoes every one of them? Is not this proved by the fact, that there is no hero in Shakspeare who does not demand as much bodily labour from his representative as would tire out a coal-whipper on the Thames? Is there one leading part in any of his plays that does not require an enormous outlay of voice? Now, can it be possible that no deep passion can co-exist with a weak thorax? Run over the principal plays—*Macbeth*, *Richard*, *Romeo*, *Hamlet* again, *Lear*—and depend on it, that this loudness of exclamation is not stage trick; it is part of the development of the character; and therefore I shall always blame that infernal asthmatical tendency of mine for having induced Mr Whibbler, of the Whitechapel Imperial, to decline my services when I offered to act Coriolanus for my own benefit, gratis. The consequence, however, of this Shakspearian fancy, of placing characters of passion in positions

where they must split the ears of the groundlings, is, that it has become an English article of faith, that without some prodigious explosions, calling out the whole strength of the actor's lungs, the character falls dead. The Indian could not believe the air-gun had killed the bird, because he did not hear the report. We have reversed the Indian mode of reasoning, and always believe it is the noise that kills the bird. Oh, Smith! think of the bellowsings of Sir Giles Overreach—and Barbarossa—and Zanga—and the diabolical howlings of Belvidera, and Isabella, and the Mourning Bride. Can people have no passion that don't disturb the whole neighbourhood with their noise? Can a woman not find out she has been jilted without risking a bloodvessel? Is this the way they do in common life? I remember when that girl at Bermondsey hauled me up before David Jardine, and produced all my letters, and the ring I had given her * * *

* she never spoke above her breath. And I was very glad to hush it up with four-and-sixpence a-week.

Now the fault of Shakspeare is this, not that he puts tearing, ramping language in the mouths of his heroes—for in their positions it is the only language fit to use—but that, in accordance with the bullying, blustering habits of his day, he has placed every one of his heroes in such a situation, that blustering and bullying is the only thing he can do. And therefore every man who writes plays at the present, and at any future time, must have a hero first-cousin at least to Stentor. Who would venture to place Louis the Eleventh on the boards? He probably never spoke louder than a physician at a consultation—no, not when he confronted the Duke of Burgundy. He would have to glide noiselessly from scene to scene, a whisper here, a look there, and perhaps a shrug of the shoulder or scarcely perceptible motion of the hand; yet, all through, it would be evident that he was the snake on two legs, the anointed Mephistopheles, the intellect without the feeling—and, with all that, he could not be the hero of a play. Or, if he was made the hero, he would be changed from the

quiet self-contained character I have supposed him, to a more *effective* one. He would have sudden starts of anger which would not be in keeping; outbursts of fiery imprecation which would not be in keeping; or, if the poet was much put to it, he might be shown, answering taunt for taunt, and threat for threat, with the ferocious Charles, which would certainly not be in such keeping as he himself was at the fortress of Peronne. So you see the fact of Shakspeare covering the stage with Titans, and forming them with Titanic thoughts, and endowing them with Titanic voices, has rendered it indispensable for all the little fellows of the present time to be prodigiously Titanic too. Did you ever hear the skipper of a steamer bellowing and roaring through a speaking-trumpet, when his ordinary voice could have had no effect amidst the awful noises of a hurricane, and the sea and the breakers under his lee? Nothing could be fitter than his attitude on the creaking paddle-box, and the thunderous sound that issued from the tube. But wouldn't it be absurd for the commander of the Hugh Frazer, amid the quiet waters of Loch-Lomond, to give orders to the little boy that holds the helm, or point out the beauties of Inversnaid, through an instrument that would startle all the cattle on the surrounding hills? Just so with Shakspeare's kings and lovers. They have "prave 'ords enough, look you," to fill the biggest speaking-trumpet that ever was cast; but miserable is it for men who have not such "prave 'ords," to be forced to bellow their little ones through the portentous instrument which they have not breath enough to fill.

Let me point out, my dear Smith, to your particular notice, a play which I think you will agree with me illustrates all that I have said. In *Othello* you will find the nature of the seventeenth century still forced upon us in this prodigious power—with which, unless by the magic of the author's name, we should have no sympathy; and a decided proof of how nearly allied his genius, like that of every body else worth mentioning of his day, was to madness.

First, No man of the nineteenth

century who knew the noble position in which civilization and religion have placed woman, would have fixed on such a subject. In the closet, when you only see the courage, fame, and dignity of the hero, you can find some excuses for the girl who is won by these attributes, and bestows her love on the possessor of them, albeit he is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. But look at him on the stage—though the best and most intellectual of our actors represent him, and this I can answer for, as the last I saw in the character was Macready—your sympathy with Desdemona is at once at an end. The woolly hair spoils all—the black face separates him as much from the pure and trusting love of a girl of eighteen, as if he were an ourang-outang. We agree at once with the sensible old gentleman her father, that no maid

"So tender, fair, and happy,
Would ever have to incur a general
mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty
bosom
Of such a thing as he."

The sight of her endearments is nearly as horrid as those of Titania to Bottom are absurd. They are not paired, and all through the play you never can get quit of the disagreeable idea of the blubber lips. If he could be made into a noble statue in mahogany, (not ebony,) a Christianized Abdel Kader—a *real Moor* and not a *blackâmoor*—the matter would be infinitely better; but no—Shakspeare meant him for a true specimen of the nigger, or why all the taunts about his colour, and the surprise that was evidently excited among the gossips of Venice by the match? The very refinement bestowed on Desdemona makes us have greater horror at her fault, and less sorrow at her griefs. If she had been a mere domestic piece of furniture, without any delicacy or sentiment, we should not have been more revolted at *her* wedding than at the nuptials of Dyce Sombre. But Desdemona, a gentle lady, married to a Sambo!—impossible! She was either not the fair and simple creature she is painted to us, or she did not outrage humanity so abominably as to

follow the example of the brewer's maid in the charming song you favoured us with in the skittle-ground, of which the burden is—

“She ran away with a black man.”

If she did, choking with a pillow is too good for her; she ought rather to have been done to death in a bag of soot.

But passing over the incongruity of the lovers, is not the whole play filled with convulsive energies and unhealthy bursts of passion? For my part—but in this, my dear Smith, I will willingly yield to your better judgment—I think Iago was intended for the hero of the play. He is the mainspring of the whole plot; he pulls all the wires; and, to use an elegant expression of your own, he twists them all round his thumb. Critically, if superiority in mere intellect and strong self-will, or even success in the object he designs, constitute a hero, the clear-witted, audacious, subtle Ancient has entirely the upper hand of the trusting, hood-winked pigeon, Othello—

“That thinks men honest that but seem
to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the
nose
As asses are.”

The only fault is, that, for a clever fellow, Iago takes too much pains to *show* his cleverness. If he does not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, it must be for two reasons; first, that no gentleman wears his heart any where but inside of his chest; and secondly, that hearts are not the favourite food of the bird mentioned; but he lets slip no opportunity of displaying his wit, ingenuity, and powers of acting—for Iago is a part in which the actor acts an actor—and precisely in proportion as he shows he is acting, is he successful in the character. The usual error is in showing too little of the actor in his interviews with Cassio and Othello; his friendliness, sycophancy, and good-humour become too real, as if it were the performer's cue to enact those qualities, whereas he is only to assume them for the nonce—the real presentment of the man being a malicious, revengeful, and astute villain. I think, also, my dear fellow, that our friend Iago is too communicative, not

only to such a noodle-pate as Roderigo, but to the many-headed monster the Pit. He comes forward, and exactly in the same way as M. Philippe informs his audience—“Now I will show you a ver' vonderful trick. I vill put de tea into dis canister—I vill put de sugar into dat; and I vill put de cream into dis leetle jug, and den you shall see dat you shall have de excellent cup of tea vidout any vater.” And, by shaking first one canister and then another, out comes some capital tea, as hot as if you had seen the kettle boiling. So does the insinuating Iago, and says—“You shall see what you shall see. I will make Othello jealous of Cassio—I will make Cassio drunk, and get him into a quarrel on guard—and I will make him apply to Desdemona for her interest with her husband on his behalf;” and, *presto!* first one scene, and then another—Othello gets jealous—Cassio gets drunk—and Desdemona pleads most innocently for his forgiveness. It strikes me to be letting an audience too much into the secret. I prefer such a scene as that in which the Demon of the Blood-red Glen creates an effect by springing over the foot-lights, and landing (quite unexpected by boxes, pit, or gallery) on the back of the flying Arabian, completely appalled as the American Apollo. I have seen the Kentucky voltigeur introduce a fancy-dance on two wild steeds, and jump through a fiery hoop in the character of Shylock; and I confess I liked him better in those happy days at New York, than since he has proclaimed himself as the great transatlantic tragedian, and has set up as an infallible critic because he has proved himself a fallible actor.

And then the death of Desdemona! My dear Smith—I appeal to your own noble feelings, as a husband and a Christian,—if you thought Mrs Smith a little too fond of Cassio—or any other lieutenant,—if you even found she had given him one of your best handkerchiefs to make him a night-cap—nay, if you had determined even to achieve widowerhood with your own hands, would you take the instrument Othello uses for the purpose? I ask you as a man and a gentleman. You would borrow a pistol—you would take up a knife—you

would purchase arsenic—but you would not undergo the personal fatigue of Burking her in her bed! But it is not with you I have to do just now. I go back to Shakspeare and his times—and I maintain that the manner of Desdemona's murder could only be tolerable in the state of society at the time it was presented. I suspect the very appliances of the modern stage bring the repulsiveness of the incident more prominently forward. There is a beautifully furnished room—a dressing-table beside the bed—nice curtains drawn all round it—snow-white sheets, and a pair of very handsome bed-room candles. The bed-room is brought too prominently forward; and when Desdemona is discovered asleep, it needs all the magic of Shakspeare's name, and the reverence that his genius has created and maintains, even upon the shilling gallery, to prevent the tragic interest from turning into another channel. The contrast is too great between the truthfulness of the bed-curtains and easy-chair, and the horrid purpose—which ought to be idealized, and not realized—for which the Moor enters the room. It is a frightful, blackfaced murderer—designed in the seventeenth century, and considered true to nature then, coming into the open daylight of the nineteenth, casting his Elizabethan energies into forms repulsive to the sentiments of our VICTORIAN time; and we should also feel, if the play were presented to us for the first time, that an Othello created by Shakspeare—if he had been left for these latter times—would not have murdered his wife with a pillow—if he had murdered her at all—and would not have brought forward on the stage the bed-room of a jealous husband, with his wife expecting his approach. The barrenness of the stage in Shakspeare's time was an advantage in a scene like this;—when people were told to fancy that old bench was a bed, and that the close-shaved strippling reclining on it was a woman—the imagination was set down to a feast of its own: the scanty scenery became an accessory—not a realization—all that was palpable was the innocence and sacrifice of the heroine—and the awful and inexpressible struggles of the man.

Do you see what I mean? Do you

agree with me that it was a misfortune to the British drama that the summit of its glory was reached by Shakspeare so long ago;—a Shakspeare that knew the whole secrets of the human heart, as the human heart existed before his time—or at least as it was supposed in his time to exist;—a Shakspeare who was ignorant of the Great Rebellion—of the Restoration—of the Revolution—of the glorious First of June—of the Guillotine—of Napoleon—of Trafalgar—of Waterloo;—a Shakspeare who had never seen a telegraph—a mail-coach—a steam-boat—a railway. What sort of a man must this have been, that still maintains possession of the stage—that keeps (as I maintain) the British taste in a state of almost mediæval roughness, and chains the dramatic art itself to the slab over his grave? Perhaps, my dear Smith, the immortal Bunn is right after all. Perhaps, if all managers were to follow his example for forty years—if for forty years mankind were condemned to the wilderness of operas, and divertissements, and farces—we should forget the flavour of the flesh-pots (furnished by Shakspeare) which has so completely mastered our taste;—some Joshua would lead us into a chosen land, and feed us with all manner of delights;—the stage, I mean, would come, like the aloe, to a second flower, only resembling its ancient crown in its life and beauty, but smelling of the present time.

For no beer, you will grant, is so pleasant as that which has the froth on. Its freshness even compensates for its want of strength. But if, in addition to being fresher by two hundred years than the tap of William Shakspeare of Stratford, it were as strong—as cunningly mixed of malt and hops—and had as beautiful a flavour as his had when it was first brewed—eh! Smith? What do you think, then? Isn't it worth while to live forty years on the chance? isn't it worth while to be teetotallers in the meantime? to live upon slops and gruel? Gentlemen, I propose the health of Mr Lumley and Mr Bunn.

I remain, my dear Smith,

Your admirer and friend,

G. BOBSON.

BIRBONIANA; OR, ITALIAN ANTIQUARIES AND ANTICHITÀ.

"Birbone—a Jew, a cheat, a rogue, a vagabond, a liar, a coiner, an utterer of all things base and false—an Antiquary!"—BARETTI'S *Italian Dict.*

"Ah me! it is a dangerous freak,
When men *will* dabble with Antique."—*Hudibras* (?)

SCENE I.—THE INTRODUCTION.

WE will now introduce the reader to an antiquarian scene or two *chez nous*, transcribed from our journal as we entered them therein at the time. When it was currently understood throughout Naples—it did not take long for the report to spread—that we were a professed purchaser of antiquities, and "at home" to antiquaries, we were besieged all day and every day by a host of dealers, jewellers and Jews, whom the waiters were weary of announcing, and were still obliged to announce, who came with bundles under their arms, filled with things "ugly and old exceedingly," which they wished to dispose of as bargains, and hoped we would purchase. They came early in the morning; they braved the fiery heat of noon; they bided their time whilst we sat at dinner; and, on returning from our moonlit drive, we are prepared for the announcement that somebody still waits with something still unshown for us to see. Sometimes one man will come alone, and if he finds us unassailable or indifferent, he will take care to return next time in company with an accomplice,—an honest, plain fellow in his dealings, who, actuated by feelings of pure humanity, and in pursuance of his sturdy motto of "*fiat justitia ruat cælum*," will, at the risk of offending his friend, alter his prices, and propose others vastly more equitable and advantageous for us. Enters one day a brace of these rogues at breakfast—two such palpable rogues *in face* that you needed no proficiency in Lavater to know at once with whom you had to deal. One of the pair, *par nobile fratrum*, gives a very respectful, the other, what is meant for a very courtly, bow. "*This gentleman*,"

says one unknown individual introducing the other—" *This gentleman* has just landed from Sicily, bringing with him a small collection of coins—*vergini tutti*—all virgins, and on which no amateur's eye has yet rested even for a moment." "*Non e vero, Cavaliere?*" "*Altro che vero!*" responds the cavalier. "I, sir," resumes the other, "am, as you have doubtless perceived, the poor *mezzano*, the mere umpire in this business; I have no interest in the sale of any articles in that gentleman's pockets; it was by the merest accident that I heard of his arrival an hour ago; and, as I know he must have something *good*, I pounced upon him at once—would not give him time even to shave, (*voyez un peu cette barbe farouche*—it was so), but brought him hither in great haste, lest others—*vous concevez qu'à Naples*." "To be sure we did; but did not the Cavaliere understand French?" "Not a word." "What says the Signore?" interrogates the unshaved Sicilian noble; "*Domanda se lei capisce il Francese?*" "*Niente*," not a bit of it, returns he, shaking his head guilelessly. "*Non importa*,—it's of no importance. You, Cavaliere, will mention your prices to me, I will propose them to this gentleman—he his; I will then give *my opinion* as to what is *fair* between you, and thus we shall, I trust, do a little business to the satisfaction of both. Signor Cavaliere *s'accomodi*." Thus admonished of our breach of manners in having kept the Cavaliere standing, we would fain atone for it on the spot, by begging the "*mezzano*" also to take a chair; but he declines it with modest confusion of face. "*Come? ma che?*" he has no pretension or business to place himself between

"*due illustrissimi signori*," whose poor interpreter he is. We overcome his scruples, and all sit down, closely packed round a small table; while the noble dealer was unshrugging what seemed, from the length of time and material employed upon it, to be a *mummy*, and, from its size, perhaps a *rat*. We were all eagerness and expectancy, forming, as we sat, a *capo d'opera* for Valentine or Caravaggio, well grouped, and ripe and ready for the canvass. At length the "unwinding bout" draws to its close; the last wrapping is unwrapped; and a small bronze Venus, without a shift, falls on her haunches on the table. "What a beautiful *pezzo* have we here!" says the umpire, assuming the air of a man well versed in such matters, and turning her round to admire her proportions; "and where," asks he, in a manner that showed he had guessed the answer before receiving it; "where might this have been *dug up*?" "*Nei contorni di Lentine*," was the ready answer, and so he "had expected to hear it was; all the best *opere Greche* now come from that neighbourhood." We made no remark; there was a pause; we watched the countenance of the *mezzano*; he seemed to be getting more and more absorbed in the contemplation of the little Venus, till, after taking his time, while he appeared oblivious of time, his pent-up enthusiasm at the sight of charms which rivet his attention, but are beyond his powers of expression, finds vent in the very convenient formula of "*Pare impossibile!*" which, in the language of *English* dilettanteism has no equivalent; then suddenly recollecting himself, and fearing lest, if he kept her too long, we might be jealous, he confided her gently to our hands, and having done so, said a second time, "*Pare impossibile!*" We, too, turned her round, and (one good turn tending to another) in the absence of any better occupation at the moment, we turned her round a second time; and having done so, put her down upon the table, without a word of comment. It was a tolerably well-shaped little figure, in a very *green modern gown*, and when *we* were very green, three years ago, we had purchased a twin-born sister of hers at

Capua, which we now rose to produce, and placed her side by side the other. Our visitors exchanged glances; the Cavaliere would have said that *ours* is a copy—*his* the original; but we remind him that a week ago his *model* did not exist, from which to have made such a copy; and the *mezzano*, seeing that the game is up, says his friend must have been imposed upon! that there is not a more honest man breathing than the Cavaliere! that, in fact, it has been an awkward affair for *him*! "*Pare impossibile*," thought we, that rogues should be so bold! "Had he, the Cavaliere, any thing more to show?" ask we of the *mezzano* in French. "To what purpose," answers the Cavaliere, *suddenly understanding French*; "to what purpose should I waste that gentleman's time, and *my own*, in the long process of unwrapping things, which, when unwrapped, he is sure to pronounce modern?" and the Cavaliere went away in dudgeon, and quite "cavalierly."

It being generally understood that yesterday was to be our last day in Naples, our friends the *antiquari* flocked in from all quarters of the town to pay valedictory visits, and to hope, each man for himself, that *he* at least had always given satisfaction in any little business we might have occasionally transacted together. The visits of that day began early, and ended—no, they never ended—till next morning after passing the *barrière*. Coco's black beard, standing at the bedside with a false "*Augustus*," was the first object that presented itself on waking, and the last pull of the bell at night was followed by the apparition of a mysterious figure in a cloak, with a small sack, full, not of truffles, but of "*Lucernæ*," just exhumed, and still smelling damp, from the lamp-teeming earth of Pozzuoli. All through that day the dealers seemed to have no other employment upon earth than to wait upon us, and accordingly backwards and forwards, and up and down stairs they came and they went, till by mid-day they had permanently established, as ants do when they forage, two counter-lines of communication between us and the street, each dealer further

imitating the ant community, in stopping for a moment *en passant*, to touch antennæ, and to exchange intelligences with his neighbour as he came up. All would kiss our hand and "augur" us a prosperous journey, and each had some little confidential revelation to make touching the Don Beppo, the Don Alessandro, or the Don Carlo whom he had met at the doorway. Grateful acknowledgments are due, of course, for so many proofs of their esteem; though their caveats come all too late for us to profit by; and once or twice, in the dearth of words to tell our feelings, we adopt that Italian formula for modesty at a pinch, and beseech them, *per carita!* not to speak so flatteringly of our attainments. At dinner, (an Italian friend being at table with us,) Don Gaetano Sbano, whom we have not seen for a twelvemonth, and who has been liberated purposely, as it should seem, from St Angelo, only just in time to pay his respects before we leave, stands smilingly behind our chair, talking over imaginary drafts which he has received upon Roman bankers, in return for a very beautiful set of objects of *virtù* with which he has been lately, it seems, enriching the Roman market!! After discanting on the moonlight beauties of the Coliseum, and other *moonshine* subjects which had kept him, he averred, in Rome a week longer than he intended, he abruptly accosts our Italian friend, assuring him that *we* have now become such a knowing proficient in all the tricks imposed upon travellers, and in all the various guiles of antiquaries as practised at Naples, that it would be difficult to impose upon us; and that, in fact, *he* would back us now against being cheated by the best of *them*—modest man! he might have said *of us*, in place of presenting a false lamp of dirty device, which threw the altering of this pronoun, and the substitution of the right one, upon the party whom he had been so politely praising. Purposing to start early next morning, most of our effects, both old and new, were packed up already; a few of the former, however, still remained out, and stood on a neighbouring side table. "What a beautiful *Ryton!*" said Don G. Sbano sauntering across

the room, and taking up a finely executed stag's head in *terra cotta*, that had originally served for a drinking-cup—a purchase we had that morning made at old Rossi's curiosity shop. "Beautiful, indeed," replied we carelessly, and then *sotto voce* to our friend—"poor Rossi, pleased at our sincere sympathy at his late sad bereavements—he has lost two charming daughters within a month—insisted upon transferring it to us quite as a *regallo* at twenty piastres,"—these words were spoken in a low tone of voice, but Don Gaetano made it a point to hear every thing. "Of course we knew," *enquired* he maliciously, "that it was a forgery in all but the lips?" "And if the lips be true, it by no means follows, Signor, that because the *lips* are true, the *vessel* appended to them must be so." If any man ought to know about *lying lips*, it was Sbano; so at once admitting the truth of what indeed there was no gainsaying, we contended that the indestructibility of the glaze, tested as it had been with aquafortis by Rossi himself, proved the genuineness of its antiquity—it proved nothing but that we had something still to learn! The nola varnish was light as a soap-bubble, but this on the *Ryton* was thick and substantial. How he wished we had been to stay another week to have taught us the difference! and how we wished him gone, lest he should make some new revelations of a kindred character to the last, and betray our ignorance in sundry other matters connected with other recent purchases. The door has scarcely closed upon his coat-tails when in comes a tall strapping fellow out of breath, who begs to take a chair, and declares forthwith that he is "tutto bagnato di sudore,"—in our service, and he hopes it may not be in vain! After administering to him proper restoratives, (the remains of an *agro-dolce*, and half a bottle of lachryma,) four battered pieces of lead are presented by him for inspection, looking very much as if they had just been scraped from the house-top, but which, when duly put together by our ingenuity, make up the highly interesting inscription,—"*Imp: Cæs: Vespas: Aug: Pont: Max: Opt:*

Princip: P. P., and are no sooner so collocated than our new-comer seems enchanted at a discovery which he would have us think as important as any thing lately done in that way. After the making of which, he expects that we are to carry over this leaden trophy to England, and is much mortified accordingly at our disheartening remark, that "it was so easy to write upon lead!" Upon seeing that we are indisposed to be cheated, he resolved to humiliate us in the eyes of our friend, which he does effectually by merely glancing at a small *urceolus* with a painting on it, and then proclaiming it to be "*ristaurata*;" a most ungrateful return, as we think, for our "*restoration*" of him. He has scarcely vanished when a third party, "happy to catch us just at dinner-time," is announced; he comes with a mouthful of lies, and a pocketful of trash, and seeing that we are beginning to wince, is retiring, but suddenly recollecting himself, pulls up at the door to ask whether it be true that we have *not* bought Coco's *Augustus*, since, if we have been so lucky as to purchase it, Coco has in that case cheated him by pretending to have received nothing for it. "Go to —!" exclaimed we, losing all patience at the ignorance thus plainly imputed to us, "do you think we were such a fool as to buy *such a forgery*?" Then comes a very *douce*, quiet-mannered dealer, wishing, if our friend will excuse him, to have a private interview with us just for a moment, as he has something confidential to communicate. "Signor mio," says he, "when we are in privacy," folding his hands over his breast and looking very contrite, "I am bound to confess to you that the man whom I have hitherto called 'cousin,' is not such, nor indeed any relation or connexion of mine! I know you have been cheated *often, sadly, and by him*; and, much as it has gone against my heart whenever I have heard him and his crew plot against your ingenuousness, I have long intended to be frank with you, as you have always treated me with frankness. Believe me I have ever opposed your 'ingannazione,' though without success; and, as I have no other shop in which to put my *real* antiques except-

ing this man's, I am glad to pay ten per cent to interest him in their sale; but that *terra cotta* cow that he sold you, 'twas a sad piece of business," and he looked at us as a Mackenzie might have looked upon some artless victim to man's depravity! Whereupon a new light seemed all at once to break in upon us, and we resolved to get at the truth, if we could, by a *ruse* which should throw him off his guard; so, in place of appearing put out by the discovery, we merely said—"Well, if all forgeries were but nearly as well executed as *that*, who would care to buy antiques at all; and besides, as it *is* a forgery, we may have a good chance of *getting some more of the casts to take home with us*, which we could not have done had the cow been *ancient*. How beautifully she stood in her horns and hoofs! and how well must *he* have studied the antique, who could have conceived and executed such a cow!" As we had imagined, there was no resisting such an appeal, and Roderick Dhu stood confessed! He now owns himself an extensive proprietor in these cows, and says they are by no means his best productions—offering us the whole dairy at a very moderate price!

Comes Coco, a little later, with a lad who is to be forthwith forwarded to buy an engraved stone at *Tiano*, where he is to sleep, in order to meet our carriage to-morrow morning at Calvi, with the jacinth on his finger! Lastly comes old Bonelli to kiss both cheeks, and to declare that our loss will be felt by all the *honest* men in Naples; and that, as for himself, he does not know what he shall do, he had always such a pleasure in coming to show us any thing. "It is not *interest*," says he, putting his hand to his *side-pocket*, "but *affection*," placing it over his *heart*, "that makes me so loth to lose you—*ah! caro lei!*" and he kissed us again and withdrew. In the darkness of earliest morning, while the stars are all glowing, and Aurora is still asleep, we discern figures in cloaks, sitting over the rippling sea, on the wall of Santa Lucia, and waiting to show us antiques by moonlight!—and then comes the *barrière*. And now, gentlemen, we wash our hands of you

—and may you soon be consoled for the loss of us in the acquisition of some noble lord, with more money to spend amongst you than we ever had, and more time to devote to your winning manners and versatile accomplishments. We hope you will speak of us kindly and considerately; and, whilst you are busy in circulating our memoirs in the Strada Santa Caterina, the Toledo, and the piazza of the silversmiths, we are preparing yours, gentlemen, in a work which shall leave those of Benvenuto Cellini far—very far behind!

We have now given the reader a very brief notice of a scantling of our antiquarian acquaintance abroad,

taking them nearly at random from the pages of a common-place book, which abounds, we observe, in such entries. Should he desire to know something more of the craft, we keep a second batch of introductions by us, which are at his service; but to give him even the shortest notice, nay, merely to attempt the *nomenclature*, and furnish a “*catalogue raisonné*” of all that immense body, would be as wide of our purpose as it would wholly transcend our powers. Such a task would be as vain as——(but here, after the example of Boileau, Corneille, and Pope, let us give *our* paraphrase of the well-known passage of the bard of Aquinum :—)

“ Vain as th’ attempt on summer eve to count
 What dogs and beggars haunt the Pincian Mount.
 All Tuzzi’s frauds, all Coco’s falsehoods tell,
 And all the *Beckers** all the rogues shall sell;
 How many sick some sapient quack at Rome
 Helps—not to England, but their *longer home* ; †
 How many Couriers forge the scoundrel tale;
 How many Maids their mistress’ fame assail;
 How many English girls, by foreign arts
 Seduced, have smiled on needy ‘ *Knaves of Hearts* !’
 Or left our church, in spite of solemn ‘ caves,’
 To score off sins by rosaries and aves!
 Number the gnats that cloud the dewy lawn,
 Or flitting flies that light the sparkling corn;
 Or pirate hawks that haunt Rome’s lawless sky,
 Or the fell fevers Pontine plains supply;
 The locust legions count; or say as soon
 What hoarse Cicadæ stun the sultry noon
 With ringing dissonance; what flow’rets fair
 In early spring inebriate the air:
 Or count the gems in every dazzling shower
 That Roman rockets detonating pour,
 Dropping their liquid light o’er Hadrian’s glowing tower:
 Or tell what crowds on Easter-day repair
 To see their Pontiff-bird, in high-swung chair
 Upborne magnificent; when, rising slow,
 Th’ emerging figure stands, all white as snow,
 Like some large albatross his arms outspreads,
 O’er all that mighty, silent, sea of heads!
 Thrice waves his wings, the voiceless blessing sends
 Far, far away to earth’s remotest ends!
 The joyous news th’ impatient cannon tells,
 Louder and louder, as the discord swells,
 Of clashing bands, and shouts, and drums, and loud-tongued bells!”

* Becker, a celebrated coiner from the antique, recently deceased in Prussia.—
N.B.—His widow carries on the business.

† Quot *Themison ægros autumnò occiderit uno*. Alas! and there are many Themisons still in Rome; for whose address *vide* the Guide-Books.

BIRBONIANA.

In England, we have our trades and our professions ;—abroad, all callings are trades ; medicine is a trade ; theology a trade ; law no better. With us, the title of professor carries with it something of rank, being always conferred by authority, and not, as in Italy, a dignity at once self-imposed and assumed by any party who chooses to adopt it. Furthermore, at home it must be a grave subject indeed that is entitled to the honour of being represented by a professor ; whilst abroad, the commonest accomplishments are raised to the dignity which we restrict to science ; and every private teacher of fencing, fiddling, juggling, and dancing, affixes professor to his card. The art of cheating, *ingannazione*, seems to be at present the only one in Italy irrepresentated, *eo nomine*, by a teacher. Whether it be that there is properly no such art, but, as was formerly alleged of rhetoric, that every man persuades best in the subject of his own craft, the principles of cheating in like manner vary with the occupation of the cheater ; or because, where all men are more or less proficient, the instructions of a professor may be dispensed with. Nevertheless, if mere pre-eminence in the dark dexterity of imposing on one's neighbour deserved this coronal, whose brows were fitter to wear it than yours, ye professors of natural history and of *virtù*, with whom *ingannation* is but a collateral branch of these your severer studies ? The very name of naturalist, which in England falls so refreshingly on our ears, accustomed as we are to link with it the memory of such men as White, Ray, Derham, Darwin, Paley, and a host of others, there, is but too frequently bestowed on a class of dishonest collectors, who fill their rooms (which they dub their museum) with a collection of modern mummies, and study nature but to jockey amateurs in the sale of her specimens ! Nor is the man called *antiquario* in Italy, a whit a better representative of him whom we so designate, than is the *soi-disant* pro-

fessor of *taxidermy* and seller of embalmed pole-cats of our own naturalist. Not that our thoroughbred antiquary at home stands high in our classification of English citizens. It was not as a reward for tracing sites, by following the vestiges of dry rubbish near a place ending in *chester*, that the mural crown (probably a chaplet of wallflowers) was devised by the Romans ; and we, too, have a weakness for ranging the precedents of our fellow-citizens according to their usefulness. We have no sympathy with soulless bodies ; with miserly old men of starved affections, who are too parsimonious even for the gout ; who prefer bronze *puttini* to babies in flesh, and marble mistresses to a fond and pleasing wife ! But this is their affair, not ours ; if they choose thus to sacrifice to the cold manes of antiquity the sweetest and most endearing sympathies of life, the sacrifice and the loss is their own ; whilst Englishmen must admit, that in England at least they form a very learned body, much given up to the prosecution of curious and prying researches. But in Italy, where all the world pretend to be antiquaries, the ignorance and incapacity of by far the larger portion of these pretenders is marvellous. No sooner has the *adventurer* who prints himself antiquary, begun to cheat his way on a little, then he addresses himself boldly to some venal professor of archæology too poor to refuse the bribe ; who for a small consideration undertakes to decipher his inscriptions for him, to teach him his history, to furnish him with learned conjectures, and to praise his goods, which last is generally the only part of these educational acquirements which he retains, and recollects to profit by afterwards ; his ignorance, in all other matters appertaining to his craft, is frequently absolute. Yet many of these men live to buy villas, to plant vineyards, and to show how much more flourishing a thing in Italy *virtù* is than virtue. In character, or shall we not rather say in want of character, they are all

alike; and if any act of any of them bears the external semblance of honesty about it, this is predetermined by their fear of the *penal* "code Napoleon" and its consequences, and not by the code of moral necessity. Let your antiquarian acquaintance be ever so extensive; be you in habits of pigeon-and-hawk-like intimacy with scores of them, for years, you shall never meet one—from the noble, well-lampooned prince of St Georgio, and the courtly Count of Milan, to the poor starveling old man whose cotton pocket-handkerchief contains all his stores, with no patent of nobility to stand him in stead should he be detected in a fraud—one who will not cheat as much as, and whenever he can. As the King of Naples said of his ministers, in objecting to change them, *sono ladri tutti*. Woe, then, betide the simple Englishman to whom some demon has whispered to have a taste, and who thinks that he cannot better employ the time of his being abroad, than in making purchases to satisfy it. Much will he have to pay for each new apprenticeship in each new city where he sojourns for a season, while he will learn by degrees to distrust the teaching of his volunteer friends, as to what he may safely purchase, when every new acquisition is a mistake, and proves the exception to some general rule formerly taught him. It is only when they turn king's evidence and *peach*, that they can be safely trusted; and on these occasions he really may pick up some important hints for his future guidance; the most important of which is *principiis obstare*, not to begin to buy, or, if he have bought, to give over buying. How little is it generally known, by those who don't purchase, what large sums are squandered in Italy upon heaps of rubbish, palmed off and sold under the imposing names, *roba antica*, *roba dei scavi*, and the like; and how little seems it known by those who do, that of all markets for such acquisitions, the worst that an uninitiated *dilettante* can have to do with is the Italian! First, because it abounds more than any other in trash; and secondly, because when any thing really good comes into it, the dealers take care to put

their price upon it. The much prized and paraded object has in all probability already been in England, (whence, on the death of its connoisseur possessor, and the dispersion of his effects, it has again returned to its natal soil,) and is now, it may be, to be had for twice or three times as much, as you yourself might have procured it for in Christie's auction-rooms a few months before, unless you possess an accurate taste, and an intimate knowledge of what you buy. (Not, depend upon it, to be acquired, as almost all other knowledge may now be, in *six lessons*.) You must know that it is quite easy to spend indefinitely large sums in the accumulation of coarse crockery, broken glass, bits of mouldings, *scratched* cornelians, and coins as smooth as buttons, without being able to pick one pearl from out this ancient dunghill. The peasant's ignorance, if you are also ignorant, can by no possibility be turned to your account, and, in fact, turns very much against it; for there is a prevailing tradition amongst them, that things very rare and costly, now extant in kings' palaces and great museums, have been grubbed up by the husbandman's hands; and as he cannot possibly decide what, in the amateur's mind, constitutes a prize, every fresh finding that may *possibly* be such, is put up and priced accordingly. Now it is a safe rule here never to buy a *may be*, especially when you have to pay for it as though it were a *must be*; and if you followed the contadino to the dealer, (who, after you, becomes his next resource,) you would find that, though the former now asks pauls for piastres, and is content to substitute baiocchi for pauls, the dealer is obdurate, and leaves his wares still upon his hands.

Some, ignorant of the ways of dealers, persuade themselves that if they go to a well-recommended shop, they may, by paying somewhat higher than they would elsewhere have done, secure themselves from all risk of imposition; and this brings us to notice that, in accordance with this well-known delusion of our countrymen, (for such we believe it to be,) the "Antiquari" are fond of *dividing themselves* into three classes, whereof

the first is supposed to consist entirely of *Galant' uomini*, in which confessedly small class every one would place himself: the second of *mezzo Galant' uomini*, or *half* honest men, of whom the first division reports, that it is a well-dressed, well-spoken, and well-instituted order, *ma astuto assai*: and a third, which even they will tell you is their larger body, constituted of a set of ill-dressed, uneducated, ill-looking, unmannerly fellows, whom it would be unsafe to meet with an antique ring on your finger after dark, and *without* the city walls. Of this *last* class, number three, class number one is particularly desirous to impress you with a salutary awe, lest you should unfortunately become its victim. Its members, so they will tell you, *have* occasionally something pretty for sale; but then who, save themselves and their ally the devil, knows out of what tomb it has been plucked by night, or what conditions are annexed to its possession; and whether, after it has been purchased, the police shall not come and seize both it and its possessor? Thus one class of reputable *shopkeeping* rogues speaks of its *peripatetic* rivals, who, as they do not *purchase*, can afford to dispose of their things cheaper than those who have to pay both purchase and warehouse dues, making them very wrathful in consequence. The number of antiquaries, as compared with the whole population, would make a far greater statistical return than most persons are aware of, who believe the race to be confined to that half-dozen of shopkeepers who write their title over the door; these being, in fact, but a small fraction of that large community which, like the beetle called *necrobios*, preys both upon the living and the dead. Beside the regular shopkeeper, *who sells the whole statue*, and undertakes excavations on his own account, there is, in the next place, the stall-keeper, whose commerce is in fragments, and who makes his small profits upon toes and fingers, (he having received certain of the unsaleable refuse from some richer antiquary, committed to his charge on certain conditions, as the oranges that are offered in London in the streets are consigned by the wealthier to the

poorer Jews to traffic in,) squats himself down in the neighbourhood of some piazza, church, or other place of public resort, where, under favour of a shower, he is enabled to dispose of his bits of *rosso antico*, and *pavonazzo*, which then exhibit all their hues, polished and shining in the *rain*. There is a third class who have two callings; a principal one—some petty trade, a tobacconist, a printseller, or a chemist—to which they add that of odds and ends. These they buy from the peasants on market-days; and some there are, more active than their neighbours, who make a very early start to *anticipate* their arrival; and many a long and weary mile will they trudge, far, far beyond the tomb of Cecilia Metella, or the Ponte Molle, before it is day, each striving to outstrip the other, and to be first to greet the *simple contadini* on their road Romewards from Tivoli, Frascati, Valmontone, or Veii. Alas! and notwithstanding all the pains they take, they frequently make bad purchases, and are duped by the superior cunning of other antiquaries at a distance, who have been tampering with the peasants, and have given them counterfeits to sell. Thus do antiquaries, like whittings, prey upon each other, illustrating their own proverb, *Mercantia non vuol ni amici ni parenti*. You become also, after a time, acquainted with a particular set of dealers, not from themselves, for they have no direct communication with the part of the town you inhabit, nor yet from the *shop antiquaro*, who would gladly ignore the existence of such people, but from certain fellows called *mezzani* or *go-betweens*, whose office it is to prowl about in quest of those who frequent old curiosity shops; whom they will track to their hotels, and fish out presently from couriers, or waiters, what class of things his Excellency buys. These men are perhaps the greatest rogues in Christendom; sometimes they take your side; sometimes gently hint that your most esteemed person is somewhat hard upon their friend; they wink knowingly when you say something *meant* to be smart, and they will expostulate earnestly, and make it quite a personal affair if their friend

protests and refuses to listen to their instances in your favour. Lastly, when the purchase has been effected, they will stay to congratulate you on the bargain you are sure to have made under their auspices; and to announce to you that they have still some other ignoramuses *in petto* for your excellency to pigeon! Even when you don't buy, they suppress their disappointment; or, showing it, try to convince you it is on your account solely that they feel it. "You bargained," they tell you, "in style, showing at once your perfect connoisseurship and tact; and though you were aware yourself that your offers could not be entertained without a serious loss to the proprietor, (who had not such articles every day to dispose of,) and would soon find means of disposing of them, still, as the *donne* say, though they cannot *always* accept, they consider *every offer* a compliment." These *mezzani* get a per centage of eighteen per cent upon every purchase from the *seller*; and, if you are not aware of this, they will make a pretty per centage upon you besides. It is amusing to get access through them into many interiors that you would not else have heard of, and to have presented to you a new variety of wares, requiring new vigilance on your part every day. Thus, one man's room (he has been a soldier under Napoleon, hence his particular line of dealing) might well be styled a hero's slop-shop, out of whose stores Sir Walter Scott might have found fitting armour for every one of his heroes, from Waverley to Quentin Durward. The owner visits *Thrasymene* every summer, and pretends that these iron harvests of the field, which he gleans each year from near the banks of the "Stream of Blood," were sown there in the time of Hannibal, with whose name he is perfectly familiar; and should you, on questioning him, make out that he was not quite *au courant* as to dates, and not quite certain that every spear-head was as old as the Punic war; his rule for sale is simple, (*viz.*) whenever there appears to be a doubt, to give it not in your favour, but in favour of his armour. Another man, who only deals in pictures, tries your skill and knowledge

in the *Madonna and Saint line*. This man is a collector of coins; and woe betide you if you purchase there, and can't make out the difference between a real Emperor S. C. and a pretender to the laurel! Do you know any thing of "storied urns and animated busts?" Then, and not till then, when you are *sure* you do, visit A——'s interior, where

—"Curias jam dimidias, humeroque minorem

Corvinum, et Galbam auriculis naroque carentem,"

you may easily find! Lastly, let no cinque-cento object of *virtù* tempt you to show your purse till you have taken advice from a learned friend, to whom such exhibitions are familiar. Considering the vast preliminary knowledge, both of men and things, necessary to the judicious completion of each particular purchase, you will, unless you opine, with Hudibras, that

"The pleasure is as great,

Of being cheated, as to cheat,"

be very slow in making any acquisition of *price*, from such a suspected source as the cabinet of the antiquary. But if you have unfortunately been made a dupe of—what remedy? That depends, if you have been led to purchase any thing under a false impression of its antiquity; and can *prove* this. The law itself would step in, in such a case, to repossess you of your purchase-money. If, indeed, the strong and pervading feeling amongst the other *antiquari*, as in an *assize of crows*, were not of itself sufficient to secure the condign punishment of the culprit, which consists in compelling him to refund. But this redress only extends to one particular kind of fraud, that, namely, included under the rhetorical figure called metonymy, (*i.e.* the substitution of one thing for another,) and does not extend beyond this; so that, though a dealer were to sell an old hatchet for one hundred pounds, provided it had the necessary *patina* upon it to establish its antiquity—this not constituting a case of cheating, (at least, in the antiquarian sense of the term,) but merely one of superior tact—brother-dealers might indeed

condole with you in your mistake ; but nobody has any right to interfere !

When you do buy, you must take nothing for granted but that you will be cheated ; and get a written declaration from the dealer, that what he sells you has been paid for, as genuine, on the score of antiquity. There are, too easy purchasers, who rest satisfied with the man's word, (as if a *dealer's* words were aught but wind, or wind but air,) who always professes to *believe* that the object he has for sale is of *sacrosanct* antiquity, and the best of its kind, (if an onyx, for instance, not Oriental only, but *Orientalissimo*,) though he observes, in a sort of moralizing parenthesis, that he will not vouch for what the *ignorant* or the *malicious* may say. Here you must, we fear, range yourself on the side of malice and ignorance ; *non vale niente*, the object is good for nothing ; and if you swallow such a bait, you are a *bête* for your pains. *Amici miei* of Oxford and Cambridge, excuse the informality of self-introduction ; and pray keep your *caution-money* till you have taken your Master-in-Arts degree *abroad*. If you pay it on the initiatory matriculation of a first journey, you may depend upon never getting any of it back ; when on having studied anew the "art of self-defence," to protect you against *another* art, which you must *also* study, in close connexion with the "*belle arti*," you are become really an adept, and duly qualified for that diploma. Study antiquities in *public* museums ; so shall you learn to appraise at their true value the gauds of dealers, which, if you have not educated your taste into a wholesome fastidiousness, by a diligent study of the *real* treasures of antiquity, you may chance to find most dangerously attractive—*μηδὲν ἐναργὲς ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ ἔχοντες παράδειγμα, μηδὲ δυνάμενοι ὥσπερ γραφεῖς εἰς τὸ ἀληθέστατον ἀποβλέποντες κἀκείσε αἰετὰ ἀναφύροντες τε καὶ θεώμενοι ὡς οἶόν τε, ἀκριβέστατα, οὕτω δὴ καὶ τὰ ὑπὸ τῶν καπῆλων ἐκάστοτε προσεϊόμενα ὁρθῶς διακρίνειν ἀφ' ὧν δὴ καθάπερ οἱ θαλλῶ τινὶ τὰ πρόβατα ἐπαγόμενοι τοὺς ἀμυήτους περιάγουσιν.*

Then you will hardly be induced to

pay much for what you do not set much store by, merely for the sake of calling it your own. Add to this the further consideration, that in towns the *Antiquari* keep their best things for the resident collectors, so that you never see them ; whilst all hopes of finding sound windfalls on the road you are journeying, are rendered futile, since Italy is now infested by lines of antiquarian footpads, who tramp as regularly as a well-organized police, right across its *instep* from sea to sea, and measure it lengthways from Milan to Otranto, sweeping up and carrying away every thing that is worth the transport. After this, you need hardly feel nervous (as some we have known were) lest, in the event of falling in with something exquisitely beautiful, the government should interfere to prevent its leaving Italy. Such an event not being in question, you need make no provision to meet it. Of the brigands and brigandage of Italy, the public has had enough ; of her cheats and cheating—her *virtuosi* and their *virtù*—nobody has enlightened us. Nor, to say the truth, does the subject, at first sight, appear to admit of more than a few not very promising details of a not very pleasing picture of the Dutch school—the romance of the waylaid carriage in the mountain defile ; the sudden report of fire-arms ; the troop of gay-sashed cut-throats in sugar-loaf hats ; the "*faccia à terra!*" the escort to the robber's cave ; the life amongst the mountains ; the ransom and the discharge—lend themselves much more readily to the author's pen, and present themselves much more forcibly to the reader's fancy, than the details into which we are about to enter. Still *our* subject has *its* interest, both in having a *practical* bearing, and in being *new* ; and, as we have adopted it, we must make the best of it. Therefore, we propose to give a series of *ana*, rambling like our last, (as all "*ana*" claim a right to be,) but purporting to make some remarks, didactic and miscellaneous, on coins, gems, marbles, bronzes, *terra cotta*, and glass, each in due order of succession, our present lucubration confining itself to the mere

introduction of our reader to the *Antiquari* themselves. Allusion has already been made to the very large sums wasted every year on the Continent by our countrymen in pursuit of the "antique," though it might be difficult to determine to what extent public credulity is thus annually imposed upon; difficult, because self-love is here at variance with self-interest, (*silencing* many a victim, who fears, lest if his mistakes were blabbed abroad, the world might append some more unflattering name to his own than that of *dupe*;) and difficult again, because there are gulls that *will not* be so called; and *gudgeons* who *won't* believe in a pike till he swallows them up alive! Thus, while the fraud practised is great, the stir it makes, in consequence of these things, is small; and it becomes, therefore, the more necessary to apprise amateurs, that the money laid out to *learn* experience may come to more than would purchase them a commission in the Guards!

"Not to admire's the simplest art we know,

To keep your fortune in its *statu quo*;
Who holds loose cash, nor *cheques* his
changeling gold,

Buy what he will, is certain to be *sold*."

Much more had we to say in the way of advice to the untutored, but we refrain, for nobody has given us "salary, or chair;" and who, then, has given us the right to lecture "*ex cathedra*?" We throw out, therefore,

no further "hints to freshmen," but proceed forthwith to describe a few of the more noted and sly of our antiquarian acquaintances in Italy. Some years back, we remember, all the English in Rome used to turn out a fox-hunting; it was considered an exploit, and so perhaps it was, to kill under the *Arc of Veii*, amidst the moist meadows of the Crembra; and to teach the Sabine Echo to respond from her hills to the sound of the British Tally-ho! Now, whilst the followers of the Chesterfield kennel sought their foxes *without* the walls, we always knew where to look for ours *within*; and, whatever *their* success, *we* always *found*; nay, what may sound somewhat paradoxical, but is true nevertheless, the *more* we hunted, the *more* we found. Like their brothers of the "*brush*," our Reynards were sly fellows too, and would double and dodge, and get away sometimes, just when we thought ourselves most sure of coming up with them—a few only we were fortunate enough to bag, and bring over in *our sack (de nuit)* to England. We purpose now to turn a few loose for the reader's diversion, apprising him, however, that they are mostly *very old foxes*; and so cannot *run* as far or as fast, or yield the same sport, that might have been expected had they been younger. The greatest age demands respect and precedence; and, as Venovali is the oldest, we will *dispatch* him first. So ho! Venovali!

THE AMERICANS AND THE ABORIGINES.

A TALE OF THE SHORT WAR. PART I.

I tremble for my people, when I think of the unjust acts of which they have been guilty towards the aborigines.—JEFFERSON.

THE numerous romances of Indian life and manners to which, during the last twenty years, the busy pens of Cooper and of his disciples on both sides of the Atlantic have given birth, would perhaps make us hesitate to notice a work of a somewhat similar class, had it not, as we believe, merits and interest peculiar to itself. The readers of *Blackwood* who have followed us through the varied and lively scenes so graphically depicted by the author of "The Viceroy and the Aristocracy," will, we are inclined to think, turn with pleasure to a notice of another book by the same clever writer, one published previously to most of those from which we have already made extracts, and of which the time, the characters, and, partially, the scene, are different from those of any of his other works. In the "Viceroy" are found an exposition of the sufferings of the Mexican aborigines, and their half-blood descendants, under the inhuman yoke of their Spanish oppressors. Of the book now before us, one of the objects seems to be to illustrate the less sanguinary, but still, in many respects, unjust and cruel treatment received by the more northerly races of Indians at the hands of the Americans. Barbarous tribes must recede and disappear before the advance of civilisation;—doubtless it was not the intention of Providence that a few scanty hordes of savages should occupy as their hunting grounds vast tracts of land, which, by the application of industry and art, would yield sustenance to millions of men. But whether, on the other hand, the encroaching spirit of the inhabitants of the United States, that restless, rambling propensity which has driven their settlers southwards into Mexico, and westward to the Pacific, should be indulged to the extent of exterminating and dispossessing the original owners of the territory

before the new occupants have real need of it, is a question admitting of more discussion than we shall here enter upon.

We have already said so much about the author now referred to, concerning the general scope of his talent, the many beauties and occasional defects of his writings, that any further preamble would be superfluous, and we will at once proceed to give specimens of his book.

Upon the road connecting the town of Coosa with Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, and near to the spot where, at the present day, a convenient hotel invites the traveller to repose and refreshment, there stood, towards the close of the last century, beneath a projecting rock, crowned with a few red cedars and pine-trees, a rudely constructed, but roomy block-house. In front of the building, and between two massive perpendicular beams, connected by cross-bars, swung a large board, upon which was to be distinguished a grotesque figure, painted in gaudy colours, and whose diadem of feathers, tomahawk, scalping-knife, and wampum, denoted the Indian chief. Beneath this sign a row of hieroglyphical-looking characters informed the passer-by that he could here find "Entertainment for man and beast." On that side of the house, or rather hut, next to the road, was a row of wooden sheds, separated from the path by a muddy ditch, and partly filled with hay and straw. These cribs might have been supposed the habitations of the cows, had not some dirty bedding, that protruded from them, denoted them to be the sleeping apartments of those travellers whose evil star compelled them to pass the night at the sign of the Indian King. A stable and pigsty completed the appurtenances of this backwood dwelling.

It was a stormy December night;

the wind howled fiercely through the gloomy pine-forest, on the skirt of which the block-house stood, and the rapidly-succeeding crashes of the huge trees, as, with a report like thunder, the storm bore them to the ground, proclaimed the violence of one of those tornados that so frequently rage between the Blue Mountains of Tennessee and the flats of the Mississippi, sweeping with them, in their passage, trees, houses, and villages. Suddenly, in the midst of the storm, a gentle tapping was heard at the window-shutter of the block-house, to which succeeded, after a short interval, a series of heavy blows, causing the timbers of the dwelling to quiver to their foundations. Presently the door of the house was partially opened, and a man's head protruded through the aperture, as if to reconnoitre the cause of the uproar. At the same moment that this occurred, a tall, dark figure stepped quickly forward, pushed the door wide open, and, stalking into the dwelling, took his seat opposite the fireplace, followed, in deep silence and with noiseless stride, by a line of similar apparitions. When all had entered, the door was again closed, and a man of almost colossal frame approached the hearth, where some embers were still smouldering. Throwing on a supply of wood, he lit one of a heap of pine splinters that lay in the chimney corner, and then producing a tallow candle, lighted it, and placed it upon the table. By its glimmering flame, and that of the reviving fire, the interior of the hut, fully corresponding with the rough and inartificial exterior, became visible. In the corner opposite the fireplace was the bar or counter, behind whose wooden lattice stood a dozen dirty bottles, and still dirtier jugs and glasses. Below these were three kegs daubed with blue paint, and marked with the words, French Brandy, Gin, Monongahela. On one side of the room a pile of deer hides, of beaver, bear, and fox skins, denoted a frequent intercourse and active trade between the inmates of the tavern and the red men. Near the skins stood a huge tester-bed, surrounded by three small bedsteads, and a cradle, or rather trough, made out of

a fragment of a hollow tree, with boards nailed across the ends. In these receptacles, to judge by the loud snoring that proceeded from them, the family of the tavern-keeper were enjoying a deep and uninterrupted repose. The walls of the apartment were of unhewn tree-trunks, varied only by broad stripes of clay filling the interstices.

On a stool in front of the fire sat the man who had first entered, a blood-stained blanket thrown over his whole person, concealing both figure and face. Behind him about twenty Indians squatted upon the clay floor, their legs crossed, their faces shrouded in their blankets, the crimson spots upon which seemed to indicate that the expedition whence they returned had been other than a peaceful one. Notwithstanding the presence of these strange guests, the master of the block-house now busied himself with putting in order the stools and benches which the intruders, upon their entrance, had unceremoniously knocked over, and this he did with as cool and sturdy an air as if his nocturnal visitors had been friends and neighbours, instead of a troop of savages on their return from some bloody foray, and who might, as likely as not, add his scalp and those of his family to the other trophies of their expedition. When he had put the last stool in its place, he sat himself down next to the Indian who appeared the chief of the band.

After the lapse of about a minute, the latter raised himself up, and allowed the blanket to slip from over his head, which now appeared bound round with a piece of calico, fringed with gouts of congealed blood. The backwoodsman cast a side glance at the Indian, but it was only a momentary one, and he allowed his gaze to revert to the fire.

"Has my white brother no tongue?" said the Indian at last, in a deep guttural tone; "or does he wait in order the better to crook it?"

"He waits for the words of the chief," replied the American drily.

"Go, call thy wife," said the Indian, in the same bass voice as before.

The tavern-keeper got up, ap-

proached the bed, and opening the curtains, spoke to his wife, who had listened, with curiosity rather than anxiety, to what passed. A few sentences were exchanged between them, and the lady made her appearance, a burly, broad-shouldered dame, with an expression upon her somewhat coarse features, indicative of her not being very easily disconcerted or alarmed. An upper petticoat of linsey-woolsey, adapted both to daily and nightly wear, made her voluminous figure look even larger and more imposing than it really was, as with a firm step and almost angry mien she stepped forward by her husband's side. But the menacing stillness of her visitors, and their bloody heads and blankets, now fully revealed by the blaze of the fire, seemed of such evil omen, that the good woman was evidently startled. Her step, at first quick and confident, began to falter, and with an involuntary shudder she approached her husband, who had resumed his seat. A minute passed in gloomy silence. Then the Indian again raised his head, but without looking up, and spoke in a harsh, severe tone.

"Listen, woman," said he, "to the words of a great warrior, whose hand is open, and who will fill his brother's wigwam with many deer skins. In return he asks but little of his sister, and that little she may easily give. Has my sister," continued he, raising his voice and glancing at the woman, "milk for a little daughter?"

The backwoodsman's wife stared at her interlocutor in great astonishment.

"Will she," continued the red-skin, "give a share of her milk to a little daughter, who must else die of hunger?"

The countenance of the woman brightened as she discerned that the Indian wanted something of her, and that it was in her power to grant or refuse a favour. She took a step towards him, and impatiently awaited further explanation of his singular demand. The Indian, without deigning to look at her, opened the ample folds of his blanket, and drew forth a lovely infant, wrapped in a pelisse of costly furs. For a few seconds the woman stood in mute

surprise; but curiosity to obtain a nearer view of the beautiful child, and perhaps also a feeling of compassion and motherly tenderness, speedily restored to her the use of her tongue.

"Good God!" cried she, stretching out her hands to take the infant; "what a sweet little darling; and come of good parents too, I'll be sworn. Only look at the fur, and the fine lace! Did you ever see such a thing! Where did you get the child? Poor little thing! Feed it? To be sure I will. This is no red-man's child."

The worthy lady seemed disposed to run on in this way for some time longer, had not a significant sign from her husband stopped her mouth. The chief, without vouchsafing her the smallest attention, unfastened the pelisse of grey fox skin, stripped it off, and then proceeded to divest the infant of the first of the coats in which it was enveloped, like a silkworm in its cocoon. But when, after having with some difficulty accomplished this, a third, fourth, and fifth wrapper appeared, he seemed suddenly to lose patience, and drawing his knife, he, with one cut, ripped the whole of the child's clothes from its body, and handed it over stark naked to the tavern-keeper's wife.

"Incarnate fiend!" screamed the shuddering woman, as she snatched the infant from his hands.

"Stop!" cried the Indian, his cold and imperturbable gaze fixed upon the infant's neck, from which a small medal was suspended by a gold chain. Without uttering a word, the woman stripped the chain over the child's head, threw it into the face of the savage, and hurried to her bed.

"The devil's in the woman!" muttered her husband, apparently not a little uneasy at her violence.

"The red warrior," said the Indian, with immovable calm, "will pay with beaver skins for the milk that his little daughter drinks, but he will keep what he has found, and the door must open when he comes for the child."

"That's all very well," said the tavern-keeper, to whom it suddenly appeared to occur that some farther explanation might not be altogether superfluous; "and I'll keep the child

willingly enough, though, thank God, I've plenty of my own. But if the parents should come, or the white father hear of the child, what then? The red chief knows that his hand reaches far."

The Indian remained for a while silent, and then replied in a significant tone—

"The child's mother will never come. The night is very dark, the storm howls in the forest—to-morrow nothing will be seen of the red men's footsteps. It is far to the wigwam of the white father. If he hears of the child, my white brother will have told him. If he takes it, then will the red chief take the scalps of his white brother's children."

"Then take your child back again," said the backwoodsman, in a decided tone, "I'll have nought to do with it."

The Indian drew his knife, upon which fresh blood-stains were visible, and cast an ominous glance towards the bed.

"We will take care of it; no one shall hear of it!" screamed the horror-struck woman. The Indian calmly replaced the knife in his girdle, and again spoke.

"The throats of the red men are dry," said he.

A muttering was heard behind the curtains of the bed, sounding not unlike the Christian wish, that every drop the bloodhounds swallowed might prove poison to them; the host, however, whose humanity was less vindictive than that of his wife, hastened to the bar to comply with his guest's demand. The chief drank a half-gill of whisky at a draught, and then passed the glass to his neighbour. When a sixth bottle had been emptied, he suddenly rose, threw a Spanish gold piece upon the table, opened the curtains of the bed, and hung a string of corals, which he took from his wampum girdle, round the neck of the child.

"The red men will know the daughter of a warrior," said he, fixing his eyes upon the infant, which now lay wrapped in flannel upon the bosom of the hostess. He gave a second glance at woman and child, and then passing silently out at the

door, disappeared with his companions in the darkness.

"The hurricane is over," said the tavern-keeper, who had followed the Indians with his eyes as they glided like dim shadows to their birch canoes upon the Coosa.

"In heaven's name! who is that incarnate red devil?" cried his wife, drawing a deep breath of relief, and shuddering as she spoke.

"Hush, woman!—hold your tongue! till the Coosa's between it and the redskins. This is no joking matter, I can tell you."

As he spoke he closed the door; and, taking up the light, approached the bed, where his wife was suckling the child.

"Poor little thing!" said he, "if you could speak you would tell us a tale that might well make our hair stand on end. This affair may cost us dear yet; those red devils are come from a scalping expedition; of that there is no doubt. But in what direction, God alone knows. Well, if it were only amongst the Spaniards," continued he, glancing alternately at the child, and at the gold coin in his hand, "I should not much care about it, but"—

And without finishing the sentence he resumed his place in the bed, although some hours elapsed before the recollection of the strange scene that had occurred allowed sleep to revisit his eyelids.

In defiance of the menaces of the savages, Captain John Copeland, the rough but worthy host of the Indian King, institutes inquiries concerning the parentage of the infant so unceremoniously imposed upon him. Various obstacles are thrown in the way of his researches by the disturbed state of the country, and by the Indians themselves, who suspect his intentions, and keep a strict watch on his movements; and when at last a more settled state of things enables him to prosecute his inquiries, it is with small success, or at least he does not admit that he has discovered any thing, although he suspects the child, which is a little girl, to belong to one of the French or Spanish planters on the Mississippi. Seven years elapse, during which the numbers of the backwoodsman's family are doubled, and his worldly wealth

augments in a far larger proportion. The shores of the Coosa have become populous and flourishing, the solitary block-house is now a roomy and convenient dwelling, situated in the midst of smiling plantations, and Captain Copeland is well to do, and much respected by his neighbours. One summer evening, however, the Captain is disturbed at his supper, and his family frightened from their propriety, by the appearance of a tall gaunt Indian, who enters the room unannounced, and is recognised by a missionary there present as Tokeah, the miko or king of the Oconees, the principal tribe of the Creek Indians. This Tokeah is one of the most deadly and persevering enemies of the white men, whom he detests with a bitter hate, because they have driven his nation from its hunting grounds. He it was who, seven years previously, gave the little girl in charge to Copeland and his wife; since then he has regularly sent furs and beaver-skins as payment for her maintenance, and he now comes to claim her as his property. Resistance to his demand would be in vain, for he is backed by an imposing force of Indian warriors; the entreaties of Mrs Copeland and the missionary are insufficient to turn him from his purpose, and he takes away the child, who has been christened by the name of Rosa. The third chapter of the book, which we will now extract, opens, after a second lapse of seven years, at the latter end of the year 1814.

At the northern extremity of the Sabine lake, and in the midst of the reed and cypress swamps that extend southwards to the sea, there lies, between the rivers Sabine and Natchez, a narrow tongue of land, which, widening in proportion as the rivers recede, forms a gently swelling eminence, enclosed by the clear and beautiful waters of the two streams. The latter flow through dark thickets of cypress and palmetto, to the lake above named, which, in its turn, is united with the Gulf of Mexico, and it would almost appear as if nature, in a capricious moment, had chosen thus distinctly to mark the boundary of the two vast countries which the Sabine severs. On the right bank of that river rises a black

and impenetrable forest, so thickly matted and united by enormous thorns, that even the hunted deer or savanna wolf will rarely attempt an entrance. The earth is overgrown by an impenetrable carpet of creeping plants, under whose treacherous shelter innumerable rattlesnakes, king's-heads, and copperheads, writhe themselves, or lie coiled up on the watch for the wild pigeons, mocking-birds, parroquets, and black squirrels, who share with them the shelter of the thicket. Rarely is the maze broken by a clearing, and where it is so, is seen a chaos of mouldering tree-trunks, uprooted by the frequent tornados, and piled up like some artificial fortification. The wild luxuriance of the place reaches its acme in the neighbourhood of the cypress swamp, but on the further side of that it assumes a softer character, and the perplexed wanderer through these beautiful scenes finds himself on a sudden transported into one of the most enchanting of Mexican landscapes, where the myrtle, the stately tulip-tree, and the palmar-christi, alternate with the dark-leaved mangrove, and on the rising grounds the cotton-tree and sycamore spread their silver-green branches above a sward of the tenderest verdure. The whole forest is interwoven, like a vast tent or awning, with the jessamine and the wild vine, which, springing from the ground, grapple themselves to the tree-trunks, ascend to the highest branches, and then again descending, cling to another stem, and creeping from mangrove to myrtle, from magnesia to papaw, from papaw to the tulip-tree, form one vast and interminable bower. The broad belt of land, in the centre of which the waters of the Natchez flow, presents to the beholder a waving and luxuriant field of rustling palmettos, extending from the forest a full half mile to the stream, in whose waters the mangrove and cypress dip their drooping foliage.

It was an afternoon of that magnificent latter autumn known as the Indian summer, and the sun, golden and glorious, as it is only to be seen in that country and at that season, was declining behind the summits of the trees which fringe the western

shore of the Natchez. Its beams already assumed that rich variety of tint, so beautiful to behold, varying from bright green to golden, from purple to orange, as the rays passed between the leaves of the myrtle, the palma-christi, or some other variety of the surrounding foliage. Not a cloud was in the heavens, the air was balm itself, the soft evening stillness was only now and then broken by some babbling parroquet, by the whistling tones of the mocking-bird, or the sudden rising of a flock of waterfowl, thousands of which floated on the broad bosom of the Natchez, and dressed their plumage for their winter flight. Along a narrow path between the forest and the palmetto field above referred to, a female figure was seen tripping towards a small opening in the wood, formed by the uprooting of a mighty sycamore. On reaching the prostrate tree she leaned against a branch, apparently to take breath. She was a young girl of about twenty years of age, whose complexion denoted Indian parentage, but whose countenance had something in the highest degree interesting, even noble, in its expression. Her forehead was well formed, her black eyes had an arch, almost a roguish, glance, her finely cut lips, and the whole contour of her physiognomy, betrayed a frank and joyous disposition, whilst the slight curve of her Roman nose gave her an air of decision and self-reliance, with which her bearing and costume corresponded. This costume was far superior to the usual dress of Indian girls, and as remarkable for simplicity as for good taste. She wore a sleeveless calico gown, reaching to the ankles, and her hair, instead of hanging long and straight down her back, as is customary with Indian women, was twisted into a knot, and held together on the crown of the head by an elegant comb. A pair of gold ear-rings, bracelets of the same metal, and half-boots of alligator's skin and scarlet cloth, completed her graceful exterior. From her girdle was suspended a pocket knife of considerable length, and in her hand she carried an empty basket. Her step could be called neither walking

nor running; it was an odd sort of frisking springing movement. After each ten or twelve paces she stopped, looked back along the path, and then again sprang forward, again to stop and look behind her.

"But, Rosa!" cried she at last, as she leaned panting against the sycamore; "but, Rosa!" she repeated, in the Indian tongue, and in a tone of slight impatience, retracing her steps, and hurrying to meet another young girl who now advanced along the winding path, "why do you remain behind, Rosa?" And so saying, she threw herself upon her knees before the new-comer, and clasped her arms around her with a rapidity and suppleness that almost resembled the coils of a snake.

"Ah, the white Rose!" cried she, in a tone of melancholy reproach; "she is no longer the same. See, the grass grows upon the path which her foot used often to press. Why is my white Rose sorrowful?"

The complaining tones of the Indian maiden were so touching, her whole posture so imploring, love and anxiety were so plainly depicted on her countenance, that it seemed uncertain whether the interest she took in her friend had its source in the ties of near relationship, or was caused by the manifold charms and graces of the young girl whom she now so tenderly caressed, and who had as yet scarcely emerged from childhood. This was the same Rosa whose acquaintance we have already made, seven years previously, at the tavern of the Indian King, and who now stood in an attitude of enchanting and unstudied grace, her dark eyes, shaded by their long and silky lashes, alternately reposing their glances upon her kneeling friend, or gazing out into the distance with a mournful, pensive look. The gently swelling breast, the cheeks overspread with the most delicate tint of the rose, the airy and elastic form, might have belonged to the goddess of love herself, in the days of her freshest youth; but on the other hand, the childish innocent glance, the nobly-formed forehead, the rosy mouth, of which the coral lips were rather indicated than displayed, and an indescribable something in her

whole appearance, gave her an air of purity and dignified modesty calculated to prevent her beauty from exciting the slightest sensual thought. Her hair, of a dark gold colour, fell in long tresses around a snow white and exquisitely moulded neck; a gown of green silk enveloped her person, and reached to a pair of the minutest feet that ever supported the form of woman. Her mocassins were similar to those of the Indian girl, a white silk kerchief veiled her neck, and in her hand she carried a straw hat.

A tear gathered in the eyes of Rosa as she gazed kindly, but mournfully, at her friend, and then stooping down she folded her in her arms, and pressed a kiss upon her lips. For a short time, no sound was audible save the sobbing of the maidens. At last the Indian spoke, in a plaintive tone.

"See," said she, "Canondah's bosom is open to the grief of Rosa."

"My dearest Canondah!" exclaimed the beautiful girl thus addressed; and again a flood of tears gushed from her eyes.

"Oh!" implored the Indian, "tell thy Canondah the cause of this grief. See," continued she, in tones melodiously mournful, "see, these arms bore the white Rose when yet she was very little, on these shoulders did she hang when we crossed the great river, on this bosom did she lie like a waterfowl that suns itself on the broad mirror of the Natchez. Day and night, like the doe after his fawn, did Canondah follow the steps of the white Rose, to shield her from harm; and yet, now that she is a woman, and has become the white Rose of the Oconees, she shuts her from her heart. Tell thy Canondah what it is that makes thy bosom heave, and thy cheek grow pale."

"Does not Canondah know?" replied Rosa in a gentle tone. "Poor Rosa has good cause to be sad and heavy of heart."

"Is the great chief of the Salt Lake the cause of her grief?"

Rosa shuddered, took a step backwards, and, covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud. The Indian girl sprang to her feet, and throwing her arm round her friend's waist, drew her gently towards a neighbour-

ing cotton-tree, up which a vine had crept and twined itself, and now dangled its graceful festoons, tasselled with ripe grapes, from the very top-most branches. "Sad is the path of an Oconee maiden," said Canondah, after a long pause, during which she had filled her basket with the grapes. "Whilst the warriors are absent at the hunting grounds, we sigh away our days in the wigwam, or labour wearily in the fields. Would that Canondah were a man!"

"And El Sol?" lisped Rosa with a melancholy smile. "Canondah should not complain."

The Indian girl placed one hand upon the lips of her friend, whilst with the other she playfully menaced her.

"Yes," said she, "El Sol is a great chief, and Canondah owes him her life. She will cook his venison, and sew his hunting shirts, and follow him with a light heart. Let the white Rose listen to the words of her sister. Soon will El Sol visit the wigwam of the Oconees, and then will Canondah whisper softly in his ear. He is a great warrior, and the miko will hear his words, and return the presents to the chief of the Salt Lake, and the white Rose shall never see his wigwam."

Rosa shook her head doubtfully.

"Does Canondah know her father so little? The storm may bow the feeble reed, but not the silver stem of the mighty tree. It may be uprooted, and broken in its fall, but never bent. The miko," continued she with a desponding sigh, "sees the chief of the Salt Lake with the eye of a warrior, not of a maiden. He has promised him Rosa for his wife, but Rosa would rather die than"—

"No, no," interrupted Canondah, "Rosa must not die. El Sol loves Canondah, and the miko of the Oconees knows that he is a far greater warrior than the chief of the Salt Lake. But listen! what is that?" cried she, "turning her head in the direction of the swamp, whence a loud splashing was now audible.

"What is it?" repeated Rosa.

"Perhaps an alligator or a bear," replied the Indian girl.

The noise continued, although less

load than before. "Canondah!" exclaimed Rosa with visible uneasiness, "you will not again hunt the great water-snake?"

Her words were in vain. With the swiftness of a deer the Indian maiden sprang through the reeds, and in a moment had disappeared. Rosa had no choice but to follow. Whilst making her way through the innumerable stems that barred her passage, she heard a loud cry, but it was not Canondah's voice. A noise like that of a heavy body falling into the water, immediately followed, accompanied by a short but violent splashing and beating in the mud, and then all was again still. Breathless and terrified, Rosa forced her way through the reeds, and at length reached the river bank, where she descried her companion standing among the cypresses and mangroves, which grew down into the water.

"Canondah!" she exclaimed, in a tone of bitter reproach, as her friend pointed to an enormous alligator that lay beating the mud with its tail in the agonies of death. "Why do you do these things? Must Rosa lose her sister, because she foolishly wishes to be a man, and to fight the water-snake?"

"See there!" replied Canondah, pointing to a deep wound in the neck of the alligator, and triumphantly waving her bloody knife; "I plunged it to the hilt in his throat. The daughter of the Miko of the Oconees knows how to strike the water-snake. But," added she, indifferently, "this one was young, and already benumbed, for the water begins to be cold. Canondah is only a weak girl, but she could teach the young white man to strike the water-snake." As she spoke the last words, she glanced in the direction of a cypress-tree which sprang out of the shallow water at a few paces from the bank.

"The young white man?" said Rosa enquiringly.

The Indian girl laid her forefinger significantly upon her lips, washed the blood from her hands and knife, and approached the tree. Separating the impending branches with her left hand, she held out her right, open and with the palm upwards, in sign of friendship,

and then pointed to the shore, towards which she herself slowly advanced. The boughs were put aside, and a young man appeared, walking cautiously and with difficulty towards the bank, clutching for support at the reeds that grew around him. Rosa gazed in astonishment at the stranger.

"How came he here?" said she softly to her friend.

The Indian girl pointed in silence to a boat entangled amongst the reeds, through which an attempt had evidently been made to force it. The stranger had now arrived within a few paces of the shore, when he began to stagger, and Canondah, who hurried to his assistance, was but just in time to prevent his falling back into the water. Supporting him in her arms she assisted him to the bank, and the cause of his weakness became apparent, in a stream of blood that flowed from his leg, severely wounded by the jaws of the alligator. Canondah hastened to Rosa.

"Your white brother has been bitten by the water-snake," said she, "and you see that Canondah has only her gown."

Whilst speaking, she untied the silk kerchief from her friend's neck, then stooping down, she gathered, with the quickness of thought, a handful of a certain herb, broke a young palma christi across her knee, and took out the delicate, fleshy substance found under the bark of that tree. Returning to the stranger, she filled the wound with the pith, overlaid it with herbs, and bound it with the handkerchief. The whole was the work of an instant, and so rapid and decided were Canondah's movements, that Rosa's neckerchief was tied round the leg of the stranger before the blush that its loss occasioned had faded from the cheek of its owner.

When the bandaging of the wounded limb was completed to Canondah's satisfaction, she again stepped into the water, and carefully examined the boat in which the stranger had arrived; then returning to her patient, she gazed steadfastly at him for a moment, returned a second time to the boat, and finally, approaching Rosa, whispered in her ear a few words

which brought a paleness like that of death over the young girl's countenance. In her turn, Rosa gazed earnestly at the stranger, the contraction of whose features, and the dull glaze that overspread his eyes, betrayed the highest degree of exhaustion. His ashy-pale complexion, sunken cheeks, and hollow eyes, bespoke long privations and severe suffering; he looked more like a corpse thrown up by the waves, than a living creature. His hair, bleached by the action of sea-water, hung in tangled locks over his neck and forehead, and the original colour of his apparel could only be guessed at. He appeared very young, and his features, allowance made for their emaciation, were by no means disagreeable, as he sat leaning against the trunk of a cypress-tree, through the branches of which the sunbeams played upon his countenance, and lit up its suffering expression.

"Our white brother's canoe," said Canondah, "is that of the chief of the Salt Lake, but he is not one of his warriors."

"He is perhaps what they call a sailor," remarked Rosa.

"No," replied Canondah, in a decided tone. "Look at his hands, they are small and delicate as those of a girl, though the sea-water has stained them brown."

"He may be a messenger," suggested Rosa doubtfully.

The Indian maiden again shook her head. "See," said she, "he comes from the great salt lake which drinks the waters of our river, and yet he knows not how to bring his boat through the thick grass. He took the water-snake for a rotten tree, and stepped upon it, and it buried its teeth in his flesh. Thy white brother has fled from the chief of the Salt Lake."

She spoke these words with as much confidence and decision as if she had herself accompanied the stranger on his adventurous voyage.

"And will Canondah," said Rosa, "leave her brother to perish of fever in the cold night air—he who never harmed her or hers?"

"My sister speaks with the tongue of a white, but Canondah is the

daughter of the great Miko," replied the Indian girl, with some severity of manner. The next moment her countenance again brightened, and she took Rosa's hand.

"Canondah will listen to the words of her sister," said she, "and will befriend her white brother. She will take him to the hollow tree."

The two maidens now raised the young man, and each taking one of his arms, assisted him through the thick growth of reeds. It was a long and wearisome task, for loss of blood, and previous privations, had rendered the stranger nearly helpless, and they were hardly able, by the utmost exertion of their strength, to keep him on his feet and convey him along. At one moment, when half-way through the palmettos, he seemed about to breathe his last; his strength left him, and it was only by the most laborious and painful efforts that the young girls got him over the rest of the field. Panting and trembling, they at last reached its extremity, and Rosa sank upon the ground, incapable of further exertion. By a last effort Canondah drew her burthen out of the palmettos, and then threw herself down by the side of her friend.

The last rays of the sun still played upon the summits of the loftier trees, of which the lower branches were dimly seen in the rapidly thickening twilight, when Rosa approached the Indian maiden, and with the words, "The sun is low," roused her from her state of exhaustion and semi-unconsciousness. Canondah sprang to her feet, and the two girls tripped side by side into the wood, until they at last paused before an enormous cotton-tree. Several gigantic vines, in whose powerful and enervating embrace the mighty trunk had perished, still clasped the magnificent colossus with their shining red tendrils, whilst the interior of the tree, hollowed by the tooth of time, was of a fantastical configuration, not unlike a Gothic chapel, and sufficiently spacious to contain twenty men. The care with which the hollow had been swept out, and the neighbourhood of a salt spring, showed that it was used by the Indian hunters as a resting-place and ambush.

Canondah cautiously approached the tree, and returned to Rosa with the intelligence that it was unoccupied. From the branches of a neighbouring cypress, the two girls now stripped quantities of Spanish moss, wherewith they speedily composed a soft and luxurious bed in the interior of the cotton-tree. This done, they rolled blocks of wood and fragments of trees to the entrance, apparently to form a rampart against the nocturnal intrusion of bear or panther. These preparations completed, they returned to the wounded man. Canondah passed her left arm under his legs, and signed to Rosa to grasp her hand, whilst their arms should serve as a support to his back. Rosa blushed and hesitated.

"Does the white Rose," said Canondah, "fear to touch her brother, for whose life she was lately so anxious?"

For sole reply, the young girl took her friend's hand, and raising the stranger from the ground, they carried him to the hollow tree, and laid him down upon his mossy couch.

"When the earth is covered with darkness," said Canondah, bending over him, "Canondah will visit her brother, and pour balsam into his wounds."

But her words were unmarked by the person addressed, who, with the exception of a faint breathing, gave no sign of life. The two maidens struck into the path by which they had first approached the river, and along which we will now precede them in order to introduce the reader into an entirely new world.

At a short distance from the scene of the adventure above narrated, was a wide clearing, extending for about three miles along the shore. It had originally been part of a palmetto field covering the bank of the river for the breadth of half a mile, at which distance a limit was put to it by the colossal stems of the aboriginal forest. The clearing had been made by the burning of the palmettos, in whose place a carpet of luxuriant grass had sprung up, dotted with groups of magnificent trees, and intersected by natural hedges of myrtle, mangrove, palm, and tulip trees, giving to the whole tract of land the ap-

pearance of a beautiful artificial park. Here and there, through the branches of the sycamore and cotton trees, small swirls of smoke were seen curling upwards, telling of the presence of man, and on nearer inspection there became visible, under various of the groups of trees, one or more huts, surrounded by little plantations of Indian corn and tobacco, and forming collectively a scattered hamlet of some fifty habitations.

No particular rule had been observed in the architecture of these modest dwellings, whose builders had been more remarkable for indolence than for refinement of taste, and had carefully avoided overworking themselves during their construction. The simplest materials had sufficed, and had been used in the same rough state in which nature afforded them. The walls were constructed of the smaller boughs of the cotton-tree, with Spanish moss stuffed into the interstices. Instead of the clapboards, wherewith, to the west of the Alleghany range, the dwellings of the poorer class of country people are usually roofed, the palmetto reed had been made use of, a selection that gave the hamlet a peculiar air of rustic simplicity. The houses were for the most part without windows, and their interior received light through the chimney or door, which latter, instead of being of wood, consisted of a buffalo hide suspended in front of the doorway, and thrown back during the day upon the low roof. The principal charm of the village, however, lay not in its style of building, but in the manner in which the humble dwellings seemed to nestle under the numerous clusters of trees. The universal cleanliness and absence of all offal formed another remarkable feature, and went far to increase the favourable impression made by the delightful situation of the hamlet. It was truly a lovely spot, as its ruins still show. The broad Natchez flowing majestically by, on its way to the sea; the dark framework of cypresses and mangroves fringing its shores, their tall shadows reflected in the clear waters; the innumerable groups of trees, with huts peeping out of their shade like so many hermitages; and finally, the

spacious clearing itself, enclosed at either end by the waving palmettos, and bounded on the third side by a wall of gigantic and venerable trees, gave to the whole scene an air of enchanting repose and seclusion.

The inhabitants of this retired spot, although offering fewer charms than did their residence, were in many respects scarcely less interesting. In front of the foremost hut was assembled a group of creatures with dark shining skins, which, at a first glance, and owing to their comical movements, might well have been taken for a herd of apes. Now, like those animals, they leaped the hedges and bushes, and then, like snakes, wound along the ground, or rolled down the river bank with a rapidity of motion that the eye could scarcely follow. Further on in the village were seen lads of a maturer age, practising warlike games and exercises. They were performing the spy-dance. Whilst one party crept stealthily over the grass, others lay upon the ground in a listening posture, and with their ears pressed to the earth, strove to distinguish the movements of their antagonists. At last, when the two parties had approached each other, they sprang suddenly up, and forming themselves in Indian file, commenced a combat in which they dealt furious blows with their blunt wooden tomahawks, exhibiting in every movement an extraordinary degree of activity and natural grace. Little interest was shown in these evolutions by the adult inhabitants of the village, whose extreme apathy and indifference contrasted curiously with the display of violent exertion on the part of the young Indians. Before the open doors of the huts sat the squaws and their daughters, stripping the maize from the ear, beating hemp, or picking tobacco; the children, who, according to Indian custom, are from their very birth kept in an upright posture, hanging against the outer walls on long concave boards or pieces of bark, to which their hands and feet were fastened by thongs of buffalo hide, their only garment a strip of calico round the hips.

At a short distance from the upper part of the clearing stood two wooden

huts, which might have passed for two of the school or meeting-houses often met with in the American backwoods. Like the other dwellings composing the hamlet, they were propped against sycamore-trees, but they were distinguished by their larger dimensions and more careful style of building, by the bowers of palm and mangrove that surrounded them, and the plots of smooth turf before their doors. In front of one of these little houses, and in the centre of the lawn, about fifty men were squatted upon the ground, enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke, proceeding from tobacco-pipes, three to five feet in length, with which all of them were provided. They were attired in hunting-shirts, open in front, and showing the naked breast down to the wampum girdle, to which a second garment, reaching to the knee, was attached. Instead of the shaved head and scalping-tuft adopted by many Indian tribes, they wore the whole of their hair. They appeared to have taken their places according to their rank, the inner half-circle being composed of the older warriors, whilst the young men formed a second and third line. In the centre of the curve sat an old warrior, on whom the eyes of the assembly were respectfully fixed, and whose remarkable exterior, combined with the deference shown him, bespoke the chief of the tribe. It would be difficult to imagine a more singular, and at the same time interesting-looking person, than this old man, whose body seemed to consist of nothing but skin and bone. All the coarse and fleshy portions of his frame were dried up, and only veins and sinews remained. His open hunting-shirt disclosed a breast far broader than that of any one of his companions, resembling a board that had been chopped and hacked, so covered was it with the scars of many wounds. The chief characteristic of his countenance was a gloomy stoical gravity, mingled with a resigned expression, telling a tale of many a fearful struggle, and of grievous mental suffering. The fall of his tribe, and seven years' exile, had brought about this change in the Miko of the Oconees.

This old man is Tokeah, who, driven by the Americans from his hunting grounds, has taken refuge, with the remnant of his tribe, upon Mexican territory. Canondah is his daughter, and the young man whom she rescued from the jaws of the alligator is an English midshipman belonging to a frigate employed in sounding the entrances of the Mississippi, preparatory to the expedition against New Orleans. Whilst away from his ship on a turtling party, he and two of his comrades have been captured by Lafitte, the famous French pirate, whose chief haunt was on the island of Barataria, in the Gulf of Mexico, whence, from amidst shoals and swamps impenetrable to those unacquainted with their intricacies, he issued forth to commit depredations on the high seas, and especially in the Mexican Gulf. During an inland excursion, about two years previously to the date of this tale, Lafitte discovered the Indian village on the Natchez, and was at first about to attack and plunder it; but the determined attitude of its defenders, and, still more, the reflection that their alliance might be useful to him against the Louisianian authorities, who had set a price upon his head, induced him to change his intention, and to hold out the right hand of good fellowship to the red men. Tokeah, whose ruling passion is hatred of the Americans, gladly concluded an alliance with the pirate, who professed an equal detestation of them. The Frenchman speedily ingratiated himself with the old chief, with whom he bartered a portion of his plunder for provisions of various kinds; and after a time, Tokeah, unsuspecting of the real character of his disreputable ally, whom he believed the chief of an independent tribe living on the sea-shore, promised him Rosa in marriage, an arrangement to which, as has already been seen, the poor girl was any thing but a consenting party.

Early upon the morrow of the arrival of the midshipman, upon whom our author has bestowed the unromantic name of James Hodges, the Oconee warriors depart on a hunting expedition, and the wounded

man is removed to a hut in the village. During their absence, Canondah, at the entreaty of Rosa, between whom and the young Englishman a kindness has grown up during the convalescence of the latter, and who fears for his life should Tokeah discover him, disguises the midshipman in Indian paint and apparel, supplies him with arms, and explains to him the road to New Orleans, which he trusts to find occupied by British troops. She has guided him through the swamp and ferried him across the Sabine, when some words she lets fall apprise him of the peril she and Rosa will be in from her father's anger, when he returns from his hunting party, and is informed by the squaws of the evasion of one of the detested Americans, to which nation he will naturally feel assured that the English midshipman belongs. To avert all danger from the heads of his deliverers, the young man then wishes to go back to the village, but this the noble-minded girl refuses to allow, and pushes off her canoe from the shore, to which all his entreaties are insufficient to induce her to return. She retraces her steps to the hamlet, and shut up in her wigwam with Rosa, awaits, in alarm and deep dejection, her father's return from the chase.

Twenty-four hours had elapsed, during the whole of which time Canondah had not left her hut, nor had any of the squaws been to visit her. At last, towards morning, the voices of men were heard upon the shore. It was the Miko and his hunters. His daughter rose, her knees trembling under her, and looked out of the window. She saw the old squaws whispering to the men, and pointing to the wigwam in which the Englishman had dwelt. Presently the Miko entered his hut, followed by several warriors, and Canondah stepped forward to welcome her father. With hands folded upon her throbbing bosom, she silently awaited his commands.

"The men of the Oconees," he began, after a pause, during which he seemed to read his daughter's soul, "have told their Miko that a messenger from the chief of the Salt Lake has reached his wigwam. Why do not my eyes behold him?"

The trembling girl made no reply, but remained with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Has Canondah so forgotten her father's blood as to bring a Yankee into his wigwam, and to show him the path that leads to the villages of the pale faces? The Miko thought he had a daughter," said the old man, with the most cutting scorn; "but Canondah is not the daughter of the Miko of the Oconees. Go," continued he, in an accent of unspeakable disgust; "a miserable Seminole deceived her mother, and gave life to a traitress."

On hearing these terrible words, the maiden sank to the ground as if struck by lightning, and, writhing like a worm, crept to her father's feet, and laid hold of his garment. He pushed her from him with loathing.

"Go," said he; "she sang in the ears of the Miko, and implored the Great Spirit to protect him, whilst she cherished and concealed the foe of his race. Therefore could not the White Rose sing the night-song, because the spy was waiting for her in the forest. The Miko has nourished a snake in his bosom, his beaver-skins have been thrown away, and the White Rose has brought a spy into his wigwam to betray him to his foes. In a few suns he and his will be hunted by their enemies like the wild panther of the forests."

An angry howl escaped the Indians, and two of the most ferocious looking glided towards the curtain of Rosa's apartment. Canondah was lying speechless, apparently almost senseless, upon the ground, but hardly had the red men taken a step, when she suddenly stood before them.

"It is I," she cried; "it is Canondah, who guided the pale face across the swamp, and showed him the path he should follow. The White Rose knows it not."

Scarcely had she spoken, when the curtain was lifted and Rosa appeared. The Indian girl clasped her in her arms as if to shield her from harm, and the two maidens stood with drooping heads before the incensed Miko. The eyes of the chief had followed the rapid movement of his daughter, and he appeared astounded at the bold-

ness with which she interposed between him and the intended sacrifice to his wrath. On beholding Rosa, a grim smile distorted his features; he made a step forward, and raised his knife.

"It was I!" cried the affrighted Canondah.

"No!" exclaimed Rose, in trembling tones; "I it was who brought the white youth into the wigwam."

The Miko stood like one petrified. Gradually, however, the generous rivalry and self-devotion of the two beautiful beings before him produced its effect on his savage nature. The expression of his features softened.

"Go," said he with bitter scorn; "does Canondah think the Miko a fool, and that his eyes do not see who brought the white spy into the wigwam? It was the foot of Canondah that opened the path, but the treacherous tongue of the White Rose prevailed with her to do it."

"Will my father," said Canondah, folding her hands humbly on her breast—"will my father loosen the tongue of his daughter?"

A long pause ensued, during which anger and paternal feeling held a visible contest in the bosom of the deeply-moved chief. Finally, the latter prevailed.

"Canondah may speak."

"My father, the white youth has sworn to me that he is no spy, and not one of the Yengheese. He is from the island of the foolish chief, the land of which you have told me that it is cold and icy. His people are on the war-path against our foes, the Yengheese. It is but a few suns since he and his friends came across the great salt lake; they will go up the great river and burn the wigwams of our enemies. The chief of the Salt Lake, he says, is a thief, who overpowered him and his brothers whilst they caught oysters and turtle, and took them to his wigwam. He escaped, and for eight suns he suffered hunger. His people will hang the chief of the Salt Lake by the neck to a tree. See, father, thy daughter delivered him from the jaws of the great water-snake, and he was already nearly dead. He has returned to his

brothers, to lift the hatchet against your foes. He is no spy; his hands are soft, and he was weak."

"Has Canondah more lies to tell her father?" said the old man, in a milder tone. "Her tongue is very nimble."

The abashed maiden cast her eyes to the ground. Her words, however, had visibly made a deep impression upon the Miko, and he remained for a while sunk in reflection. Tokeah was a savage by birth, habit, and education; but he was neither blood-thirsty nor cruel. Under other circumstances, and in a civilized land, he might have been a hero, a benefactor of thousands or millions of his fellow-creatures; but in his wild condition, despised, goaded and insulted as he felt himself, his better feelings blunted, and his whole nature soured by real and fancied injuries, what wonder was it that he raised his knife even against his own daughter, entering the hut as he did with the full persuasion that the young man she had sheltered was a spy and emissary of his bitterest foes?

The account given of himself by the midshipman, and the imputations cast by him on the chief of the Salt Lake, as Lafitte is called by the Indians, receive strong confirmation from two handbills, which Tokeah, who has learned to read English in the course of his long intercourse with the white men, has torn, during his recent expedition, from a wall in one of the new Louisianian settlements. One of these papers is a proclamation by the authorities of Louisiana, enumerating the crimes and cruelties of the pirate of Barrataria, and offering a reward of five hundred dollars for his head. The other is an address to the citizens of the state, summoning them to the defence of their country against the British. Notwithstanding this corroborative evidence of the correctness of his daughter's statement, Tokeah, unwilling to remain with the smallest doubt upon his mind, or to risk the discovery of the nook in which, for seven years, he has been unseen by an American eye, sets off with a party of warriors in pursuit of the young Englishman. The ensuing chapter, the last of the first volume, we will

translate with small abridgement, and therewith, for the present, conclude our extracts.

The mood of mind in which we left our young Englishman may aptly be compared with that of the assassin neophytes, whom, according to the tale, the Old Man of the Mountain was wont to introduce into an enchanted garden, peopled with ravishing houris, whence, after a short enjoyment of the most voluptuous delights, he again thrust them forth into the dark and dismal night of the desert, with nothing remaining of their past pleasures save a wild confusion of the senses, a chaos of images and visions, and a burning desire to recover the lost paradise. True it is, as our readers know, that the young sailor had no such enjoyments to regret, and equally true that his own wish had driven him from his Eden; but he nevertheless experienced the tumult and confusion of thought, and the longing to return, above described. It seemed as if the nobler and inferior qualities of his nature were striving within him, the two principles alternately, as either got the upper hand, impelling him onwards and calling him back. A full hour elapsed, during which he several times walked away from the shore and then again returned to it, until at last he was surprised by the first beams of the sun, disclosing to him a scene whose sight assisted him to a prompt decision.

Agreeably with what Canondah had told him, he found the left bank of the Sabine bare of trees, with the exception of a few stunted firs and cedars growing along the shore. Before him was spread a landscape which the most skilful pencil could but imperfectly sketch, the most powerful fancy with difficulty conceive. It was an interminable tract of meadow land, its long grass waving in the morning breeze, presenting an endless succession of gentle undulations, whilst in the far distance isolated groups of trees appeared to rock like ships upon the boundless ocean. Nowhere was a fixed point to be seen, and the whole stupendous landscape swam before his eyes, waving like the surface of the sea in a soft tro-

pical breeze. Towards the north, the plain rose gradually into highlands, between whose picturesque clusters of trees his eye penetrated to the extremity of the vast panorama, where the bright tints of the landscape blended with those of the horizon. Eastward the huge meadow sank down into bottoms, shaded by trees, and overgrown with reeds and palmettos, shining, as the wind stirred them, like sails in the sunshine. The profound stillness of the sky-bounded plain, only broken by the splash of the waterfowl, or the distant howl of the savanna wolf, and the splendour of the rising sun, imparted an indescribable solemnity and grandeur to the scene. Lower down the river were detached groups of trees, amongst which grazed deer, who, with wondering glances, seemed to ask the wanderer whence he came; and after gazing at him for a while, tossed their antlers proudly in the air, and, as if displeased at the intrusion upon their territory, paced slowly back into the thicket. The whole landscape was dotted with diminutive hillocks of a conical form, the habitations of small brown animals, who sat in front of them with their faces to the sun, making their breakfast on the tender grass.

The district just described is the western portion of Louisiana, which, from the alluvial land of the Mississippi, Red River, Atchafalaya, and other smaller but deep streams, swells gradually upwards towards the west, and ends in these vast and magnificent savannas. The detached pictures that we have laid before our readers, in the endeavour to convey to them some idea of the whole, burst at once upon the young Englishman; and their view put him in much the same state of mind with the seaman, who, having left his ship during the night in a frail skiff, finds himself in the morning alone upon the wide waters, and hesitates whether he shall not, by one desperate plunge, avoid the misery and suffering that await him. This feeling of isolation and helplessness, like the last grain thrown into the balance, suddenly terminated the young man's indecision, and induced him to take a step, which, whilst it

seemed to ensure his own destruction, attested the triumph of the better principle within. Hastily stripping off his clothes, he tied them in a bundle, and jumping into the chilly stream, in a quarter of an hour reached the opposite shore. The parting words of the noble Indian girl had decided him to return to the village, and give himself up to the fury of the terrible Miko. Any other consideration was subordinate to that generous motive.

Upon reaching the right bank of the river, Hodges proceeded to seek the path through the thicket. But the difficulties he encountered were such as might well deter the most persevering. The western side of the Sabine, like that of the Natchez, is a gentle slope, ending in a ridge which again sinks gradually and imperceptibly down to the swamp. The black masses of cypress and cedar allowed him to penetrate a few hundred paces through them, and to reach the summit of the rising ground; but as soon as the descent began, he found it impossible to get a step further. The slope was covered with a description of tree which he had never before seen or heard of. The stems were not thicker than a man's body, but they grew close together, and were covered with thorns as long as his arm, presenting the appearance of millions of brown bayonets, so thickly planted, and so manifold in their direction, as scarcely to allow a squirrel to set foot upon the trees on which they grew. He tried to call to mind the position of the path along which Canondah had conducted him; he investigated every thicket and opening in the bushes, but all in vain; hours passed away, and he had not found it. When he detected the trace of footsteps, they invariably proved to be his own. At last fortune seemed to smile upon him; he discovered the place where the canoe was concealed. He had still long to look, however, before he could find the track leading through the forest; and when he did hit upon it, it was so intricate, and led in such a zigzag line, now up the slope and then down again, that darkness came on, and he had not yet reached the swamp. Hungry and fatigued, he returned to the Sabine, and, fully deter-

mined to try his luck again next morning, he trusted with better success, he loaded the canoe upon his shoulders, launched it upon the water, and rowed to the opposite bank, where he had left the provisions with which Canondah had supplied him. Taking them with him, he recrossed the river, and after a short but hearty meal, busied himself in the preparation of a sleeping place. In that heavenly region, nature has supplied the means for a simple, but delightful bed, in the tillandsea or Spanish moss, whose long, delicate, horsehair-like threads, compose the most luxurious couch. With this moss Hodges now filled the canoe, and carried it to the hiding-place where he had found it. This had been selected between two cedars, whose lower boughs served as rollers, upon which he only had to raise the boat to be secure from observation. His gun at his side, and wrapped in his blanket, he fell asleep.

The fatigues of the day procured the young Englishman several hours of profound and untroubled slumber, but at the end of that time he was tormented by a strange dream. He thought he saw the corpses of Rosa and Canondah lying pale and bleeding before him, whilst over them strode a fantastical-looking monster, a knife in its claws, levelled at his heart. He turned round, he fought and wrestled, and strove to seize his gun. The desperate struggle awoke him.

That which had been a dream had now become reality. A grim savage really stood over him, one foot upon the canoe, in his hand a tomahawk, which he waved above his head with a scowl of triumph. One blow, and all would be over. Quick as thought the young Englishman raised his rifle, and pointed it at the breast of the Indian, who started on one side. The tomahawk descended, but, fortunately for Hodges, his sudden movement overturned the canoe at the very moment that the blow fell. This saved his life. Claspings the knees of the Indian with the strength of desperation, he brought him to the ground, and threw himself upon him. The deadly scalping-knife was about to pierce his heart, when he caught the wrist of

the savage in his right hand, and with his left clutched his throat. For a moment the Indian struggled, glared at him with an expression of inveterate hate, and then his breath left him, his features became distorted, and he let the knife fall. The next instant it glittered in the hand of Hodges, and the Indian lay defenceless, his antagonist's knee on his breast, awaiting, with set teeth and staring eyes, the death which he deemed inevitable. During one second, the young man appeared to hesitate; then he sprang to his feet.

"Go," said he; "I will not sully myself with your blood."

"My young brother is really a friend of the red men," said a voice behind him.

Hodges turned, and beheld another Indian, a scalping-knife in his hand, which he seemed about to plunge into his back. Springing on one side, he confronted this new foe.

"My brother need not fear," said the second Indian, behind whom the other had now retreated, not unlike a dog, who, feeling himself guilty of a misdeed, creeps, with tail between his legs, behind the back of his master. The new-comer surveyed him with a severe glance.

"Milimach," said he, "would have taken a scalp from a sleeping man, but he has to thank the white youth that his own is still upon his head. Milimach has disobeyed the Miko."

"Are you the Miko?" cried Hodges—"the Miko of the Oconees?"

The old man fixed his calm and penetrating look upon his interrogator, and replied with much dignity, "My young brother has said it. He has nothing to fear; the Miko stretches out to him his hand, in peace and friendship."

"You the Miko of the Oconees?" repeated Hodges, grasping the Indian's hand, and heartily shaking it. "I am delighted to see you; and, to say the truth, I was on my way to your village."

"The maidens," said the chief, "told the Miko that the son of the great father who owns the two Canadas, had escaped from the chief of the Salt Lake, and sought shelter in his wigwam. My eyes have seen,

and my soul believes what is true. But my brother has travelled very little of the path leading to his people."

"I will tell you why," said the young man. "You have an excellent girl for a daughter—Heaven bless her!—and she and that angel, Rosa, were like sisters to me. I would gladly have remained longer, had not the voice of duty called me away. But when your daughter left me upon the other side of the river, something escaped her that made it my first duty to return to your wigwam."

The chief had listened with much attention. "What did my daughter whisper in the ear of my young brother?" said he.

"Few words," was the reply, "but weighty ones. I understood that the poor girls would suffer for their goodness to me; and that, suspecting they had brought a Yankee spy into your wigwam, you would perhaps kill them."

"And my brother?" said the Miko.

"Held himself bound to return, to avert the danger from their innocent heads."

The Indian stood for a while in silent reflection. Then his countenance brightened, and once more he stretched out his hand to the Englishman, to whom this sign of good-will was rendered the more welcome by the appearance of a long line of savages who just then glided out of the thicket, and ranged themselves behind their leader.

"Does my brother wish to go to the village of the whites?" said Tokeah after a pause.

"I do wish," said Hodges, "to rejoin my ship as soon as possible. I am a British officer, and must not be wanting at my post."

The Indian shook his head. "The Miko," said he, "knows the sons of the great father of the Canadas; he has lifted the war-hatchet with them against the Yankees. Great warriors are they, but in our forests blind as the night-owl. My brother would never reach his people; he would perish of hunger in the wide wilderness. See," continued he, pointing to a group of trees that appeared like a

black speck on the distant horizon, "my brother will go to those trees, but when he gets there, his head will dance and turn round, and he will wander in a circle, like a dog pursuing his own tail. In a hundred suns he will not find his way out of the meadows."

The comparison was not a very elegant one; but a single glance at the vast plain before him, convinced the young man that the Indian spoke the truth.

"Answer me one question," said he. "Have the maidens nothing to fear, and will the Miko generously forgive them for having brought a stranger into his wigwam?"

"The Miko will look upon his daughters with a well-pleased eye."

"Then I have nothing to do but to be off as quickly as possible. If I can only get to the Mississippi, I shall find our ships there."

The Indian seemed to reflect. "My brother's path is very long," said he, "and the canoes of his people are far away. His great father has many warriors, but the Yankees have more. Will my brother listen to the words of an old man, who has seen many summers, and whose hair is grey with age and sorrow?"

Hodges bowed his head, perhaps even lower than he intended to do.

"Let my young brother return to the wigwam of the Miko. The warriors will smoke with him, and the maidens will sing in his ears. In two suns the chief of the Salt Lake will come. To him will the Miko whisper, and he will take my brother in his canoe and restore him to his people."

"The chief of the Salt Lake! The pirate take me back to my people?" exclaimed Hodges, shaking his head. "My dear Miko, you are vastly mistaken. He will take good care not to do so, for his welcome would be a halter."

"Is the chief of the Salt Lake also at war with my brother's tribe?" inquired the Miko.

"Not at war; but he is a pirate, who robs and plunders wherever he goes, and, if taken, will of course be hung."

The countenance of the Indian

darkened, and Hodges feared that he had touched a dangerous string.

"My brother is right," said Tokeah; "he must go. But, if he will remain, the wigwam of the Miko is open to him; the White Rose will cook his venison, and he shall be the son of Tokeah."

The Englishman took the old warrior's hand, and pressed it kindly.

"When the Oconeas," said he, adopting the Indian phraseology, "have sworn to their Miko to lift the war-hatchet in his behalf, they must keep their word, or they are dogs. Even so must the son of the great father of the Canadas observe the oath that he has taken. He must hasten to his brothers, or he will be looked upon as a coward, and his name will be spoken with contempt."

These words, uttered with feeling and emphasis, were decisive. The chief nodded his approbation.

"The sun was low behind the hills," said he, "when my young brother approached the wigwam of Tokeah, and the chief was buried in sleep. His footsteps must not be seen by the white men. Will my brother swear by Him whom the Oconeas call the Great Spirit, and the pale-faces name their God, that he will not betray Tokeah to his enemies?"

"I swear it solemnly."

"Will he promise never to say that

the Miko and the chief of the Salt Lake have been friends?"

"I promise that also," replied Hodges, after a brief pause.

"Then may the bones of his fathers moulder in peace," said the old man, laying his hands on the shoulders of the Englishman. "The Miko will clear his brother's path from thorns, and his runners shall show him the way to the Coshattoes. But my brother is hungry," he added, "and his path is a long one."

He made a sign to his followers, and one of them emptied a hunting-pouch upon the grass; the Miko sat down, and, beckoning Hodges to do the same, offered him some cold game, of which he himself sparingly partook. A handful of roasted corn, and a calabash of tolerable wine, completed the repast. The meal dispatched, Tokeah rose, nodded in a friendly manner, and plunged into the forest, followed by all but one of the Indians. Hodges cast a last glance after their dark figures, as they disappeared between the trees, and then seized the canoe to carry it to the water. Upon reaching the opposite shore, the Indian concealed the boat amongst the bushes, and started off across the prairie at a pace with which the young Englishman had some difficulty in keeping up.

IRELAND—ITS CONDITION—THE LIFE AND PROPERTY BILL—THE DEBATE,
AND THE FAMINE.

It is now some years since, in the pages of this Periodical, we pointed out to Sir Robert Peel's government the necessity of adopting coercive measures towards Ireland, in mercy to the peasantry themselves, and the folly of permitting sedition to run its course, in the delusive hope that the fallacy on which the arguments of the demagogues were founded would at length be discovered by their dupes, and that the repeated disappointment of their expectations would ultimately induce the deluded people to withdraw the confidence which they reposed in their political leaders. But our remonstrances, as well as the advice of others who equally understood the Irish character, were disregarded; and the consequences have been the destruction of property, the sacrifice of life, and the increase of crime, to such an appalling extent, that very shame compels the administration to propose *now* (with small chance of its efficiency, even should it be adopted) a measure, which, incomplete though it be, might then have been attended with considerable success.

The coercion bill introduced by Lord St Germain's, is, though much to be approved of so far as it goes, perfectly inadequate to accomplish what it is intended to effect; for while it recognises the fact, that the action of the ordinary laws is inadequate to cope with the difficulties and the dangers of the emergency, it stops far short of the limits which would ensure its utility. It suspends the constitution, and incurs the odium which must ever attach to the violation of popular rights, without affording much hope of its being able to attain those results which alone can render such a proceeding justifiable. The perpetrator of crime is by it to be subjected to pains and penalties; while he who instigates him to the commission of it, is to be left in the full enjoyment of the liberty of action: the peasant is to be confined to his dwelling at night, but the demagogue may hold his monster meetings by day, when the law

enacted "for the preservation of life and property" will be derided and denounced, and his misguided followers taught how to violate its provisions with safety, and to defeat its objects with success. But the principal defect of the bill is, that it does not enact a law, under which immediate and summary justice could be administered and the very terror of which would go far to check the commission of crime, by depriving the guilty of all hope of escape from the partisanship or the fear of their judges.

In their speeches on Lord St Germain's bill, both the Home Secretary and Mr O'Connell congratulated themselves that there was nothing of a sectarian or political character in the Irish outrages, that the lives and properties of Roman Catholics and Repealers were as much sought after, as were those of persons who differed from them in doctrines and opinions; yet this we consider the very worst feature in the case, for it exhibits a loosening of those ties which bind society together, and shows evidently enough that spoliation, and not redress, is the object of the people in the disturbed districts. Mr Sidney Herbert tells us, "men were there under the dominion of a power more irresponsible than any of the powers conferred by this bill—a power exercised by persons unseen, and for causes unknown, and exercised, too, in a manner not to be foreseen, which no conduct, no character however excellent, no virtue, no station, could avert." And it is while society is in such a state, that persons are to be found ranting about the violation of the constitution, and refusing to protect the lives of the virtuous and the innocent, lest in their endeavours to do so they should intrench on the liberties of the guilty. We cannot conceive how Christian men can, under such circumstances, put party objects in competition with the obvious dictates of duty, or seek to secure the triumph of their political principles at the expense of the blood of their

fellow-creatures. Yet do we see a formidable opposition raised against what is represented to be an impotent measure, and English gentlemen battling in defence of the perpetrators of crime, under the banner of him who is morally responsible in the eyes of God and man for the awful state of his unfortunate country. But those protectors of anarchy will say—"In following Mr O'Connell, we must be right; O'Connell and his party represent the feelings of the Irish people"—ay, just as much as the Terrorists of the Revolution did the sentiments and the feelings of the people of France. His is indeed a reign of terror—of moral terror, if you will—but of a terror quite as effectual, and more powerful than that of the guillotine; a terror which pervades all classes of society, which is "exercised by persons unseen, and for causes unknown," and whose influence "no conduct, no character however excellent, no virtue, no station, can avert;" a terror which seeks to regulate not only political but private concerns, which causes even the Bishops of his own faith who dare to oppose him without the means of support, and such men as Sir William Somerville, to crouch under his denunciations, and at his behest to violate what must be the dictates of their own consciences, in order to purchase immunity from political defeat.

Judging from the tone of the debate, the admissions of the ministerial speakers, and the delays which have been submitted to, we would almost be inclined to doubt the sincerity of the government in wishing to pass even this measure, imperfect as it is. There seems to exist an extraordinary and ominous good feeling between the opposing parties. Sir James Graham is described by Mr O'Connell as having "stated the case of the promoters of the bill in a manner which could not dissatisfy any one;" "so hard a measure had never a more moderate exponent," (and well might the wily agitator pay the compliment, for his own share in producing the lamentable state of things was entirely left out of sight;) and, in detailing his budget of enormities, the minister seemed actuated by the most delicate feelings towards the guilty. "There were no indignant

bursts of feeling;" and he even went the length of declaring, that he would have suppressed one of the most atrocious cases in the whole catalogue, "only that it had been previously alluded to by Lord George Bentinck." Of a verity, "the convicted conspirator" and the denounced "renegade" seem now to have a perfect understanding. But if the mild manner of the Home Secretary on the introduction of the bill is calculated to excite distrust in the minds of those who really wish for the establishment of tranquillity in Ireland, the speech of the Secretary at War is sufficient to convince them, that the government do not care to go the necessary length for accomplishing that object, for fear of coming in violent contact with the really guilty. Mr O'Connell twitted them with the obvious fact, that they gave no protection under their bill by day, although it was notorious that almost all the assassinations were then perpetrated. Mr Sidney Herbert is reported, with great naïveté, and innocently enough, to have offered the following reasons for the omission:—"He could show from proofs before him, that the murders which were committed in broad day were, generally speaking, murders perpetrated against persons in the higher ranks of life; and that, on the other hand, the night murders were committed on the poor and defenceless; and for this reason,—the rich man lived in a house carefully secured, with his servants well armed, his windows barricaded, and every thing about it capable of standing a siege; *and when such a man was murdered it was usually in the open day; perhaps fired at from a hedge when he was returning from the quarter sessions, or some other duty.* But the poor man, who lived in a wretched thatched cottage, with the door and window ill secured—that man was attacked at night, shots were fired into his house, and incendiarism was almost solely confined to him, because he was poor and defenceless—he had no servants to repel the invasion of what ought to be his castle; and, therefore, he maintained that an obvious distinction must be made between the night class of murders, which especially required their interference, and those that were committed in

broad day. The one class of victims called much more loudly for protection than did the other.”—(Hear.) Here we have it unreservedly stated, that no restriction is sought to be imposed upon the evil-disposed by day—merely because none are then murdered but landlords, who cannot with convenience be come at by night; but, as if more fully to show the little sympathy which exists between the Irish proprietors and the government, the Secretary at War asks, in a subsequent passage, “How many murders of landlords had there been? Or rather, he should say, how few had there been? God knew he was not underrating the number who had thus lost their lives, but he asked the House to consider how few landlords had been murdered; in comparison with the whole number which had taken place in the five counties in which outrage had been so conspicuous. In these five counties there had been the following offences:—Firing at the person, 85; incendiarism, 139; threatening witnesses, 1043; firing into dwelling-houses, 98. Now, of all these, how many were attacks on landlords? There was Mr Gloster, Mr M’Leod, Mr Hoskins, Mr Carrick, Mr Booth, and some others; but they formed no comparison to the number of poor and defenceless.”

Far be it from us to impute improper motives to any man, much less to a person of Mr Sidney Herbert’s private character; but we would calmly ask that gentleman, whether such admissions, coming from a minister of the crown, are not likely to have the most pernicious effects upon the Irish people? No man who understands the system pursued in Ireland, can doubt but that they will be applied to the worst of purposes; the agitators will tell their dupes that the reason government took no precautions to protect life by day was, “because the only persons then murdered were the gentry;” and it will be said, “let the poor alone, and you may shoot as many landlords as you please—the opportunity is afforded you.” A hint on the subject will be found perfectly sufficient for such intelligent persons.

“See,” cries Mr Sidney Herbert, “the few, the very few, landlords murdered—only five, and a few others!” If

the honourable gentleman’s memory was not very fallacious, he might have greatly enlarged the list; and if those persecuted men do survive, they certainly do not owe their preservation to any extraordinary sympathy in their behalf, or any exertions made to protect them, by the administration of which he is a member. The very system of self-defence which they are compelled to practise seems to be perfectly well known to the government, without appearing to produce the slightest uneasiness in their minds; and a measure which its advocates propose for the suppression of crime is defended, not because the gentry are insecure under the operation of the existing laws, “but because the peasantry, not being able to have recourse to the same means of defence, are more easy victims to their assailants;” as if the executive were only bound to protect the poor, and had no responsibility imposed upon them as regards the rich. It appears the old system, said to have so long prevailed in Ireland, is still to be persevered in—with this difference only, that *now* the law is to be exclusively for the benefit of the poor, while the rich are left to shift for themselves. “Turn about” is, no doubt, considered as “fair play.”

When we couple the delicacy of the Home Secretary with the admissions of Mr Sidney Herbert; and, further, take into consideration the statement of the O’Connor Don, that on his return from the Roscommon Assizes, in July last, Sir Thomas Freemantle, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, told him he was right in opposing a petition got up by the Grand Jury of his county, praying government to cause the enactment of some coercive law, “as ministers had no intention of introducing any such measure;” yet, at that very moment, we find, according to Lord George Bentinck’s statement, that the crimes committed in the five disturbed counties greatly exceeded the number perpetrated now—when they find it convenient to do so. In the quarter ending 1st of August 1845, when we are thus told the Chief Secretary declared to O’Connor Don that the ministers would not interfere with the career of the assassins, the number of outrages perpetrated was 1180—in

the last three months, when they profess an anxiety to do so, it amounted only to 806.

Sir Robert Peel affects to be embarrassed as to which of the two measures—the Corn Bill or Coercion Act—he should most immediately pass. On the one hand he says, “He wishes to prevent crime, but, perhaps, he should first relieve destitution.” Now, as far as the present laws affect the introduction of food into Ireland, they are virtually repealed already; for the Indian corn is being and has been introduced duty free long since. We therefore humbly submit, that as no persons are said to be starving in this country, the preservation of the lives of our Irish fellow-subjects should first engross his attention.

But as if the open admission on the part of the government, that after witnessing for years the operation of a system of assassination with indifference, *because* the victims were of the upper order, they are now induced to apply a remedy, because latterly the peasantry were subjected to the same sanguinary code, would not be sufficient to mar the success of any measure they might introduce for the suppression of crime in Ireland, they accompany their Coercion Act with scraps of comfort to the discontented. On the one hand they hold out the terrors of a penal law, while on the other the people are led to hope that some of their wildest expectations may speedily be realized. Crime, they are told, (at least so far as regards its commission on their own class,) must be repressed; but they are left to infer that spoliation is to follow.

There never was a period of our history at which the state of Ireland formed a more important topic for the consideration of the British people than at the present moment. The hard-won earnings of their industry are applied to relieve her immediate wants, and to reduce her local burdens; while a change in their commercial policy, pregnant with the most momentous consequences, is sought to be effected, avowedly based upon the necessity of rescuing her impoverished people from the horrors of pestilence and famine. That there is much of what we should call misery and wretchedness in Ireland, there can

be no doubt. The question is not, whether such is the case or not? for the fact is admitted; but the problem to be solved is, from what cause does this state of things arise? Is it from the misconduct of the landlords, or of the people themselves?—from the severity or mal-administration of the laws?—or from the absolute and total disregard of all social restraint whatever? And it is important, beyond measure, to ascertain the truth, not only because, upon the supposition that the people are blameless, the rights of private property are threatened with invasion, and a precedent established for legislative interference with personal privileges, which may at no distant period, in those days of uncertainty and change, be extended to ourselves; but because the disease being mistaken, and a wrong remedy applied, the state of that unhappy country must become worse, instead of better—her social condition more complicated and inexplicable, and demoralization and discontent be still further increased. In those days poverty and wretchedness appear to be the best recommendations to sympathy and support; to be poor, and of the people, is sufficient to imply the possession of every virtue; to be rich, and of the aristocracy, is, in the estimation of the majority, proof “strong as holy writ” of hardness of heart and depravity of disposition. And hence it is that all compassion is reserved for the Irish people, because they are said to be poor, without duly inquiring whether or not their own misconduct is the principal cause of the misfortunes they suffer; and universal reprehension is heaped upon the Irish landlords, because, the people being impoverished, they are supposed to have neglected their duties;—and no inquiry is made as to whether they are enabled, if inclined, to perform their parts; or whether all their schemes to improve the condition of the people entrusted to their care, are not thwarted and counteracted by designing and unprincipled men, acting, from self-interested motives, on the passions and the prejudices of an excitable and ignorant population. We respect and would assist the poor man struggling with the difficulties which Providence has imposed upon

his condition; but that is no reason why we should extend our kindly feelings to the degraded ruffian who reels in rags from the gin-shop.

The Irish people have been so trained by the agitators in the art of deception, that it is almost impossible for those who have not an accurate and perfect knowledge of their objects, and their practices, to fathom their intentions, or to detect their impositions. They are always ready, always prepared, with arrangements to support their statements. Perhaps a better instance to exemplify their disregard of truth, and the lengths they will go to attain their objects, cannot be adduced, than one which we select from a letter of the "*Times* commissioner," who visited the property of Mr O'Connell. After describing the general wretchedness of the population, this gentleman proceeds—"A little apart from these was the house of T. Sullivan, jun., who, with his twelve children, a sick cow, and two pigs suffering under some grievous malady, occupied the same room. In answer to our enquiries as to his condition, he replied that the food of himself and family all the year round was potatoes and buttermilk. 'Were the potatoes good?' 'Troth they were not—bad as could be,' (and he proved the assertion by cutting open a number of them taken at random from a heap, and showing us the extent of the disease.) 'Had he plenty of potatoes?' 'Indeed he had not.' 'Of milk?' 'Never—nor half enough—never had enough for either dinner or breakfast.' All his children were as badly off as himself—not half enough of potatoes, and often nothing to drink with them, as he could only afford the milk of one stripper for his family.' He had no fish, 'and very little of any thing.' This was the substance of his story, translated to us by an interpreter, Mr Connell; and yet he was a large holder, though his bed was of straw—his cabin falling to pieces—and the mud outside percolating to the interior, where it was trodden into a filthy, adhesive, earthy glue, by the feet and hooves of

the semi-naked children, pigs, fowl, and cattle." Now, can there be a more perfect picture of desolation and misery than this man's case presents? Could any rational person raise a doubt as to the truth of the sufferer's representations?—his potatoes were rotten, "and he proved it by taking them *indiscriminately from a heap*." Nothing could be more conclusive—"here there could be no deception"—and the graphic sketch which the talented gentleman drew of this wretched wight, would no doubt have formed the groundwork of many leading articles in the influential journal for which he reported, had he not been undeceived before he had time to forward his dispatch, and *undeceived, too, by no less an authority than Mr Sullivan himself*. At the conclusion of the very letter which contains this harrowing picture, we find the commissioner writing—"Whilst sitting at the hotel at Cahireveen, Mr Trant, a magistrate of the county, entering the room, informed me that Thomas Sullivan of Aaghenming, whose house I visited on the preceding day, and whose testimony I have already given, was outside, and *wished to make evidence on oath that he had quite misinformed me as to his condition*; in other words, that he was desirous of swearing that he had been telling me lies. Sullivan was called in, and it appeared that he was quite ready to take an affidavit. I took from Mr Trant, who acted as interpreter, the following explanation of Sullivan's previous statements—'*He imagined that I and your commissioner were coming from government to enquire into the state of the potato crop, and he therefore exaggerated the badness of its condition and his own poverty, as much as possible*.' He now wished to say, '*That he was not nearly so badly off as he had stated; that he had plenty of potatoes and milk—that he had a bed-tick which was in the loft when we inspected his cottage*.'" *

Now, had Professors Playfair and Lyndley entered this man's house instead of the agents of the *Times*, no doubt his case would have been

before this on the table of the House of Commons. Nor could we be much surprised that all should be taken as truth, when we consider his admirable state of preparation. The diseased potatoes selected and placed ready to be appealed to, as if they were the bulk of the crop. The bed-tick stowed away, "and all clear for action." *We are indebted for the discovery of the cheat solely to the fact, that his statements would, if contradicted, have damaged Mr O'Connell.* "Neither, unfortunately, can this be considered an isolated case; the bulk of the population are actuated by the same motives; and are, we lament to say, not only willing to deceive, but ready, no doubt, if need were, to substantiate their assertions by their oaths."

Hence arises the difficulty of ascertaining the true state of things in Ireland—hence the signal failures of the different commissions which have from time to time been appointed by the government of the day, when the truthfulness of their reports came to be tested by the working of the legislative measures founded upon them—"hence it comes, that out of 2,800,000 Irish persons reported to be in a state of utter destitution by the Poor-law Commissioners, *not more than 68,000 could in any one year, since the establishment of the Poor-law, be induced to accept the relief which Parliament provided for them;*" and for this reason it is, that the condition of the most idle and indolent people in Europe is compassionated, as if it resulted from the misconduct of others rather than their own; and that "the patient endurance" of the most turbulent and bloodstained peasantry on earth is pronounced, in Lord Devon's report,

"as deserving of the highest commendation, and as entitling them to the best attention of the government."

It also most unfortunately happens, that in Ireland you can always find men—ay, and sometimes men in respectable stations in life too—who not only take the most opposite views of the same subjects, but who give a totally different explanation of the same facts—even when bound by the solemn obligations of an oath. Let any man look into Lord Devon's blue-book, and he will find ample evidence in support of our assertion; unhappily, the dicta of those least worthy of credit are generally adopted, because they pander to the popular feeling; and the country is called upon to decide a disputed point, and Parliament to legislate, on evidence* to which no private individual would pay the slightest attention, merely because it has been adopted and sanctioned by the report of a government commission.

To explain the anomaly which the condition of Ireland presents to our consideration, has often been attempted without success, chiefly because we allow our feeling to overcome our judgment. We there see a people holding the most fertile lands on infinitely cheaper terms than ground of a much inferior quality is rented at in the other portions of the kingdom, relieved by special enactments from almost all the local burdens which press upon their fellow-subjects, and freed from participation to a most incredible extent in the general taxation of the country, enjoying the exclusive advantage of an easy access to the best markets in the world; and yet, with all those advantages, we find them in a continual state of des-

* It is a curious fact, that the only witnesses whose testimony the Earl of Devon ventured to use in support of Lord Stanley's bill, were those of Mr Balfe, chairman of the "committee of grievances;" a *discharged dragoon*, who was contradicted in almost every statement he made by the most respectable persons on their oaths, and who was obliged to retract some voluntarily; and of Mr Byrne, of the value of whose opinion, or whose statements, we can form some estimate, from the following extract from the evidence of Nicholas Maher, Esq.

Appendix B., No. 1097.

He is asked, has he read a particular statement of Mr Byrne's? And his answer is:—"I have read the evidence, and I must just state that Mr Byrne is a person to whose evidence I would not give any weight."

titution, a disgrace to our reputation, and a drain upon our resources.*

In his opposition to the Life Preservation Bill, Mr O'Connell exhibited his usual extent of craft, with more than his habitual amount of exaggeration. With that cunning for which he is so remarkable, he kept aloof from all topics which could bring his own political conduct before the House, while there were no bounds, no limits, to his assertions. He appealed to evidence taken before commissions which sat some twenty years ago, to account for the present state of Ireland; while he studiously avoided quoting that which was more recently taken before Lord Devon's—contenting himself with adopting the oft-quoted description of the sufferings of the peasantry, which is contained in the report, and which has so often before been successfully pressed into his service. Now his reason for pursuing this course was simply because the passages on which he relied, were *opinions* given by persons supposed to be well informed as to the then condition of the country. They were generalities, and therefore their errors were even at the time difficult of detection, and are now wholly so; but the evidence taken before Lord Devon's committee contained special accusations, which were widely promulgated, and which, when they came to be substantiated, were proved to be utterly groundless. And this merit at least is due to those commissioners, that they gave each party an opportunity of being heard, and placed fairly before the world their respective statements. Had Mr O'Connell alluded to the charges, he must have also adverted to the explanations, and this would not have suited him; for with all his talent for perversion, and, until the appearance of Lord Devon's report, we thought that in

this respect he was unequalled, he never could have made so good a thing out of the same materials as he found left cut and dry to his hand, in the passage of the report which he so often appeals to. He therefore most wisely left "well alone." May we not ask what became of all the instances of tyranny which were brought to light by "the committee of grievances" of the Association? why were they buried now, "when they might legitimately be used?" why go back for a quarter of a century, "when the atrocities reported and disseminated by Mr Balfe, might have served him as an unanswerable justification for the adoption by his followers of the "wild justice of revenge?" It was because the charges made against the proprietors were proved to have been fabrications, and because the unblushing perjury of the peasantry would, if investigated, have excited horror and disgust. Even the kind-hearted and sympathizing commissioners, in speaking of the people whose condition they so much commiserated, are obliged to admit, that "there is frequently a readiness amongst these to attribute their own wretched condition exclusively to the conduct of their landlords, *sometimes with an utter disregard of truth*, and almost always without admitting, perhaps without seeing, how much of it arises from their own indolence or want of skill." With his usual disregard of truth, Mr O'Connell attributes the assassinations which have taken place in Tipperary, to the number of ejectments which have been carried into execution. "They found that in Tipperary, where the greatest number of ejectments took place, murders were most frequent. For that county, in one year, no less than 5304 ejectments issued from the Civil Bill Court, to which there were 14,816 defendants;

* IRELAND—LAND IS EXEMPT FROM

Assessed taxes,	£4,204,855
Income tax,	5,158,470
Malt tax,	4,998,130

£14,361,455

This is the *net* amount of those taxes. The *gross* amount which is levied off the people will be about fifteen millions and a half, or nearly one third of the total amount of the income of the country, towards which Ireland does not contribute a single shilling.

and 1724 ejectments issued from the superior courts, to which there were 16,503 defendants; making a total of 7028 ejectments, and 31,319 defendants. Within the last five years, upwards of 150,000 persons had been evicted from their lands in the county of Tipperary."

As an instance of the extraordinary ignorance of the laws, in which the commissioners venture to propose amendments, and of the negligence with which the report is drawn up, we quote the following passage from the report:—"By the present practice, when a mesne lessee exercises his power of redeeming under an ejectment for rent, the landlord may be required to give up the land to him, without any occupiers upon it; and it is *suggested* that cases have occurred in which a mesne tenant has permitted, or even encouraged, a process of ejectment against himself, in order to throw upon the landlord the unpleasant task of removing a number of sub-tenants, so that he himself might, upon redeeming, obtain entire possession of the land. This requires alteration.

"The defendant, upon redeeming, is only entitled in justice to have the land restored to him in the same state as to occupiers in which it was when the ejectment was brought; and we recommend that the law should be amended in this respect. The possession of the under-tenants, or occupiers, who were upon the land when the process commenced, should, for this purpose, be treated as the possession of the lessee."

It is almost unnecessary to say, that the restitution of the interest of the mesne lessee by redemption, involves as a matter of course, as the law now stands, the restitution of all the minor interests derived under him—Who could have "suggested" such nonsense to the commissioners?—In like manner, the notices which they suggest in cases of ejectment and distress, are at this moment *absolutely indispensable to render either proceedings valid*.

Now, in this statement, the learned gentleman has not given even the particular year in which these evictions are said to have taken place; neither did he specify the period within which a *third* of the popula-

tion of that county are said to have been displaced; while the land commissioners themselves admit, that the number of ejectment decrees obtained in all parts of Ireland, bear no proportion to the number of processes issued, and that those again are infinitely greater than the numbers which are executed. This Mr O'Connell well knows to be the case; because in a country where distress cannot be made available, the landlords have recourse to ejectment as the only means by which they can coerce their tenants into payment of the rent. All the assistant barristers in their evidence bear testimony to this fact, and to the comparatively few decrees under which possession is taken. Mr Tickell, one of those gentlemen, states that, according to the clerk of the peace's return made to him, the number of ejectments entered in the years 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, in his court, were 1753, and there were decrees or dismissals in 1210 of those cases. He is asked—"10. Have you any opportunity of knowing whether a considerable proportion of those cases in which decrees are so made are carried into effect?"—"There is in the county of Armagh a very intelligent sub-sheriff, Mr M'Kinstry, and he informed his brother, the deputy-clerk of the peace, that the number of warrants signed by him as sub-sheriff in the last five years was, according to the best of his knowledge and computation, *about seventy in each year; and that of these seventy, he thought not more than one-fourth was put in force; so as to cause a change of tenancy, certainly not more than one-third.*"

So that out of 1765 processes issued in one of the most populous counties within five years, only about 350 decrees were presented to the sheriff for signature; and that officer declared, he thought that not more than a fourth of the number (90) were put in execution—and this gives an annual average of about 23. But had the number of ejectments in Tipperary been as great as Mr O'Connell asserts, still the eviction of the tenantry would have been fully justified; for we have the evidence of Mr Sergeant Howley, the assistant barrister, to prove that no tenant was so proceeded against who did not owe an enormous

arrear. This gentleman is asked—"6. In your experience, has it occurred to you to observe whether, in the majority of cases, more than a year's rent has been usually due, or just enough to found a suit?—My experience enables me to say, that more than a year's rent, and frequently three years' rent, is due before an ejectment is brought."

Mr Dillon O'Brien, a sessions attorney in that same county, and an out-and-out follower of Mr O'Connell, admits—"That the landlords have recourse to ejectment more as a means of getting the rent, than of evicting the tenantry." The Liberator's reference to Tipperary is an unfortunate one for his purposes; for not only have we it in our power to prove, by the most unimpeachable evidence, that comparatively few evictions or consolidations of farms have taken place there, but we can demonstrate most satisfactorily, that the tenantry in this bloodstained district hold on the most moderate terms as regards rent, in general by a lease, and that they are in the full enjoyment of "the tenant-right," the honourable gentleman's most favourite panacea.—Mr Thomas O'Brien, an extensive land-valuator, in a letter written to Mr Colles, the superintendent of Trinity College estates, (which was laid before the land commissioners,) writes—"I will say that Kerry tenants pay the highest rents I have met with in any part of Ireland, and *Tipperary men the lowest.*"

Mr Griffith, the able engineer under whose superintendence the government valuation is being made, and who, as he states himself, has walked over nearly every part of Ireland, and has personal knowledge of almost every locality, is asked—"In the county of Tipperary, can you say whether the tenant-right prevails there?"—"The tenants generally hold under leases there; but the tenant-right does prevail to such an extent, that few are bold enough to take the land where a tenant has been dispossessed."

Mr Nicolas Maher, the Repeal member for the county, replies to the question—"Do you understand at all in Tipperary what is known in the north of Ireland as the tenant-right, by which a tenant, without a lease, ex-

pects a sum of money for giving up the possession of the land, either from the landlord if taking possession, or from another tenant to whom he may give up the farm?"—"That is expected in Tipperary. I have offered myself for fourteen Irish acres to a tenant-at-will who held at thirty shillings an acre; and if that land was to be let to-morrow, I would not charge more for it; so much so do I look on this land as fairly set, that last year and this year I gave this tenant fifteen per cent abatement upon his rent from the fall of agricultural produce, and conceived he had a right to it; and, though there is no lease, I offered him £200 for his interest, which he refused." Without *one solitary exception*, every witness examined in Tipperary, both at Roscrea and Nenagh, touching the point, by the Land Commissioners, bears testimony to its universal prevalence.

Mr O'Brien Dillon is asked—"73. Does the sale of the good-will of farms prevail much in the district?—Very much, I should say."

Mr Digan.—"39. Is the sale of the good-will of farms the custom of that district?—Yes, for small spots it is.

"40. Is it recognised by the landlord?—It is recognised by the agent. If there is a poor fellow who wishes to go to America, he gets £8 or £10 for his plot of ground, and he will let him go off if he gets a better tenant.

"41. Do they generally ask the agent's permission?—Sometimes, and sometimes not."

The Rev. William Minchin.—"73. Is the sale of the good-will of farms prevalent in the district, and recognised by the landlords?—Yes; it is quite recognised.

"74. Is the value of it increasing or diminishing?—I do not see any thing to make land decrease, though of course the purchase of the good-will will bear a proportion to the rent that the land bears.

"75. Suppose the landlord requires the land for himself, to add to his demesne, does he pay the usual price?—Yes, in general he does.

"76. Has there been any consolidation of farms?—No, not in the neighbourhood; nothing to any extent worth speaking of."

George Heenan, Esq., after stating

the existence of the practice, is asked—“88. Does it take place in reference to lands held at will?—Yes; and for lands held at will the sum is altogether disproportioned to the apparent value of the interest given.

“89. Does a man purchase without knowing whether he will be recognised as the tenant?—Yes; I have known many instances of that.

“90. In case of a landlord taking land himself from a tenant, would he be expected to pay him for the possession of it?—Certainly, provided the rent of it was clear and the land was taken up, it would be expected he should pay him liberally for it;” and he further says, “in confirmation of the correctness of a former part of my evidence relating to the sale of the good-will of the land, I beg to produce a document which has recently come into my hands. The farm in question consists of fourteen acres Irish, which but three years ago was set by me to a tenant from year to year. The purchase to which the document refers, was effected without the consent of the proprietor, or of his agent. [*The witness delivered in the following paper:—*]

“Received from Michael Scully, £34 for all my land in Ballywilliam, containing fourteen acres, with all my wheat, dung, manure, &c.; and Michael Scully pledges himself to pay Ford Ross one half-year's rent of the said lands, now due—amount, £5 : 11 : 8. Given under our hands, at Ballywilliam, this 11th day of March 1843.

“£34.

his
“JOHN X HORAN.
mark.

her
“CATHERINE X HORAN.
mark.

“Present, PATRICK SCULLY.”

“Received from Michael Scully, the sum of £10 sterling, being the consideration for one and one-half acre of the lands of Ballywilliam, for seven years, commencing 1st November last 1842, and ending 1st November 1849. Dated this 19th December 1842.

“£10.

his
“JOHN X HORAN.
mark.

her
“CATHERINE X HORAN.
mark.

“Present, PATRICK SCULLY.”

Mr John Kennedy, who denies altogether the existence of any such system, admits—“That though the landlords *never, in any instance, give remuneration for improvements, they always give money for subsistence and support;*” and with regard to the incoming tenant he naively observes—“How they dispose of it is this: another tenant proposes to come and get it, and the other tenant is sure to be murdered if he does not give him something, and he gives him something; or, however long he has been out of possession, he will be either murdered or burnt, or his stock maimed, if he does not do something in that way.”

Neither is the assertion that evictions of the tenantry, to any extent, have taken place, borne out by the evidence; and where such have occurred, it is admitted, or proved in the explanations of the accused, that non-payment of rent, and general misconduct, were the causes to which they might be attributed.

Mr Dennis Kennedy is asked—“56. Has there been any consolidation of farms in the district?—No, not in my district.”

Mr Michael Digan—“46. Has there been any consolidation of farms in the district with which you are acquainted in the county of Tipperary?—No. In my immediate neighbourhood the cottier system of having five or six acres is more practised than in the county of Clare.”

And where any instances have been adduced, on turning to the explanations we find they were fully merited; while many alluded to by the priests and agitators will give some idea of the lengths those persons go, and the distance of time they are compelled to travel back to support their assertions. One man, Mr John Moylan, refers to “exterminations,” which occurred just thirty years ago “on the estate of Mr Kinahan;” and was replied to by that gentleman's son, who states “that his father paid the then tenants £10,000 for their interest.”

All the witnesses bear testimony to the mild manner in which those removals, necessary for the good of all parties, have been effected.

Mr Edward Byrne is asked—“35. Does the landlord, in general, remove

for any other reason than considering that the lands are too thickly populated?—I never heard of the landlords putting them out, except that the land was too much divided, or too much devoted to the support of those families, that nothing would be left to pay the rent."

And Mr John Meagher—"27. When there is a large number of tenants upon a townland, what do they do when the middleman's lease expires?—I never knew them to do any thing harsh to them; they let them pull on one with another, except where some of their lands are mixed with their own, and they get some of the land to themselves.

"28. Do they give the tenants any thing in that case?—Yes, they forgive them what is due; and I knew one landlord to give a man £24 for leaving four acres, and forgave him what was due, and he was tenant-at-will."

Mr O'Brien Dillon, who has been proved to be very inaccurate in his statements, and who most probably, if asked to name the instances, could not adduce one, is forced to admit the paucity of their numbers—

"67. Have tenants who have made improvements been ejected in order to get in fresh tenants, or been charged a higher rent themselves?—I do not know of any having been ejected on that estate for that reason; but there are some few instances in which they have been so treated: I should say, not generally; very few instances indeed."

Now, touching the disputed point of want of tenant-right, and insecurity of tenure, and displacement of the tenantry, we have quoted only the evidence of small farmers and some few agents, with one exception Roman Catholics, and to a man devoted followers of Mr O'Connell; if they have not heard of those dispossession, and prove on oath the existence of that which he denies, what value should we place upon his statements—"that the enormous extent of the evictions in Tipperary, and the want of security in possession, have been the active causes of the state of crime in that county?" We have the sworn testimony of reluctant witnesses against the honourable gentleman's whole assertions. What becomes, then, of the

one hundred and fifty thousand "men in buckram?" Could a third of the population have been dispossessed unknown to their neighbours?

It is not only proved that the Tipperary men in general hold by lease; but that, in some instances, when leases are offered them, they refuse to accept them.

Mr Maher, M.P., (then agent for his relative Mr Valentine Maher,) states, "that some four years ago, his principal ordered him to grant leases to any one who wished for them; that he announced this to the tenantry, and that on an estate containing 19,000 acres only six or seven parties made application, and not one of these afterwards took them out." We could adduce other testimony. We have selected Mr Maher's, because he will not be suspected of any undue leaning against the people, and because his estate is admitted to be most reasonably let. It is further proved, and every man who has any knowledge of Ireland knows the fact, that the most comfortable and improving tenantry hold at will. Mr Guinness, the extensive agent, holding employments in twenty-seven counties, and himself a proprietor in Tipperary, confirms the fact of leases being generally granted in that county; and contrasts the state of the inhabitants with that of Wexford, one of the most improved districts in Ireland, where the land is much worse in quality, the rents much higher, and the tenantry peaceable and independent, and *almost universally tenants-at-will*. And Mr Kincaid, the head of one of the largest agency houses in the kingdom, says in his examination—"I may state generally, that I never knew a case of a tenant inclined to improve, who declined making such improvements for want of a lease." But if the causes to which Mr O'Connell assigns the state of the disturbed counties be untenable as regards Tipperary, they are still more so as regards the others. It is admitted by all the witnesses who have been examined before the land commission touching the condition of Clare, Limerick, and Roscommon, that the tenant-right or "good-will" is recognized in these districts; that the evictions of the tenantry, or consoli-

dation of the farms, have not been carried to any extent; and that, when such have taken place, most liberal allowances were given by the landlords.—Our space will not permit us to give extracts. But as regards Leitrim, the county next in criminality to Tipperary, there is not a shadow of any such excuses for agrarian disturbance in that district. There have been neither evictions nor consolidation, even to the most trifling extent;* and yet in this county, in which there is nothing to qualify agrarian outrage, we find, according to Sir James Graham's statement, the number of crimes committed in 1844 to be 226, and in 1845, 922. Amongst those who have spoken to the condition of this county, and who reside in the most disturbed parts, is the Rev. George Geraty, parish priest, who is asked—"30. Has there been any considerable consolidation of farms in your neighbourhood?—No; the population is as dense as it was formerly: there may be a few isolated cases."

Mr G. H. Peyton.—"22. Has there been any consolidation of farms in that neighbourhood?—No, I have not known of any for some years past."

Major Jones.—"44. Has the consolidation of farms taken place to any extent in the district?—No; no man is ever ejected if he pays his rent. It does not signify who he is, or what he is."

Touching the tenant-right, which is admitted to exist by Mr Geraty, the priest, Mr Burchall Lindsay is asked—"49. Is the sale of the goodwill of farms prevalent in the district, and to whom is the purchase-money paid?—It is; and the money is paid to the tenant."

Mr Little, in answer to the same question, says, "Yes." He is further asked—"42. How far is it recognised by the landlords?—The landlord merely consents to the party coming in: he does not interfere with the tenant disposing of his interest, if he gets a decent man and an honest man for a tenant, whose character is

recommended. He has no objection to the tenant disposing of his farm to the best advantage."

If we test the amount of rent by making the usual addition of 25 per cent to the government valuation, it will appear that in this county the tenantry pay for good land not more than *seven* shillings the acre; and this certainly is not a price which should produce either poverty or outrage. But it may be said, perhaps, the landlords are non-resident and negligent: the people have no example set them; they have no knowledge of a proper system of cultivation; and hence the poverty which generates crime. It so happens, however, that there are not better or more painstaking landlords in England than are to be found in this very district, and in the adjoining and equally disturbed county of Cavan. The Lord Primate has a large estate in Leitrim, and in the most disorganized part, on which he has had a Scotch agriculturist for the last sixteen years, merely for the purpose of instructing his tenantry. His grace is a model in every position of life; but as a landlord he is most conspicuous. Mr Latouche has an immense tract of land. He, too, has a Scotch steward for the same purpose; and his brother, who is his agent and resides on the estate, was regularly qualified by an agricultural education. The Earl of Leitrim has a Scotch steward: so has Mr White, Mr Simpson, Mr Crofton, and a host of minor proprietors who reside in the neighbourhood; and it is an important fact, that for the last three years, during which crime has so awfully increased, a great additional source of employment has been given the people by the improvement of the navigation of the Shannon.

"The *Times* Commissioner" has fallen into a great error in attributing the disturbances in Leitrim to evictions and non-resident landlords. He asserts—"There are no resident landlords in the neighbourhood of

* According to the Government survey, Leitrim contains 375,992 acres; the valuation, including the houses of the gentry and shopkeepers, is L.120,000: add 25 per cent, or L.30,000, and we have the fair rent at L.150,000, or under eight shillings an acre.

Balnamore," where the direct contrary is the truth, all the proprietors to any considerable extent being resident Irish landlords. Again he writes—"Nearly the same thing may be said of the parish of Cloone, the headquarters of Molly Maguire. In the Appendix to the Report of the Land Commission, Part II., page 90, *Henry Smith, of Kells, in this county*, swears to ejectments served on twenty-eight families, consisting of one hundred and fifty. He swears to seven families being ejected there in 1843, and of sixty-four people being ejected out of Irishtown, who owed no rent and received no compensation." Now Kells, where those evictions *were said* to have taken place, is in the county Meath, about fifty Irish miles from Cloone, where the commissioner states they occurred. We have only to refer our readers to the evidence of Mr Sergeant, the agent of the Marquis of Headfort, to show how unfounded the charge was, that so many people were ejected even there. The evidence of this gentleman was before the commissioner, and he should have attended to it.

The Gerrard case, of which we heard so much, ought to be a caution to those who put faith in the statements of the Repeal press, or of the Irish agitators. Yet the explanation given by Mr Gerrard does not seem to satisfy the *Times*. That journal indignantly asks, "Why did he suffer beggars to be bred upon his estate?" How could he prevent it? "He remonstrated; but because the people held under a lease, (or a written agreement, which was of equal value,) he could do no more." But suppose he had power to prevent "this propagation of beggars," how could he exercise it in the present state of Ireland? The same system of abuse and execration would have met him at every step he took. If his tenants were tenants-at-will, with the utmost vigilance, squatters would most likely have been admitted on his land, and have been living under the same roof with the holder of the farm, long before he was able to discover it; and when he did, his only resource would have been to serve notice to quit, and eject. He must then put out all parties; and the cry of extermination would have been then raised as loudly

as it is now, and the Punishment of Death would, if there were but an opportunity to execute it, as inevitably have followed. Having granted a lease, the only power Mr Gerrard could exercise he did. If Irish landowners give leases, they cannot prevent "the propagation of beggars;" and if they refuse to do so, for the very purpose of guarding against this evil, they are denounced as men who keep their tenantry in dread of being dispossessed, and who effectually prevent the improvement of the country, by not giving to the tillers of the soil security of tenure. To talk of clauses against subletting is sheer nonsense. How are such clauses to be enforced? The penalties can only be levied by distress. No man can make distress available for the recovery of rent, much less so for a penalty inflicted on an occupier, because he gave one-third of his farm to a son, another to a married daughter, and thus planted three families on that portion of his estate which the landlord designed for the comfortable support of one.

We are told those persons have been turned out to starve. They have the poor-house to go to, if they wish; but, if they had not this resource, their condition should not excite much sympathy. They had the landlord's property for *four years, without paying any rent—they took all their crops away with them*; and if they were so improvident as to spend all they made, they were entitled to but little of our commiseration. It so happens that Mr Gerrard is a very rich man, and can afford this loss; but hundreds of cases are there where poor men, with large families, and with heavy encumbrances put on their properties by their ancestors, are similarly treated. They are compelled, by the dishonesty of the tenantry, to sell the "homes of their fathers," and emigrate to foreign lands. But there is no expression of sympathy for them. No; "they belong to the upper classes;" "they can suffer nothing on such occasions." 'Tis only the people who can feel, "only the people who ought to be compassionated." Strange as it may appear to those who choose to indulge in remarks on subjects with which they are perfectly unacquainted, and who put forward their nostrums for diseases of which they do not understand the

nature, not only is it proved, that generally, in Ireland, the tenantry without leases, and holding at fair rents, are in better circumstances than those occupying under old leases, and paying very low rents; but it is made manifest, by undoubted testimony, that the possession of a farm, at an under rent, and for a long tenure, almost universally leads to poverty and ruin; and any person who knows the Irish character can easily account for this seeming anomaly. The love of display and the spirit of ambition which pervade all classes in Ireland, leads every one to assume a station, and incur an expenditure, far beyond what his circumstances would entitle him to. The shopkeeper styles himself a merchant, and must have a car and a country-house; the man who has a long lease of fifty or sixty acres at an under rent, sets up at once for what is significantly termed a "*half sir*;" he will be quite above doing any thing for himself, and will keep two or three servant-maids, while he has four or five "*young ladies*" walking about doing nothing. The time which should be devoted to business, is by all classes consumed in pleasure or in politics; and the consequences are to be seen in the embarrassments of the gentry, the bankruptcy of the tradesmen, and the poverty of the people.

"I have found by experience," says Mr Wilson—a large proprietor and most painstaking landlord of the county Clare, who was examined before the commission—"that leases are positive bars to improvement, *however low the rent*; and I hand in several cases as proving my assertion." Amongst them was one statement furnished by Mr Fitzgerald, the agent of Mr Vandeleur, of the condition of the tenantry on a large farm of that gentleman's estate which had lately fallen out of lease. "This tract of land was divided into seven parts, six of which were originally let to persons who under-let at very *considerable profits to others*; on those divisions the occupying tenantry were, in general, in comfortable circumstances." The seventh portion had been leased to persons in the rank of cotters or small farmers, "and their families are still in possession, *all of them in a state of poverty*, although there were only

eight holdings on a hundred and seventeen plantation acres, and they paid but £27 : 10s : 2 for that extent of land, which was valued under the poor-law valuation at £68, and in addition to which they had a considerable extent of mountain and bog." Mr Lambert, an extensive farmer in Mayo, declares—"I see among the poor people having land, that those who have leases are much less inclined to make improvements than those who have not." Mr Kelly of Galway, a large proprietor, is asked—"What effect has tenure at will upon the tenants, or the improvement of their farms?" and he answers—"I think it makes exactly this difference: The man who has a fixed tenure considers that he cannot be put out; he immediately mismanages the farm—he sublets, divides, and the whole thing is lost." Mr Fetherston of Westmeath states the particulars of a farm of which he holds a division at £2 an acre, and small tenants hold the other parts on *lease at eighteen shillings* an acre, in divisions of from ten to twelve acres, "and they are in want. Those men will work ten hours a-day for him at tenpence, yet they won't till their own lands; and when they do any thing, they never commence to work before nine o'clock in the morning." And he gives an instance of a labourer of his own to whom he gave two and a half acres of the same land, which was a perfect waste, at his own rent, (two pounds an acre;) and by his industry this man supports a large family on this small and dear spot, while those about him who have good-sized farms of better land, at less than half rent on lease, "are starving."

Mr Spottiswood, who holds many extensive agencies, including Lord Londonderry's and Sir Robert Bateson's, states that part of the properties with which he is connected have been leased in perpetuity in small quantities; and he adds, that such mode of letting "has not a good effect at all." He is asked—"Do you find that the tenants are less industrious?" "Yes, they are paying the present proprietor, in many instances, not more than two-and-sixpence or five shillings an acre; they are quite independent of their landlords, who have no control over them."—"How do you suppose that their poverty arose?"

"I think it arose from the subdivision of the properties; and the parties feeling a sort of independence, they do not think it necessary to become industrious, depending upon their farms for their support, and paying these very small rents;" and Mr Fagoe says—"I must admit that there are tenants who hold old leases, whose farms are very badly cultivated."

We have now quoted authorities from all quarters of Ireland, to show that the want of tenure cannot be the cause of the poverty of the people, or the bad cultivation of the land; but that, in point of fact, it has directly the contrary effect. Almost the whole of Earl Fitzwilliam's tenantry hold at will; and Mr Furlong, the agent, swears that *two-thirds* of the Devon estate "is set from year to year;" if this be a bad system, why do those noblemen practise it?—if a good one, why condemn others for acting as they do themselves?

By the agitators, the deplorable state of the Irish people is, on all occasions, attributed to the want of security in possession, and to the exorbitance of the rents. We have already, we trust, disposed of the former, more particularly as regards the disturbed counties. We shall now apply ourselves to ascertain the truth of the latter assertion; and the evidence taken before Lord Devon's Committee, strange as it may appear from the nature of the report, proves to a demonstration, that in those parts of the country *where the land is worst and highest rented, the people live in contentment and affluence; and that those parts in which the rents are lowest, and the soil richest, are stained with the commission of the most abominable atrocities*; and yet, with those facts staring them in the face, we find the government ready to adopt the suggestions of men who live by levying tribute on the people whose wretchedness they affect to deplore, because the opinions of those persons happen to be backed by a report *utterly at variance with the evidence on which it purports to be founded*.

As if there must be blunders in every thing connected with Ireland, Mr Griffith, the government engineer, was sent forth to make his valuation, according to a scale of prices furnished him, of the principal agricultural pro-

ductions of the country, from which two of the most important—namely, flax and wool—were altogether omitted; and by this means he found himself obliged to exclude from his consideration the staple crop of the country when he was valuing the land in the north, and the clip of the grazier when he was estimating the rich pastures of the west. "Previous to commencing the valuation of the counties of Derry and Antrim, in the year 1830," (says Mr Griffith in his examination,) "I ascertained that the general average prices for agricultural produce throughout the principal markets of Ireland, for the preceding five years, *were one-eighth, or two-and-sixpence in the pound, higher than those contained in the Act*; and, consequently, the amount of valuation, according to the Act prices, should be in each case *one-eighth less than if the valuation were made according to the then prices*." Now, we beg to impress upon the minds of our readers, that this valuation, by which the fairness of the rents in Ireland is to be tested, was made when the ascertained value of those productions on which it was to be based were $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent *above* the prices according to which Mr Griffith *was compelled by Act of Parliament to make it*; and that the prices of butter, pigs, and cattle, are now, and have been, at least 20 per cent higher since 1830 than before that period; while corn has varied but little, if any thing, from the price it then bore: in short, that almost all the productions on which Mr Griffith's valuation is founded, are now at least 33 per cent higher than they were taken to be in the schedule by which he was guided. We must submit, then, that if the rents paid come within 30 per cent of the government valuation, the amount is less than the circumstances would warrant. And such is the view Mr Griffith himself has taken; for he says—"I have uniformly replied to applications from the guardians of Poor-law Unions, in different parts of the country, respecting the addition that should be made to the amount contained in the printed schedules of the general valuation, to bring it to a rent value, that *if one-third be added*, the result will give very nearly the full rent-value of the land

under ordinary proprietors." But if, on the other hand, we ascertain that the actual rents paid assimilate in a great majority of instances to the government valuation, in those parts of the country where destitution and lawless violence prevail, we must acquit the landlords in those districts of inhumanity and extortion; and this, too, on proofs adduced by an individual whose competency and whose impartiality are alike unimpeachable. "In regard to the difference between the valuation of land adopted by me," (continues Mr Griffith,) "I have to observe, that our valuation is about *twenty-five per cent* under the full rent-value, *but very near that of many of the principal landed proprietors in the country.*"

* * * The foregoing observations will apply to all lands to the eastward of the Shannon; *but within the last year, in comparing the valuation made in the county Roscommon with the average letting prices of land in that county, I find that our valuation is not more than 2s. 6d. in the pound, or 12½ per cent, under the letting rents.* This does not arise from any change in the relative scale of valuation, but is owing to the poverty of the people, and the injurious system which prevails of burning the upland soils for the purpose of raising crops without the aid of ordinary manure, or new lime, which is abundant in the country; hence the land, though intrinsically of equal value with similar land in the counties of Longford and Westmeath, on the east side of the Shannon, does not bring so high a rent, and yet the people, on an average, are not nearly so well off as those of Westmeath or Longford—their houses, as well as their food and clothing, being inferior. * * * * * *On going into the west of Ireland, I found my valuation nearer to the rents than it was near the east coast. I consider that the circumstance arose from want of industry in the people, and their ignorance of the ordinary principles of agriculture, as practised in the districts to the eastward of the Shannon. For*

these reasons, the small farmers of Roscommon, Mayo, and Galway, do not, on an average, raise the same quantity of produce from land of similar quality and circumstances as do the farmers to the eastward; and hence the rents are necessarily lower, and at the same time the people are not so well off." And on being asked to account for the vast difference between the rents paid in the county Down and his valuation, in answer to the question—"You have stated that the rental in parts of Down is *fifty per cent higher than your valuation*: is it your opinion that rents in that county are high according to the ability of the people to pay them?" "I think the rentals of the county Down, in proportion to the *industry of the people*, are not higher than they are in other counties. The people are better off."

"So that the people in the county of Down, paying *fifty per cent higher than your valuation*, are able to pay that, and yet be comfortable?" "Certainly; they are amongst the most comfortable tenantry in Ireland."

Mr James Clapperton, a Scotchman, agriculturist to the Ballinasloe Farming Society, being asked—"What is the rent here compared with the rent in Berwickshire?" replies, "It is not one-third what some are there." "What would the lands you have described as let here for twenty-one shillings be let for?" "*They would be considered cheap at four pounds the acre. The land that lets at one pound an acre here, would give three pounds an acre in the county of Antrim and the north of Ireland.*"

Mr Andrew Muir and Mr William Milne, Scotch farmers employed by Lord Erne in Fermanagh, after describing the bad cultivation, say:—"They think the land of the same quality in Scotland would fetch £4 the Irish acre." "You think the Scotch farmer could afford to pay £4 an acre, corresponding with this, under the Scotch system?"* "Yes, and if

* Mr Reade, an extensive landowner, and a gentleman who appears to be perfectly competent to form a correct opinion on the subject, laid before the commissioners, as the result of his own experience, the following statement:—

Comparative Valuation of the Barony of Carberry, co. Kildare, all situated between twenty and thirty miles of Dublin; with two canals passing through it,

he had the advantage of the Scotch markets here."

We have thus proved, we trust, to the satisfaction of our readers, and solely by the evidence of *impartial and most competent witnesses*, that the exorbitance of the rent cannot possibly be the cause of Irish discontent, because, as we before stated, the most respectable and comfortable tenantry are to be found on the worst and highest-priced lands; and we shall conclude our remarks upon this subject by a quotation from "the *Times* commissioner" as to the quality of the soil thus moderately rented:—"In no part," says that gentleman,

writing from Enniskillen, "have I seen the natural capabilities of the soil and climate surpass those of Ireland, and in no part have I seen those natural capabilities more neglected, more uncultivated, more wasted, than in Ireland. It is now the middle of the hay harvest in Ireland—the meadows, for the most part, are wholly unmanured, and yield simply a natural crop of grass. I speak with confidence when I say, that the quantity of hay cut appears to the eye to be, in proportion to the land, *nearly double the amount which ordinary land in England well manured produces; and it is certainly one-fourth more than*

and consisting of 45,000 acres of good feeding and tillage land, with a similar quantity of equally good land, or nearly so, in England, Scotland, France, and Belgium, originally made in 1828, and since corrected:—

	England.		Scotland.		Belgium.		France.		Ireland.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Gross contents, 48,278 acres, } rent calculated on 42,000 } acres,	55,650	0 0	75,600	0 0	55,650	0	41,938	0 0	31,500	0 0
Tithe and direct taxation,	17,955	0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	7,431	0 0	5,962	0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0
Poor-rate, one half,	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	325	7 6
County Cess, 1s. 8d. in the } pound, on Mr. Griffith's } valuation,	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	2,266	13 4
Total,	73,605	0 0	75,600	0 0	63,131	0 0	47,900	0 0	34,092	0 10

Total to landlord,	L.31,500	0 0
Deduct landlord's half, poor-rate,	L.325	7 6
Rent-charge, 4d. in the pound,	563	6 0
	888	13 6

Total to landlord in Ireland, net,	L.30,611	6 6
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OBSERVATIONS.

The rent in Ireland was *averaged*, from *personal* knowledge and inquiry, at 25s. the Irish acre, equal to 15s. the statute acre. It has not varied essentially since 1828.

In Scotland, the rent was calculated at L.2, 5s. the Scotch acre, equal to L.1, 16s. the statute acre.

In England, the rent was calculated at L.1 : 6 : 6 per statute acre.

In Belgium, the rent-value of land is taken as equal to England. The taxation being considerably less than half that of England.

In France, the land is valued at one-fourth less than Belgium. The taxation bearing a near proportion in both countries.

The taxation in Ireland and Scotland is nearly on a par: rather heavier in Ireland.

Taxation in England, including tithes, 8s. 7d. per acre. I believe below the reality.

Government valuation of same land, exclusive of houses,	L.25,843	0 0
— — — — — with houses,	27,208	0 0

the best land in England yields; but this is the produce of the unassisted soil and climate. I have seen such crops of potatoes growing as I never saw before."

Security of tenure is amply attained in every part amongst the lower classes, and in their favour—where leases do not exist, the tenant-right, and the system of terror, protects the occupier; and this tenant-right, or "good-will," is admitted to exist in every part of the country—the only difference being found in the persons by whom it is paid, and the purposes to which it is appropriated. In the north, the incoming tenant invariably pays, and the arrears are deducted from the purchase-money, for the benefit of the landlord; while in the west and south it comes direct from the purse of the landlord himself, who never dreams of being allowed what is due him, and is swelled in amount by the conditions of the succeeding holder, who pays for liberty "to occupy and live." Mr O'Connell himself bears testimony to the fact; for although he on all other occasions absolutely denied the existence of any such compact, yet when writhing under the exposures of the "*Times* commissioner," he claimed merit for having "introduced and extended all over the south the benefit of the tenant-right."*

But if the northern tenantry can and do thrive under the double infliction of much higher rents than are paid in other provinces, and of a money outlay for merely getting into the possession of land which would purchase the fee-simple elsewhere, surely this fact furnishes the strongest argument against the truth of the assertion, that the misery and distress which we are told prevail in the west and south, may be attributed to the exactions of the owners of the soil.

Does not the condition of Mr O'Connell's own tenantry bear out our assertions, that indolence, inattention, and want of industry, are the real blights of Irish prosperity? *They* have no dread of being dispossessed or deprived of the benefit of their improvements; *they* don't, we are told, pay rack-rents; yet the security which he must feel upon living under the

protection of "the Liberator" cannot induce Mr Sullivan, of whose cabin we have given the description, to remove the filth "which has percolated from the cess-pool before his door, and which is trodden into a glutinous substance by the feet and hooves of the semi-naked children and animals who occupy his floor;" nor "to devote so much of his *unoccupied time* as would be necessary to render waterproof his cabin, which was falling into pieces." Surely, if security of tenure and moderation of rent were alone necessary to ensure happiness, among the tenantry of Mr O'Connell, if any where, comfort and respectability ought to be visible; yet, if we are to credit "the *Times* commissioner," "*on the estates of Daniel O'Connell are to be found the most wretched tenants that are to be seen in all Ireland.*"

Not only are the southern tenantry averse to taking out leases, as Mr Maher and others state, but they are unwilling to receive, at the hands of their landlords, those comforts of which gentlemen here so feelingly deplore the want; for when a proprietor attempts to give them domestic conveniences or suitable homesteads, he finds that, instead of conferring a favour, he inflicts what is considered a hardship. Mr Maher, M.P., (from whose evidence we have before quoted,) having had the covenants of a lease granted by the Grocers' Company read over to him, in which it is stipulated, "That the tenant shall have slates, tiles, bricks, timber, and lime, delivered *free of expense*, on condition that he makes use of such materials as are furnished him within a certain period, and under the advice of an appointed agent, and that fences, and quicks, and hay-seed, necessary to complete them, and drains, should be allowed for at a certain rate,"—is asked, "What is your opinion of such a clause as that applied to Tipperary? *I apprehend that much in a clause of this kind could not be carried into effect in Tipperary.*"—"In what do you think it deficient?—what is there which would prevent its being carried into practice? *The dispositions of the people do not lead them to look for the comfort which buildings of this kind would give.*"

* Speech at the Conciliation Hall, in reply to the charges of the *Times* Commissioner.

"Do you know of any estates in Tipperary in which there are such covenants in leases?—No, I do not. I have heard from the agent of Baron Pennefather, with whom I am intimate, that he has succeeded in some measure in getting slated houses built by the tenants: he advanced the money to the tenants for the houses, charging as rent five per cent upon the money so expended in building." "That is in the case of a lease?—Yes."

"Can you state from your own knowledge, whether in those cases the tenants seem to feel the advantage of having money lent to them on those terms?—*I am told that they feel it a hardship, that they look upon it as a hardship to pay this charge, and that they do it with great reluctance.*"

"Does that arise from their inability to pay, or from not appreciating the advantages?—*My own opinion is, that it arises not so much from their inability to pay, as their not appreciating the advantages.*"

"Are the farmers of a respectable class?—Yes, they are a very comfortable class of farmers. I have passed through the estate, and they appeared to me to be so."

"From your knowledge of the state of farming in Tipperary, do you conceive that the produce of the land might be considerably improved by a better system of farming?—I have no doubt of it."

"Would not a better system of farming in some degree be promoted by an improvement in the farm buildings as one means?—Yes, I think so; *but I do not think that those men wish for it. In fact, they have not in reality a desire for it—even those that can afford it. I know farmers who could afford to build or make their houses comfortable, and they have no disposition to do it.*"

Mr Collis, the superintendent of the Trinity College estates, says, "When I spoke to them (the tenants) about improvements, they said as much as that *they did not want any, if they would only let them remain as they were.*"

And Mr Walker, an extensive agent, says—"I have induced some of Mr Stafford O'Brien's tenantry to engage in raising green crops, but, when left to themselves, they have invariably gone back to their old sys-

tem, even although satisfied that it was remunerating while they followed it, *but it gave them too much trouble.*" Yet these are the people who are said to want employment while they refuse to cultivate their own farms—"are so loudly compassionated on account of the huts in which they live"—and who consider it a hardship "to be compelled to have better."

What an incomprehensible set of men are the Irish patriotic members! In the extracts which we have given from Lord Devon's *Blue-Book*, we have Mr Maher, one of the most respectable of them, *swearing an oath* that clauses in a lease, by means of which "*all the materials for building, clearing, and fencing, are proposed to be given for nothing provided the tenantry only used them, could not be carried into effect in Tipperary because the dispositions of the people don't lead them to wish for the comforts which buildings of this kind would give.*" And we find the same gentleman one of the party of declaimers against the tyranny of Irish landlords, who state in the House of Commons that the peace of "Ireland can only be secured by giving the tenant '*contingent compensation,*' for improvements which, *he swears, they cannot be induced to make, even where the materials are furnished for nothing, and where the labour is immediately paid for.*"

The same man, who supports O'Connell in his assertions that exorbitant rents are the cause of Irish poverty, gave before the commissioners the following opinion under the obligation of an oath—"54. If the occupiers are not prosperous, do you attribute that more to the mismanagement of their farms, rather than to the rate of rents?—Yes, indeed I do; to their badly farming the land in many instances."

And it is undoubtedly true that it is not improvement in their condition, or their comforts, which the Irish tenantry desire, if those are to be acquired at the cost of labour and exertion; what they wish for are low rents, which they can easily discharge, without restricting their pleasures or their amusements; *and the fact is, that from the exertions lately made by the landlords to better the condition of their estates, arises all the outcry which*

has been *raised against them*. Had the old system been persevered in, it would have been much more agreeable to the people. In their operations the proprietors were necessarily compelled to dispossess some, because the ground they had to dispose of could not possibly, if even given rent-free, support the numbers of inhabitants upon it; but this distressing task has been performed in almost all cases with the most extraordinary kindness; and we venture to assert, that in the whole of the evidence laid before Lord Devon's committee, *five* well substantiated instances cannot be adduced in the rural districts, in which rent-paying and well-conducted tenantry were evicted; and *not one* in which any tenant has been removed without receiving some compensation—while what is pompously denounced as consolidation of farms, amounts to having increased the holdings of the occupants, in many cases, from a rood to two acres, “and in others to the enormous extent of eight.” But was not this change unavoidable? Could the old system have been longer persevered in? Let us see the opinion of the late Dr Doyle, Roman Catholic Bishop of Carlow, a man of extraordinary talents, and perfect knowledge of the situation of Ireland. Speaking of the necessity of preventing subdivision, and of increasing the holdings to such a size as would afford employment and adequate support to the occupiers, Dr Doyle says—“Had the evil gone much further, the misery would of necessity have increased. It was, indeed, essentially necessary to the good of the country that the system should be corrected, and every wise man applauds those measures which were taken for the correction of it.”

As regards the humanity of the affair, sure we are that it is more to the interest of the dispossessed to be afforded the means of going to countries where land is plenty, and labour well remunerated, than to be allowed to remain at home in squalid misery and idleness. Advantage was taken of the dispossession of the people *under any circumstances* by the agitators—it was found to be a good subject by means of which the passions of the

sufferers could be excited; and they have made a handsome harvest of it.

But it is not enough for our purpose to show that the tenantry are averse to have improvements thrust upon them—it is necessary that we should exhibit their conduct towards those who have endeavoured to improve their condition, or to set them examples by following which they would be sure to profit; and above all, we wish to place before the public, in its true light, the behaviour of the labouring classes which has called forth so fully the approbation of the Devon Commissioners, and to prove that it is principally the misconduct of those very men which tends to their own disadvantage, and to the ruin of their country; and again we have recourse to the *Blue-Book*.

Mr Quin, whose good conduct as a landlord was borne testimony to by his neighbours, and *approved of after a public investigation by Lord Ebrington*, wished to occupy some of his own lands to build a mansion, and give employment to the people; *he determined not to turn off a single man, and this he told them personally*. To provide for those he must dispossess of their present holdings, he purchased the good-will of another part of his own property, sold by the executors of a deceased tenant, where he purposed to locate them, and there he sent his steward (Mr Powell) down to commence improvements. The wretched man was murdered in the arms of his daughter, and the first who struck him was a monster he was forbidden to employ, but to whom he had given work from compassion. “I saw the man,” said he to his master in explanation of his conduct, “living in such a wretched hovel; I had pity on him, and could not help employing him.” An anonymous letter, written to the unhappy victim previous to his murder, and warning him of his fate, is characteristic of the cool barbarity with which those “*patient people*” undertake a murder—of the sordid calculations which retard or accelerate its commission—and of the gratitude which they evince to those who, following the recommendation of the Commissioners, “endeavour to introduce an improved system of agriculture, and thereby extend the

employment of the agricultural population : ”—

“Honoured Sir,—I take the liberty on myself in sending you these few lines, informing your honour that you and Mr Quin, Esq., is to be shot the first opportunity, *and if you had paid the men that worked at the drain when it was done, you were killed long ago.* Now they have sat on it, there are some of them that would wish to have it done at where you live at present. . . . They have made a collection, and the man that kills you will go to America. . . . They have heard that you are one of the skilfullest men in Ireland for planting and making drains ; and they are saying *that if they had you killed, he (Mr Quin) would never come to the country.* If you don’t take my advice, your daughter will cry salt tears. And be God you will be killed.”

Mr Armstrong, the history of whose persecutions is well worth the trouble of reading, says—“In the same summer I was fallowing and preparing at considerable expense a field for wheat. Every one exclaimed at the folly of sowing wheat in that country ; but finding that this would not dissuade me from my plan, one of the most respectable men in the neighbourhood told me, that ‘the country’ thought it a bad example to bring in new plans, and that he had himself ‘declined to sow wheat, rather than get the ill-will of the people.’ I said I really could not see ‘what offence this could give to any man.’ ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘you know if the landlords saw the ground producing wheat

and good crops, they would raise the rent.’ Determined, however, that nothing less than a failure after trial should convince me of ‘the folly of sowing wheat,’ I ventured to do so, and it turned out very fine, producing thirteen barrels to the acre ; but I was obliged to keep a guard watching for two months, as a man who lived close to the spot told me, that it would ‘be mowed down in the shot-blade ; because the country did not like whate there at all at all.’”

Many similar instances could we adduce from the same source, did our limits permit ; but we have only to refer to what is daily occurring in Ireland, to show the utter impossibility of the gentry making any efforts to improve their own estates, or the condition of the tenantry, under existing circumstances. Men here talk flippantly of the evils of absenteeism, while they are the very first to object to measures which would render it possible for landlords to reside at home. A coercion act is opposed, while Sir Francis Hopkins, a resident and admirable landlord, is fired at at his own hall door, and for what ? because, six years ago, he dispossessed an insolvent tenant, “*forgiving his arrears, and paying him his own valuation for his interest ;*” while the life of Sir David Roche is attempted, *because “he refused to assist a tenant to turn out his brother’s widow while her husband lay on his bed of death, hardly allowing the body to get cold, when he insisted that he should help him to add the widow’s holding to his own.”**

Mr Wilson of Clare, a gentleman

* The following letter, written by Sir David Roche to a Cork agitator of the name of Denny Lane, who accused him of having turned out three hundred families, and said his life had been *five* times attempted, will show the value which should be set on the assertions of such people, and the treatment which the very best Irish landlords receive :—

“I have bought out a few who were tenants-at-will, forgiving them large arrears of rent, and making them in every instance a present of their year’s crop, stock, &c., and either finding them other farms, or giving them money to enable them to enter into other pursuits : such, sir, have been my transactions with the small number who have left my land, none of whom, I dare say, every charged me with harshness or injustice. As you have thought proper to turn public accuser, I beg to refer you to Mr Charles Seegrue, the only gentleman in Cork with whom I have had any transactions regarding tenants, and he will inform you on the determination of his interest in a large farm, how many of his under-tenants I dismissed, and what arrangements were made on that occasion. If I don’t mistake, he will state that all were continued on their farms, and that the arrears

whose exertions to improve the condition of his tenantry are fully detailed in the Devon *Blue-Book*; who allowed the entire cost for subsoiling and fencing; who provided all the materials for his tenants' houses, requiring only that they should perform the labour, for which they were subsequently to be allowed on their rents; who founded an agricultural school and benevolent fund, and visited and inspected the improvements which he paid for; while, we say, Mr Wilson, (a Roman Catholic, too,) who performed all his duties as well as we could wish them performed, is threatened with death, and obliged to desert his property, and fly his country, and for what? why, simply because he dared, in the distribution of a farm containing one hundred and forty acres, to reserve four for the use of a faithful servant, whose honesty and attachment he wished to reward; and because, as we are told by the member for Ennis, "*he was fond of a draining and subsoiling system, which he wished to have practised, but which his tenants did not like.*" "The fact was," (the candid, if not discreet, Mr Bridgeman is reported to have said,) "*the people who sent those notices had no intention to assassinate Mr Wilson at all—they sent the notices, thinking to frighten him out of his subsoiling.*" Now, we have the admission of this favourite "*Joint off the Tail,*" that the people are not anxious for those improvements, which we are told here they so much long for; that they do not wish to improve the condition of their land or their homesteads, even when they are paid for doing so; and that the recompense which those men meet with who endeavour to induce

them to be industrious, by paying them for doing their own business, and who seek to procure them employment at home, instead of sending them to England or Scotland to seek it, is notice of assassination to frighten them from giving employment, and, no doubt, death if they persevere. But is Mr Bridgeman reported to have expressed any condemnation of the conduct of those men?—Not a bit of it; and yet he is one of the set of brawlers against the evils of absenteeism, one of the persons who attribute the poverty of the peasantry to the neglect of their landlords, and one of those who will strenuously oppose the enactment of laws which would give security to the gentry and protection to the farmer, and, by restraining the violence of the labouring classes, lead to the pacification and prosperity of the country. But such a condition of things is just what Mr Bridgeman, and those like him, wish to avoid. In a wholesome state of society, men of his station in life could never have been pitchforked into Parliament. If agitation ceased they must again betake themselves to the tillage of their farms, according to ministerial doctrine, and be compelled to become industrious when they ceased to be PROTECTED.

Mr Clarke is shot in Tipperary, because he came to reside on his land; and his murder was plotted and executed, not because he did harm or injustice to any one, but because he ventured to do what Lord Grey and others, who "pick their teeth" in safety here, insist that Irish gentlemen should do—he dared to live on his own land. The approver—in whose house the assassination was planned,

of rent due, to have been compromised by me, and the tenants forgiven the amount, and a reduction of one-third made on their respective rents, besides building houses for all that required them, and for which no charge was made; and in every other place where I had any arrangements to make with tenants, that similar consideration had been shown; and although I have had large transactions connected with land in the counties of Limerick, Clare, and Kerry, in all of which counties the Devon Commission sat, you will not find a single instance of oppression, or any complaint having been made, much less to the extent of turning out three hundred families, which you have thought proper to charge me with. As to your assertion, that my life has been attempted five times within the last year, I can assure you that no attempt was ever made on my life before the last assizes, and then not for turning out a tenant, but because I refused to assist a tenant to turn out his brother's widow while her husband lay on his bed of death, hardly allowing the body to get cold, when he insisted that I should help him to add the widow's holding to his own."

and in which the assassins resided while waiting an opportunity to destroy their victim—declared, in his examination on their trial, “that he was a good friend to him,” and that he never knew him to restrain any man for rent, and yet he gave him no notice; and the intended murder was openly spoken of before a numerous family of children—ay, *girls* of fifteen years of age were privy to it; and yet no compunctious feelings touched their hearts. One of them, in giving her testimony, admitted that she knew what the men meant to do when they were leaving the house; and that, when she heard the shot, she was convinced that her landlord had been murdered.

In passing sentence on two of the persons convicted of this dreadful outrage at Nenagh, on the 3d, Judge Ball said—“With regard to you, Patrick Rice, I have searched in vain through the evidence for something that might suggest a motive for joining in the conspiracy. There was no evidence that you had any dealing or transaction with the unfortunate murdered man. There was no connexion between you in any way, and not the slightest ground for resentment or provocation that could be traced. As for you, Hayes, (the other prisoner,) your case is much the same. You were a tenant of Mr Clarke’s; there is evidence that he expressed some wish that you or your mother should give up a house; and he offered you every facility to build a house elsewhere, and to supply you with materials, and the means of removing them, with his own horses and drags. It has been said that this desire of his might have suggested a motive for the murder; but when the evidence comes to be given, I find that you and your mother, instead of expressing displeasure, expressed a readiness to give up the house after harvest.” Here is a man murdered for merely proposing change of locality, which must be accompanied, as a matter of course, by better accommodation. This is his only crime, and yet it is sufficient to secure his destruction. What a grateful people are the Irish!—how patiently they endure wrong!—and what a picture of their morality do the details of this horrid assassination afford!

But it is not alone the landlords who become obnoxious to the peasantry, when they seek to do them good by giving them profitable employment. The same hostility is extended to others who attempt the same object, if they endeavour to get “a fair day’s work for a fair day’s wages.” Mr McDonald, the superintendent of the Killaloe Slate Quarries, was shot at and desperately wounded in the presence of three men, who refused to arrest the assassin, for no other reason than because he endeavoured to have justice done his employers; and the following extract from the report of the Irish Mining Company of Ireland, contains the particulars of as wanton an outrage as can well be conceived:—

“At Earlshill Colliery, possession of which was recovered on 4th of April last, considerable progress had been made in sinking two engine-pits, one of which was sunk forty-four yards, the other twenty-six yards, on the 20th October, when the steward in charge of the works, Martin Morris, was shot at and severely wounded on his return from the colliery to his house; and although large rewards have been offered for information that might lead to the conviction of the authors and perpetrators of the outrage, they have not been made amenable to justice. And your board having reason to believe that the outrage was contemplated with a view to impede free action by your agents in the proper management of the works, and having been satisfied, on minute inquiry, that there was no cause of complaint on the part of the men employed against the steward or manager of the works; and some of the men employed on contract, subsequent to the outrage committed on Martin Morris, having received threatening notices to resign their contracts on pain of death, your board deemed it advisable, means not having been yet devised for affording due protection to the men employed, to order that the works should be suspended on the 20th December; and the works have been suspended accordingly. The working of South Balinaslick Colliery has been suspended for the same reason—Martin Morris having had charge of the underground works in both collieries. If your board and its agents in the management of those works had neglected the moral duties of such an establishment as yours in

this important district, some excuse might be offered by the Guild for the outrage committed—the first, however, your board has had to complain of during twenty years that your works have been in operation; but the following facts prove that the company's duties have been duly and literally attended to. The men are promptly paid weekly—contractors as well as daily labourers. The contractors at Earlshill, at the period in which the outrage was committed, earned on an average 2s. 6d. per day, some so much as 3s. The average rate earned at the entire of the company's works at the same period was 2s. 1d. per day; whilst the customary rate of wages paid to farm labourers in the district is but from 8d. to 10d. per day. When circumstances admitted, houses of a better description than usual in the district have been erected for the men; schools have been provided at the principal works, and several of the children and adults educated. They are now employed as stewards and clerks. When it has been necessary to levy fines for inattention, the amount has been uniformly applied, at this season of the year, in providing comforts for the deserving men's families. In times of scarcity good and cheap food has been provided, and distributed at low prices; and at all times the men and their families have the advantage of good medical aid when required. Under those circumstances your board feel confident that the perpetrators of the outrage on Martin Morris—a man deservedly raised from the ranks to a place of trust in his native village—will not be permitted to remain unpunished; and that the projected extension of the works will soon be resumed, with advantage to the well-disposed workmen, and through them to the company and the country."

Neither is this a solitary instance. The contractors on the Shannon improvements and many of the railroads, where the labourers earned 9s. a-week, were compelled to suspend their operations because those turbulent people turned out for wages so exorbitant that no contractor could afford to pay them; and not only stopped working themselves, but forced those who were anxious to earn a livelihood to give up also. We are told that the Irish peasantry wish for employment on any terms; yet, when it is offered them at their very

doors, and when they can earn wages such as never before were paid them, they shoot the stewards, and compel the abandonment of the undertakings.

Mr Collis, a gentleman who entertains very strong opinions in favour of the peasantry, is obliged to admit, in his evidence before Lord Devon's Committee, what is borne testimony to by many others, the existence of a reign of terror exercised by the labourers over their employers. Alluding to a visit which he paid to the College estates, and an interview he had with the people, he says—"I must also mention that I heard that day from respectable occupying tenants, one in particular in the lower class of life, and also from his wife when he was absent, that she was in dread of her life; that her husband was in distress, and set part of his farm, and that he could not with safety take it into his hands again; that the labourers he employed could not be controlled—they would work as they pleased; and if a new man was engaged, he might do well at first, but would soon fall into their ways; and that if he, or the farmers generally, were to dismiss the parties, they would be revenged in some way or other."

To show the state of intimacy which subsists between this gentleman and the peasantry, and how implicitly they confide their feelings and intentions to him, and how competent he must be to speak to both, and how unlikely to misrepresent them, we copy the following passage, which to our countrymen may exhibit a rather extraordinary state of society. Mr Collis and the neighbours had been discussing the conduct of a certain gentleman, and the question is put—"Did they say any thing about the landlord?" "They did; from the statements made *I said something about his being shot. They said he had been fired at three times; and when I said I thought Tipperary boys were better marksmen, some person in the crowd said, 'he would get it yet.'*" We should be glad to know if this gentleman did afterwards "get it," or if Mr Collis thought it necessary to communicate his own charitable suggestion, or the benevolent intentions of his tenantry. How coolly they answer and talk over those little matters in "virtuous and religious

Ireland!" All the witnesses who have spoken to the point bear proof to the idleness of the labourers, and their desire to work as little as they can. Even Mr Balfe, the chairman of O'Connell's "Grievance Committee," acknowledges "that they expect to give labour for it (con-acre rent), and they do not think they are bound to work well when that labour goes to pay for their potato rent." While Mr Beere, after stating that poverty is not the cause of crime in Tipperary, as respectable persons are engaged in it, answers to the question—"What do you think is the reason for those farmers having to do with every thing that is bad?" "I think that many of them are driven to that line of conduct in order to protect their property."—"Do you think that those farmers you speak of, holding fifty or sixty acres, are compelled to encourage those proceedings for fear of damage to their own property?" "I do, positively."—"Does that lead them to give protection frequently to known offenders?" "Yes, it does; they dare not refuse them."—"By what class of persons are those outrages generally committed?" "They are generally committed by the servant boys." And the Irish papers present every day repeated instances of the same spirit:—

"On Tuesday evening last, a large armed party came to the house of a farmer named Connolly on the lands of Ballinderry, county Westmeath, within a mile of the town of Moats, and demanded why he had turned away two servant boys he had, and directed him to send off the two boys he had since. They then ordered the two men in his employment to be off, or it would be worse for them—an order, such is the state of the country, which was promptly obeyed."

"On Wednesday night last, a threatening notice was posted on the gate of a respectable farmer named Egan, ordering him at once to dismiss two Connaught men he had employed, and to take back his former labourers, whom he was obliged to dismiss for idleness."

"On the morning of the 16th, an armed party attacked the house of Pat Leray, of Stratlanstoun, and beat Leray and his son in a severe manner. The only reason assigned for this is, that Leray went

to plough some land for his landlord, Captain Robinson of Rossmead."

"The same morning, the house of Pat Woods was attacked by the same party, and for the same cause of offence. Woods and *his mother* were severely beaten."

Now, those outrages have been perpetrated, not in any of the five condemned counties, but in Westmeath, where almost every proprietor is resident. What a state of society do they exhibit? Ruffians assailing men because they dared to change their servants, and beating *old women* solely because their sons were on good terms with their landlords. And those daring violations of the law were enacted in the open day by a party of thirty men, well armed with both pistols and bludgeons. A tithe of the outrages committed in Ireland are not only never heard of in this country, but never even reported to the police. Such is the power of those banded assassins—such the terror which they inspire—that their victims submit to their decrees in silence rather than bring further misfortunes upon their families. Sir James Graham, in his statement, mentioned the case of a man dying of his wounds, who refused to identify his murderers out of regard for the safety of his relatives and friends. A person of the name of Gleeson, who came into his land twenty years ago, was dreadfully beaten, and ordered to give up his farm; and, although five of his sons were present, not one of them informed the police. "Had they done so," says Sir James, "there is but little doubt the perpetrators would have been arrested. I have heard it said, and I do believe," (continued the most moderate of exponents,) "that, in the five counties, the great body of the people are tainted. I believe the bands are small, though perfectly organized; but the number of persons comprising these lawless bands is small compared with the great body of the people. But still evidence cannot be obtained, and the law is by reason of this inoperative. And if these small bands prevent the exercise of the law, these outrages remaining unchecked, the bulk of the population will not heed the law." And whose fault is it that those coun-

ties are tainted, and that the law in Ireland has ceased to be respected? Why, chiefly the fault of the government, of which the right honourable gentleman is so prominent a member. Had they acted as they should have done when they were placed in power, the state of that wretched country would be now widely different from what it is. Lord Normanby's jail deliveries, and the arrangements of his law-officers in regard to the formation of the juries, laid the foundation of the system of terror. Convicted malefactors were enlarged by "the gracious Viceroy," and the guilty received effectual protection from their accomplices in crime, who were admitted to the jury-box by his patriotic officials—the laws were rendered inoperative, and combination spread, and outrages multiplied. When the Conservative government were placed in power, the well-disposed expected that crime would have received a check; and the turbulent and seditious were prepared to submit to the blow, had it been immediately and fearlessly dealt them; but the opportunity was allowed to pass. The disaffected recovered from their temporary panic—atrocities became again the order of the day, and the assailed submitted in silence, because they saw no hope of obtaining redress. The Ministers permitted monster processions, after they had suppressed monster meetings. The friends of order and of the British constitution were disheartened and discountenanced; and, as a necessary consequence, the opinions of the agitators gained ground. Their organization became complete, and their power irresistible.

The uncalled-for contest in which the Peel administration have chosen to engage with the agricultural interest of England, has added to the mischief. Their unexampled political tergiversation has deprived them of the support of almost all their former adherents; and now, when they see the evil consequences of the vacillating policy which they have pursued with regard to Ireland, and are desirous of repressing the enormities which they have permitted to accumulate around them, their mouth-piece is obliged to recount a mass of horrors sufficient to curdle the blood

of the most unfeeling, without daring to give utterance to one burst of honest indignation, lest by doing so he should deprive his government of the only assistance by means of which they can hope to accomplish their free-trade projects; and with a full knowledge that neither life nor property are secure in Ireland, they are compelled to succumb to the threats of their temporary allies, and virtually to abandon even the emasculated measure which they dared to introduce, by consenting to postponements which must deprive it of all moral weight, and still further encourage vexatious opposition. But can the ministers suppose that the Irish liberals support them for any other purpose than that of attaining their own ends? Whatever may be their ultimate effects upon the condition of this country, it is clear that the repeal of the corn-laws, and the alterations in the tariff, must be most hurtful to Ireland.

No one can entertain a doubt but that pork will be raised, and bacon cured, to such an extent in America, as to deprive the Irish cottier of the assistance he has heretofore derived from his pig, and that foreign butter will supplant his in the English market: and that, in consequence, Irish lands must greatly fall in value, unless they be applied to the rearing and fattening of cattle; and such being the case, what a prospect have both the Irish gentry and the Irish people before them,—ruin, if the small farmers are allowed to continue in occupation; and desolation and insurrection if they be removed. The government express an anxiety to secure the employment of the people on the reclamation of waste lands, and they propose to advance the money to enable the proprietors to pay them; but, at the same moment, by removing protection, they render it certain that such proceedings must be attended with a total loss. Whatever may be said by theorists, the profit to be derived from reclamation of waste lands in Ireland is at least but problematical. The repeal of the corn-laws must render any such attempt ruinous; and, as if it were not enough to expose the Irish farmer to foreign competition, the ministry are now trying, and "they hope

with success," to destroy the home market, by substituting Indian corn, which can never be raised in the country, in place of oats and potatoes, which have hitherto constituted the food of the people. Now, putting out of consideration the interest of the gentry, what, we may ask, is to become of the Irish farmer and of the Irish labourer, if the crops which yield profit to the one, and employment to the other, were to be superseded by a species of grain which their climate cannot produce.

The Irish Radicals are quite aware of the misfortunes which the ministerial measures will inflict upon their country; yet they urge the government to their adoption, in the hope of being able to profit by means of the discontent and ruin which they must effect.

But if we are surprised at the conduct of the government in complacently witnessing, for four years, the existence of a state of things in a portion of the United Kingdom itself, which was a "serious disgrace to the age, and to the government, and the country in which we live," without endeavouring, by the enactment of more stringent laws, to correct it, the evasions, by means of which they now seek to palliate their neglect, and the strange want of perspicacity which they display in not being able to discover the real source of mischief, or their timidity in not daring to denounce it, must naturally excite our astonishment. Let any man read the reported speech of the Home Secretary, and from it he would never be able to discover that there existed at this moment, in that portion of the empire, so disgraced by crime and distracted by dissensions, an Association whose whole occupation is to disseminate falsehood and preach sedition—an organized band of men who levy tribute on their dupes, and who, in return for their pence, administer political poison to the minds of their victims—a political body, whose interest it is that acrimony, and ill-will, and civil strife, should prevail; because in the storm of passions which they evoke, they reap the harvest of pelf on which they live—whose acts have been pronounced by the tribunals of their country to be illegal, and whose leaders have been denounced by this in-

dividual minister as "convicted conspirators"—an Association whose doctrines, preached by a political priesthood and enforced by a sanguinary mob, have rendered life and property insecure, and the quiet existence of independence and industry impossible.

The ministry admitted the extent of this evil, when they prosecuted "the political martyrs;" yet now, when the power of the Conciliation Hall conspirators is more dangerous, because more time has been given them to consolidate their strength—in laying before Parliament the condition of Ireland, and in referring to the causes by which it has been produced, her Majesty's servants affect an utter ignorance of the existence of a body which they heretofore thought it necessary to arraign, and by their silence tacitly exculpate from all blame those men at whose doors they formerly, and with justice, laid all the blood which has been shed, and all the crime which has been committed in Ireland.

See the quibbles by which the Home Secretary seeks to make the coercion measure which he advocates a sort of collateral support to the corn-law question, which he desires to pass:—"Now, sir, in reference to this measure which I am about to propose, painful as it is, and unconstitutional as I admit it to be, I must say that I, for one, foreseeing some time ago that the necessity for some such measure would shortly arrive, felt that I could not reconcile it to my conscience and sense of duty to be a party to it, when, at the same time, with the great increase of crime, I saw the extreme physical distress of the people of Ireland, arising from a deficiency of that which they had been accustomed to make their principal food. I felt, I say, that it was of vital importance that provision should first be made, by an effort on the part of the government, to relieve the physical wants of the people before this measure should be brought forward; and I resolved that I could not be a party to the measure unless I had the sanction of my colleagues to a bill which would have the effect of opening the corn trade, and placing articles of the first necessity within the reach of the people of Ireland." But this cannot

avail the right honourable gentleman; for his own returns show that the amount of crime was *infinitely greater up to the month of August 1845*, when provisions were most abundant, and the prospects of the new harvest most cheering, than now, when it suits his convenience to notice its existence, or to sustain the potato panic. "When the greatest increase of crime existed," he could not possibly have anticipated "the extreme physical distress of the people," because no such distress was then heard of. But because his object was to make the suppression of crime auxiliary to other measures of the government, he takes no step to accomplish it until he comes backed by the exaggerations of political knaves, and the reports of philosophical quacks, to prove his case, in order that the humanity of his auditory may be excited; and that, before he is called upon to coerce, he may be permitted to repeal the corn-laws, on the pretence of relieving "the physical wants of the people."

We are far from denying that a great loss has been sustained in the potato crop; but that loss does not in reality affect the food of the people so much as would appear at first sight; for the cattle and pigs which used to get sound potatoes in other years, were exclusively fed on diseased ones in this: neither has the rot been attended with pecuniary loss to any considerable extent; for the diseased part being removed, the remainder was as fit to use as the soundest potato; and more pigs were reared and fatted than usual on the rotted portions, and they never fatted better or bore a higher price. But, (and this fact has been studiously suppressed by Sir Robert Peel,) even admitting that the loss has been great, there could be no famine. The crop of oats exceeded by a *third* any crop known in the memory of man, and the price of oats in October last exceeded the average price at that season for many years past by nearly *one-half*. Consequently rather more than *half* the quantity which the tenantry required to sell in other years to make up a given sum, answered the same purpose on this; and even such of the tenantry as paid their rents had an unusual quantity left after disposing of what enabled them to meet their engage-

ments; and this has been converted into meal and stored in their houses, or remains in stack in their haggards. Now, oatmeal always constitutes a principal ingredient in the food of every Irish peasant from this season forward; and yet the ministers never once alluded to the great quantity of oats which they must know to be in the country, nor to the fact that there has been, as the season advanced, *a steady and progressive decline in its price*. In the Dublin market, on the 18th November 1845, oats brought from fourteen to sixteen and sixpence the barrel; on the 28th of March 1846, it sold from *twelve to fifteen shillings*; while at the same period in the last year, when no famine was anticipated, it fetched twelve shillings; and there can be no doubt but it will experience a still further fall as the season advances, for potatoes now are, on the whole, lower than they were a month ago; and the holders of meal will soon begin to perceive that they cannot realize the prices which the exaggerations of the government led them to expect, and they will supply the markets more freely.

It is extraordinary to see how people here can be humbugged. Mr O'Connell, some time since, produced in the House a return from a priest, which professed to give the state of his parishioners, as regarded the amount of food each family possessed. In this document it was stated, (and the announcement was received with loud cries of "hear, hear,") that a certain number of families had not a week's provisions; and no doubt this was true; and the same reverend gentleman, or any other in any part of Ireland, might make just the same report at the same period in any year, even when potatoes sold for eightpence the cwt.:—All the class of small cotters have generally used the produce of their con-acres at this season, and they commence to buy—the work which they always have in abundance in the spring enabling them to pay. They purchase weekly; and the fact that a certain number of them had not a week's provisions, at the time this return was made, in their possession, no more implies the presence of famine in that particular locality, than the fact, that the la-

bourners in London have generally no greater supply proves the existence of a scarcity in the metropolis. Both parties purchase weekly, and consequently have never more than a week's provisions by them.

No doubt, there is a deficiency of provisions in particular neighbourhoods; but, take the kingdom all over, there is a sufficiency; and if the government had not, for their own purposes, magnified the danger, the pressure on the people would now be less than it is.

We express surprise that the assertions of Mr O'Connell and the agitators continue to be credited by the people, although they have been a thousand times rejected and belied; but her Majesty's ministers exhibit a still greater extent of gullibility, *if they really, as they affect to do*, believe in the statements made by the Radical members and their organs of the press, after the repeated instances in which those statements have been proved to be erroneous. On the 20th November, the Mansion-house Committee proclaimed to all the inhabitants of the British empire, and in the presence of an all-seeing Providence, "That in Ireland famine of a most hideous description *must be immediate and pressing, and pestilence of the most frightful kind, and not remote, unless immediately prevented.*" And on the 17th of December, Mr O'Connell announced, that "Some say the crop will last till April. Even those most sanguine admit that *we will have a famine in April*—others say the crop will last till March—others that it will not last beyond February—others that a famine will come on before the month of January is over—*for my own part, I believe the last;*" yet, here we are, thanks to a beneficent Providence, now approaching the 1st of May, neither suffering from famine nor from pestilence, with almost all the crops sown, and with well-supplied and steadily-falling markets; and yet the Premier eagerly grasps at any new exaggeration of those men, for the purpose of supporting his own overdrawn pictures of fresh distress.

But there is, in reality, neither that distress nor that scarcity in Ireland which we are taught to believe exist there. The people are fond of coarse

food, which we think unfit for men, but they prefer it—witness the various insinuations of the paupers against the use of Indian corn flour.

That the Irish consider the constant use of "bread and meat" as an infliction, is proved by a rather ludicrous account given of their feelings on this head in his evidence before Lord Devon's Committee, by Mr Thomas Glennon, No. 418, part second. After telling the Commissioners that many persons had emigrated from his neighbourhood to South America, "that they had succeeded there, and sent large remittances to their friends through his hands," he is asked—"Have they sent any statement how the climate agrees with them?" "It agrees very well with them, *and the only difficulty they find is, that they have not potatoes to eat; the bread and meat, and constant eating, is what disagrees with them.*" Now, surely, if we ought to consult the political prejudices of the Irish people when legislating for them, as the Premier says we should do, we ought not altogether to disregard their culinary tastes, or force them to eat a diet which they dislike, only because we prize it ourselves.

The extraordinary blunders which some of those enthusiastic men who undertake to legislate on Irish subjects so frequently commit, would excite feelings of ridicule, if the observations in which they see fit to indulge were not calculated to produce mischief in quarters where their insignificance is not known, and where their flippant fallacies may be mistaken for facts. Thus, Mr Poulett Scrope exclaims,—“What! are 130 work-houses, capable of containing 100,000 people, to be considered sufficient to supply accommodation for 2,800,000 destitute paupers?” If the honourable gentleman took the trouble of consulting documentary evidence, he would have found that they were much more than sufficient. It is true that the commissioners reported that there were in a population of 8,000,000, 2,800,000 in a state of destitution, and they proposed that 100, subsequently they suggested that 130 houses, capable of containing 100,000 persons, should be built for their accommodation. In the 9th report of those gentlemen, we find

that, in the quarter ending December 1842, eighty-six houses, built to contain 73,960 paupers, were in operation in Ireland, and that on the average, only 27,000 persons availed themselves of the relief they afforded, "*about one-third the number they were capable of accommodating.*" In the report for 1843, we see that in *ninety-two houses, built to contain 78,160*, in which relief had been administered from the 10th January 1844, the average number of inmates was 31,578, and the gross number to whom relief had been afforded during the year, was 53,582. And in the 11th report, the last published, "*in 105 houses which were open from January 1844 to January 1845, the gross number relieved was 68,371, and the average number of inmates 37,780, although those 105 houses were capable of accommodating 84,000 individuals.*"* Thus we have it clearly proved, that those houses never at any time contained *one-half, and very seldom more than one-third of the numbers they were constructed to accommodate*—and yet Mr Scrope waxes furious because more houses are not built, while those already erected are not half occupied.

Lord George Bentinck, to whose opinions and to whose statements great weight is deservedly attached,

expresses his dissatisfaction at the working of the Irish Poor-law, because while £5,000,000 is expended annually in this country in succouring 16,000,000, only £250,000 is spent in Ireland in giving relief to 8,000,000 of the people. But if his lordship took time to consider, he would see that the disproportionate expenditure was not caused by any restrictions which the Irish law imposed, but *by the unwillingness of the Irish people to take advantage of its enactments.* If he had recourse to the returns of the commissioners, he would have found, that while in the year ending January 1844 the gross number of those who received parochial relief in Ireland was 53,582, the number of those who received similar relief in England amounted to 4,279,565, considerably more than one-fourth of the population, of whom 958,057 *actually entered the Bastilles.* Thus we have *nearly the sixteenth part of the population seeking in-door relief in England and Wales, and not the one hundred and twentieth part in Ireland.* But the small numbers admitted in Ireland, and the small expenditure incurred in succouring the poor in that country, is not the fault of the law. It sets no limit to the benevolence of the guardians. Neither is it the fault of those who administer it; for the guardians

* The Appendix to the 10th Report affords some curious and important information as to the classes in which destitution is to be found. The commissioners directed the clerks of the unions to furnish them with lists of the severest cases of destitution which were relieved in the different houses, and the occupations which they had previously followed, and accordingly 870 cases are given in the Appendix by them. It appears the number of males above fifteen years of age relieved in the quarter ending 9th April 1844, was *only* 11,224.

Of Peasants.		Of Servants.		Of Mendicants.	
Male labourers,	4599	Male servants,	585	Male,	1473
Female, ...	924	Female, ...	4653	Female,	3745

Total,	5523	Total,	5238	Total,	5218
<i>Of farmers who had held, or were still in occupation of land, 79</i>					

Thus we see, that the number of servants and vagrants requiring relief, amounted to within three hundred of the numbers of the agricultural labourers, and that the number of those *connected with the possession of land, and who had sought relief on account of termination of leases, non-payment of rent, expulsion because they were tenants-at-will, or temporary distress, amounted to the incredibly small number of seventy-nine.*

We ought also to add, that in every instance in which a labouring man is stated in those reports to have entered the houses in a state of ill health, he was discharged *at his own request* when his health had been re-established. How are the assertions which we hear made every day to be reconciled with *facts* such as those?

being almost all thorough-paced patriots, of whom the great majority pay under ten shillings annually to the tax, never reject applicants, and frequently solicit persons to become candidates for admission. And when we consider that those who, we are told, "dwell in ditches and live on weeds," and to whom "beds and blankets are rare luxuries," have only to apply for shelter where they can have good beds and better diet than the commissioners assure us they are even accustomed to at home, we cannot but express surprise at the taste of our neighbours, who prefer dirt and starvation to cleanliness and abundance; and our sympathy for persons who bewail their sufferings, and yet will not accept the proffered relief, must be greatly diminished.

The truth is, and facts such as those prove it, that though there is more squalid filth and raggedness in Ireland, (for those are national tastes,) there is much less of real misery or distress in that country than exists in England.

To make their coercive policy palatable to their present supporters, the ministry announce the immediate introduction of a bill to regulate the arrangements between landlord and tenant, and to secure the latter adequate compensation for any improvements he may have effected. It is always better for governments to leave the adjustment of private rights to the parties concerned in them. But if they are to be guided in their legislation by *the evidence* given before the land-commissioners, *and not by the report which it pleased those gentlemen to adopt*, there never was a case in which such interference was less called for. We do not find in the whole mass a solitary well substantiated instance in which an improving and rent-paying tenant was dispossessed by the landlord for the purpose of availing himself of the additional value which had been given to his land. And Mr Stewart, an extensive agent and land-valuator, declared in his examination, "that he considered improving tenants had, at the expiration of their tenures, a just claim upon the consideration of their landlords—a claim," he continues, "*which, in a great number of instances coming under*

my own observation, I never yet knew to be disregarded." Can the government believe that contingent and trifling rewards for levelling old ditches, and for building ill-constructed houses, will be sufficient to satisfy men who, according to Mr Maher's sworn testimony, "*desire no such improvements, even when they are paid promptly for their execution*;" or that drainage will be effected, in the hope of their being allowed a paltry consideration in case they are dispossessed, "*by persons who threaten with death those who are willing to give them at once the full value of their labour*?" Not a bit of it. Any attempt to legislate on the subject will only increase the present difficulties. If you give the tenant a right to execute such improvements as he pleases, and guarantee him remuneration, who is to be the umpire between the occupier and the landlord?—"a commissioner." Well, where are you to get respectable men to act in such a capacity, with the certainty that if they decided honestly, they would become unpopular, and secure the reward of death? And if you take those commissioners from the class of small farmers, and pay them by the business they transact, why, then, there will be no limit to jobbing and dishonesty—each of them will bid for popularity and increase of income, by deciding in favour of the tenant, and against the landlord, in all instances—and litigation and confusion without end will be the consequence. As to Mr O'Connell's other remedies—extension of municipal reform, and increase of representation—grant them, and what could the change effect? No extension of municipal reform can possibly make the corporations more revolutionary than they are—with one solitary exception (Belfast), his influence and his principles prevail in all. They are all at his beck, "good men and true." What more would he have? What more could any alteration in the law effect for him? And as to the increase in the Irish representation, what benefit could that be to the country, when, admitting that the number of members were increased, the additional ones would only swell the amount of those who altogether,

and purposely, absent themselves from their duties, under the sanction of their constituents, and by the express dictation of their leader.

With the facts which we have laid before them—with the proofs which we have adduced from their own authorities, to show that there is neither injustice nor oppression practised on the Irish people, that their distress is to a great extent simulated, and their poverty the fruits of their own misconduct—we ask the government, will they continue to allow themselves to be misled by the mistatements of interested and designing men, who, while accounting for the state of Ireland, *assert* one thing and *swear* another; will they legislate for that country on the suggestions of persons who make a boast of their hatred of England, and openly express their desire for her humiliation—who, with loyalty on their lips, seek Repeal because they know it must produce separation; and who hesitate not to advocate measures which they feel must be ruinous to all classes of their fellow-countrymen, because they hope to accomplish, through the agency of the British ministry, what they have hitherto been unable to effect by flattery or by force—the alienation of the loyal and well-disposed from the British connexion?

There is a remedy for the ills of Ireland, and a simple and an efficacious remedy it will be found to be, if adopted. Enforce obedience to the laws, and establish security of life and property, no matter at what sacrifices or by what means. The more severe and uncompromising the measure by which those objects shall be sought to be effected, the more prompt will be the success, and the more merciful the operation. Freedom of action once attained, you may safely leave the gentry and the people to make their own arrangements, and count with certainty on the rapid improvement of the country, and the full development of its re-

sources, provided only you maintain that fair degree of protection which can alone enable Ireland to compete with more favoured countries.

The Association must be suppressed: it will be folly to expect peace or tranquillity while that pestilent body is in existence; smite it “hip and thigh,” and you at once cut off the fruitful sources of discontent and crime. Stop the rent, and at one blow you annihilate the profligate press, which turns the minds of the people from their legitimate avocations, which panders to their prejudices, and excites them to outrage. Of what use will it be to confine the peasant to his house by night, if you allow him to be beset during the day by the noxious publications which contain the treason of the Conciliation Hall?

Will it be just to tax the unfortunate farmers when they are compelled to become participators in crime, and to shelter the guilty for the purpose of obtaining that protection from outrages which the government are too negligent or too impotent to afford them? The plan which it is proposed to adopt, of recompensing those who suffer in person or property by a tax levied on the locality in which the crime was committed, *has been long in operation,* and found to be utterly inefficacious.* What is the use of an additional police force, when all the exertions of those men will be rendered ineffectual by the insufficiency of the laws which you refuse to strengthen? The guilty cannot be affected by taxation, for they hold no land; they cannot be punished by the ordinary laws, for they have established a system which baffles their operation; but once enact effective Law, and proclaim down the Association—show the people that you are determined to maintain social order and to suppress insubordination—then, *but not till then*, will you rally the good in defence of justice, and deter the guilty from the commission of crime.

* The only difference is, that the power heretofore vested in and exercised by the Grand Juries, will, by this bill, be transferred to the Lord-Lieutenant.

THE MODERN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

THE FRAGMENT OF A DREAM.

CHAPTER I.

HOW SCAPEGRACE first made acquaintance with SCRIP.

As I walked through the wilderness of 'Change Alley, I lighted on a certain coffeehouse, where there was a box in the corner, and, falling asleep therein, I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed, and behold I saw a man bearing a burden on his back, walking up and down the Alley in grievous plight; and ever and anon he put his hands into his breeches pockets, as if in search of something, but drew out nothing. Then he turned his pockets inside out, and cried—"Wo is me! what shall I do?"

And, as he turned his back to me, I saw his burden, which was large and heavy; and thereon was writ, in large characters, the word "Debt:" and drawing near, methought the bag was stuffed quite full of mortgages, bonds, bills, post-obits, and suchlike, wherewith he appeared to be weighed down even to the ground.

And, as he made his moan, and strove to unloose his burden from his back, behold another man came up to him, who also bare his burden upon his back; but, though it seemed larger and heavier than his fellow's, he wore a smiling countenance, and skipped along as lightly as if his pack had been filled with feathers; and, drawing near to the first man, he thus accosted him:—

"How now, neighbour SCAPEGRACE, wherefore so in the dumps? Thou seemest to have a sore struggle with thy load, which, sooth to say, seems a heavy one. Can I lend thee a helping hand?"

"In good faith, neighbour STAGMAN," answered Scapegrace, "so long as this burden sticks to my back, I shall have no peace or rest, by night or by day, for I know not how long I may be left at large; and men say that, even now, one Gripeman hath a writ out against me, at the suit of Mr Legality, and that I shall be hauled away to prison incontinently. Bail, as thou

knowest, I can find none; for Easyman, who stood surety for me aforetime, is bankrupt, and thou, Stagman, hast not a penny in thy purse—if thou wert ever so much inclined to befriend me."

"Nay, not so fast, friend," replied Stagman; "matters have gone better with me of late than thou wouldst suppose; and perchance, if thou wilt listen to me, I can put thee on a way to get quit of this thy burden!—or, if thou wouldst rather do as I do, to fill thy pockets, keep thy burden still, and yet dance under it as lightly as if it were no burden at all."

"Of a truth," said Scapegrace, "I long to hear how these things may be."

"Know then," said Stagman, "that of late all the world have gone crazed after a new fashion of travelling, or rather flying, discovered by Mr Ironman, by means of which the traveller reacheth his journey's end ere he well knoweth that he hath begun it, smoking his pipe, or reading the newspaper all the way, as he skim-meth along over hills and valleys, sloughs and morasses."

"These be pleasant tidings," cried Scapegrace.

"And profitable likewise," answered Stagman, "for all that are concerned in these new highways; for now-a-days none will take the old roads, which are fast becoming full of ruts and pitfalls, fearful to behold, and all must soon resort per force to those made by Mr Ironman, who levieth a heavy toll on all passengers at various wicket-gates which he hath set up along the road. Now, as Ironman required some friends to assist him with money in making his roads, he hath formed various goodly companies, who lend him their money in the mean time, and share thereafter in the tolls levied from the pilgrims that use the road. If thou

couldst but be joined to one of these companies, as I have been, thy burden might soon be lighter. And even now there is a new road about to be begun, which I doubt not would make thee rich in brief space, if thou wert but a shaver therein."

"Whither goeth this road?" asked Scapegrace.

From the town of *LITTLE-GO*, by *HAP-HAZARD*, towards *CENT-PERCENT*, and thence to the great city of *BLDORADO*," answered Stagman. "Thereafter, if the traffic answer, we contemplate a branch rail to *UTOPIA*."

"But methought," said Scapegrace, "that road of which thou speak'st was full of rocks, and deep pits, and swamps, and quagmires, and other frightfuls. I do remember me of a certain *SLOUGH OF DESPOND*, wherein sundry travellers were bemired to purpose, and some hardly escaped with their lives."

"The Slough of Despond, quotha!" cried Stagman; "a certain man, called in the vulgar tongue a Contractor, undertakes to fill it up, and to lay a double line of rails, with sidings, across it in a fortnight."

"Truly, we live in strange times, neighbour," said Scapegrace. "But then the *HILL OF DIFFICULTY*?"

"Is no difficulty after all," interrupted Stagman; "we pass right through the centre of it by a tunnel in two minutes, so that you need never know there was a hill there. The strata are all clay and sandstone, exceeding well fitted for boring."

"Then the *VALLEY OF HUMILIATION*, and the road which leads there-through?" asked Scapegrace.

"We go slap across it in the twinkling of a bedpost, by a handsome viaduct of thirty arches on the skew principle," said Stagman.

"Lo, you now!" said Scapegrace, marvelling—"Surely, however, the road is rugged and hilly?"

"Thou wouldst say, the gradients are bad; not so, there is none worse than one in the hundred—quite as good as the *Caledonian*."

"I know not that road," said Scapegrace.

"So much the better for thee," answered Stagman gravely.

"But, neighbour, how do you contrive to carry your road through other men's grounds?" said Scapegrace.

"We promise to share the profits with them," said Stagman, "and so keep them quiet; or put them on the Provisional Committee, with power to audit their own accounts. Sometimes, no doubt, we are put to our shifts for a time, as was the case with Squire Despair of Doubting Castle, who opposed us on the standing orders, and threatened to throw us out in committee; but, as it ended in our buying Doubting Castle at his own price, and paying him handsomely for intersectional damage besides, he soon withdrew his opposition, and is now an active promoter of the line. Indeed, I know not any one who can give us further trouble, except it be old Pope, who says the road will ruin his villa, and be the death of any of his bulls that get upon the line; but as we know that he is as poor as a church rat, and will never show face in the committee, we mind him not, and, in truth, I have no doubt the committee will find the preamble proved."

"Find what?" enquired Scapegrace;—"methinks, Stagman, thou dealest in strange words, and usest a jargon hard to be understood of men."

"Find the preamble proved," answered Stagman; "which means we shall be empowered to make the road."

"I suppose then, neighbour," said Scapegrace, "there will be great resort of travellers to this same *CENT-PERCENT*, and much toll levied thereat?"

"The passenger traffic, the prospectus says, will be enormous," answered Stagman; "and the minerals along the line are of course inexhaustible."

"But tell me, neighbour, is this same mode of travel as pleasant for the wayfarers as thou sayest?"

"Exceedingly pleasant for the survivors," answered Stagman. "Doubtless it sometimes happens that a carriage or two will run over a precipice, or the down-train from Littlego may run into the up-train from Hap-hazard, whereby some dozen lives may go amissing; but such accidents are unavoidable, and it is satisfactory to know that on these occasions there never yet has been the slightest blame imputable to any one concerned—the stoker being invariably a most respectable man, and the utmost attention paid to the signals."

"Nay now, neighbour Stagman," said Scapegrace; "all this is mighty comfortable and encouraging, and I long much to have share with thee in this same business."

"I know not," said Stagman, "whether that may be; for the way is narrow, and many there be that would go in thereat. But look you, neighbour, I have promised to do you service if I can, and I will tell you how to set about it. There is an ancient friend of mine, who hath stood me in good stead before now, his name is Mr Scrip; he hath holpen many a one in worse plight than thou art; so that by his aid, from being poor and needy, they have become well to do in the world in a short space. Let us go together to him; he dwelt in Paper Buildings hard by; it may be that he will stand thy friend, and help thee out of this thy difficulty."

So methought the men went both together, and, knocking at the door of Mr Scrip, they were shown into his apartment, which was all garnished with slips of paper, whereon were strange figures and characters written, which no man could read or understand. He wore a coat of many colours, the pockets of which appeared to be stuffed with papers, bearing the like figures; he was always looking either up or down, and he moved to and fro continually, as if he could not sit still in one place for a moment.

"Mr Scrip," said Stagman, "you must know here is a friend of mine who is presently sore bestead, and lacketh thine aid. He would fain have of thee some of those wonderful papers of thine, whereby so many have become so suddenly rich; and, for the sake of our old acquaintance, I pray you pleasure him in this matter."

Then methought Mr Scrip looked fixedly upon Scapegrace, and shook his head consumedly. "The applications," said he, "are so numerous, that the Provisional Committee have been compelled to decline many from the most respectable quarters, and in all cases greatly to restrict the amount allocated." But observing that Scapegrace appeared much discomfited at these words, he said, after a time—"Howbeit, as the man is a friend of thine, and this is the first time he hath come to me, I will for this once do for him according to his wish." So, putting his hand into his nether raiment, he pulled out certain slips of paper, and put them into Scapegrace's hand, saying—"Take these, and put them into the purse thou bearest with thee; they are called after my name: a fortnight hence thou wilt pay to me a deposit of twenty crowns thereon, but thereafter thou mayst sell them for ten times that sum."

"Alas," cried Scapegrace, "for now I am utterly undone! I have not a crown in the world, and how can I pay the deposit?"

"Nay, neighbour, have a good heart," cried Stagman, drawing him into a corner; "long before the fortnight comes, we shall have sold these papers to some other man, who will pay the twenty crowns for thee, and give thee a hundred beside for thy pains. At the worst, thou hast but to burn thy papers and be seen no more of men, which, if Gripeman should lay hold on thee, would happen in any wares. Take the papers, be of good comfort, thank Mr Scrip for his kindness, and tell him thou wilt call another day with the twenty crowns."

So Scapegrace took the papers, and they thanked Mr Scrip, and went their way.

CHAPTER II.

How Scapegrace, losing sight of Premium, was mocked at Vanity Fair.

And as they journeyed, methought the two men had much conversation together.

"Now, neighbour Scapegrace," said Stagman, "if thou wouldst sell this scrip of thine to advantage, we must betake ourselves to the great

market at Vanity Fair, where all the fools in the world be gathered together, and not a few knaves besides. But the fair is a perfect maze, full of blind alleys, courts, and winding passages, among the which thou wouldst assuredly lose thy way if thou didst

enter them without a guide; and with such confusion of wares in the shops and windows, that thou mightst walk about from morning to eventide without finding what thou wert in search of. I remember me well, that when I first resorted thither, I more than once went into the wrong shop, and bought many articles which turned out naught. Therefore must we get Interpreter to go along with us."

"Who is this same Interpreter?" asked Scapegrace.

"Interpreter," answered Stagman, "is a stockbroker, who knoweth all the ups and downs of the place, the abodes of sellers and customers, and the booths where the best bargains are to be had. He hath his living by directing travellers through the Fair, and showing them where to buy and sell to good purpose. For a small consideration he will go along with us, and help us in this business."

But Scapegrace, who had waxed foolhardy, replied—"Not so, friend Stagman. I fear not I shall find my way easily enough through the Fair, and bring my hogs to a good market without him, and save my money at the same time. Already, methinks, I feel the burden at my back lighter. Let us push on, I beseech thee, to our journey's end."

"Neighbour Scapegrace," said Stagman, "thou art somewhat rash in this matter, for Interpreter's fee is but a trifle; and I can tell thee, that if by mischance thou shouldst come to lose thy way in the Fair, thou mayst chance to be very roughly handled. There is always a scum of villains there on the outlook to decoy strangers, and, if they will not consent to be cheated, to flout and mock them with gibes and scurril jests. 'Twas but the other day they put Truopenny into the Stocks, and kept him there till he thought he should never get out again; and he only did get out by parting with all the ready money he had. I pray thee, neighbour, take warning, and be advised."

As he spake, behold a third man came towards them from behind, and shortly overtook them.

"Whither so fast, neighbours?" said he.

"Nay, Mr Littlefaith," said Stagman, "we be all journeying, as I take

it, the same road. We are bound for Vanity Fair; and, from that little bundle which I see in thy hand, it should seem thou art on the same errand. Is it not so?"

"It is even so," said Littlefaith. "I would fain turn a penny, like other men. Men say, in our village of Lovegain, that my neighbours, Plausible, and Saveall, and Worldly-wiseman, by their dealings at the fair have made a mint of money; and so would Obstinate, too, for that matter, if he had not asked too much for his wares, and so lost his market, and returned as he went. More fool he! I shall take the first good offer I get, I promise you."

"Well, now," said Scapegrace, joining in their talk, "since Littlefaith is going along with us to the Fair, surely we can do without Interpreter. Come, pluck up a good heart, and let us be jogging."

Then Stagman shook his head, and said nothing; but the three continued to walk on.

After a time said Stagman—"Since thou wilt not take Interpreter with thee, there is but one further advice which I can give. Not far from Vanity Fair dwelleth a certain man, called PREMIUM; but his house is not easily found, for he liveth next door to Discount, and many strangers, thinking to find the one, have landed at the door of the other. In truth, it is said there is a passage between their dwellings, and that the two play into each other's hands; for oftentimes, when Premium see'th visitors coming, and liketh not their look—for he is a shy man, and easily frightened—he will disappear of a sudden, and send Discount to open the door to them, and to say he is gone out, and won't be home for a fortnight. This man Premium is almost always to be found hankering about the Fair; and so long as thou canst keep close upon him, thou art sure to go right. Follow in the direction he goeth: he will guide thee to a good customer; but having made thy market, bestir thyself, and go thy way quickly, lest evil overtake thee. But take care thou lose not sight of the man, for he often vanisheth when least expected; and shouldst thou fall into the hands of his neighbour, who is ever close

behind him, then wert thou utterly undone."

And about mid-day, as they journeyed, they came in sight of the Fair, which was of goodly extent, with many lanes and alleys, through which great crowds were ever moving, and the din and hubbub of their voices, as they called out the names of their wares, was such, that at first the pilgrims were mightily confused. Littlefaith spake of turning back, but being encouraged of Stagman, he took heart again, and went on.

And as they gazed about them, and marvelled at the multitudes that were wandering up and down the rows, cheapening the wares, "Now are we in good-luck," cried Stagman; "for yonder, on the outskirts of the market, if I mistake not, is Mr Premium. Let us step up boldly to him at once and take his arm—for if we approach him timidly, he will disappear under one of the booths incontinently."

"But do you think we may venture?" said Littlefaith.

"Yea, verily," said Stagman; so, hurrying up to him, they laid hold of him gently, but with a firm grasp, and saluted him. He was a portly person, attired in a gold-coloured suit, and put on a smiling countenance when the pilgrims laid hold of him; but methought he looked about him on every side to see whether he could dodge away, and escape. Finding, however, that they clung to him tightly, he made as if he were much pleased to meet them, and returning their salutation—

"How now, old friend," said he to Stagman; "what wouldst thou have me to do?"

"Only to show us through the Fair," said Stagman. "These, my friends, are new to the place, and they would fain know how to sell their wares to the best bidder. I pray thee, go with us, for thou knowest all the outs and ins of this Babel."

So, keeping fast hold of Mr Premium's arm, they entered the Fair; and if at a distance they were confused with the clamour and din of the crowd, they were beyond measure astonished when they got into the thick of it. Here was French row, Dutch row, Belgian row, Irish row, English row, and Scotch row; the chief crowd,

however, was in the English row, which was so choked up at times with buyers and sellers, that it was not possible to move along at all. But as most people were glad to make way for Premium, who was well known there and much respected, the pilgrims got along the rows better than they thought.

"What will you buy, worthy gentlemen—what will you buy?" exclaimed many voices as they passed.

"Buy any Pennsylvanians, gents?" said a man in the raiment of a Quaker.

"Heavy stock, heavy stock, Jonathan!" cried another.

"Buy my Mexicans—best Mexicans!" said a third.

"Would not take a present of them gratis," cried a fourth.

"Spanish three's reduced—who'll buy?" said a fifth.

"Reduced to nothing," said a sixth.

"Portuguese deferred annuities?" said a seventh.

"Deferred to the day of judgment," answered an eighth.

"Glenmutchkins—guaranteed stock, 5 premium, *ex div.*," said a ninth.

"Won't do, Sauley," said a tenth—"won't do at any price."

And so on it went, all the dealers bawling and squabbling together, and trying to depreciate one another's wares.

But, in the meantime, a certain one came up to Littlefaith in the crowd, and seeing him in company with Premium, he asked him if he were inclined to sell his scrip.

Whereupon Littlefaith, turning round, saw that it was his old neighbour, Plausible, and answering, said, "Of a truth such was my errand hither, but what with the din and bustle about me, I doubt I shall never pluck up heart to find a purchaser."

"I fear, neighbour Littlefaith," said Plausible, "thou art in the right, and let me tell thee that same scrip of thine is little in favour here; howbeit, for the sake of old acquaintance, I would not have thee return empty—I will buy thy wares of thee. Thou canst not expect of me much profit, but here are twenty crowns, which will defray thy travelling charges—and leave thee a something over beside. Mayhap I may be able some time or other to find

a purchaser. There is the money. Give me the scrip quickly; for I see a certain friend of mine, Mr By-ends, who beckoneth to me, and cannot wait."

Then did Littlefaith take the crowns, and give unto Plausible the scrip, which when he had put into his bosom, he smiled and hastened away. When Littlefaith came back to Stagman, he told him what he had done.

"Thou faint-hearted fool!" said Stagman, "knowest thou not thy wares were well worth a hundred crowns, which, I warrant thee, Plausible will make of them before the market is over. Out upon thee for a crazed coxcomb! get thee gone, and trouble us no more in this matter."

"Better is a bird in the hand than two in the bush," said Littlefaith; and so saying, he departed.

But while Stagman was thus gibing Littlefaith for throwing away his wares, suddenly Scapegrace uttered a cry, and said—

"Mercy on us, what hath become of Mr Premium! I only turned my head for a moment to look at yonder Prospectus of the Grand Equatorial and Tropical Junction, and, lo! he slipt his arm from mine, and I saw him no more."

"Oh, woe is me!" cried Stagman; "what I foretold has come to pass, and now I fear a worse thing will yet befall us."

And, as he spake, behold there drew near a lean and ill-favoured person, clad in ragged and sad-coloured attire, whose doublet was much out at the elbows, and who looked ever towards the ground; and no sooner did Stagman see him drawing nigh, than he threw his scrip on the ground, and, hurrying through the crowd, he was seen no more. Then I knew that the man's name was DISCOUNT.

And when the men of the Fair saw that Premium was gone, and that Stagman had fled as Discount drew

nigh, they seized upon Scapegrace, and began to flout him, at first with fair words and pretences, but at last more rudely and openly. "So, friend!" cried one, "you will buy nothing of us, it seems? Mayhap you have something to sell."

"I have in my scrip a few Eldorados, for which I expected a premium," answered Scapegrace.

"Don't you wish you may get it?" said the other sympathetically.

"Does your mother," said a third, with a look of sympathy—"your venerable mother, know that you are abroad at the Fair?"

"Perfectly well," answered Scapegrace; "it was mainly in consequence of her pecuniary distress that I came hither."

"Distress, indeed!" answered the other; "thou wouldst not have us believe that she has sold her mangle yet?"

"I said not that she had," replied Scapegrace; "but she would gladly have parted with it if she could."

"How are you off for soap?" said another in a compassionate tone.

"Very indifferently, friend," answered Scapegrace; "for my lodging has been but poorly supplied of late, and I think of changing it."

"Lodging, quotha! You sha'n't lodge here, Mr Ferguson, I promise you."

"My name is not Ferguson," said Scapegrace meekly; "neither have I the least intention of lodging here."

"What a shocking bad hat!" cried a voice from behind, and in a trice was Scapegrace's hat knocked over his eyes, and his pockets turned inside out; but finding nothing therein but scrip, they were enraged, and falling upon Scapegrace, they kicked, and cuffed, and hustled him up one row and down another, through this alley and across that court, till at last, being tired of mocking him, they cast him out of the Fair altogether, and shut the gate against him.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER—BOOK THE FIRST.

. IN ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

[THE author of the version of the Last Book of the *Iliad*, in the Number for March, has been requested by the Editor of this Magazine to give another specimen; and, as he happens to have the First Book completed, he is happy to comply.

In case any one unacquainted with the original, and familiar with Homer only through the brilliant *rifacimento* of Pope, should complain of the redundancies and repetitions which he meets here, let the writer remind him that the attempt is to render the ancient poet, not only in a measure framed on the basis of his own, but as nearly as possible with a literal fidelity. Moreover, be it remembered, that the poem was not composed for readers, but to be sung with the accompaniment of the harp in festive assemblies of wholly illiterate soldiers; and that, in all probability, the various speeches introduced were not all chanted by the main voice; but that brother minstrels from time to time relieved the master, as he himself describes the Muses at the Olympian banquet, “with sweet voice singing alternate.”

The writer received from Messrs Blackwood, with the proof-sheet of the following contribution, two books of the *Iliad*, the second and the seventh, done in English hexameters, “by Launcelot Shadwell, formerly Fellow of St John’s College, Cambridge,” with the imprint of Mr Pickering, London, 1844. This gentleman is probably a son of the Vice-Chancellor of England, and, if so, has been trained in a good school of taste as well as scholarship. But whether his hexameters have been *published*, does not appear: the writer had not heard of them before; and he begs to thank Mr Shadwell for his polite attention.

LONDON, April 6th.]

N. N. T.

SING, O Goddess! the wrath unblest of Peleian Achilleus,
Whence the uncountable woes that were heapt on the host of Achaia;
Whence many valorous spirits of heroes, untimely dissever’d,
Down unto Hades were sent, and themselves to the dogs were a plunder
And all fowls of the air; but the counsel of Zeus was accomplish’d:
Even from the hour when at first were in fierceness of rivalry sunder’d
Atreus’ son, the Commander of Men, and the noble Achilleus.

Who of the Godheads committed the twain in the strife of contention?
Leto’s offspring and Zeus’; who, in anger against Agamemnon,
Issued the pestilence dire, and the leaguer was swept with destruction;
For that the King had rejected, and spurn’d from the place in dishonour
Chryses, the priest of the God, when he came to the warrior-galleys,
Willing to rescue his daughter with plentiful gifts of redemption,
Bearing the fillet divine in his hands of the Archer Apollo
Twined on the sceptre of gold: and petition’d the host of Achaia,
Foremost of all the Atreidæ, the twain that were chief in dominion:—
“Hear, ye Atreidæ! and hear, ye Achaians, resplendent in armour!
Be it vouchsaf’d unto you of the Gods who inhabit Olympus,
Priamus’ city to storm, and return to your dwellings in gladness!
But now yield me my daughter belov’d, and accept of the ransom,
Bearing respect to the offspring of Zeus, Far-darting Apollo.”

Then had it voice of approval from all the array of Achaians
Duly to honour the priest and accept fair gifts of redemption;
Only displeas’d in his mind was the King Agamemnon Atreides:
Stern the rejection from him, and ungentle his word at the parting:—
“Let me not see thee again, old man, at the station of galleys,
Lingering wilfully now, nor returning among us hereafter,
Lest neither sceptre of gold nor the wreath of the God may avail thee.
Her will I never surrender, be sure, until age has attain’d her

Far from the land of her birth, in our own habitation of Argos,
 Plying the task of her web and attending the couch of her master.
 Hence with thee! Stir me no more: the return to thy home were the safer."

So did he speak; and the elder, in terror, obey'd the commandment.
 Silent he went on his way, where the sea-waves roar'd on the sand-beach,
 Till at a distance remote, when the voice of his strong supplication
 Cal'd on Apollo the King, that was born of the ringleted Leto:—
 "Hear me, Protector divine, both of Chrysa and beautiful Killa,
 God of the silvery bow, over Tenedos mightily reigning!
 Smintheus! Hear, if my hand ever garnish'd thy glorious temple,
 Crowning the horns of the altar with beauty, and burning before thee
 Fatness of bulls or of goats: hear now, and fulfill my petition.
 Oh, let the Argives atone for my tears by the shafts of thy quiver!"

So did he speak; and Apollo gave ear to the prayer of his servant.
 He from the peaks of Olympus descended, his bosom in anger,
 Bearing on shoulder the bow and the well-fenc'd girth of his quiver.
 Rattled the arrows therein on the back of the Deity wrathful,
 Step upon step as he moved; but he came like the darkness of Nightfall.
 Then did he seat him apart from the ships, and discharging an arrow,
 Fearful afar was the clang of the silvery bow of Apollo.

Mules, at the first, were his aim, and the swiftness of dogs was arrested;
 But on themselves, right soon, with the sure-wing'd darts of destruction
 Smote he, and wide on the shore was the flame of continual death-fires.
 Nine days' space, on the leaguer the shafts of the Godhead were flying;
 Then, on the tenth, were the people convok'd by the noble Achilleus,
 Mov'd unto this, in his mind, by the Goddess majestic Hera;
 For she was griev'd in her heart at the sight of the dying Achaïans.
 But when the host were conven'd, thus spake swift-footed Peleides:—
 "Wand'ring again is our doom, as it seems to my mind, Agamemnon!
 Home to escape as we may, unless death be the issue to welcome,
 Since not the battle alone, but the pestilence wastes the Achaïans.
 Come, without witless delay, let some prophet or priest be consulted,
 Yea, or expounder of dreams, (for the dream, too, comes from Kronion,)
 Who may interpret the wrath unrelenting of Phœbus Apollo;
 Whether for forfeited vow we are plagu'd, or for hecatomb wanting:
 If peradventure by savour of lambs or of goats without blemish
 Anger divine may be sooth'd, and the pestilence turn'd from the people."

He, having spoke, sat down; and arose Thestorian Calchas,
 Prophet supreme among all, in the secrets of augury foremost;
 He that to Ilion's borders conducted the ships of Achaïa,
 Such was the lore of the Seer by the blessing of Phœbus Apollo.
 He, with the counsel of wisdom, arose in the midst to address them:—
 "Favour'd of Zeus!" he began, "thou commandest me, noble Achilleus,
 Here to interpret the wrath of the King, Far-darting Apollo.
 That will I therefore declare; but vouchsafe me, and swear to confirm it,
 Promptness and constancy true in the word and the hand of protection;
 For when I utter the cause, unto anger, I know, will be kindled
 He that of Argos is lord and obey'd in the host of Achaïa.
 Heavy the hand of a king when the humble provokes his resentment;
 Say that he masters his mood, and the day of offending be scatheless,
 Yet shall he nurture the wrath thenceforth, till he perfect the vengeance,
 Deep in his bosom within. Speak thou, if the will be to save me."

This was the answer he had, without pause, from the noble Peleides:—
 "Speak with a confident heart whatsoever thy scrutiny reaches;
 For by Apollo I swear, by the Son of the Highest Kronion,
 None to whom thou shalt discover the truth of prophetic warning,
 Calling the Gods to attest—while I live, and mine eyes are undarken'd,
 None shall, for that revelation, lay hand of oppression upon thee;
 None of the Danaïds all that are camp'd by the station of galleys—
 Even if thou name Agamemnon, the first of the host in dominion."

Then the unblamable Seer took heart, and bespake the Assembly :—
 “ Neither for forfeited vow is he wroth, nor for hecatomb wanting ;
 But for the sake of his priest, who, dishonour'd by King Agamemnon,
 Pray'd for his daughter in vain, and the gifts that he brought were rejected ;
 Therefore, the Archer Divine has afflicted, and more will afflict us,
 Nor shall the weight of his hand be remov'd in the pestilence wasting,
 Not till the Dark-eyed Maid is restor'd to the love of her father,
 Free, without ransoming price—and a hecatomb holy to Chrysa
 Sent for atonement of wrong : peradventure we then may appease him.”

He, having spoke, sat down : and anon, in the midst of the princes,
 Rose the heroic Atreides, the wide-sway'd lord, Agamemnon :
 Troubled in visage he rose, for the heart with the blackness of anger
 Swell'd in the breast of the King, and his eyes had the blaze of the firebrand :
 First to the Seer did he turn, and austere was the scowl when he nam'd him :
 “ Prophet of evils ! to me never word of thy mouth has been grateful ;
 Gladness it sheds ever more on thy spirit to prophesy mischief.
 Never had good its announcement from thee, its accomplishment never !
 Here, then, art thou, with thy sanctified lore, in the leaguer proclaiming
 All the afflictions we bear from the anger of Archer Apollo
 Only from this to have sprung, that I gave not the damsel Chryseïs
 Back for the gifts that were brought :—for I valued her more than the ransom,
 Will'd her to stay in my home, and preferr'd her before Clytemnestra,
 Her that I wedded a maid—nor in aught would comparison harm her,
 Neither for form nor for face, nor for mind nor the skill of her fingers.
 Yet even so am I willing to yield her, if this be the better :
 Weal I desire for the people, and not their calamity lengthen'd.
 But on the instant make ready a guerdon for me, that of Argives
 I be not prizeless alone—methinks that of a truth were unseemly—
 All of ye witnessing this, that the prize I obtain'd is to leave me.”

Thus to him instantly answer'd the swift-footed noble Peleides :—
 “ Foremost in fame, Agamemnon, in greediness, too, thou art foremost.
 Whence can a prize be assign'd by the generous host of Achaia ?
 Nowhere known unto us is a treasure of common possessions :
 All that we took with a town was distributed right on the capture ;
 Nor is it seemly for states to resume and collect their allotments.
 Render the maid to the God, and expect from the sons of Achaia
 Threefold recompense back, yea fourfold, soon as Kronion
 Grants us to waste and abolish the well-wall'd city of Troia.”

So the Peleides—and thus, in reply, said the King Agamemnon :—
 “ Good as thou art in the dealings of battle, most noble Achilles,
 Try not the engines of craft ; to come over me thus is beyond thee.
 This the suggestion forsooth that, thyself being safe with thy booty,
 I shall sit down without mine ! I am bid to surrender the damsel :
 This is the word—and 'tis well, if the generous host of Achaia
 Yield me a prize in her stead that is fair and affords me contentment ;
 But if ye grant me not this, be it known, I will do myself justice—
 Seizing what Aias obtain'd, or despoiling the tent of Odysseus ;
 Yea, peradventure, thine own—whatsoever the rage of the loser.
 These, of a surety, are things to be duly consider'd hereafter ;
 Meantime, down to the deep let a black-hull'd galley be hauser'd,
 Oarsmen selected and rang'd, and the hecatomb stow'd for the temple—
 Mine be the care to accomplish the freight with the rosy Chryseïs.
 Last, be some counsellor-chief for command of the galley appointed—
 Whether Idomeneus be it, or Aias, or noble Odysseus,
 Yea, or, Peleides, thyself, among terrible warriors foremost !
 So shall by thee be achiev'd the appeasing of Archer Apollo.”

Dark was the scowl of Achilles the rapid, as thus he made answer :—
 “ Oh ! thou in impudence clothed ! O heart, that is ever on lucre !
 How can the words of thy mouth stir zeal in a single Achaian
 Either to march in thy train, or to stand in the fierceness of onset ?

Truly I came not, for one, out of hate for the spearmen of Troia,
 Hither to battle with them—neither feud nor offence was between us.
 Never Dardanian foray had plunder'd my beeves nor my horses,
 Never on Phthia descending, in Thessaly's bountiful borders,
 Ravag'd the fruits of the field—since betwixt there was many a barrier,
 Shadowy mountains enow, and the roaring expanses of ocean.
 Only to gratify thee, Dog-face! and avenge Menelaus,
 Mov'd us to war upon Troy; and with thee it is counted for nothing!
 Masterful menace instead that by thee my reward shall be ravish'd,
 Won with the sweat of my brow, and assign'd by the sons of Achaia!
 Truly my share of the booty was never with thine to be measur'd
 When the Achaians had sackt any populous town of the Troad:
 Only when shock upon shock the turmoil of the battle was raging,
 Greater the work of my hands; but whenever we reacht the division
 Far did thy portion surpass. Nor has grudging been mine or complaining:
 Weary with warring, and pleas'd with a little, I went to my galley.
 Homeward to Thessaly, now!—I shall profit, I think, by departing—
 Nor if I stay in dishonour, will heaping of plunder oppress thee.”

Thus on the instant replied the Commander of Men, Agamemnon:—
 “Flee, if to that thou be minded: expect not from me a petition
 Here for my service to stop. Beside thee I have some to befriend me
 Now and hereafter: in chief, the Olympian's counselling foresight.
 Hatefullest ever to me hast thou been of the kings of Achaia;
 Nothing delighted thee e'er but contention and battle and bloodshed;
 And if thy strength be unmatcht, it is due to the gift of a Godhead.
 Hence with thee!—hence to thy home flee thou with thy ships and thy
 comrades!

There over Myrmidons lord it; with me there is small estimation
 Either of thee or thy wrath; and take this for completing my menace:
 Since I am reft of Chryseïs for pleasing of Phœbus Apollo,
 Now, in a ship of mine own, and with men of mine own for attendance,
 Her will I send; but anon will I go and, within thy pavilion,
 Seize on the rosy Briseïs, thy guerdon—instructing thee clearly
 How I surpass thee in power, and that others beside may be cautious
 Neither to match them with me, or confront with the boldness of equals!”

So did he speak: and the word had a sting; and the heart of Achilleus,
 Under the hair of his bosom, in tearing perplexity ponder'd,
 Whether unsheathing the sword from his thigh, to disperse interveners,
 Clearing the way at a swoop, and to strike at the life of Atreides,
 Or to control his resentment and master the fury within him.
 But as he struggled with thought and the burning confusion of impulse,
 Even as he mov'd in the scabbard his ponderous weapon, Athena
 Stood by, darting from heaven: for the white-arm'd Hera had sent her,
 She that had eyes on them both with a loving and equal concernment.
 Lighting behind him, she graspt at the thick fair curls of Peleides,
 Visible only to him, undiscover'd by all that surrounded.

Fear on Achilleus fell, and he turn'd to her, instantly knowing
 Pallas Athena, for awful the eyes of the goddess apparent—
 And he address'd her, and these were the air-wing'd words that he utter'd.
 “Why hast thou come, O child of the Ægis-bearing Kronion?
 Is it to see me condemn'd by the insolent pride of Atreides?
 This do I promise beside, and thine eyes shall behold it accomplish'd,
 Here where he sits Agamemnon shall pay for his scorn with his life-blood.”

This was the answer to him of the blue-eyed Pallas Athena:—
 “Willing to temper thy mood, (if perchance thou be ready to listen,)
 Down from the heavens have I come at the call of majestic Hera,
 Her who has eyes on you both with a loving and equal concernment.
 Therefore from violence cease, nor persist in unsheathing the weapon:
 Wound him with words at thy pleasure—in that let it fall as it chanceth.
 Only of this be assur'd, for thyself shall behold it accomplish'd,

Threefold yet shall the King in magnificent gifts of atonement
Pay for the scorn of to-day ; but restrain thee and yield to my warning."

Thus, in reply to Athena, said instantly noble Achilleus :—

"Me of a surety beseems it, O Goddess, to bend to thy counsel,
Fierce as mine anger may be ; it is wiser to keep the commandment.
They that submit to the Gods shall be heard when they make supplication."

Press'd on the silvery hilt as he spake was the weight of his right hand,
Back to the scabbard returning the terrible blade ; nor obedience
He to Athena refus'd ; and she sprang from his side to Olympus,
Up to the mansion of Zeus, to rejoin the assembly of Godheads.
Then did Achilles begin to reproach Agamemnon Atreides,
Hotly with venomous words, for as yet unappeased was his anger :—

"Bloated with wine ! having eyes like a dog, but the heart of a she-deer !
Never with harness on back to be first when the people were arming,
Never in dark ambuscado to lie with the few and the fearless,
Courage exalted thy soul ; this seems to thee courtship of death-doom.
Truly 'tis better by far in the wide-spread Danaïd leaguer
Robbing of guerdon achiev'd whoso'er contradicts thee in presence !
People-devouring king ! O fortunate captain of cowards—

Else, Agamemnon, to-day would have witness'd the last of thine outrage !
But I proclaim it before thee, and great is the oath that shall bind it—
Now by this rod, which can never put forth or a twig or a leaflet,
Since it was parted for aye from the root of its growth in the mountains,
Never to germinate more, in the hour when the brass of the woodman
Sever'd the bark and the sap : but the chiefs that administer judgment,
Guarding the law of the Gods, as a sign to the sons of Achaia
Bear it in hand :—upon this do I swear, and severe is the sanction !
Rue for Achilles hereafter shall rise in the Danaïd leaguer :—

Bitter the yearning shall be—nor in thee, howsoever afflicted,
Succour be found at their need—but remorse shall be raging within thee,
Tearing thy heart that by thee was the best of Achaians dishonour'd."

Speaking he dash'd on the ground, in the midst of the people, his sceptre,
Garnish'd with circles of gold ; down sat thereafter Peleides.

Opposite rose Agamemnon in wrath ; but before he could open,
Upsprang Nestor between them, the sweet-ton'd spokesman of Pylos:
Sweeter the speech of his tongue in its flow than the sweetness of honey.

Two generations complete of the blood of articulate mankind,
Nurtur'd and rear'd in his view, unto death in their turn had been gather'd ;
Now he was king for a third in the bountiful region of Pylos.
He, with beneficent thoughts, in the midst of them rose and address'd
them :—

"Woe to me ! great is the grief that has come on the land of Achaia !
Great of a surety for Priam the joy and the children of Priam !
Ilion holds not a soul in her bounds but will leap into gladness,
Soon as the tidings go forth that ye two are divided in anger,
Foremost in council among us and foremost of all in the battle !
Hear me while yet there is time : ye are both of ye younger than I am.
I in the days that are past have in fellowship mingled with heroes
Mightier even than you, yet among them I never was slighted.
Never their like did I see, nor shall look on their equals hereafter—
Such as Perithöus was, or as Dryas the shepherd of people,
Kaineus, Exadius too—the compeer of the bless'd, Polyphemus ;
Ægeus' glorious son, as a God in his countenance, Theseus.
These of a truth were in might the supreme of the children of mankind ;
Mightiest they upon earth and with mightiest foes they contended,
Centaur's nurs'd in the hills, whom in terrible ruin they trampled.
These, the allies of my youth, when I first adventur'd from Pylos,
Far from the Apian land, being call'd of themselves for a comrade.
With them I fought as I could—but against them of earth's generation
None is there breathing to-day that could stand in the tempest of battle ;

Yet they admitted me near and attended the words of my counsel.
 Hear too, ye, and be sway'd ; for in yielding to counsel is wisdom.
 Neither do thou, though surpassing in station, lay hand on the damsel ;
 Leave her, as giv'n at the first by the voice of the sons of Achaia.
 Nor let thy spirit, Peleides, excite thee to stand in contention,
 Scornfully facing the King :—for of all that inherit the sceptre
 He is the highest, and Zeus with pre-eminent glory adorns him.
 Be it, thy strength is the greater, thy birth from the womb of a Goddess,
 Still is his potency more because more are beneath his dominion.
 Thou, Agamemnon, give pause to thine anger ; myself I entreat thee :
 Master the wrath, O King, that divides thee from noble Achilles,
 Ever in murderous war great bulwark for all the Achaians."

These were the answering words of the chief in the host, Agamemnon :—
 " Verily, elder rever'd, there is grace in whatever thou speakest,
 But this man is resolv'd to be first over all and in all things ;
 All to his dictating word must submit themselves—all to his kingship—
 He with his nod to command—which I think will have scanty approval.
 Might in his spear if there be by the gift of the Gods everlasting,
 Do they uphold him for that in the measureless railing of insult ?"

Him, with a sidelong glance, thus answer'd the noble Achilles :—
 " Worthless I well might be call'd, of a surety, and cowardly caitiff,
 Yielded I all at a word whensoever it pleas'd thee to dictate.
 Such be thy lording with others, but not as to me, Agamemnon !
 Waste not thy masterful signs : they shall never command my obedience.
 This will I tell thee at once, let my fixt resolution be ponder'd—
 Never a hand will I lift to resist for the sake of the damsel,
 Neither on thee nor another—ye take what ye formerly granted !
 But of whatever besides I possess in the camp of the galleys,
 Nothing against my consent shall by thee or another be taken.
 Come now—try it thyself, that the test may for all be sufficient,
 Seeing how right from thy bosom the black blood streams on my spear-head."

They, having battled it thus in the striving of proud contradiction,
 Rose and disperst the assembly of men at the ships of Achaia.
 Then to his tents and the line of his galleys, the noble Peleides
 Went with Menœtius' son and the rest of his comrades attending ;
 While from the beach to the water, a galley surpassing in swiftmess
 Drew Agamemnon the king, and selected a score for her oarsmen.
 Then in the depth of her hull was the hecatomb placed for Apollo,
 And he conducted himself to embark with them, rosy Chryseïs ;
 Lastly, to govern the voyage, ascended sagacious Odysseus ;
 Then being rang'd in the galley they sail'd on the watery courses.

But the Atreides commanded the people to purification,
 And when they all had been cleans'd, and the sea had receiv'd the pollutions,

Hecatombs whole to Apollo of bulls and of goats without blemish
 Bled for the purified host, on the margin of harvestless ocean,
 Sending the savour to heaven in the wreaths of the smoke from the altar.

Busied herein was the leaguer—yet not in the King Agamemnon
 Enmity ceas'd, nor the pride to fulfil what his anger had menaced.
 He to Talthylus now and Eurybates spake his commission,
 Herald of royal command, ever near him in ministry watchful :—
 " Pass, ye twain, to the right to the tent of Peleian Achilles,
 Enter and take with your hands, and conduct to me hither Briseïs.
 If he refuses to yield her, myself will accomplish the seizure,
 Following swiftly with more, which may chance to embitter his grudging."

Loth, they obey'd him ; and pass'd by the rim of the harvestless ocean,
 On to the Myrmidon tents and the black-hull'd ship of Peleides.
 Near to his tent and his galley they found him seated ; nor truly,
 Viewing the twain as they came, did the sight bring joy to Achilles.
 Fearful were they meanwhile—and, in awe of the kingly Peleides,

Halted in silence, nor spake to salute him, nor utter'd the message,
 But in his mind it was clearly discover'd; and thus he address'd them:—
 “Hail to ye, heralds! of Zeus and of men the ambassadors holy!
 Freely advance; ye are blameless before me; alone Agamemnon
 Guilty, that sends ye to me for demand of the damsel Briseïs.
 Noble Patroclus, I pray thee bring forth and surrender the damsel
 Here to their guidance—but they—let the heralds themselves be my witness,
 Both before Gods ever-blest and the Earth's generation of mortals,
 Yea, and the insolent King.—If there ever arises hereafter
 Need of my presence to ward the disgrace of impending disaster
 Off from the rest—Yea, truly, the insolent raves to his ruin;
 Neither the past he recalls, nor has wisdom to judge for the future,
 Whence were salvation alone for his host in the war of the seaboard.”

So did he speak; and Patroclus, obeying the word of his comrade,
 From the pavilion within led forth Briseïs the rosy,
 Yielding her up to the twain; and they turn'd again back by the galleys.
 Not with her will did the woman attend on their path; but Achilleus
 Sat by himself, as the tears roll'd down, and apart from his comrades,
 Hard by the surf-white beach, overlooking the blackness of ocean.
 There then, lifting his hands, to his mother he urg'd his petition:—
 “Since I was born of thee, mother, with fewness of days for my fore-doom,
 Surely Olympian Zeus, who is heard in the thunder of Æther,
 Owed me in honour to live; but to-day he decrees my abasement.
 Open contempt is my portion—for now wide-ruling Atreides
 Tramples upon me himself, and has seiz'd and possesses my guerdon.”

Thus amid tears did he speak, and the mother majestic heard him,
 Sitting afar in the deep by her father the Ancient of Ocean.
 Nimbly anon from the foam of the waves like a cloud she ascended,
 And she was near to him soon, and she sat by him where he lamented,
 Softly caress'd with her hand on his cheek, and address'd him and nam'd
 him:—

“Why art thou weeping, my child? what has burthen'd thy soul with
 affliction?

Speak to me, nothing conceal, that we both may have knowledge in fulness.”

Heavily groaning, to her thus answer'd the rapid Achilleus:—

“Mother, already thou knowest, and why should it all be recounted?

We in our progress assailing Aëtion's hallow'd city,
 Conquer'd and sack'd it, and hither conducted the plunder of Theba.
 Then when the sons of Achaia assembled to make the division,
 They to Atreides allotted for guerdon the comely Chryseïs.

But to the galleys anon of the brass-clad sons of Achaia,
 Journey'd in sorrow her father, the grayhair'd priest of Apollo,
 Eager to ransom the maiden, and bearing a bountiful ransom.
 Holding the fillet divine in his hands of the Archer Apollo,
 Twin'd on the sceptre of gold, he petition'd the host of Achaia—
 Foremost of all the Atreidæ, the twain that are chief in dominion.

Then had it audible greeting from all the array of Achaians
 Duly to honour the priest and accept fair gifts of redemption;
 Only displeased in his mind was the King Agamemnon Atreides—
 Stern the rejection from him and ungente his word of dismissal.
 Wrathful the elder departed, and pray'd in his wrath to Apollo;
 Nor was the prayer unheard, for the priest was belov'd of the Godhead.
 Swiftly the arrow of death was discharg'd on the host of the Argives;
 More and yet more did he slay, for the terrible darts of his vengeance
 Spared not a spot of the camp; till at last, when the people were gather'd,
 Rose up a seer well skill'd and reveal'd the decree of the Archer.
 Foremost was I in exhorting to bend to the God for atonement—
 This the offence that enrag'd Agamemnon, who, instantly rising,
 Utter'd the menacing word which his insolence now has accomplish'd.
 Home at the last unto Chrysa the quick-eyed oarsmen of Argos

Now are conducting the maiden, with plentiful gifts for Apollo ;
 But in the selfsame hour have his messengers left my pavilion,
 Leading Briseïs away, my award from the host of Achaia.
 Therefore I call upon thee, if with thee be the power to assist me,
 Up to Olympus to go, and to supplicate Zeus for thine offspring,
 If, or by word or by deed, thou hast pleasur'd the heart of the Highest :
 And I have heard thee of old, full oft, in the halls of my father,
 Boast how of all the immortals thy ministry only avail'd him
 Then when the rest of the Gods were combin'd for his humiliation,
 Hera herself at the head, with Poseidon and Pallas Athena,
 All in conspiracy swearing to fetter the Lord of the Black Cloud ;
 But thou, Goddess, approaching, wast able to rescue from bondage,
 Summoning swiftly to join thee, and leading to lofty Olympus,
 Him who is Briäurus nam'd among men, by Immortals, *Ægëon*,
 Him of the hundred hands, who surpasses his father * in puissance ;
 And by Kronion he sat in the pride of his glory rejoicing,
 Filling with terror the Blest ; for they saw and desisted from binding.
 Sit by the side of the God, and remind him of this, and entreat him,
 Grasping his knees, if perchance it may please him to succour the Trojans,
 Granting them back on the galleys to trample the sons of Achaia,
 Scatter'd in dread, till they all have contentment enough of their Captain—
 Yea, till Atreides himself, Agamemnon, the chief in dominion,
 Rues the infatuate pride that dishonour'd the best of Achaïans."

Sad was the mother at hearing, and thus amid weeping she answer'd :—
 " Woe to me ! why did I bear thee, my child, in an hour of misfortune ?
 Would I could see thee nor harm'd by injustice nor yielding to sadness,
 Here by the ships, since the days of thy doom are the few and the fleeting !
 Woe to me ! both to a death premature and a sorrowful lifetime
 Thee, in the darkness of Fate, did I bear in the house of thy father !
 Surely thy word will I carry to thunder-delighting Kronion,
 Up unto snowy Olympus, and prayer may prevail for persuasion.
 Thou meanwhile for a season lie still by the Myrmidon galleys,
 Hating the Danäid host, and abstaining entirely from battle,
 Yesterday forth-far'd Zeus to a feast with the *Æthiops* blameless,
 Far over ocean's stream, and the rest of the Gods in attendance ;
 Twelve are the signified days ere again he returns to Olympus.
 Instantly then will I pass to the brass-built dome of the Highest,
 There will I cling to his knees, and I think he will hear my petition."

So having said she departed, and left him to sit as aforetime,
 Bitterness swelling his breast at the thought of the slender Briseïs
 Forcefully torn from his side. Meanwhile ever-prudent Odysseus
 Safe into Chrysa had come with the hecatomb vow'd to Apollo.
 They, when at last they arrived in the spacious recess of the harbour,
 Furl'd with alertness their sail, and bestow'd in the depth of the galley,
 Loosen'd the ropes from the mast, and depress'd it to fix in the mast-hold,
 Push'd with their oars to the landing, and anchor'd and fasten'd the hausers ;
 Then with the hecatomb laden, the mariners slept on the sea-beach.
 Lastly, Chryseïs was led by Odysseus himself from the galley,
 Straight to the altar of Phœbus, and placed in the hand of her father.
 " Take her, O Chryses," he said ; " I am sent by the King Agamemnon,
 Charg'd to restore her to thee, with a hecatomb fair for Apollo,
 Vow'd on behalf of the host, if perchance it may work our atonement,
 Press'd with afflictions severe by the far-shot darts of the Godhead."

So did he speak, and deliver'd the daughter belov'd to her father :
 Glad was the old man's heart to receive her. And now the Achaïans,
 Ranging the hecatomb goodly around the magnificent altar,

* Poseidon = Neptune.

Cleansed with water their hands, and besprinkled the victims with barley.
 Lifting his hands in the midst, then Chryses made supplication:—
 “Hear me, Protector divine both of Chrysa and beautiful Killa,
 God of the silvery bow, over Tenedos mightily reigning—
 Hear me, if ever before there was favour to crown my petition.

Greatly to honour thy priest, hast thou humbled the host of Achaia;
 Now I beseech thee to hear, and again let my prayer be accepted—
 Hence be the pestilence stay’d that is wasting the Danaïd leaguer!”

So did he speak in his prayer, nor regardless was Phœbus Apollo;
 Also the Danaïds pray’d, and again they besprinkled with barley;
 Then were the necks turn’d back, and they slaughter’d the victims, and
 skinn’d them.

And when the bones of the thighs were extracted, and wrapt in the fatness
 Doubled upon them around, and the raw flesh added in fragments,
 Over the split wood then did the old man burn them, and black wine
 Pour’d, while with five-prong’d forks, at his side, were the youthful attendants.
 But when the bones and the fat they had burn’d, and had tasted the entrails,
 All that remain’d was divided and fix’d on the spits of the striplings,
 Roasted with skill at the fire, and in readiness moved from the altar:
 Then was the labour complete, and the banquet prepared for the people,
 And they were banqueted all, nor had one to complain of his portion.

But when of meat and of drink the desire from them all had departed,
 Duly the goblets were mantled with wine by the youths of the temple,
 Handed in order to all, and the round of libation accomplish’d.
 Then through the live-long day the Achæians, in melody gracious,
 Chanted the pæan divine to the glory of Phœbus Apollo,
 Hymning the might of the King; and the voice of the harmony pleased him.
 Then, when the sun went down, and the darkness around them was gather’d,
 All to the haven departed, and slept on the beach by their hausers;
 Till as the roseate Eos, the daughter of Morning, ascended,
 Back was their voyage ordain’d to the wide-spread host of Achaia.

Fair was the breeze that attended their going from Phœbus Apollo;
 Upward they hoisted the mast, and the white sail spread to receive it;
 Full on the canvass it smote, and the dark-blue swell of the waters
 Echo’d around at their coming, and groan’d to the plunge of the galley,
 Onward advancing apace, as it sever’d the path of the billows.
 But when the course had been run, and the galley arriv’d at the leaguer,
 High on the sands of the beach was it hawl’d, and secur’d with the stay-
 beams,

And they dispers’d on the shore, and return’d to the tents of their kinsmen.

Gloomily wrapt in his wrath, still sat by the strand of the galleys
 High-born Peleus’ son: unappeas’d was the rapid Achilleus.
 Neither ’mid chieftains again to the honour-conferring assembly,
 Nor to the battle he came; but his heart was consuming in fierceness,
 There where he rested aloof, for he yearn’d for the charge and the war-shout.
 But when his wrath had endur’d to the twelfth resurrection of morning,
 Back to Olympus return’d over ocean the blessed Immortals,
 All the attendance of Zeus: nor had then the command of Peleides
 Pass’d from the mind of his mother, but rising anon from the sea-wave,
 She, at the dawning of day, to the great heaven went and Olympus.

Far from the rest of the Gods, wide-seeing Kronion was seated,
 Lone on the loftiest peak of the manifold-crested Olympus.
 Silently Thetis approach’d him and sate by his side; and the Goddess,
 Grasping his knees with her left, and caressing his chin with the right hand,
 Earnestly lifted her voice, and petition’d the King Everlasting:—
 “Father! if ever of old I was helpful to thee among Godheads,
 Either in word or in deed, let the boon that I crave be conceded—
 Honour deny not to him whom I bore to mortality fore-doom’d
 Earliest far of mankind; for the Sov’reign of men, Agamemnon,
 Basely dishonours my son, and has seiz’d and possesses his guerdon.

Lift him to honour thyself, O Zeus, All-wise of Olympus !
 Strengthen the hand of the Trojans for victory, till the Achaians
 Honour the worth of my son, and exalt him with worshipful increase."

So did she speak : nor to her did the high Cloud-gatherer answer.
 Long in his silence he sat ; but as first by his knees she had held him,
 So did she earnestly cling, and repeated anew her petition :—
 "Grant me the pledge of thy word, and confirm with the nod of acceptance,
 Else let refusal be spoken, (for fear cannot dwell with the Highest,)—
 Give me to know of a truth that with thee I am last of the Godheads."

Vox'd was the spirit of Zeus, as at last he made answer to Thetis :—
 "Plagueful indeed is the hour which to strife and contention with Hera
 Sees me committed by thee, and her words of reproach are a torment ;
 Ever, when cause there is none, she upbraids me before the Immortals,
 Saying I favour the Trojans, and succour the press of their battle.
 Quickly depart from me now, lest thy coming be noted of Hera ;
 Go, and the care be with me henceforth till it all is accomplish'd.
 See now, here will I nod with my head, to complete thy reliance,—
 Since in the circle of Gods Everlasting, whenever I yield it,
 This is the mightiest sign ; for a clear irrepealable purpose
 Waits an accomplishment sure, when the nod of my head is the token."
 So did he speak, and, at pausing, he sign'd with his shadowy eyebrows,
 And the ambrosial curls from the Head Everlasting were shaken,
 And at the nod of the King deep-trembled the lofty Olympus.

They from their communing parted ; and she, on the instant descending,
 Plung'd to the depth of the sea from the height of resplendent Olympus.
 Zeus to his mansion return'd ; and the company all of the Godheads
 Rose at their Father's approach from their seats, nor did any adventure
 Sitting his aspect to meet, but they all stood up at his coming.
 Thus on his throne did he seat him ; but not unobservant had Hera
 Been, while in secret he spake with the child of the Ancient of Ocean ;
 Now with the words of reproach she was ready, and turn'd to Kronion :—
 "Crafty and close ! what God has been with thee in privacy plotting ?
 Ever it pleases thee well to be working apart and in darkness,
 Willingly never to me has a word of thy counsel been open'd."

Instantly thus by the Father of Gods and of Men was she answer'd :—
 "Hera, indulge not the hope to be partner in each of my counsels ;
 Wife as thou art, there are some it can never be thine to discover.
 That which is fit for thine ear of the things I have settled in purpose,
 None or of Gods or of Men shall in that be partaker before thee ;
 But whensoever my will is apart from the Gods to determine,
 Cease from a prying unmeet, nor with rash curiosity question."

Haughtily glancing on Zeus, thus answer'd majestic Hera :—
 "Oh, ever dark and austere ! What a word hast thou utter'd, Kronion !
 When was it ever my custom to pry or torment with a question ?
 Only it now is my fear that the white-footed daughter of Nereus,
 Thetis, has led thee astray with the craft of her secret persuasion :
 Early she sat by thy side, and was grasping thy knees in entreaty—
 Nor did she leave thee, I think, without pledge of revenge for Achilles,
 And of destruction anon and of woe at the Danaïd galleys."

Thus to the Goddess again spake Cloud-compelling Kronion :—
 "Pestilent ! Ever the spy ! not a motion is safe from thy peering !
 Yet shall it profit thee nothing, unless to estrange and remove me
 Further away from thy love, which perchance may have worse for its upshot.
 Now, if it be as thou say'st, thou hast strengthen'd the zeal of my purpose.
 Hear me, and seat thee in silence, nor vain be the word of my warning,
 Lest were the Gods of Olympus united, it nothing avail thee,
 Shrinking before my approach, and the hand irresistible lifted."

So did he speak, and in fear was the heart of majestic Hera ;
 Silent before him she sat amid bitterness curbing her spirit.
 Gave'd in the mansion of Zeus thereat were the heavenly Godheads ;

Then in the midst of them all the artificer famous, Hephæstus,
Spake with a kindly intent toward white-armed Hera, his mother :—
“ Plagueful to me is the sight, and already it passes endurance !
Sure it is folly that thus ye should strive and contend about mortals
Till there is tumult in heaven, nor the least satisfaction awaits us,
Banqueting wholly forgot, and the pestilent rivalry upmost !
This my advice to my mother, and wise though she be, let her hear it :
Kindly approaching his throne, let her promise our Father obedience,
Never to vex him again, and disturb the enjoyment of meal-time.
If the Olympian Lord of the Thunder be minded against us,
Down from our seats go we, for in might he surpasses us wholly.
Come, if with softness of speech thou remove the Olympian’s anger,
Grace is at hand for us all, and returning benignity cheers us.”

So said Hephæstus, and sprang from his place, and a plentiful goblet
Reach’d to the hand of his mother, and thus, as she took it, address’d her :—
“ Patience ! my mother ! whatever the smart, be it borne with submission.
Dear as thou art to my soul, let it never be mine to behold thee
Under his chastising hand, for, however my will might incline me,
Service were none—the Olympian’s grasp is not easy to strive with.
Once on a time my resistance avail’d not, when seizing me tightly,
Here by the foot, I was hurl’d sheer down from the heavenly threshold !
Down through the livelong day was I borne from the dawn to the sunset,
Till upon Lemnos I fell, and but little of breath was remaining,
When of the Sintian men I was kindly received at my falling.”

So did he speak, and with smiles was he heard by majestic Hera,
And from the hand of her son with a smile she accepted the goblet ;
Then to the rest of the Gods, from the right of the circle beginning,
Pass’d he the cup, ever pouring the nectar divine from the pitcher :
But in the Gods ever-blest there was stirr’d an unquenchable laughter,
Seeing Hephæstus advance in his ministry round the assembly.

Thus through the livelong day till the sun into ocean descended,
Feasted the Gods, nor to any was wanting his share of the banquet,
Nor of the beautiful harp that was touch’d by the hand of Apollo,
Nor of the song of the Muses with sweet voice singing alternate.
But when the glorious light of the sun had gone down into darkness,
All to their dwellings departed, desiring the softness of slumber—
Each to the separate dome, in the skill of his prudent contrivance
Rear’d by the halting Hephæstus, artificer fam’d of the Godheads.
Zeus, the Olympian Lord of the Thunder, also retiring,
Pass’d to the couch where of old to the sweetness of sleep he resign’d him ;
This he ascended and slept : and beside him was Hera the Gold-throned.

N. N. T.

PROSPECTUS.

It is proposed to establish a new Society or Association, under the style and title of the "Fogie Club."

To the myriads of railway adventures that of late years have on every side invited the lovers of gain or of gambling, and that now seem abandoned with the same desperate eagerness with which they were embraced, the Fogie Club will form a remarkable contrast. But it has recommendations of its own, which may compensate for others of which it cannot boast. It does not seek to promote rapid locomotion; but it presents a terminus of quiet and creditable rest. It does not promise dividends; but it does not contemplate calls. The stock is not expected to rise; but neither is it likely to fall. A solvent and sagacious public will judge on which side the advantage lies.

The meaning of the term "Fogie" is rather to be furnished by description than by definition. But we may bestow a few words on the lexicographical learning connected with the word.

Dr Jamieson, an authority every way entitled to attention on such a subject, gives a double signification of Fogie:—"1. A term used to denote an invalid or garrison soldier. 2. A man pithless and infirm from advanced age." He derives it, with his usual accuracy and acuteness, from the Suio-Gothic, in which the word "fogde," he tells us, meant "formerly one who had the charge of a garrison, but is now much declined in its meaning, as being applied to stewards, beadles," &c. The worthy doctor seems unconscious of the aid he might have derived from the fact, that the foreign term Fogde, or Vogt, is a corruption of the Latin *advocatus*; but he struggles with a laudable and natural feeling to maintain the dignity of the Fogie, as originally indicating among ourselves some important officer, such as the governor of a garrison, and we trust that further research may bring to light some confirmation of that conjecture. Indeed it may be observed, that there are

instances among us where Fogies are in use to be termed Governors. But we are bound to say, that there are other linguists who refer the word to a less elevated source—some connecting it with the term *fog* or *foggage*, meaning a second grass or aftermath, not quite so rich or nourishing as the first growth; others, pointing at a kind of inferior bee, which receives the name of *Foggie* from its finding its nest among fog or moss; and others uncivilly insinuating that the Latin *fucus*, a drone, is the origin of the appellation.

While we protest against a supposed acquiescence in these more derogatory etymologies, we feel that it would be improper and premature at this stage to attempt the solution of so important a question as that at which we have thus glanced, and of which the elaborate discussion may form one of the earliest subjects for a prize essay to be proposed by the Club, and will doubtless fill many a learned page of the Fogie Transactions.

The character of the Fogie admits of less doubt than his etymology. It belongs confessedly to one of the most amiable and interesting classes of the species. It sets before us an individual, possessed at one time at least of respectable talents, generally developed at an early period of life, but of which the meridian splendour has now softened into the more tolerable radiance of declining day. The light is nearly alike, but the heat is considerably less. We still, perhaps, see in the Fogie the same imposing features of the face, the same dignity of gesture and attitude, and even a larger disc of body than before. The very voice often is much what it was, and the manner is almost unchanged. But when we carefully attend to the matter of what is said, we begin to perceive a difference. A certain pleasing irrelevancy, an interesting tendency to parenthesis, a longing, lingering look cast back on the events of former times, in preference to the passing topics of the day, and a pardonable increase in the use of the first person singular, become from time to time progres-

sively conspicuous. Nothing can be more instructive, abstractly speaking, than the maxims which fall from the Fogie's lips; but, somehow or other, they often appear as having less immediate bearing on the matter in hand than we should have expected; and we labour under occasional impressions of having met with some of them before, either in Scripture, or in that valuable code of morality which the writing-master proposes to youth as the pattern of their imitation. "I have sometimes observed," he will say, "that vicious intercourse has a tendency to undermine good morals;" and he illustrates his position by the fate of an early friend, who went to the dogs from keeping bad company. Or again, "It may be safely affirmed," he observes, "that a conciliatory reply will frequently allay irritation in an angry assailant;" and he entertains us with a really good story of a choleric old gentleman who challenged him once for poaching on his grounds, but who was gradually talked over till he asked him to dinner. If our friend has been a wit in his youth, the propensity to jocularly still survives; but the jests are generally such as you meet with in the very earliest editions of Mr Joseph Miller, though, for the sake of variety, they are often ascribed to the late facetious Mr Joseph Jekyll, or Mr Henry Erskine, or to some other of the Fogie's early contemporaries, if indeed the Fogie himself is not the hero of the tale.

It is unnecessary to say that the Fogie is always an amiable and almost always a happy person. "Happiness," says the judicious Paley, "is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance, or the animation of the chase." The Fogie is generally attached in moderation to the pleasures of the table, and is a Conservative and Protectionist in his politics; though, since the introduction of Sir Robert Peel's last measure, several of the class have been rubbing up their Adam Smith, and quoting some of the enlightened maxims of free-trade which they used to hear at the Speculative Society, or in some other arena of juvenile discussion.

It is a proud thing to remember that the delineation of the Fogie has employed the genius of the greatest poets. The character of Nestor in the *Iliad* must be regarded as one of the masterpieces of the Homeric gallery. The eloquent drivel that distils from his tongue, the length and general inapplicability of his narratives, the judicious and imposing triteness of his counsels, the vigorous imbecility of his exhortations—all reveal the heroic Fogie in proportions suitable to the other colossal figures with which he is surrounded. In Polonius, again, Shakspeare has given us a different form of the species, equally perfect in its kind. The tenderness of the old man's heart, the sagacity of his discoveries, the self-pleasing estimate of his own importance, and the sounding vacuity of his moral maxims, afford a model by which, in all time coming, the courtly or paternal Fogie may regulate his life and conversation, though, we trust, he may generally meet with a happier termination to his career than that of the luckless father of Ophelia. Another great master, pursuing a course of his own, has made a more ambitious attempt to elevate the Fogie's poetical position, and has been eminently successful. We allude to the immortal Virgil, whose hero, the pious Æneas, may be considered as a perfect Fogie, developed with a rare precocity of power, so as to afford an illustration of the important truth, that, though Fogyism generally waits for old age, its maturity is not servilely dependent upon the progress of years, but in some fortunate natures—*pauci quos æquis amavit Jupiter*—may be brought to perfection at almost any period of life.

But, after all that has been done, there is something yet to do. The *Fogiad* is still to be written; and we trust soon to see it successfully accomplished by a member of the Club.

The science of self-knowledge is one of those acquirements which the Fogie, like the rest of mankind, loudly commends; but rarely possesses or practises. A few of the tribe, from habits of philosophical analysis, are partially cognizant of their intellectual condition, and will frankly come

forward and enrol themselves in the Club. A good many others, aware that they are suspected of an approach to Fogysm, will think to disarm the suspicion by a pretended show of candour in joining our ranks, hoping, no doubt, to be rejected as not yet qualified. But we must intimate to such parties that their stratagem will be unsuccessful, and that they will be written down Fogies as requested, and duly found guilty, in terms of their own confession. The greater number of Fogies, however, with that modesty which often attends merit, are wholly unconscious of their real proficiency in this great mystery, and are not likely to give us their countenance of their own accord. This consideration will lead to a peculiarity in the constitution of the Club, which is intended to embrace not only the Fogies who apply for admission, but all of any note who possess the qualification, whether they apply or not. Correspondents will be established in every considerable town, and travellers on every important circuit, who will not fail to report to us the earliest appearance of confirmed Fogysm in every district. Many, indeed, of those who, in reading this article, are chuckling at the reflection it may be supposed to throw upon their neighbours, are already down in our list. Our Society, in this way, will be composed of two compartments—a Voluntary and an Involuntary; or, if we may be allowed the expression, a Visible and an Invisible club—the one embracing avowed Fogies, who boldly claim the privileges of their order, and the other the whole body of unconscious Fogysm throughout the world. Every where it may be held certain, that to be a reputed member of the Club, on whatever footing, will be a sure passport to respect and reverence.

Persons of diffident temperaments, who are doubtful of their qualifications, or disturbed in their minds as to their intellectual state, are encouraged to submit their case to consideration, and will be enabled to meet with the chaplain of the Club, who will administer to them such ghostly counsel as circumstances may require. In no instance, it may be mentioned,

will any applicant be rejected; as, in the worst event, his claims will merely be superseded till a future day.

It may be satisfactory to learn that the promoters of the Club are in treaty for purchasing the advowson of the perpetual curacy of Humdrum *eum* Haverill, to which the chaplain will *ex officio* be presented. Candidates for the appointment are invited to apply early, as the clerical portion of the Club list is rapidly filling up, and the chaplainship can only be held by a member.

It is proposed, as soon as possible, to establish in the metropolis a spacious edifice for the reception of Fogies, conducted on the principle of the British and Foreign Institute, or of such other of the clubs as may be preferred.

Hobbyhorses will be dispersed throughout the various parts of this building, suitable to the several tastes and equestrian habits of individual Fogies. Fogies in a more advanced stage of development, will find provided for them the playthings, pinafores, and other paraphernalia of their first childhood. In a special apartment, to be called the "Nursery," the cradle (or crib) of reposing age will be rocked successfully by skilful nurses or experienced Fogies, instructed on the Mainzerian system in the most soporific lullabies.

On a future occasion, a list of the Provisional Committee will be published. It may be mentioned, that the offices of Preses and Vice-Preses are not at present to be filled up, as it is expected that they will eventually be conferred on His Grace the Duke of Wellington and Christopher North, Esq., though we regret to say that our latest accounts give us no assurance that these distinguished persons are likely very soon to join us.

Further particulars may be learned by application to Messrs Grandam and Garrulous, Cripplegate, or any other sharebrokers in London or the provinces; to whom also communications (prepaid) may be sent of the names and private history of illustrious Fogies, with likenesses of their persons, or any other information calculated to promote the interests of the Club.

TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

BEAUTY and Truth, in Heaven's congenial clime,
 Inseparate seen beside the Almighty throne,
 Together sprung, before the birth of time,
 From God's own glory, while he dwelt alone ;—
 These, when creation made its wonders known,
 Were sent to mortals, that their mingling powers
 Might lead and lure us to ethereal bowers.

But our perverse condition here below
 Oft sees them severed, or in conflict met :
 Oh, sad divorce ! the well-spring of our woe,
 When Truth and Beauty thus their bond forget,
 And Heaven's high law is at defiance set !
 'Tis this that Good of half its force disarms,
 And gives to Evil all its direst charms.

See Truth with harsh Austerity allied,
 Or clad in cynic garb of sordid hue :
 See him with Tyranny's fell tools supplied,
 The rack, the fagot, or the torturing screw,
 Or girt with Bigotry's besotted crew :
 What wonder, thus beheld, his looks should move
 Our scorn or hatred, rather than our love ?

See Beauty, too, in league with Vice and Shame,
 And lending all her light to gild a lie ;
 Crowning with laureate-wreaths an impious name,
 Or lulling us with Siren minstrelsy
 To false repose when peril most is nigh ;
 Decking things vile or vain with colours rare,
 Till what is false and foul seems good and fair.

Hence are our hearts bewilder'd in their choice,
 And hence our feet from Virtue led astray :
 Truth calls imperious with repulsive voice
 To follow on a steep and rugged way ;
 While Beauty beckons us along a gay
 And flowery path, that leads, with treacherous slope,
 To gulfs remote from happiness or hope.

Who will bring back the world's unblemish'd youth
 When these two wander'd ever hand in hand ;
 When Truth was Beauty, Beauty too was Truth,
 So link'd together with unbroken band,
 That they were one ; and Man, at their command,
 Tasted of sweets that never knew alloy,
 And trod the path of Duty and of Joy ?

Chiefly the Poet's power may work the change :
 His heavenly gift, impell'd by holy zeal,
 O'er Truth's exhaustless stores may brightly range,
 And all their native loveliness reveal ;
 Nor e'er, except where Truth has set his seal,
 Suffer one gleam of Beauty's grace to shine,
 But in resistless force their lights combine.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE SUTLEJ.

OF the whole wonderful annals of our Indian Empire, the campaign of the Sutlej will form the most extraordinary, the most brilliant, the most complete, and yet the briefest chapter. It is an imperishable trophy, not less to the magnanimity of British policy, than to the resistlessness of British valour. The matchless gallantry, felicity, and rapidity of the military operations against a formidable foe of desperate bravery and overpowering numbers, through a tremendous struggle and terrific carnage—the blaze of four mighty and decisive victories won in six weeks—proudly seal our prowess in arms. The spotless justice of the cause; the admirable temper of its management; the almost fastidious forbearance which unsheathed the sword only under the stern compulsion of most wanton aggression; and the generous moderation which has swayed the flush of triumph—nobly attest our wisdom in government. The character of a glorious warrior may fitly express the character of a glorious war, which has been *sans peur et sans reproche*. To record in our pages memorable deeds which have added lustre even to the dazzling renown of Britain, would be at any time, but at present, we conceive, is peculiarly, a duty. The cordiality of the public interest in these important events dwindles and shrinks, like paper in the fire, before the intensity of that more domestic sympathy which has been every where awakened by individual calamities. The frightful cost at which we have purchased success, may be heard and seen in the wail and the gloom round a multitude of hearths. No dauntless courage was more conspicuous,—alas! no gallant life-blood was poured out more copiously.—than that of the sons of Scotland. The eternal sunshine of glory which irradiates the memory of the fallen brave, may be yet too fierce a light for the aching eye of grief to read by; but we thought that a simple consecutive recital of the recent exploits of our army in India would be unwelcome to none. Designedly we

mean to write nothing more than a narrative; and, in doing so, to use, as far as it is possible, the very words of the official reports of those distinguished men, who leave us sometimes in doubt whether the pen or the sword is the more potent weapon in their hands. A few reflections and remarks will probably inweave themselves with the tissue of the story, just because such things cannot be told or heard without a quickening of the pulse, a glow upon the cheek, a beating in the heart. Otherwise we shall attempt to be “such an honest chronicler as Griffith.” It is indispensable, however, not only to preface the details of the campaign with a concise description of the condition of the disordered and degraded people whom our enmity and vengeance smote so heavily; but likewise to explain, with some degree of minuteness, the views and purposes which, from first to last, influenced our Indian government in its conduct of these delicate, and ultimately momentous transactions, in order fully to appreciate the union of moderation and energy which, under the auspices of Sir Henry Hardinge as governor-general of India, and Sir Hugh Gough as commander of the army of the Sutlej, has satisfied the world that right and might were equally on the side of Britain.

Since the death, in 1839, of the famous Runjeet Singh, when the sacred waters of the Ganges received the ashes of the greatest of the Sikhs, it is impossible for language to exaggerate the anarchy, the depravity, the misery of the Punjab. Tigers, and wolves, and apes, have been the successors of the “Old Lion.” The predominant spirit of that energetic and sagacious ruler bridled the licentious turbulence which for the last seven years has rioted in the unrestrained indulgence of all abominable vices, and in the daily perpetration of the most atrocious crimes. Five Maharajahs in this brief period, “all murdered,” have been sacrificed to the ambition of profligate courtiers, or the rapacity of a debauched soldiery. Kurruck

Singh, the son of Runjeet Singh, and the inheritor of an overflowing treasury and a disciplined and numerous army, was an uneducated idiot, and easily induced to frown upon his father's able favourite, the Rajah Dhyan Singh, and to invest his own confidential adviser, the Sirdar Cheyk Singh, with the authority, if not the title, of his prime-minister. But the humiliated Rajah found the ready means of revenge in the family of his incapable sovereign. The Prince Noo Nehal Singh lent a willing ear to the tempting suggestions of a counsellor who only echoed the inordinate desires of his own ambition. At midnight, in the private apartment and at the feet of the Maharajah, the Sirdar Cheyk Singh was assassinated by his rival. The murder of the favourite was rapidly followed by the deposition of Kurruck Singh, and the elevation to the throne of the prince, his son. The court of Lahore was now convulsed by dark intrigues, and debased by brutal sensuality. The ineradicable spirit of hatred against every thing British, vented itself harmlessly in the bravadoes of the tyrant; but was more dangerously inflamed among many of the native powers of India, by the secret diffusion of a project for a general and simultaneous insurrection. A double mystery of villany saved us, probably, at that time from the shocks and horrors of war in which we have been recently involved. The deposed Kurruck Singh suddenly expired—a victim, it was whispered, to the insidious efficacy of slow and deadly poison, intermingled, as his son knew, in small quantities every day with his food. The lightning-flash of retribution descended. On the return from the funeral of Kurruck, the elephant which bore the parricidal majesty of Noo Nehal Singh pushed against the brick-work of the palace-gates, when the whole fabric fell with a crash, and so dreadfully fractured the skull of the Maharajah that he never spoke afterwards, and died in a few hours.

The power or the policy of Dhyan Singh then bestowed the perilous gift of this bloody sceptre upon Prince Shere, a reputed son of Runjeet, Singh. His legitimacy was immediately denounced, and his government opposed by the mother of his predecessor, who

actively assumed, and for three or four months conducted, the regency of the state. The capricious attachment of the army, however, to the cause of Shere Singh turned the current of fortune; and the Queen-Mother might seem to have laid aside the incumbrance of her royal apparel, to be more easily strangled by her own slave girls. The accession of Shere Singh opened the floodgates of irretrievable disorder; for the troops, to whom he owed his success, and on whose venal steadiness the stability of his sway depended, conscious from their position, that, however insolently exorbitant in their demands, they were able to throw the weight of their swords into the scale, clamoured for an increase of their pay, and the dismissal of all the officers who were obnoxious to them. The refusal of their imperious request had a result we are fortunately not obliged to depict; nor, without a shudder, can we barely allude to it. The ruffian and remorseless violence of lawless banditti occupied and ravaged the city and the plain. The story of their plunder of Lahore is rendered hideous by every outrage that humanity can suffer, and by a promiscuous carnage, for which the ferocity of unreasoning animals might pant, but which the untiring fury of the wildest of brutes, the human savage, alone could protract beyond satiety. The finger of their murderous rage pointed to every assailable European officer, of whom some were assassinated, some very narrowly escaped. Months rolled on under the terrible dominion of these uncontrollable miscreants, while the length and the breadth of the land were scourged by their cruelty, polluted by their lust, and desolated by their rapine. The pestilence was partially arrested by a glut of gold. A treasure of many lacs of rupees being intercepted on its way to Lahore, enriched and mollified its captors. But at last, gorged with slaughter, and surfeited with excess, they modified their claims within limits to which the government intimated its willingness to accede. The incurable evil was consummated. Henceforward the army has been its own master, and the master of the government and the country. A

transitory *mirage* of internal tranquillity and subordination refreshed the Punjab; the fiery elements of discord and ruin smouldered unextinguishably behind it, awaiting the necessity or the opportunity of a fresh eruption. The volcano was not permitted to slumber. Shere Singh, liberated from the imminent oppression of the soldiery, plunged headlong into a slough of detestable debauchery. But in our annals his memory must survive,

“Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes.”

Influenced by what good genius, or by what prescient timidity, it may be difficult to discover, he was true to the British interest, and remained obstinately deaf to the seductive animosity of the Sikh council, which was prone to take advantage of the disasters in Caubul, and to attack the avenging army of Sir George Pollock in its passage to Peshawer. Loyalty to England was little less than an act of treason to the Sikh chieftains and the Sikh soldiery, which, added to the Maharajah's total neglect of public business, accelerated a fatal conspiracy by his brother-in-law Ajeet Singh, and Dhyān Singh, “the close contriver of all harms.” Shere Singh, being invited to inspect his brother-in-law's cavalry at a short distance from Lahore, was there shot by Ajeet. The assassin, riding quietly back to the city, met on the way the carriage of Dhyān Singh, dismounted, and, seating himself beside his accomplice in guilt, stabbed him to the heart. Now came confusion worse confounded. The nobles were divided; while the troops, as their inclinations or their hopes of pillage prompted them, flocked to the conflicting standards. Ajeet, after murdering the whole of the late Maharajah's family, including an infant one day old, fortified himself in the citadel of Lahore, from which he was dislodged to be immediately beheaded by Heera Singh, the son of the Rajah Dhyān Singh.

Then it was, that, under the auspices of Heera Singh, the present Maharajah. Dhuleep Singh, a mere boy, and the alleged offspring of old Runjeet Singh, was raised to the throne of the Sikhs. The army again renew-

ed the formidable pretensions which had formerly distracted and wasted the Punjab, and with which Heera Singh was now forced to comply. But the powers of the throne were prostrate. The infant Maharajah, a puppet in the hands of intriguing kinsmen, or of the ungovernable army, passively witnessed the slaughter of a succession of his principal rajahs, who aspired to be his ministers, and each of whom raised himself a step nearer the summit of his desire upon the butchered body of his predecessor. A glow, perhaps, of undefinable pleasure may have warmed the heart of the child, who wore

“upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty,”

when he saw the horrible drama apparently closed by his mother taking upon herself the responsibility and duties of the administration of affairs. She was a more helpless slave than himself. There was but one man in the Punjab who could have aided her in her extremity. Neither of them could trust the other. Goolab Singh, a brother of Dhyān Singh, had been playing a safe game throughout the complicated troubles in which so many were overwhelmed. Bad as the worst, unscrupulously villainous, profoundly treacherous, detestably profligate, and exciting behind the scenes discontent, mutiny, tumult, and massacre, he appeared occasionally on the stage to check or perplex the plot, as it suited his purposes. His arm never visibly reached to any point from which it could not be safely drawn back; but his hand was stirring every mischief. He was well aware of the insane and unappeasable passion for a war with the British which had long infected the whole Sikh army. He saw, we believe, the inevitable collision and the inevitable issue. With an infant on the throne, and a woman as prime-minister, the barrier to the torrent was a shadow. And so it happened. The voice of authority was drowned by the thundering tread of thousands and tens of thousands on their march to the Sutlej. Goolab Singh, folding himself in the cloak of neutrality, crouched, cat-like, to watch the vicissitudes of the contest.

The condition of the Punjaub necessarily attracted the anxious attention of our Indian government. The horizon grew blacker every hour, as the total inability of the authorities at Lahore to subdue or restrain the refractory and warlike spirit of the Sikh army, was made more and more manifest in unmistakable characters of blood and violence. Upon the 22d of last November, the Governor-General of India, while moving from Delhi to join the Commander-in-Chief in his camp at Umballah, received from the political agent, Major Broadfoot, an official despatch, dated the 20th November, detailing the sudden intention of the Sikh army to advance in force to the frontier, for the avowed purpose of invading the British territories. This despatch was succeeded by a private communication of the following day, stating the same facts, and inclosing news, letters, and papers of intelligence received from Lahore, which professed to give an account of the circumstances which had led to the movement, which would appear (if these papers are to be depended upon) to have originated with the Ranee and certain of the sirdars, who felt the pressure of the demands of the army to be so urgent, and its present attitude and temper so perilous to their existence, that they desired to turn the thoughts of the troops to objects which might divert their attention from making extortionate demands for higher pay, by employing their energies in hostile operations against the British government.*

We shall quote the substance of Major Broadfoot's letters, presenting, as they do, a curious picture of the chaos of matters on the other side of the Sutlej, and forming, likewise, important links in the narrative. The following extracts are taken from his communications on the 20th and 21st of November to the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief:—

"I have received Lahore letters of the 18th instant (morning).

"During the night of the 17th the chiefs had agreed on, and the Durbar

had ordered in writing, the following plan of operations:—

"The army was to be divided into seven divisions, one to remain at Lahore, and the rest to proceed against Roopar and our hills, Loodianah, Hurreekkee, Ferozepore, and Scinde, while one was to proceed to Peshawer; and a force under Rajah Goolab Singh was to be sent to Attock.

"Each division was to be of 8,000 to 12,000 men against Ferozepore, under Sham Singh Attareewallah, whose estates adjoin the place against which it was to act. Against Hurreekkee is to go Rajah Lal Singh; against Loodianah, Sirdar Tej Singh, the new commander-in-chief; and against Roopar, a brother of Sena Singh Mujeetea.

"The force under Sham Singh is to be 4,000 horse, and two brigades of infantry, with guns; under Raja Lal Singh, 4,500 horse, and two infantry brigades; under Sirdar Tej Singh, four brigades of infantry (one of them irregulars, and one new levies) and 1,000 horse, &c; but till the plans of the Durbar are in actual execution, they cannot be considered fixed, and therefore I do not trouble your Excellency with further details.

"With respect to the probability of their actually moving, I must say that my correspondents in Lahore seem to doubt it, though they are perplexed."

* * * * *

"The Durbar of the forenoon of the 18th was protracted till 2 o'clock, but I have not the details of the afternoon Durbar.

"11 A.M. was the hour found by the astrologers as auspicious for the march of the troops; not a chief stirred from his house. The officers and punchayets of the troops, regular and irregular, to the number of a couple of thousand, crowded to the Durbar and demanded the reason; the Ranee tried to soothe them, saying, that the fortunate hour being passed, the march could not be undertaken till the astrologers found another. The crowd demanded that this should be instantly done, and the court astrologer was ordered into their presence to find the proper time. He pored through his tables for two or three hours, while the Ranee sought to divert the attention of the military mob; at length he announced that the most

* Governor-General to the Secret Committee, 2d December 1845.

favourable day was not till the 15th Mulsur (28th November). The military were furious, and declared that he was an impostor, and that they had to get from him two crores of rupees which he had made from the public money; the pundit implored mercy, and said the 7th Mulsur (20th) was also a good day; the military were still angry, and the poor pundit left amidst their menaces.

"They proposed that the Ranee and her son should march, and intimated that till they made an example of some chief no march would take place.

"The Ranee complained that whilst the troops were urging the march, they were still going home to their villages as fast as they got their pay; and Sirdar Sham Singh Attareewallah declared his belief, that unless something was done to stop this, he would find himself on his way to Ferozepore with empty tents. The bait of money to be paid, and to accompany them, was also offered, and at length the Durbar broke up at 2 P.M. Great consultations took place in the afternoon, but I know only one result, that the Ranee had to give to her lover his formal dismissal, and that he (Rajah Lal Singh) actually went into the camp of the Sawars he is to command, and pitched his tent.

"What the Ranee says is quite true of the sepoys dispersing to their houses; the whole affair has so suddenly reached its present height, that many of the men themselves think it will come to nothing, and still more who had taken their departure do not believe it serious enough to go back. On the day after this scene took place, *i. e.*, the 19th, the usual stream of sepoys, natives of the protected states, who had got their pay, poured across the Sutlej, at Hurreek, on their way to their homes. Every preparation, however, for war is making with probably more energy than if it had been a long-planned scheme; for every person of whatever party must show his sincerity by activity and virulent professions of hatred to the English."

It is proper to add, that Major Broadfoot also announces, that when the Sikh intrigues and commotions assumed a serious form, he had addressed an official letter of remonstrance through the proper channel to Lahore. Five days after these letters were written, on the 26th of November, the Commander-in-Chief and

Major Broadfoot joined, at Kurnaul, the Governor-General, who shall be the exponent of his own impressions, intentions, and plans:—

"I had the satisfaction of concurring in all the orders which his Excellency had given, to hold the troops in readiness to move at the shortest notice, and in the instructions which he had sent to the officers in command of the stations at Ferozepore and Loodianah. The force at the former post consists of one European regiment, seven regiments of native infantry, two regiments of native cavalry, and twenty-four field-guns, exclusive of heavy ordnance. The force at Loodianah consists of one regiment of Europeans, five regiments of native infantry, one regiment of native cavalry, and two troops of horse artillery.

"After a full and satisfactory consultation with his Excellency, and taking into consideration the improbability of the Sikh army crossing the Sutlej, I determined that no movement should be made towards the river by the forces from Umballah and Meerut, and I postponed for further consideration with his Excellency any change in the present distribution of the troops; eventually some alterations will be made, which, when they have been finally determined upon between me and the Commander-in-Chief, will be reported to you. At the present moment, his Excellency coincides with me, that no forward movement is required.

"In the midst of much hesitation and irresolution, the enterprise ordered by the Sikh government does not appear to have been formally abandoned; the intelligence received by Major Broadfoot on the day of his joining my camp, showed that the three brigades of the Sikh force had actually left Lahore a few miles in advance, to be followed the next morning by three other brigades, including one of artillery. This was on the 24th ultimo. The intelligence received from that date has been communicated to me by Major Broadfoot each day, as it arrives.

"It is said they intend, in reply to Major Broadfoot's remonstrance, to allege that the fact of our having collected so large a force, with all the munitions of war, on the frontier, is the cause of the concentration of their forces on the Sutlej; that they intend to demand the reasons of our preparations; to insist on the surrender to the

Lahore government of the treasure which belonged to the late Rajah Soocheyt Singh; the restoration by the Rajah of Nabba of the village of Mowran, escheated by the Rajah, and the escheat confirmed by us; and henceforth the free passage of their troops into the Lahore possessions on this side the Sutlej.

"I need only remark, on the first and most essential point, that the Sikh army did in the beginning of last January prepare to move to the Sutlej. The political agent remonstrated, and the troops were withdrawn; the reason then assigned for the movement being the same as that now intended to be brought forward, namely, the state of our military preparations on the frontier. The Governor-General in Council, in a despatch to Major Broadfoot of the 25th January 1845, entered into very full explanations, which were conveyed to the Lahore Vakeel.

"As regards the past, it is clear that no cause of complaint has been given by the government of India. If it should be asserted that our military preparations this autumn have given offence, the assertion is equally unfounded, and is a mere pretext for hostile proceedings, which have originated in the political weakness and the internal dissensions of the Lahore government; and, above all, in their desire to be released, on any terms, from the terror which the ferocity of their own troops has inspired. The proof is to be found in the fact, that at the time these disorderly movements commenced, no additional British troops had reached our frontier stations. The additional regiment of native infantry, destined for the reinforcement of Ferozepore, had not arrived. At Loodianah one of the two regiments of native cavalry had actually marched for Scinde before it was relieved, leaving that post, as it is at present, with one regiment, instead of the usual complement of two regiments of cavalry. At the other stations no alterations had been made, and the troops which had marched were peaceably engaged in completing the annual reliefs according to custom at this season.

"Such is the state of affairs at the present moment, and although my conviction is strong that the Sikh army

will be deterred from acts of aggression, on account of the state of our military preparation, yet it is by no means impossible that we may be forced at any moment into war, and that operations, on a very extended scale, may be immediately necessary.

"My views and measures will be anxiously directed to avoid a recourse to arms, as long as it may be possible. On this point my determination is fixed. At the same time it is very apparent, from the general aspect of affairs, that the period is fast approaching when further changes will take place at Lahore, and that the weak government of the regent will be subverted by the violence of the troops, instigated by the intrigues of the party favourable to the Rajah Goolab Singh.

"I shall not consider the march of the Sikh troops in hostile array towards the banks of the Sutlej as a cause justifying hostilities, if no actual violation of our frontier should occur. The same privilege which we take to adopt precautionary measures on our side must be conceded to them. Every forbearance shall be shown to a weak government, struggling for assistance against its own soldiers in a state of successful mutiny."*

A week later, no act of open hostility having yet been committed, the Governor-General, then in the camp at Umballah, was informed that the authorized agent of the court of Lahore had joined the camp. Major Broadfoot was immediately directed to see the Vakeel, and to require from him a reply to the remonstrance, which, as we have said, had been previously made against the proceedings that had taken place at the time it was written. At this conference the Vakeel asserted that he had received no reply from the Durbar at Lahore. The Governor-General acted with the utmost temperance:—

"When Major Broadfoot reported to me, in the evening, the result of this interview, I immediately directed him to address to the Vakeel the written communication, a copy of which is inclosed.

"I considered that it was absolutely necessary, on my arrival at Umballah, to take decided notice of the extraordi-

* Governor-General to the Secret Committee, 2d December 1845.

nary proceedings that had taken place, and were stated to be still in progress. It was evident I could not permit the political agent's communications, in the face of what was going on at Lahore, to be treated with disregard. I took the mildest course in my power, consistently with the dignity, position, and interests of the British government. I purposely left an opening to the Lahore government to remedy, through its Vakeel, the discourtesy it had shown, by affording to that government the facility of making any explanation it might desire. The plain construction to be put on the silence of the Lahore government, in reply to the demand for explanation, evidently was, that the intentions of that government were hostile, in which case I did not deem it to be expedient to give to that government the leisure to complete their hostile preparations; whilst, on my part, I had abstained from making any movement, expressly for the purpose of avoiding any cause of jealousy or alarm; thus affording to the Maharajah's government the strongest proof of the good faith and forbearance of the British government.

"I am satisfied that the course I have adopted was imperatively required; and before I authorize any precautionary movements to be made, I shall give full time for a reply to be received from Lahore."

The letter which narrates these proceedings concludes thus:—

"This morning, news up to the 1st inst. has been received. The Ranee and sirdars are becoming more and more urgent that the army should advance to the frontier, believing that, in the present posture of affairs, the only hope of saving their lives and prolonging their power is to be found in bringing about a collision with the British forces. The Sikh army moves with evident reluctance, and is calling for Goolab Singh, who is collecting forces at Jumboo, and is watching the progress of events.

"My own impression remains unaltered. I do not expect that the troops will come as far as the banks of the Sutlej, or that any positive act of aggression will be committed; but it is evident that the Ranee and chiefs are, for their own preservation, endeavouring to raise a storm, which, when raised, they will be powerless either to direct or allay.

"I shall, as I have before said, await the reply from Lahore to Major Broadfoot's last communication to the Vakeel.

"If the reply from the ostensible government, acting under the control and at the discretion of the army, is hostile, I shall at once order up troops from Meerut, and other stations, to the support of our advanced positions, persevering up to the last moment in the sincere desire to avoid hostilities." *

We cannot, with any honesty, suppress our conviction that forbearance was here pushed to the very verge of safety. The sullen silence of the Lahore government, as its only answer to our most legitimate demand for an explanation of its menacing attitude, it seems to us, would have been a complete justification of such a movement of our forces as might have concentrated them, by a march of one day, instead of six days, on the banks of the Sutlej, and in the face of the enemy. Had such a step hastened the rupture, who could righteously blame us for the result? But, as it happened, the trumpet of the Sikhs which summoned us to the dreadful appeal of battle could not have sounded sooner than it did, and we should have entered the mortal lists every way at less disadvantage, without the odds against us, which the disparity of numbers rendered formidable enough, being multiplied an hundred-fold by the physical exhaustion of each individual soldier in our ranks.

The disbelief in the probability of any serious hostility still filled the mind of the Governor-General, when, upon the 6th of December, he moved from Umballah towards Loodianah, peaceably prosecuting his visitation of the Sikh protected states, according to the usual custom of his predecessors. "In common with the most experienced officers of the Indian government," he writes,

"I was not of opinion that the Sikh army would cross the Sutlej with its infantry and artillery.

"I considered it probable that some act of aggression would be committed by parties of plunderers, for the purpose of compelling the British government to interfere, to which course the Sikh chiefs knew I was most averse;

* Governor-General to the Secret Committee, 4th December 1845.

but I concurred with the Commander-in-Chief, and the chief Secretary to the Government, as well as with my political agent, Major Broadfoot, that offensive operations, on a large scale, would not be resorted to.

"Exclusive of the political reasons which induced me to carry my forbearance as far as it was possible, I was confident, from the opinions given by the Commander-in-Chief and Major-general Sir John Littler, in command of the forces at Ferozepore, that that post would resist any attack from the Sikh army as long as its provisions lasted; and that I could at any time relieve it, under the ordinary circumstances of an Asiatic army making an irruption into our territories, provided it had not the means of laying siege to the fort and the intrenched camp.

"Up to this period no act of aggression had been committed by the Sikh army. The Lahore government had as good a right to reinforce their bank of the river Sutlej, as we had to reinforce our posts on that river.

"The Sikh army had, in 1843 and 1844, moved down upon the river from Lahore, and, after remaining there encamped a few weeks, had returned to the capital. These reasons, and above all my extreme anxiety to avoid hostilities, induced me not to make any hasty movement with our army, which, when the two armies came into each other's presence, might bring about a collision.

"The army had, however, been ordered to be in readiness to move at the shortest notice; and, on the 7th and 8th December, when I heard from Lahore that preparations were making on a large scale for artillery, stores, and all the munitions of war, I wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, directing his Excellency, on the 11th, to move up the force from Umballah, from Meerut, and some other stations in the rear.

"Up to this time no infantry or artillery had been reported to have left Lahore, nor had a single Sikh soldier crossed the Sutlej. Nevertheless, I considered it prudent no longer to delay the forward movement of our troops, having given to the Lahore government the most ample time for a reply to our remonstrance."

During the four days following the 8th of December, the fluctuating intelligence from Lahore, although, on the whole, more cloudy than formerly, was not of a character to shake the prevalent opinion that no Sikh move-

ment, on a large scale, was intended, and that the Sikh army would not cross the Sutlej. On the 13th, the Governor-General first received precise information that the Sikh army had crossed the Sutlej, and was forming in great force on the left bank of the river, in order to attack Ferozepore, which was occupied by a British force of little more than five thousand men. He immediately issued a proclamation, on the part of the British government, which set forth, that—

"In the year 1809 a treaty of amity and concord was concluded between the British government and the late Maharajah Runjeet Singh; the conditions of which have always been faithfully observed by the British government, and were scrupulously fulfilled by the late Maharajah.

"The same friendly relations have been maintained with the successors of Maharajah Runjeet Singh by the British government up to the present time.

"Since the death of the late Maharajah Shere Singh, the disorganized state of the Lahore government has made it incumbent on the Governor-General in council to adopt precautionary measures for the protection of the British frontier; the nature of these measures, and the cause of their adoption, were at that time fully explained to the Lahore Durbar.

"Notwithstanding the disorganized state of the Lahore government during the last two years, and many most unfriendly proceedings on the part of the Durbar, the Governor-General in council has continued to evince his desire to maintain the relations of amity and concord which had so long existed between the two states, for the mutual interests and happiness of both. He has shown on every occasion the utmost forbearance, from consideration to the helpless state of the infant Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, whom the British government had recognised as the successor to the late Maharajah Shere Singh.

"The Governor-General in council sincerely desired to see a strong Sikh government re-established in the Punjab, able to control its army and to protect its subjects. He had not, up to the present moment, abandoned the hope of seeing that important object effected by the patriotic efforts of the Sikhs and people of that country.

"The Sikh army recently marched from Lahore towards the British fron-

tier, as it was alleged by the orders of the Durbār, for the purpose of invading the British territory.

"The Governor-General's agent, by direction of the Governor-General, demanded an explanation of this movement, and no reply being returned within a reasonable time, the demand was repeated. The Governor-General, unwilling to believe in the hostile intentions of the Sikh government, to which no provocation had been given, refrained from taking any measures which might have a tendency to embarrass the government of the Maharajah, or to induce collision between the two states.

"When no reply was given to the repeated demand for explanation, and while active military preparations were continued at Lahore, the Governor-General considered it necessary to order the advance of troops towards the frontier to reinforce the frontier posts.

"The Sikh army has now, without a shadow of provocation, invaded the British territories.

"The Governor-General must, therefore, take measures for effectually protecting the British provinces, for vindicating the authority of the British government, and for punishing the violators of treaties, and the disturbers of public peace.

"The Governor-General hereby declares the possessions of Maharajah Dhuleep Singh on the left or British banks of the Sutlej confiscated, and annexed to the British territories."

In the mean time the Umballah division of our troops had been in movement towards the Sutlej for three days; but as this force, if intercepted by a large Sikh army, was not considered sufficiently strong to force its way to the relief of Ferozepore, the Governor-General directed the whole garrison, amounting to five thousand men and twenty-one guns, of Loodianah, even at the risk of leaving that town and its cantonments exposed to capture and plunder, to effect a junction with the Umballah division. By a rapid march the Loodianah troops formed the advanced column of the army, and secured the supplies which had been laid in at Busseean, an important point, where the roads from Umballah and Kurnaul meet. On the 18th of December the British forces, having moved up by double marches on alternate days, reached, and, with

the exception of two European and two native regiments, were concentrated at MOODKEE, twenty miles from Ferozepore. How easy it is for us to describe, in a single sentence, the results of the irrepressible spirit and indefatigable exertions of those gallant men! In seven days they had traversed, over roads of heavy sand, a distance of upwards of one hundred and fifty miles, while their perpetual toil allowed them scarcely leisure to cook what scanty food they could procure, and hardly an hour for sleep. Four-and-twenty hours had elapsed since their parched lips were moistened by a single drop of water, when these exhausted but indomitable troops, a little after mid-day, took up their encamping ground in front of Moodkee. But their toil had not begun. Never, surely, were the harassing fatigues of so laborious a march alleviated by a more terrible refreshment. The way-worn warriors had not halted two hours, and were engaged in cooking their meals, when they were startled by a sudden order to get under arms, and move to their positions. The Sikh army was at hand in battle array. Instantly our horse artillery and cavalry pushed forward, while the infantry, accompanied by the field-batteries, advanced to their support, and, scarcely two miles off, confronted the enemy, nearly forty thousand strong, with forty guns, preparing for action. To resist the attack, and to cover the formation of the infantry, the cavalry, dashing rapidly to the front in columns of squadrons, occupied the plain, and were speedily followed by the troops of horse artillery, who took up their position with the cavalry on their flanks.

"The country," writes the Commander-in-Chief, "is a dead flat, covered at short intervals with a low, but in some places thick jhow jungle, and dotted with sandy hillocks. The enemy screened their infantry and cavalry behind this jungle, and such undulations as the ground afforded; and, whilst our twelve battalions formed from echelon of brigade into line, opened a very severe cannonade upon our advancing troops, which was vigorously replied to by the battery of horse artillery under Brigadier Brooke, which was soon joined by the two light field-batteries. The rapid

and well-directed fire of our artillery appeared soon to paralyse that of the enemy; and as it was necessary to complete our infantry dispositions without advancing the artillery too near to the jungle, I directed the cavalry under Brigadiers White and Gough to make a flank movement on the enemy's left, with a view of threatening and turning that flank, if possible. With praiseworthy gallantry, the 3d light dragoons, with the 2d brigade of cavalry, consisting of the body-guard and 5th light cavalry, with a portion of the 4th lancers, turned the left of the Sikh army, and, sweeping along the whole rear of its infantry and guns, silenced for a time the latter, and put their numerous cavalry to flight. Whilst this movement was taking place on the enemy's left, I directed the remainder of the 4th lancers, the 9th irregular cavalry under Brigadier Mactier, with a light field-battery, to threaten their right. This manœuvre was also successful. Had not the infantry and guns of the enemy been screened by the jungle, these brilliant charges of the cavalry would have been productive of greater effect.

"When the infantry advanced to the attack, Brigadier Brooke rapidly pushed on his horse artillery close to the jungle, and the cannonade was resumed on both sides. The infantry, under Major-Generals Sir Harry Smith, Gilbert, and Sir John M'Caskill, attacked in echelon of lines the enemy's infantry, almost invisible amongst wood and the approaching darkness of night. The opposition of the enemy was such as might have been expected from troops who had every thing at stake, and who had long vaunted of being irresistible. Their ample and extended line, from their great superiority of numbers, far outflanked ours; but this was counteracted by the flank movements of our cavalry. The attack of the infantry now commenced; and the roll of fire from this powerful arm soon convinced the Sikh army that they had met with a foe they little expected; and their whole force was driven from position after position with great slaughter, and the loss of seventeen pieces of artillery, some of them of heavy calibre; our infantry using that never-failing weapon the bayonet, whenever the enemy stood. Night only saved them from worse disaster; for this stout conflict was maintained during an hour and a half of dim

starlight, amidst a cloud of dust from the sandy plain, which yet more obscured every object."

The more awful combats of Ferozeshah and Sobraon must not eclipse the brightness of Moodkee, which revealed so vividly, even under that "dim starlight," the elastic vigour of the British spirit.

Hunger, and thirst, and weariness vanished at once, as, with the alacrity and precision of a peaceful parade, our enthusiastic regiments moved into their positions, and impetuously advanced to encounter an enemy who mustered his host in myriads. On they swept like a hurricane. "The only fault found," are the words of an officer present in the engagement, "was, that the men were too fresh, and could not be kept from running at the enemy." Outflanking us by masses of infantry and swarms of cavalry—tearing us to tatters by the swift destruction from their immense and beautiful artillery—it fared with the Sikhs, before the stemless tide of British ardour, as with the Philistines before Samson—

"When unsupportably his foot advanced,"
—"In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,"

"Spurn'd them to death by troops."—

The moral effect upon our soldiers of this battle, we may believe to have been decisive of the campaign. The prodigious preponderance of the Sikhs in numerical strength; the weight, and celerity, and accuracy of their batteries; their stanch and obstinate courage, which often went down only before the intolerable contact of the bayonet, had been made undeniably manifest. What had they availed against our imperturbable intrepidity, under circumstances and at a moment in which we might have thrown, almost without dishonour, the blame of discomfiture upon physical infirmities, that overmaster the brave and the strong as relentlessly as the timid and feeble? What would they avail, when the chances were fairer for us—the collision more even? When the fight at Moodkee was done, there was not, of the surviving victors, a Queen's soldier or a sepoy who had not already settled to his own satisfaction the whole campaign of the Sutlej, in the

pithy but comprehensive conviction, that he should drub the Sikhs whenever he met them. The logician smiles at the vulnerable reasoning; the soldier smiles, too, and feels himself clad in better armour than steel or brass. There had been a reciprocal amicable emulation every where prevalent throughout the battle, between the officers and the men, between our Indian and our European troops. The Governor-General shared all the perils of the field; Sale and M'Caskill "foremost fighting fell;" while our native regiments vied with, and were not excelled by, their British comrades in active daring or unswerving steadiness. One temper, one will, and a universal mutual confidence, thrilled through, cemented, and fired the whole mass.

On the day after the battle, the Sikhs having retired upon their intrenchments at Ferozeshah, orders were sent to direct Sir John Littler, with the Ferozepore force, to join as soon as possible the main army. The relief of Ferozepore—threatened, according to the first reports received by the Governor-General, by the Sikh army *en masse*—had been his primary object in those rapid marches which brought him to Moodkee. It now appears that, on the 13th of December, Sir John Littler had moved out of Ferozepore into camp, and on the 15th took up a strong position at a village about two miles to the south-east of his encampment, in order to intercept the anticipated attack on the city. The Sikh camp was distinctly visible, and supposed to contain 60,000 men, with 120 guns. Three days passed without even a demonstration of active hostility; and on the night of the 17th, the Sikhs were moving away to meet the Governor-General. On the evening of the 20th, therefore, Sir John Littler had no difficulty in instantly obeying the orders from Moodkee, and in arriving next morning at headquarters in time to share the peril and the glory of one of the most dreadful contests in which we were ever engaged in Europe or in Asia. The inaction of the Sikhs at Ferozepore is, in the present state of our information, unintelligible; but it would be an idle waste of time and space to speculate upon the conse-

quences of a peril which did not assail us, or harrow our minds with the probability of disasters and difficulties from which we never suffered.

At Moodkee, our army, for most needful repose, and fully to prepare for a more gigantic effort, rested two days. In this interval the Governor-General took a step which has not escaped comment, in offering to the Commander-in-Chief his services as second in command of the army. He did right. Battalions and brigades could hardly have strengthened the hands of the general, and invigorated the spirits of the troops, so much as the active accession of Hardinge. Prim etiquette may pucker its thin lips, and solemn discretion knit its ponderous brows; but neither discipline nor prudence ran any risk of being injured or affronted by the veteran of the Peninsula. What the exigency required, he knew; what the exigency exacted, he performed. That those who censure would not have imitated his conduct, in defiance of the admonitions of the hundred-throated Sikh ordnance, we may allowably imagine. Such critics, being themselves governors-general, would probably have received beneath the cool verandas of Calcutta the news of the tempestuous bivouacs of Ferozeshah. For ourselves, we learn with pride and satisfaction, that when offensive operations were resumed on the morning of the 21st of December, the charge and direction of the left wing of the army was committed to Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Hardinge.

"Breaking up on that morning from Moodkee, our columns of all arms" (so writes the Commander-in-Chief) "debouched four miles on the road to Ferozeshah, where it was known that the enemy, posted in great force and with a most formidable artillery, had remained since the action of the 18th, incessantly employed in intrenching his position. Instead of advancing to the direct attack of their formidable works, our force manœuvred to their right; the second and fourth divisions of infantry in front, supported by the first division and cavalry in second line, continued to defile for some time out of cannon-shot between the Sikhs and Ferozepore. The desired effect was not

long delayed : a cloud of dust was seen on our left, and, according to the instructions sent him on the preceding evening, Major-General Sir John Littler, with his division, availing himself of the offered opportunity, was discovered in full march to unite his force with mine. The junction was soon effected, and thus was accomplished one of the great objects of all our harassing marches and privations, in the relief of this division of our army from the blockade of the numerous forces by which it was surrounded.

"Dispositions were now made for a united attack on the enemy's intrenched camp. We found it to be a parallelogram, of about a mile in length, and half-a mile in breadth, including within its area the strong village of Ferozeshah ; the shorter sides looking towards the Sutlej and Moodkee, and the longer towards Ferozepore and the open country. We moved against the last-named face, the ground in front of which was, like the Sikh position in Moodkee, covered with low jungle.

"A very heavy cannonade was opened by the enemy, who had dispersed over their position upwards of one hundred guns, more than forty of which were of battering calibre : these kept up a heavy and well-directed fire, which the practice of our far less numerous artillery, of much lighter metal, checked in some degree, but could not silence ; finally, in the face of a storm of shot and shell, our infantry advanced and carried these formidable intrenchments ; they threw themselves upon their guns, and with matchless gallantry wrested them from the enemy ; but when the batteries were partially within our grasp, our soldiery had to face such a fire of musketry from the Sikh infantry, arrayed behind their guns, that, in spite of the most heroic efforts, a portion only of the intrenchment could be carried. Night fell while the conflict was every where raging.

"Although I now brought up Major-General Sir Harry Smith's division, and he captured and long maintained another point of the position, and her Majesty's 3d light dragoons charged and took some of the most formidable batteries, yet the enemy remained in possession of a considerable portion of the great quadrangle ; whilst our troops, in-

termingled with theirs, kept possession of the remainder, and firmly bivouacked upon it, exhausted by their gallant efforts, greatly reduced in numbers, and suffering extremely from thirst, yet animated by an indomitable spirit. In this state of things the long night wore away.

"Near the middle of it, one of their heavy guns was advanced, and played with deadly effect upon our troops. Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Hardinge immediately formed her Majesty's 80th foot and the 1st European light infantry. They were led to the attack by their commanding-officers, and animated in their exertions by Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, (aide-de-camp to the Lieutenant-General,) who was wounded in the outset. The 80th captured the gun, and the enemy, dismayed by this counter-check, did not venture to press on further. During the whole night, however, they continued to harass our troops by a fire of artillery, wherever moonlight discovered our position."*

The ghastly horrors of that awful night we should hopelessly struggle to describe. The attack began about three o'clock in the afternoon, and was urged incessantly for six hours in the face of the devastating storm of the Sikh batteries, which, with one continuous roar of thunder, blurted forth agony, and mutilation, and death upon their assailants. On the bare cold earth—the night was bitterly, intensely cold—with no food and no water—the living and the dying, in their exhaustion and torture, lay with the dead in their tranquillity. Broadfoot, with a happier fate, had already yielded up his spirit ; Somerset, sensible, but helplessly benumbed, was lingering through the tedious hours, to die in the morning, knolled by the shouts of victory. All night long "the havoc did not cease." In the very noon of darkness, a sleepless rest was invaded and broken by such extraordinary efforts as those to which the Governor-General in person excited the 80th and 1st European light infantry. And it well merits remembrance, what we know from other sources, that in these midnight charges, the men fell into the ranks so noiselessly

* Commander-in-Chief to the Governor-General, December 22, 1845.

and swiftly, that they were ready to advance before their officers were aware of their commands being generally understood.

"But with daylight of the 22d came retribution. Our infantry formed line, supported on both flanks by horse artillery, whilst a fire was opened from our centre by such of our heavy guns as remained effective, aided by a flight of rockets. A masked battery played with great effect upon this point, dismounting our pieces, and blowing up our tumbrils. At this moment Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Hardinge placed himself at the head of the left, whilst I rode at the head of the right wing.

"Our line advanced, and, unchecked by the enemy's fire, drove them rapidly out of the village of Ferozeshah and their encampment; then, changing front to its left, on its centre, our force continued to sweep the camp, bearing down all opposition, and dislodged the enemy from their whole position. The line then halted, as if on a day of manœuvre, receiving its two leaders, as they rode along its front, with a gratifying cheer, and displaying the captured standards of the Khalsa army. We had taken upwards of seventy-three pieces of cannon, and were masters of the whole field.

"The force assumed a position on the ground which it had won; but even here its labours were not to cease. In the course of two hours, Sirdar Tej Singh, who had commanded in the last great battle, brought up from the vicinity of Ferozepore fresh battalions and a large field of artillery, supported by 30,000 Glorepurras, hitherto encamped near the river. He drove in our cavalry parties, and made strenuous efforts to regain the position at Ferozeshah: this attempt was defeated; but its failure had scarcely become manifest, when the Sirdar renewed the contest with more troops and a large artillery. He commenced by a combination against our left flank, and when this was frustrated, made such a demonstration against the captured village as compelled us to change our whole front to the right. His guns during this manœuvre maintained an incessant fire, whilst, our artillery ammunition being completely expended in those protract-

ed combats, we were unable to answer him with a single shot.

"I now directed our almost exhausted cavalry to threaten both flanks at once, preparing the infantry to advance in support, which apparently caused him suddenly to cease his fire, and abandon the field.

* * * *

"The loss of this army has been heavy; how could a hope be formed that it should be otherwise? Within thirty hours this force stormed an intrenched camp, fought a general action, and sustained two considerable combats with the enemy. Within four days it has dislodged from their positions, on the left bank of the Sutlej, 60,000 Sikh soldiers, supported by upwards of 150 pieces of cannon, 108 of which the enemy acknowledge to have lost, and 91 of which are in our possession.

"In addition to our losses in the battle, the captured camp was found to be every where protected by charged mines, by the successive springing of which many brave officers and men have been destroyed." *

Was there ever harder fighting? No—not even a month afterwards at Sobraon. For two-and-twenty hours, from three o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st till one o'clock after mid-day of the 22d, the combat—unremitted, as we have seen, even beneath the shade of night—endured, and deepened as it endured, having raged with appalling fury in its very termination. The intrenched Sikh camp was literally a fortress, occupied by a great army not untutored in European discipline, and protected by enormous batteries of heavy ordnance, which were served so rapidly, and pointed so truly, as to elicit the unqualified admiration of the victims of their efficiency. Against this bristling rock, while, wave after wave, our sea of battle surged and reverberated, dark clouds of Sikh cavalry, hovering on all sides, sent forth at opportune conjunctures their sweeping whirlwinds, which either destroyed those ranks, whose compact array was broken by eagerness and the nature of the ground, or more frequently forced our infantry suddenly to form into

* Commander-in-Chief to Governor-General, 22d December 1845.

squares beneath the iron tempest of a demolishing artillery. With difficulty and labour our heroic soldiers had but breached, and surmounted, and gained footing within the fortifications, when the earth, heaving and opening with the successive explosion of charged mines, hurled into fragments scores of those who had passed unscathed through the ordeal of manly warfare with confronting foes. But moat and mound, cannon and cavern, were at length overleapt, silenced and exhausted. Still was it "double, double, toil and trouble." With fresh reinforcements of men, backed as ever by a massive artillery, the enemy repeatedly attempted to retrieve his loss, and regain his camp. To his incessant fire, *we could not answer with a single shot*; our ammunition was gone. Frustrating his manœuvres, what else remained to do was done with the hard steel of the bayonet, and hand to hand with the good sword. And thus were earned the laurels of Ferozeshah.

Over the carnage of such battle-fields, we would glance hastily. At Moodkee, of the British, fell two hundred and fifteen; at Ferozeshah, six hundred and ninety-four, gallant men and faithful soldiers. The long lists, also, of the wounded, which catalogue six hundred and fifty-seven sufferers at Moodkee, and swell to one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one at Ferozeshah, painfully attest the severity of the struggle, and the deadly precision of the foe. But the foe! who has numbered his dead? None; nor ever will. The pall of a decent oblivion has been tacitly cast upon the incalculable amount of his loss, which has exceeded the utmost extent of British loss, as much as his hordes of living warriors outnumbered by tens of thousands the British force at the dawn of the eventful day which looked on Moodkee—the Agincourt of India. "Is it not lawful," asks honest Fluellen, "to tell how many is killed?" "Yes," is the answer of our Fifth Harry—"Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment, that God fought for us."

The route of the Sikhs at Ferozeshah was succeeded by nearly a month employed, as we are now aware, by both sides in making preparations,

offensive and defensive, for further serious exertions. The Sikh army, upon its overthrow, retired, not in confusion and haste, but steadily and easily, towards the Sutlej, which they crossed about the 27th of December. They recrossed, however, soon after, and worked indefatigably in rearing those magnificent and powerful fortifications at Sobraon, with which we are yet destined in the course of our narrative to come into rude collision. The Governor-General, on the other hand, was busy in collecting and amassing the munitions of war of every description, for the purpose of forcing, if opposed, the passage of the Sutlej, and carrying his victorious standard into the heart of the Punjab. But fortune was now about to shower her smiles upon a peculiar favourite. Pressed for supplies on their own bank, the Sikhs were endeavouring to draw them from the British side of the Upper Sutlej. In the fort and town of Dhurrumkote, which were filled with grain, they maintained a small garrison. Against this place, Major-General Sir Harry Smith was ordered, on the 18th of January, to move, with one brigade of his division, and a light field-battery. In the mean time, the Commander-in-Chief received information that the Sirdar Runjoor Singh, crossing from Philour at the head of a numerous force of all arms, had established himself between the old and new sources of the Sutlej, and threatened the rich and populous city of Loodianah. Sir Harry Smith was accordingly directed to advance by Jugraon towards Loodianah, with the brigade which had accompanied him to Dhurrumkote, while his second brigade, under Brigadier Wheeler, moved on to support him. "Then commenced," we learn from the Commander-in-Chief, "a series of very delicate combinations."

"The Major-General, breaking up from Jugraon, moved towards Loodianah; when the Sirdar, relying on the vast superiority of his forces, assumed the initiative, and endeavoured to intercept his progress, by marching in a line parallel to him, and opening upon his troops a furious cannonade. The Major-General continued coolly to manœuvre; and when the Sikh Sirdar,

bending round one wing of his army, enveloped his flank, he extricated himself, by retiring, with the steadiness of a field-day, by echelon of battalions, and effected his communication with Loodianah, but not without severe loss.

“Reinforced by Brigadier Godby, he felt himself to be strong; but his manœuvres had thrown him out of communication with Brigadier Wheeler, and a portion of his baggage had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The Sikh Sirdar took up an intrenched position at Budhowal, supporting himself on its fort; but, threatened on either flank by General Smith and Brigadier Wheeler, finally decamped, and moved down to the Sutlej. The British troops made good their junction, and occupied the abandoned position of Budhowal; the Shekawattee brigade and her Majesty's 53d regiment, also added to the strength of the Major-General, and he prepared to attack the Sikh Sirdar on his new ground. But, on the 26th, Runjoor Singh was reinforced from the right bank with four thousand regular troops, twelve pieces of artillery, and a large force of cavalry.

“Emboldened by this accession of strength, he ventured on the measure of advancing towards Jugraon, apparently with the view of intercepting our communications by that route.”*

The audacity of the Sikhs was doomed to meet a rough check. Wheeler having joined Sir Harry by long marches on the 26th of January, the troops required one day's rest. And now we have our hand upon the most delightful official despatch, and the most admirable picture of a battle, which has stirred our blood for many a day. Not a sentence of explanation do the words of Sir Harry Smith need, nor with a syllable of observation shall we rashly dare to gild his gold. Let us hear Cæsar dictating his commentary.

“At daylight on the 28th, my order of advance was, the cavalry in front, in contiguous columns of squadrons of regiments; two troops of horse artillery in the interval of brigades; the infantry in contiguous columns of brigades at intervals of deploying distance; artillery in the intervals, followed by two eight-

inch howitzers, on travelling carriages, brought into the field from the fort of Loodianah by the indefatigable exertions of Lieutenant-Colonel Lane, horse artillery. Brigadier Godby's brigade, which I had marched out from Loodianah the previous evening, on the right, the Shekawattee infantry on the left, the 4th irregular cavalry and the Shekawattee cavalry considerably to the right, for the purpose of sweeping the banks of the wet mullah on my right, and preventing any of the enemy's horse attempting an inroad towards Loodianah, or any attempt upon the baggage assembled round the fort of Budhowal.

“In this order the troops moved forward towards the enemy, a distance of six miles; the advance conducted by Captain Waugh, 16th lancers, the Deputy-assistant Quartermaster of cavalry; Major Bradford of the 1st cavalry, and Lieutenant Strachey of the engineers—who had been jointly employed in the conduct of patrols up to the enemy's position, and for the purpose of reporting upon the facility and points of approach. Previously to the march of the troops, it had been intimated to me by Major Mackeson, that the information by spies led to the belief the enemy would move, somewhere at daylight, either on Jugraon, my position of Budhowal, or Loodianah. On a near approach to his outposts, this rumour was confirmed by a spy, who had just left his camp, saying the Sikh army was actually in march towards Jugraon. My advance was steady, my troops well in hand; and if he had anticipated me on the Jugraon road, I could have fallen upon his centre with advantage.

“From the tops of the houses of the village of Poorein, I had a distant view of the enemy. He was in motion, and appeared directly opposite my front on a ridge, of which the village of Aliwal may be regarded as the centre. His left appeared still to occupy its ground in the circular intrenchment; his right was brought forward and occupied the ridge. I immediately deployed the cavalry into line, and moved on. As I neared the enemy, the ground became most favourable for the troops to manœuvre, being open and hard grass land. I ordered the cavalry to take ground to the right and left by brigades, thus displaying the heads of the infantry columns,

* Commander-in-Chief to Governor-General, 1st February 1846.

and as they reached the hard ground I directed them to deploy into line. Brigadier Godby's brigade was in direct echelon to the rear of the right—the Shekawattee infantry in like manner to the rear of my left. The cavalry in direct echelon on, and well to the rear of both flanks of the infantry. The artillery massed on the right, and centre, and left. After deployment, I observed the enemy's left to outflank me; I therefore broke into open columns and took ground to my right. When I had gained sufficient ground, the troops wheeled into line; there was no dust, the sun shone brightly. The manoeuvres were performed with the celerity and precision of the most correct field-day. The glistening of the bayonets and swords of this order of battle was most imposing, and the line advanced. Scarcely had it moved forward 150 yards, when at 10 o'clock the enemy opened a fierce cannonade from his whole line. At first his balls fell short, but quickly reached us. Thus upon him, and capable of better ascertaining his position, I was compelled to halt the line, though under fire, for a few moments, until I ascertained that by bringing up my right and carrying the village of Aliwal, I could with great effect precipitate myself upon his left and centre. I therefore quickly brought Brigadier Godby's brigade, and with it and the 1st brigade under Brigadier Hicks, made a rapid and noble charge, carried the village, and two guns of large calibre. The line I ordered to advance—her Majesty's 31st foot and the native regiments contending for the front, and the battle became general. The enemy had a numerous body of cavalry on the heights to his left, and I ordered Brigadier Cureton to bring up the right brigade of cavalry, who, in the most gallant manner, dashed in among them, and drove them back upon their infantry. Meanwhile a second gallant charge to my right was made by the light cavalry and the body-guard. The Shekawattee brigade was moved well to the right, in support of Brigadier Cureton. When I observed the enemy's encampment, and saw it was full of infantry, I immediately brought upon it Brigadier Godby's brigade, by changing front, and taking the enemy's infantry *en reverse*. They drove them before them, and took some guns without a check.

“While these operations were going on upon the right, and the enemy's flank

was thus driven back, I occasionally observed the brigade under Brigadier Wheeler, an officer in whom I have the greatest confidence, charging and carrying guns and every thing before it, again connecting his line and moving on in a manner which ably displayed the coolness of the brigadier, and the gallantry of his irresistible brigade—her Majesty's 50th foot, the 48th native infantry, and the Sirmoor battalion, although the loss was, I regret to say, severe in the 50th. Upon the left, Brigadier Wilson, with her Majesty's 53d and 30th native infantry, equalled in celerity and regularity their comrades on the right, and this brigade was opposed to the ‘Aieen’ troops, called Avitabile's, when the fight was fiercely raging.

“The enemy, well driven back on his left and centre, endeavoured to hold his right to cover the passage of the river, and he strongly occupied the village of Bhoondee. I directed a squadron of the 16th lancers, under Major Smith and Captain Pearson, to charge a body to the right of the village; which they did in the most gallant and determined style, bearing every thing before them, as a squadron under Captain Bere had previously done, going through a square of infantry, wheeling about and re-entering the square in the most intrepid manner with the deadly lance. This charge was accompanied by the 3d light cavalry, under Major Angelo, and as gallantly sustained. The largest gun upon the field, and seven others, were then captured; while the 53d regiment carried the village by the bayonet, and the 30th N.I. wheeled round to the rear in a most spirited manner. Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander's and Captain Turton's troops of horse artillery, under Major Lawrenson, dashed almost among the flying infantry, committing great havoc, until about eight hundred or one thousand men rallied under the high bank of a nullah, and opened a heavy but ineffectual fire from below the bank. I immediately directed the 30th native infantry to charge them, which they were able to do upon their left flank, while in a line in rear of the village. This native corps nobly obeyed my orders, and rushed among the Avitabile troops, driving them from under the bank, and exposing them once more to the deadly fire of twelve guns within 300 yards. The destruction was very great, as may be supposed from guns served as these

were. Her Majesty's 53d regiment moved forward in support of the 30th N.I. by the right of the village. The battle was won—our troops advancing with the most perfect order to the common focus, the passage of the river. The enemy, completely hemmed in, were flying from our fire, and precipitating themselves in disordered masses into the ford and boats, in the utmost confusion and consternation. Our eight-inch howitzers soon began to play upon their boats, when the 'debris' of the Sikh army appeared upon the opposite and high bank of the river, flying in every direction, although a sort of line was attempted to countenance their retreat, until all our guns commenced a furious cannonade, when they quickly receded. Nine guns were on the verge of the river by the ford. It appears as if they had been unlimbered to cover the ford. These, being loaded, were fired once upon our advance. Two others were sticking in the river; one of them we got out. Two were seen to sink in the quicksands; two were dragged to the opposite bank and abandoned. These, and the one in the middle of the river, were gallantly spiked by Lieutenant Holmes, of the 11th irregular cavalry, and Gunner Scott, of the 1st troop 2nd brigade horse artillery, who rode into the stream, and crossed for the purpose, covered by our guns and light infantry.

"Thus ended the battle of Aliwal, one of the most glorious victories ever achieved in India. By the united efforts of her Majesty's and the Hon. Company's troops, every gun the enemy had fell into our hands, as I infer from his never opening one upon us from the opposite bank of the river, which is high and favourable for the purpose: 52 guns are now in the ordnance park, two sank in the bed of the Sutlej, and two were spiked on the opposite bank—making a total of 56 pieces of cannon captured or destroyed.* Many jingalls, which were attached to Avitabile's corps, and which aided in the defence of the village of Bhoondee, have also been taken. The whole army of the enemy has been driven headlong over the difficult ford of a broad river; his camp, baggage, stores of ammunition, and of grain—his all, in fact—wrested

from him by the repeated charges of cavalry and infantry, aided by the guns of Alexander, Turton, Lane, Mill, Boileau, and of the Shekawatee brigade, and by the eight-inch howitzers—our guns literally being constantly ahead of every thing. The determined bravery of all was as conspicuous as noble. I am unwont to praise when praise is not merited, and I here most avowedly express my firm opinion and conviction, that no troops in any battle on record ever behaved more nobly. British and native (no distinction) cavalry all vying with her Majesty's 16th lancers, and striving to head in the repeated charges. Our guns and gunners, officers and men, may be equalled, but cannot be excelled, by any artillery in the world. Throughout the day no hesitation—a bold and intrepid advance; and thus it is that our loss is comparatively small, though I deeply regret to say severe. The enemy fought with much resolution; they maintained frequent rencounters with our cavalry hand to hand. In one charge of infantry upon her Majesty's 16th lancers, they threw away their muskets, and came on with their swords and targets against the lance."†

"There was no dust, the sun shone brightly." Unquestionably, not a particle of dust, and all bright sunshine, from the first paragraph to the last of this unrivalled production. It is a diorama and a panorama of the battle. Truly, oh reader!

"Duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,—

Would'st thou not stir in this!"

In the luminous rays of such a description, we are made eye-witnesses of the stirring dashing scene in all its circumstantial variety and general grandeur. What a sight it is, that steady advance with his "troops well in hand!" But for a peculiar flashing of the eyes, and sternness in the features, of the men, we should have fancied them in the Home Park at Windsor, encircled, not by ferocious Sikhs in the horrid harness of war, but by the graceful array of gentler

* Eleven guns since ascertained to be sunk in the river—total 67; 30 odd jingalls fell into our hands.

† Sir Harry Smith to the Adjutant-General, 30th January 1846.

—though, in sooth, more irresistible—foes. Sir Harry Smith has disappeared—very likely hidden himself behind a baggage waggon or a huge drum. Sapient speculator! behold him yonder on the house-top, darting his eagle vision down into the centre of the distant enemy, and unmasking and anticipating their movements with unerring foresight. Many serious things his vigilance must watch; but, without distracting his attention, the “glistening of the bayonets and swords of his order of battle,” fills his heart with boyish glee. The fierce cannonade from the whole hostile line has begun, and, although the balls fall short at first, quickly reaches us. Under this murderous shower, he *halts his line* for a minute’s pregnant reflection, as an elderly gentleman, playing golf on a rainy day, takes his spectacles from his nose, and wipes the water-drops away, before venturing the decisive stroke of the game. Nothing escapes him; every thing is done in the nick of time. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery, charge to the right or the left, or straight before them, dash through the enemy’s front, or scour the flanks, or sweep the rear, perambulate squares, and perforate encampments, just as if the serried ranks of the Sikhs had been unsubstantial creatures of the imagination, or mist-wreaths from the “wet nullah,” which a lively fancy had invested with human form and warlike panoply. But one hundred and fifty-one gallant men killed, and four hundred and thirteen wounded, sufficiently proved that “one of the most glorious victories ever achieved in India,” had not been won in a combat with phantoms.

The current of the Sutlej hurried melancholy and portentous tidings from Aliwal to the Sikhs at Sobraon. The bodies of their slaughtered countrymen rolling down in hundreds, announced, in terms too dismally unequivocal, another tremendous blow of British might. In the breasts of such a people—ay, or of any people—these ominous visitations could hardly be the harbingers of hope, to cheer them in the final death-struggle, which they knew to be hourly approaching. The fortifications at Sobraon had been repeatedly reconnoitred by the Com-

mander-in-Chief, who satisfied himself that not fewer than thirty thousand men, the best of the Khalsa troops, were covered by these formidable intrenchments, guarded by seventy pieces of cannon, and united by a good bridge to a reserve on the opposite bank, where the enemy had a considerable camp and some artillery, commanding and flanking his fieldworks on the British bank. On the 8th of February, Sir Harry Smith’s triumphant division having rejoined headquarters, it was resolved to attack, on the morning of the 10th, the Sikh intrenchments.

“The battering and disposed field artillery was then put in position in an extended semicircle, embracing within its fire the works of the Sikhs. It had been intended that the cannonade should have commenced at daybreak; but so heavy a mist hung over the plain and river, that it became necessary to wait until the rays of the sun had penetrated it and cleared the atmosphere. Meanwhile, on the margin of the Sutlej on our left, two brigades of Major-General Sir R. Dick’s division, under his personal command, stood ready to commence the assault against the enemy’s extreme right. His 7th brigade, in which was the 10th foot, reinforced by the 53d foot, and led by Brigadier Stacey, was to head the attack, supported, at two hundred yards’ distance, by the 6th brigade, under Brigadier Wilkinson. In reserve was the 5th brigade, under Brigadier the Hon. T. Ashburnham, which was to move forward from the intrenched village of Kodeewalla, leaving, if necessary, a regiment for its defence. In the centre, Major-General Gilbert’s division was deployed for support or attack, its right resting on and in the village of the little Sobraon. Major-General Sir Harry Smith’s was formed near the village of Guttah, with its right thrown up towards the Sutlej. Brigadier Cureton’s cavalry threatened, by feigned attacks, the ford at Hurreekie and the enemy’s horse, under Lall Singh Misr, on the opposite bank. Brigadier Campbell, taking an intermediate position in the rear, between Major-General Gilbert’s right and Major-General Sir Harry Smith’s left, protected both. Major-General Sir Joseph Thackwell, under whom was Brigadier Scott, held in reserve on our left, ready to act as circumstances

might demand, the rest of the cavalry.

"Our battery of nine-pounders, enlarged into twelves, opened near the little Sobraon with a brigade of howitzers formed from the light field-batteries and troops of horse artillery, shortly after daybreak. But it was half-past six before the whole of our artillery fire was developed. It was most spirited and well-directed. I cannot speak in terms too high of the judicious disposition of the guns, their admirable practice, or the activity with which the cannonade was sustained; but notwithstanding the formidable calibre of our iron guns, mortars, and howitzers, and the admirable way in which they were served, and aided by a rocket battery, it would have been visionary to expect that they could, within any limited time, silence the fire of seventy pieces behind well-constructed batteries of earth, plank, and fascines, or dislodge troops covered either by redoubts or epaulements, or within a treble line of trenches. The effect of the cannonade was, as has since been proved by an inspection of the camp, most severely felt by the enemy; but it soon became evident that the issue of this struggle must be brought to the arbitrament of musketry and the bayonet.

"At nine o'clock Brigadier Stacey's brigade, supported on either flank by Captains Horsford's and Fordyce's batteries, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lane's troop of horse artillery, moved to the attack in admirable order. The infantry and guns aided each other correlatively. The former marched steadily on in line, which they halted only to correct when necessary. The latter took up successive positions at the gallop, until at length they were within three hundred yards of the heavy batteries of the Sikhs; but, notwithstanding the regularity, and coolness, and scientific character of this assault, which Brigadier Wilkinson well supported, so hot was the fire of cannon, musketry, and zumboorucks kept up by the Khalsa troops, that it seemed for some moments impossible that the intrenchments could be won under it; but soon persevering gallantry triumphed, and the whole army had the satisfaction to see the gallant Brigadier Stacey's soldiers driving the Sikhs in confusion before them within the area of their encampment. The 10th foot, under Lieutenant-Colonel Franks, now for the first time brought into serious contact with the enemy,

greatly distinguished themselves. This regiment never fired a shot till it got within the works of the enemy. The onset of her Majesty's 53d foot was as gallant and effective. The 43d and 59th N.I., brigaded with them, emulated both in cool determination.

"At the moment of this first success, I directed Brigadier the Hon. T. Ashburnham's brigade to move on in support, and Major-General Gilbert's and Sir Harry Smith's divisions to throw out their light troops to threaten their works, aided by artillery. As these attacks of the centre and right commenced, the fire of our heavy guns had first to be directed to the right, and then gradually to cease, but at one time the thunder of full 120 pieces of ordnance reverberated in this mighty combat through the valley of the Sutlej; and as it was soon seen that the weight of the whole force within the Sikh camp was likely to be thrown upon the two brigades that had passed its trenches, it became necessary to convert into close and serious attacks the demonstrations with skirmishers and artillery of the centre and right; and the battle raged with inconceivable fury from right to left. The Sikhs, even when at particular points their intrenchments were mastered with the bayonet, strove to regain them by the fiercest conflict, sword in hand. Nor was it until the cavalry of the left, under Major-General Sir Joseph Thackwell, had moved forward, and ridden through the openings of the intrenchments made by our sappers, in single file, and re-formed as they passed them, and the 3d dragoons, whom no obstacle usually held formidable by horse appears to check, had on this day, as at Ferozeshah, galloped over and cut down the obstinate defenders of batteries and fieldworks, and until the full weight of three divisions of infantry, with every field artillery gun which could be sent to their aid, had been cast into the scale, that victory finally declared for the British. The fire of the Sikhs first slackened and then nearly ceased; and the victors then pressing them on every side, precipitated them in masses over the bridge, and into the Sutlej, which a sudden rise of seven inches had rendered hardly fordable. In their efforts to reach the right bank, through the deepened water, they suffered from our horse artillery a terrible carnage. Hundreds fell under this cannonade; hundreds upon hun-

dreds were drowned in attempting the perilous passage. Their awful slaughter, confusion, and dismay, were such as would have excited compassion in the hearts of their generous conquerors, if the Khalsa troops had not, in the early part of the action, sullied their gallantry by slaughtering and barbarously mangling every wounded soldier whom, in the vicissitudes of attack, the fortune of war left at their mercy. I must pause in this narrative especially to notice the determined hardihood and bravery with which our two battalions of Goorkhas, the Sirmoor and Nusseree, met the Sikhs wherever they were opposed to them. Soldiers of small stature, but indomitable spirit, they vied in ardent courage in the charge with the grenadiers of our own nation, and, armed with the short weapon of their mountains, gave a terror to the Sikhs throughout this great combat.

“Sixty-seven pieces of cannon, upwards of two hundred camel swivels, (zumboorucks,) numerous standards, and vast munitions of war, captured by our troops, are the pledges and trophies of our victory. The battle was over by eleven in the morning, and in the forenoon I caused our engineers to burn a part and to sink a part of the vaunted bridge of the Khalsa army, across which they had boastfully come once more to defy us, and to threaten India with ruin and devastation.” *

This stupendous battle—the climax and the close of a campaign unparalleled in many of its circumstances in modern history—was in itself an epitome of every thing most dreadful and most imposing, most destructive and most heroic, which had distinguished its predecessors. Here fell gloriously, at the moment of victory, Dick, the veteran of the Peninsula and Waterloo, “displaying the same energy and intrepidity as when, thirty-five years ago, in Spain, he was the distinguished leader of the 42d Highlanders.” No better man—no better soldier—sleeps the sleep of the brave. The lists of our loss show 320 dead, while 2063 wounded bear additional testimony to the desperation

and havoc of this sanguinary action. Ancient times involuntarily rush back upon us, recalling the youthful Conqueror of Macedon, who, radiant with the triple glories of the Granicus, of Issus, and of Arbela, vanquished Porus at the Hydaspes, and paused in his career, with a sigh, not far from the banks of the Sutlej. He was wont, and justly, to attribute his Asiatic triumphs to his faithful Macedonians. Does not Britain attribute her Asiatic triumphs to her faithful sons? Yes; with the important explanation, that Europeans and Indians are alike British. Between them no demarcation was made, or seen, or felt, in the majestic spectacle of the campaign of the Sutlej. Their toil and their perils were in common—so shall be their honours and their fame: and while all men agree that every excellence which can illuminate and dignify the character of a British soldier, was displayed in stainless brightness by our European regiments on these colossal battle-fields, all men will also agree that the exact and cloudless counterpart of such merit shone in the indefatigable hardihood, the indomitable valour, the immovable, incorruptible fidelity of our native Indian troops.

The banners of our country have crossed the Sutlej, and advanced to Lahore. But our present task is done. The policy which has now to regulate the internal condition of a great country, will be better discussed hereafter. We have simply narrated the course of a terrible necessity, which, against the desires of this country, has made the ravages of war a bloody but unavoidable prelude to the beneficent functions of peace. The conflict was not of our seeking. Be the consequences what they may, the Sikhs will have themselves to blame, should it so happen, for the illustration of the maxim, that “when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.”

* Commander-in-Chief to Governor-General, 13th February 1846.

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THE LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

LORD BROUGHAM has resumed his memoirs of the eminent writers of England; and every lover of literature will feel gratified by this employment of his active research and of his vigorous pen.

One of the most striking distinctions of English public life from that of the Continent, is in the condition of statesmen after their casual retirement from power. The Foreign statesman seems to exist only in office. The moment that sees him "out of place," sees him extinguished. He is lost as suddenly to the public eye, as if he were carried to the tomb of his ancestors. He retires to his country-seat, and there subsides into the garrulous complainant against the caprices of fortune, or buries his calamities in the quiet indulgence of his appetites; smokes away his term of years, subsides into the lean and slippered pantaloon, occupies his studies with the *Court Gazette*, and his faculties with cards; and is finally deposited in the family vault, to continue the process of mouldering which had been begun in his arm-chair, to be remembered only in an epitaph. France, at the present day, alone seems to form an exception. Her legislature affords a new element in which statesmanship in abeyance can

still float: the little vessel is there at least kept in view of mankind; if it makes no progress, it at least keeps above water; and, however incapable of reaching the port by its own means, the fluctuations of the national surge, sometimes so powerful, and always so contemptuous of calculation, may at some time or other carry the craziest craft into harbour. But the general order of continental ministers, even of the highest rank, when abandoned by the monarch, are like men consigned to the dungeon. They go to their place of sentence at once. The man who to-day figured in the highest robe of power, to-morrow wears the prison costume. His rise was the work of the royal will—his fall is equally the work of the royal will. Having no connexion with the national mind, he has no resource in the national sympathies. He has been a royal instrument: when his edge becomes dull, or the royal artificer finds a tool whose fashion he likes better, the old tool is flung by to rust, and no man asks where or why; his use is at an end, and the world and the workman, alike, "knoweth it no more."

But, in England, the condition of public life is wholly different. The statesman is the creation of the na-

tional will, and neither in office, nor in opposition, does the nation forget the product of its will. The minister is no offspring of slavery, no official negro, made to be sold, and, when sold, separated from his parentage once and for ever. If he sins in power, he is at worst but the Prodigal Son, watched in his career, and willingly welcomed when he has abjured his wanderings. Instead of being extinguished by the loss of power, he often more than compensates the change, by the revival of popularity. Disencumbered of the laced and embroidered drapery of office, he often exhibits the natural vigour and proportion of his faculties to higher advantage; cultivates his intellectual distinctions with more palpable success; refreshes his strength for nobler purposes than even those of ambition; and, if he should not exert his renewed popularity for a new conquest of power, only substitutes for place the more generous and exalted determination of deserving those tributes which men naturally offer to great abilities exerted for the good of present and future generations.

We must allude, for the national honour, to this characteristic of English feeling, in the changes of public men. On the Continent, the hour which deprived a statesman of office, at once deprived him of every thing. All the world ran away from him, as they would from a falling house. The crowded antechamber of yesterday, exhibited nothing to-day but utter solitude. The fallen minister was a leper; men shrank from his touch; the contagion of ill-luck was upon him; and every one dreaded to catch the disease. It was sometimes even worse. The loss of power was the ruin of fortune. The Dives had been suddenly transformed into the Lazarus; the purple and fine linen were "shreds and patches," and not even the dogs came to administer to his malady. But, among us, the breaking up of a cabinet often only gives rise to a bold and brilliant opposition. It is not like the breaking up of a ship, where the wreck is irreparable, and the timbers are shattered and scattered, and good for nothing; it is often more like the breaking up of a regiment in one of our colonies, where the once compact mass of force, which knew nothing

but the command of its colonel, now takes, each man his own way, exhibits his own style of cleverness; instead of the one manual exercise of musket and bayonet, each individual takes the axe or the spade, the tool or the ploughshare, and works a new fertility out of the soil, according to his own "thews and sinews."

The moral of all this is, that the distinguished author of these *Memoirs* is now devoting himself to a career of literature, to which even his political services may have been of inferior utility. He is recalling the public memory to those eminent achievements, which have so powerfully advanced the mental grandeur of our era; and, while he thus gives due honour to the labours of the past, he is at once encouraging and illustrating the nobleness of the course which opens to posterity. But Lord Brougham's influence cannot be contented, we should hope, with merely speculative benefits; it is for him, and for men like him, to look with interest on the struggles of literary existence at the hour; to call the attention of government and the nation to the neglects, the narrowness, and the caprices of national patronage; to demand protection for genius depressed by the worldliness of the crowd; to point out to men of rank and wealth a path of service infinitely more honourable to their own taste, and infinitely more productive to their country, than ribands and stars; than the tinkling of a name, than pompous palaces, or picture galleries of royal price; to excite our nobles to constitute themselves the true patrons of the living genius of the land, and disdain to be content with either the offering of weak regrets, or the tribute of worthless honours to the slumberers in the grave. A tenth part of the sums employed in raising obelisks to Burns, would have rescued one half of his life from poverty, and the other half from despair. The single sum which raised the monument to Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh, would have saved him from the final pressure which broke his heart, elastic as it was, and dimmed his intellect, capable as he still was of throwing a splendour over his native soil.

This neglect is known and suffered

in no other province of public service. The soldier, the sailor, the architect, the painter, are all within sight of the most lavish prizes of public liberality. Parliament has just given titles and superb pensions to the conquerors of the Sikhs. The India Company has followed its example. We applaud this munificent liberality in both instances. Two general officers have thus obtained the peerage, with £7000 and £5000 a-year. They deserved those rewards. But the whole literary encouragement of the British empire, with a revenue of fifty-two millions sterling, is £1200, little more than the tenth part of the pensions allotted to those two gallant men. £1200 for the whole literary encouragement of England! There can be no greater scandal to the intellectual honour of the country. The pettiest German principality scarcely limits its literary encouragement to this sum. We doubt whether Weimar, between literary offices and pensions, did not give twice the sum annually. But named in competition with the liberality of the leading sovereigns, it is utterly mean. Louis XIV., two hundred years ago, allotted 80,000 francs a-year to his forty members of the Academy, a sum equivalent in *that day*, and in *France*, to little less than £5000 a-year in our day, and in England. Frederic II. gave pensions and appointments to a whole corps of literary men. At this moment, there is scarcely a man of any literary distinction in Paris, who has not a share in the liberal and wise patronage of government, either in office or public pension.

But if we are to be answered by a class, plethoric with wealth and rank; that literature ought to be content with living on its own means; must not the obvious answer be—Is the author to be an author, down to his grave? Is there to be no relaxation of his toil? Is there to be no allowance for the exhaustion of his overworked faculties? for the natural infirmities of years? for the vexations of a noble spirit compelled to submit to the caprices of public change? and with its full share of the common calamities of life, increasing their pres-

sure at once by an inevitable sense of wrong, and by a feeling that the delight of his youth must be the drudgery of his age? When the great Dryden, in his seventieth year, was forced, in the bitterness of his heart, to exclaim, "Must I die in the harness!" his language was a brand on the common sense, as well as on the just generosity, of his country. We now abandon the topic with one remark. This want of the higher liberality of the nation has already produced the most injurious effects on our literature.

All the great works of our ancestral literature were the works of leisure and comparative competence. All the great dramatic poetry of France was the work of comparative competence. Its writers were not compelled to hurry after the popular tastes; they followed their own, and impressed its character upon the mind of the nation. The plays of Racine, Corneille, Molière, and Voltaire, are nobler trophies to the greatness of France than all the victories of Louis the XIV., than Versailles, than all the pomps of his splendid reign. Louis Philippe has adopted the same munificent policy, and it will be followed by the same honour with posterity. But, in England, the keeping of a stud of race-horses, the building of a dog-kennel, or the purchase of a foreign picture, is ignominiously and selfishly suffered to absorb a larger sum than the whole literary patronage of the most opulent empire that the sun ever shone upon. We recommend these considerations to Lord Brougham: they are nobler than politics; they are fitter for his combined character of statesman and philosopher; they will also combine with that character another which alone can give permanency to the fame of any public man—that of the philanthropist. His ability, his knowledge of human nature, and his passion for public service—qualities in which his merits are known to Europe—designate him as the founder of a great system of public liberality to the enterprise of genius. And when party is forgotten, and cabinets have perished; when, perhaps, even the boundaries of empire may have been changed, and new nations rise

to claim the supremacy of arts and arms; the services of the protector of literature will stand out before the eye with increased honour, and his name be rescued from the common ruin which envelopes the memory of ostentatious conquerors and idle kings.

The present volume contains biographies of Johnson, Adam Smith, Lavoisier, Gibbon, Sir Joseph Banks, D'Alembert. We shall commence with the lives less known to the generality of readers than those of our great moralist and great political economist, reserving ourselves for sketches of their career, as our space may allow.

Lord Brougham commences his life of Sir Joseph Banks by a species of apology, for placing in the ranks of philosophers a man who had never written a book. But no one has ever doubted that a man may be a philosopher, without being an author. Some of the greatest inventions of philosophy, of science, and of practical power, have been the work of men who never wrote a book. In fact, the inventor is generally a man of few words; his disciples, or rivals, or imitators, are the men of description. The inventor gives the idea, the follower gives the treatise; but the inventor is the philosopher after all. The question, however, with Sir Joseph Banks is, whether he was any more an inventor than a writer. It does not appear that he was either. Of course, he has no right to rank among men of science. But he had merits of his own, and on those his distinctions ought to have been placed. He was a zealous, active, and influential friend of philosophers. He gave them his time, he received them in his house, and he assisted their progress. He volunteered to be the protector of their class; he sympathised with their pursuits; and, while adding little or nothing to their discoveries, he assisted in bringing those discoveries before the world. He loved to be thought the patriarch of British science; and, like the patriarch, he retained his authority even when he was past his labour. If he filled the throne of science feebly, none could deny that he filled it zealously. The true definition of him was, an

English gentleman occupying his leisure with philosophical pursuits, and encouraging others of more powerful understanding to do the same.

Sir Joseph Banks was of an old and wealthy family, dating so far back as Edward III.; first settled in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and afterwards in the county of Lincoln. He was born in London in January 1743. At the age of nine he was sent to Harrow, and at thirteen to Eton, where the tutors observed, as has happened in many other instances, that he was fonder of play than of books. In about a twelvemonth, however, he became studious, though not to the taste of his schoolmasters. The origin of this change was described by himself, in a letter to Sir Everard Home, as accidental. One afternoon he had been bathing with some of the Eton boys, and, on returning to dress himself, found that they had left him alone. Walking down a green lane, whose sides exhibited the wild-flowers of the season, the thought occurred to him, how much more natural and useful would be the knowledge of plants, than of Greek and Latin. From this time he devoted himself to the study of botany, though still continuing that of the classics. On returning to his father's house, he found a copy of Gerard's *Herbal*, which fixed his taste. He now added to his collecting of plants that of butterflies and other insects. Lord Brougham mentions that his father was one of Banks's associates at this period, and that they employed themselves together in natural history.

Natural history has been so frequently the pursuit of studious triflers, that it is difficult to exempt it from the charge of trifling. To gather plants which have been gathered a thousand times before, to ascertain their names from an herbal, and classify them according to its list, seems to be little more than a grave apology for playing the fool. A determination to gather all the butterflies and blue-bottles within the limits of the realm, certainly has nothing that can dignify it with the name of scientific pursuit. The collecting of pebbles and shells, or even the arranging of animals in the cases of a museum, are

accomplishments of so easy an order, and of so little actual use, that they serve for little else than to wile away the time. But this trifling assumes a more important shape when it rises to the acquisition of actual knowledge; when, instead of classifying plants, it develops their medicinal virtues, and, instead of embalming animals, it examines their structure, as throwing light on the conformation or diseases of man.

But Sir Joseph Banks was fortunately relieved from subsiding into this foppery, by circumstances which forced him into vigorous and useful exertion. An approaching transit of Venus had been long looked to, as giving an opportunity for ascertaining the distance of the sun from the earth. It was recommended, that observations on this phenomenon should be made from different stations on the globe. Accordingly, in 1761, the British government sent out two observers, one to the Cape and the other to St Helena. The French government at the same time sent out three—to Pondicherry, Siberia, and the Mauritius. But the weather was unfavourable, and the observations were to be regarded as a failure. But there was a second transit in 1769, and the leading powers of Europe sent out observers; England sending a vessel to the South Seas, an observer to India, and two to Hudson's Bay. Captain Wallace having lately made several discoveries in the Pacific, public attention had been strongly drawn to that hitherto scarcely known portion of the globe. The celebrated Captain Cook was appointed commander, and Sir Joseph Banks, stimulated by an honourable zeal and a rational desire of knowledge, obtained leave from his friend, Lord Sandwich, to join the expedition. He took with him Dr Solander the botanist, and two draughtsmen.

On the 25th of August 1768, Cook's vessel, the *Endeavour*, sailed from Plymouth Sound, and the first point of land at which they touched was the Terra del Fuego, the southern extremity of the American continent. There they encountered such severity of cold, that, although it was the summer of those regions, Banks and Solander, in one of their botanical ex-

cursions, had nearly shared the fate of three of their attendants, who perished from the intensity of the cold. The effect of this excess of low temperature has been often felt and often described. It was a general torpor of the frame, producing an almost irresistible propensity to sleep. Every exertion was painful, and the strongest desire was to lie down in the snow and give way to slumber. Solander, who had acquired his experience in botanizing among the Swedish mountains, warned the party of their danger. "Whoever," said he, "sits down, will sleep; whoever sleeps, will wake no more." Yet he himself was one of the first to yield; he insisted on lying down, fell asleep before he could be brought to the fire which Banks had kindled, and was restored with difficulty. His companion had felt a similar inclination, but resisted it, by the greater energy of youth, and probably of a more vigorous mind.

Cook then sailed for Otaheite, which he reached in April. The contrast of the luxurious climate with the inclement region which they had left behind them, was doubly striking to men who, for upwards of half a year, had seen nothing but the ocean or the deserts of Cape Horn. They now proceeded vigorously to the chief purposes of their voyage. The captain and his officers prepared their instruments to observe the transit, while Banks and his botanical attendants ranged the island, made themselves acquainted with its natural productions, and conciliated the natives. The effect of his intelligence and intrepidity was conspicuous on an occasion which might have involved the scientific fate of the expedition. The quadrant, though under charge of a sentinel, had been stolen by the adroitness of some of the natives. But without it no observation could be taken. Banks volunteered to go in search of it into the woods, made himself master of it, and conveyed it in safety to the observatory; though followed by parties of the natives, and occasionally compelled to keep them at bay by exhibiting his pistols.

The transit was successfully observed, but it took six hours for the operation. As the period approached, even the crew had felt the strongest

anxiety for its success. The state of the sky was reported every half hour during the night before, and their spirits rose and fell as the report gave its answer, clear or cloudy. But at dawn the sky was brilliant, and the day passed without a cloud. Four other observations had been simultaneously made, in Siberia, Lapland, Hudson's Bay, and California. The general result gave the sun's distance at nearly ninety-four millions of miles.

The next object of the voyage was a search for the great southern continent, which the philosophers of the day had conceived to exist, as a "necessary balance" to the mass of land in the northern hemisphere. But conjectural philosophy is often at fault, and necessary as this terrestrial balance was asserted to be, no "great" southern continent has yet been found. For a while, even Cook's sagacity seems to have been deceived by the mountains of New Zealand, which had been discovered, in 1620, by Tasman. Cook sailed round it, and explored its shores for six months. He then, on his homeward voyage, examined the east coast of New Holland. Of course, it is not the intention of this paper to trace a career so well known as that of the celebrated navigator. We refer to its incidents, merely as connected with Sir Joseph Banks. They had run about thirteen hundred miles of the coast, when, after having received some alarm from the neighbourhood of coral reefs, the vessel suddenly struck. It was Cook's sagacious habit, nightly, to give all his orders and precautions before he went to rest; and thus, after having done all that prudence could do, he undressed, went to bed, and such was the composure of his mind that he instantly fell asleep. But immediately on the vessel's striking, the captain was on deck, and giving his orders with his characteristic coolness. The light of the moon showed the sheathing boards of the ship floating all round, and at last her false keel. Their fate appeared imminent, but it was only when the day broke, that they became fully sensible of their forlorn condition. The land was at eight leagues' distance. There were no intermediate islets on which the crew might be saved, and the boats

were wholly insufficient to take them all at once. To lighten the ship was their first object. Guns, ballast, stores, every thing was thrown over. After two tides they were enabled to get the ship afloat. To their great relief, the leak did not seem to gain upon them, though to keep it down required the labour of the men night and day. At length a midshipman fortunately suggested an expedient which he had once seen adopted at sea. This was to draw under the ship's bottom a sail, to which were fastened oakum, flax, and other light substances. The sail thus covered the leak, and enabled the ship to swim. On pursuing their voyage, and reaching a river, in which they attempted to repair the ship, they found that her preservation, in the first instance, was owing to the extraordinary circumstance of a large fragment of rock which had stuck into the vessel, and thus partially stopped up the leak. In this most anxious emergency Sir Joseph Banks and his party exhibited all the coolness and intrepidity which were required; and in the subsequent account of the voyage, received from Cook himself well-merited praises.

Another peril likely to be attended with still more certain ruin, now assailed the crew. The scurvy began to make its appearance. The devastations of this dreadful disease, in the early history of our navigation, fortunately now appear almost fabulous. It was a real plague; it seemed almost to dissolve the whole frame; teeth fell out, limbs dropped off, and the sufferer sank into a rapid, and, as it was once thought, an inevitable grave. It is a remarkable instance of the powers which man possesses to counteract the most formidable evils, that this terrible disease is now scarcely known. It has been overpowered solely by such simple means as fresh meat and vegetables, and a drink medicated with lemon-juice. Simple as those expedients are, they have saved the lives of thousands and tens of thousands of the sea-going population of England.

But new hazards, arising alike from the imperfect condition of the vessel and their ignorance of the coast, continued to pursue them. Never was a voyage attempted with greater diffi-

cilities to surmount, or achieved with more triumphant success; after having explored two thousand miles of this perilous coast, Cook took possession of it in the name of his king, giving it the title of New South Wales.

At length he arrived at Batavia, where, on laying up his ship to repair, it was discovered that their preservation throughout this long voyage had been little less than miraculous; her planks having been in many instances worn "as thin as the sole of a shoe." But their trials were not yet over: the marsh fever quickly laid up the crew; the captain, Banks, and Sclander, were taken seriously ill. They set sail from this pestilential island as soon as possible; but before they reached the Cape, three-and-twenty had died, including Green the astronomer, and the midshipman whose suggestion had saved the ship. At length, on the 12th of July 1771, they cast anchor in the Downs, and Cook and his companions were received with national acclamation.

The triumph of the navigation was naturally due to Cook, but the most important part of the knowledge which had been communicated to the empire was due to the labours of Banks. It was from his journals, that the chief details of the habits, manners, and resources of the natives were derived. The vegetable, mineral, and animal products of the Society Islands, and of New Holland, New Zealand, and New Guinea, had been explored, and a vast quantity of general intelligence was obtained relative to countries, which now form an essential portion of the British empire. The novelty of those possessions has now worn off, their value has made them familiar. We are fully acquainted with their products, however we may be still ignorant of their powers. But, at the period of this memorable voyage, the Southern Hemisphere was scarcely more known than the hemisphere of the moon. Every league of the coasts of New Holland, and the islands of the Great Southern Ocean, abounded with natural perils, heightened by the necessary ignorance of the navigator. Even to this day, many a fearful catastrophe attests the difficulties of the navigation; the coral rocks were a phenomenon wholly new to nautical experience; and,

in all the modern improvements of nautical science, full room is left for wonder, at the skill, the intelligence, and the daring, which carried Cook and his companions safe through the perils of this gigantic navigation.

A new expedition was soon demanded at once by the curiosity of the people and the interests of science. The dream of a great southern continent was still the favourite topic of all who regarded themselves as philosophers in England, although Cook had sailed over an unfathomable ocean, in the very tract where he ought, according to this adventurous theory, to have found a continent. Sir Joseph Banks again gallantly volunteered to join the expedition which was equipped for the discovery. His large fortune enabled him to make unusual preparations; but such was his zeal, that he even raised a loan for the purpose. He engaged Zoffani, the painter, with three assistant draughtsmen. He selected two secretaries and nine attendants, instructed in the art of preserving plants and animals; he also provided books, drawings, and instruments. But his natural ambition was suddenly thwarted by the opposition of Sir Hugh Palliser, controller of the navy. For whatever reason—and it is now difficult to imagine any, except some jealousy too contemptible to name—so many obstructions were thrown in the way, that Banks relinquished the pursuit, and turned his attention to a voyage to Iceland. His suite, seamen and all, amounting to forty persons, reached the island in 1772, examined its chief natural phenomena, Hecla and its hot springs, and furnished its historian, Von Troil, with the materials for the most accurate history of this outpost of the northern world.

On his return to England, he commenced the career, natural to an opulent man of a cultivated mind, but yet so seldom followed in England by individuals of even higher means than his own. He fitted up a large house in Soho Square with all the preparatives for a life of literary association—a copious library, collections of natural history, and philosophical instruments. He held frequent conversations, gave dinners, and easily and naturally constituted himself the leader of the men of science in

London. In Lincolnshire, where his chief property lay, he performed the part of the liberal and hospitable country gentleman on a large scale; while in London, he was the first person to whom scientific foreigners were introduced, and the principal patron and protector of ingenious men.

On the resignation of Sir John Pringle as President of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks was placed in the chair, in 1778, almost by acclamation. He had some obvious qualifications for the office, but he as obviously wanted others. His opulence, his hospitality, and his zeal for science, were valuable, and are nearly indispensable in the president of a body which concentrates the chief intellectual force of the community. But his favourite pursuit, botany, has never deserved the name of a science, and inevitably bears a character of triviality in the eyes of the mathematician and the philosopher. The distinction given to a comparatively young man, known to the world only as a voyager, and a collector of plants and animals, not unnaturally tended to breed scoffing among the professors of the severe sciences. The feeling spread, and the opportunity for its expression was soon found. Dr Hutton, the mathematical professor at Woolwich, happened to be secretary for foreign correspondence. His residence at Woolwich was said to produce some inconvenience in his intercourse with the president; and the council passed a resolution, in 1783, recommending that "the foreign secretary should reside in London." The secret history of this transaction is, that Hutton was one of the mathematical party; though we cannot distinctly ascertain whether he had actually gone so far as to sneer at the president. Upon this Hutton resigned the office; to accept which, the emolument could not have been his object, the salary being but L.20 a-year—a sum that cannot be mentioned without a sense of disgrace to a society reckoning among its members some of the wealthiest men of England.

Hutton's resignation, or rather dismissal, produced an open war in the society. The mathematicians ranged themselves on the Huttonian side; the cultivators of natural his-

tory, and the cultivators of nothing, ranged themselves on the side of the president. The mathematicians were headed by Horsley, afterwards the bishop—a man whom Lord Brougham characterizes as extremely arrogant, of violent temper, and intoxicated with an extravagant sense of his own scientific merits, which his noble biographer pronounces to be altogether insignificant, heading this charge with the unkindest cut of all, namely, that he was "a priest." Horsley was certainly no great mathematician, as his publication of the *Principia* unluckily shows; but the picture is high coloured, which represents him as a hot-tempered, loud-tongued, bustling personage—a sort of bravo of science and theology, who took up the first opinion which occurred to him, scorned to rectify it by any after-thought, and plunged from one absurdity into another, for the sake of consistency. The eloquence of his attacks upon the chair, of whose possession he was supposed to be foolishly ambitious, was vaunted a good deal by his partisans. But, as the only evidence of his rhetoric in these squabbles ever quoted, is one sentence, it is like the pretension to wit on the strength of a single pun, and may be easily cast aside. This boasted sentence was uttered, in threatening the secession of the mathematical party. "The president will then be left with his train of feeble amateurs, and that toy (the mace) upon the table—the ghost of the Society in which Philosophy once reigned, and Newton officiated as her minister."

Horsley's theology was too nearly on a par with his mathematics—he was harsh and headlong. The fortunate folly of Priestley in challenging the English clergy to a trial of strength in the old arena of Unitarianism, gained him an opportunity of crushing an antagonist whose presumption was in proportion to his ignorance. Accordingly, the Unitarian was speedily put *hors-de-combat*, and Horsley was rewarded with a mitre.

The president had long felt that the purpose of this violent lover of parallelograms was, to unseat him. The question was therefore brought to a decision, in the shape of a resolution "approving of Sir Joseph Banks as president, and resolving to support

him in his office." This resolution was carried by 119 to 43.

Honours began now to gather upon him. In 1788 he had been made a baronet. In 1795 he received the order of the Bath, then generally restricted to soldiers and diplomatists. In two years after, he was called to the Privy Council. On the death of the Duke of Ancaster he was chosen recorder of Boston; but, though often solicited to stand an election, he was never a member of Parliament. Though professing himself a Tory, he seems never to have taken any active part in politics, preserving a curious practical neutrality in Lincolnshire, and giving his interest to Mr Pelham, a Whig, and Mr Chaplin, a Tory. This, which his noble biographer curiously seems to consider as a happy proof of the absence of all party feelings, we should be apt to look upon as a proof of a degenerate wish to consult his own ease, and of a sluggish neutrality discreditable to the character of an Englishman.

However, he had more honourable distinctions. In the furious Revolutionary war—a war of principles and passions, not less than of public interests, the president of the Royal Society largely exerted his interest with both governments, to alleviate the sufferings of scientific men who happened to fall into the hands of the belligerents, and to effect the restoration of scientific property captured by our ships of war. In 1802 he was chosen one of the foreign members of the Institute of France; and his letter of thanks, a little too ardent in its gratitude, was said to have involved the baronet in some vexations peculiarly felt by his courtly temperament. He was instantly attacked for his Gallican panegyric, by a portion of the Royal Society. Cobbett, who was then looking out for a victim, and whose loyalty was at that period peculiarly glowing, flew at him like a tiger-cat; and, last and most dreaded of all, he was said to have received at Windsor some of those frowns, which to a courtier are a total eclipse of the sun. But the nation soon had higher things to think of than a slip of the President's pen, or a little betrayal of his vanity. Napoleon ascended the throne; and, when

the thunderbolts began to fall, the squibs and crackers flung from hand to hand of little men are of necessity forgotten.

His latter years were signalized by acts of unequivocal public service. He is designated by Lord Brougham, and no one can have a better right to be informed of the fact, as the real founder of the African Association.—His lordship also regards him as the real founder of the colony of Botany Bay.—He was the first to suggest the transfer of the tropical fruits to the West India islands.—British horticulture owed him great services.—And the British Museum, during forty-two years of his trusteeship, was the object of his peculiar care, and finally received the bequest of his excellent library and of all his collections.

His career, however, was now, by the course of nature, drawing to its close. Yet, he had lived seventy-eight years in this anxious and disappointing world, in opulence, in peace, and in public estimation. But his lot had been singularly fortunate. Few men are without their share of those troubles which characterize the general condition of human nature. Sir Joseph Banks had *his* trial, in physical suffering. In the first portion of his life he had been remarkable for robust health and activity; but, from about his fortieth year, he suffered severely from attacks of gout, which increased so much, that for his last fourteen years he was scarcely able to walk. His robust mind, however, enabled him to encounter his disease by increased and extreme temperance. He gave up all fermented liquors and animal food. He seems to have derived considerable benefit from D'Huissou's medicine. But his hour was come; and on the 19th of June 1820, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, he died—just one year after his honoured and royal friend, George III.

Thus passed through the world one of those men who are among the most useful in their generation. It would be idle to pronounce him a genius, a discoverer, or a profound philosopher. But he served an important purpose in society; he suggested philosophical enterprise, he protected the honour-

able ambition of men whose career, without that protection, might have closed in obscure suffering; he gave the philosophy and literature of his time a leader, and formed it into a substantial shape. In this spirit he employed his life; and he accomplished his purpose with the constancy and determination of a sagacious and systematic mind. He might not be a pillar of the philosophical temple of his country, nor its architrave; but he performed the office of the clamp—he bound together the materials of both pillar and architrave, and sustained the edifice alike in its stateliness and in its security.

Lord Brougham's biography of D'Alembert commences with a brief dissertation on the interest which the mind takes in the study of mathematics. This study he regards as superior in gratification to every other, from its independence of external circumstances. In all other studies, he observes truly, that a large portion of the researches must depend upon facts imperfectly ascertained from the reports of others, and upon knowledge impeded by the capricious chances of things; while in pure science, the principles, the premises, and the conclusions, are wholly within our own power.

In a passage exhibiting the affluence of the noble lord's language, he says, "The life of a geometrician may well be supposed an uninterrupted calm, and the gratification which is derived from its researches, is of a pure and also of a lively kind—whether he contemplates the truths discovered by others, with the demonstrative evidence on which they rest, or carries the science further, and himself adds to the number of the interesting truths before known. He may be often stopt in his researches by the difficulties that beset his path; he may be frustrated in his attempts to discover relations, depending on complicated data, which he cannot unravel or reconcile; but his study is wholly independent of accident, his reliance is on his own powers. Contestation and uncertainty he never can know; a stranger to all controversy, above all mystery, he possesses his mind in unruffled peace. Bound by no authority, regardless of all consequences as of all opposition,

he is entire master of his conclusions as of his operations, and feels even perfect indifference to the acceptance or objection of his doctrines, because he confidently looks forward to their universal and immediate admission the moment they are comprehended."

All this is strikingly expressed, yet it is after all but a showy hypothesis. That pure mathematics have nothing to do with external existence, may be easily granted; but that mathematicians are exempt from controversy, is no more a matter of experience than that all mathematical assertions are self-evident. The history of science is a direct contradiction of this halcyon hypothesis. The bitterest controversies, and the most ridiculous too, have been raised on mathematical opinions. Universal experience tends strongly to the proof, that no exclusive exertion of the mind is more fatal to its general vigour, more apt to narrow its range of conception; more distinctly operative, by its very exclusiveness, and by its making minute truths the especial object of the mind, in rendering it incapable of those loftier and broader truths on which depend all the great concerns of society, all the efficient progress of civilisation, and all the nobler growth of human powers—than the mere study of mathematics. A spider drawing his web out of his own fibres, and constructing his little lines and circles in his dusty corner, is the fittest emblem of the mere mathematician. In this language, we acknowledge the use of the science; we protest only against its pretence of superiority. Every man's experience of college studies may supply him with examples; but we have room but for one, and that of a sufficiently high order.

When Napoleon assumed the French throne, in his ambition of being regarded as the universal patron of science he appointed the author of the *Mécanique Céleste* a member of his privy council. But La Place, then and since, the first scientific name of France, was found utterly inadequate to even the almost sinecure duties of his office. Napoleon soon found that he could make no use of him. He accordingly consulted him no longer. "I found his mind," said he, "like his

book, full of *infiniments petits*." Or if we look for further illustration among the French geometers—the only men among whom the trial can be made, from their opportunities of power in the Revolution—there was not one of them who exhibited any qualification for the higher duties of public life. Bailly, Condorcet, and their tribe, proved themselves utterly feeble, helpless, and trifling, where manliness, activity, and intelligence of mind were required. The Savans were swept away like a swarm of mice, or crushed like mosquitoes, when they dared to buzz in the presence of the public. That they were first-rate mathematicians there can be no question; that they quarrelled about their mathematical theories with the bitterness, and not a little in the style of village gossips, is equally certain; and that, though the Encyclopedists had chiefly died off before the Revolution, their successors and imitators were extinguished by their preposterous combination of an avarice of power, and of an inadequacy to exertion, is a fact written unanswerably in the history of their trifling career, and of their early scaffolds. The ridiculous figure made in politics by the first astronomer of France, at this moment, only strengthens the conclusion.

The life of D'Alembert is, however, one of the happiest illustrations of the use to which science may be applied, in raising an obscure individual into public fame. Yet, it is not to be forgotten, that D'Alembert's European celebrity commenced only when he had laid aside the exclusive study of mathematics, and devoted himself to general literature, and, shaking off the dust of his closet, he became a man of the world.

Jean le Rond d'Alembert was born in November 1717, and was exposed as a foundling near the church of St Jean le Rond in Paris, and thus called by the name of the parish. The commissary of the district, taking pity upon the infant's apparently dying condition, instead of sending it to the hospital, where it would have inevitably died, gave it to be nursed by the wife of a poor glazier. In a few days, however, a person named D'Estouches, a commissary of artillery, came for-

ward, acknowledged the child, and made provision for its support. The habits of foreign life are generally so scandalous, that they can scarcely be alluded to without offending our sense of delicacy. The mother of this infant was an unmarried woman, living in the very highest circles of Paris, the sister of Cardinal Tencin, archbishop of Lyons. This woman thus added to her vice the cruelty of exposing her unfortunate offspring to die of cold and hunger in the streets. It does not appear that her profligacy, though notorious, ever affected her position in society. Her coteries were as gay, her circle was as complete, and her rank as high, as ever. In the Paris of those days, "throwing the first stone" was unheard of; its reaction would have been an avalanche; there was no scandal where there was no concealment; there was no crime where there was no conscience; and thus danced the world away, until the scourge of a higher power swept the whole noblesse of France into beggary and exile.

D'Alembert seems to have taken his surname from that of his nurse, and was sent, when twelve years old, to the College of La Nation, then in the possession of the Jansenists. There he learned mathematics. On leaving the college, he returned to the glazier's house, there had one room for his bedroom and study, lived on the family fare, supported himself on a pension of £50 a-year left to him by his father, and in that house lived for forty years. He once made an abortive attempt to study the law and medicine, but soon grew weary of both, and returned to mathematics, for which he had a decided predilection. His application to this study, however, by no means pleased the homely sense of his old nurse. "You will never be any thing better than a philosopher," was her usual saying. "And what's a philosopher?—a fool, who wears out his life, to be spoken of after he is dead."

But D'Alembert had evidently a passion for science; and in his twenty-third year he sent to the Academy of Sciences an analytical paper, which attracted general notice. This was followed by his admission into the society, at the unusually early age of

twenty-four. From this period, he proceeded for eighteen years, constantly furnishing the Academy with papers, which added greatly to its reputation and his own. In a note on the presumed discovery of Taylor's Theorem by D'Alembert, the noble biographer alludes to what he regards as a similar event, the discovery of the "Binomial Theorem" by himself. We must acknowledge, that we cannot easily comprehend how any student, within the last hundred years, could have had this "discovery" to make — the Binomial Theorem being one of the very first which meets the eye of the algebraist, in Newton's, and every other treatise on analysis. It seems to us very like an English reader's "discovery" of the alphabet, or, at least, of the recondite art of spelling words of two syllables. But D'Alembert was at length to find, that if he was to obtain either fame or fortune, he must seek them in some other road. At this period, infidelity had become the distinction of all who arrogated to themselves intellectual accomplishment. The power of the crown, and the power of the clergy, had hitherto made its expression dangerous; but the new liberalism of the throne having enfeebled its power, the reign of the libeller, the rebel, and the sceptic openly commenced. The opulence of the clergy increased the bitterness of their enemies; and the blow which was intended to lay the throne in the dust, was nominally aimed at religion. Voltaire had commenced this crusade half a century before; but the arch-infidel lived beyond the dominion of France, possessed an independent income, had acquired the reputation of the wittiest man in Europe, and had established a species of impunity by the pungency of his perpetual sneers. During this period, French infidelity had been silent through fear, but it was not the less virulent, active, and general. It appeared in the result, that almost the whole of the French higher orders were either deists or total unbelievers. All the literary men of France followed the example of Voltaire, and a scoff at religion was always accepted as an evidence of wit. France loves extremes; and, as the popular litera-

ture of Paris is now plunged in impurity, fifty years ago it was characterized by outrageous blasphemy. The only religion which France knew, was certainly not calculated to repress the evil. Its fantastic exhibitions and grim formalities, were equally obnoxious to the human understanding. Its persecuting spirit insulted the growing passion of the people for liberty; while its fierce dogmas, contrasting with its ridiculous traditions, supplied the largest materials at once for horror and ridicule.

At length the storm broke forth. The infidelity which had danced and smiled, and made *calembourgs* and scoffed, in the full-dress circles of the nobles; made its appearance in the streets and highways, in rags and riot, with the axe for the pen, and blood for the ink, and trampled the whole polished race of scoffers in the mire of Revolution.

The *Encyclopédie* was the great text-book of the literary faction, and Diderot and D'Alembert were the editors of its first seven volumes—D'Alembert writing the preliminary discourse upon the progress of the sciences. But the latter mixed caution with his courage; for on the issue of the government prohibition of the work, he abandoned the editorship and left it to Diderot.

At length, in 1752, the King of Prussia, who, with all his fame, had the weakness of being emulous of French flattery, offered him an appointment at Berlin, with an allowance of five hundred pounds a-year, and the reversionary office of president of the academy. But this royal offer he refused, on the ground of his reluctance to quit Paris, and the fear that the employment would be inconsistent with his freedom. At this period his fixed income seemed to be about seventy pounds a-year; yet, when we suffer ourselves to be astonished at the apparent magnanimity of the refusal, we are to remember that this sum, a hundred years ago, and in Paris, would be about equivalent to two hundred pounds a-year in England at the present day; that, like all Frenchmen, he hated Germany; that Frederic's dealings with Voltaire gave by no means a favourable specimen of his friendships; and that, to a French-

man of that day, Paris was all the world. But, ten years after, the Empress Catharine made him the much more tempting offer of the tutorship of her son, afterwards the unfortunate Emperor Paul. The salary was to be magnificent, no less than four thousand pounds a-year; still he refused the offer, and preferred remaining in Paris.

Whether we are to applaud his magnanimity, or blame his habits, on this occasion, may fairly be a question. The possession of the four thousand pounds a-year, even if it were limited to the period of tuition, would have made him opulent; and his opulence would undoubtedly have given him the means of extensive benevolence, of relieving private distress, of assisting his less fortunate literary brethren, of promoting public objects, and ultimately, perhaps, of founding some valuable institution which might last for ages. But D'Alembert, and men like him, seem to live only for themselves. It would have cost him an absence from Paris for a certain period to have obtained this power of public good; and he preferred living without it, and haunting, night after night, the coteries of the old blue-stockings who kept open house for the evening gossipry of the capital.

Nothing can form a stronger contrast to the general passion of the French character for change, than its devotion to the same coterie for half a century together. In the middle of the eighteenth century two houses in Paris were especially the rendezvous of the talkers, idlers, and philosophers of Paris. That some of those visitants were men of remarkable ability, there can be no doubt. But this perpetual haunting of the same coffee-cups, this regularity of trifling, this wretched inability to remain at home for a single evening, is so wholly irreconcilable with our English sense of domestic duties, of the attachment of parents to their families, and of the exercise of the natural affections, that we find it utterly impossible to attach any degree of respect to the perpetual lounge at another's fireside. Madame Geoffrin had now succeeded to Madame de Tencin, as the receiver of the coterie. Madame du Deffand held a kind of rival, but in-

ferior, coterie. The former had a house, the latter had only a lodging; the former was good-humoured, amiable, and kind—the latter satirical and cold; but both were clever, and, at all events, both received the gossips, wise and foolish, of Paris. At the lodging of Madame du Deffand, D'Alembert met Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, a species of companion to Madame. She was the illegitimate daughter of a woman of fashion, as D'Alembert was the son. The circumstance was too common in Parisian high life, to involve any censure on the parents, or any disgrace on the children; but it may have produced a degree of sympathy, which suddenly rose to its height by their taking a lodging together! Those things, too, were so frequent in France, that, except the laugh of the moment, no one seems to have taken notice of the connexion; and they continued to carry it on, as well received as ever, and holding their evening coterie with undiminished applause.

"No one," observes the noble biographer, "whispered a syllable of suspicion, respecting a connexion which all were fully convinced could be only of the most innocent kind." This French credulity is too simple for our credence. That a he and she philosophic pair should have lived in the same apartments, for a dozen years with perfect innocency, may have been the case in Paris; but the story would not be believed in any less immaculate region on the face of the earth. The plain truth seems to be, that the general looseness of Parisian society saw nothing gross in the grossest connexion. Even where they affected virtue, they palpably preferred their having an evening lounge open to them, to any consideration grounded on common propriety and a sense of shame.

But the philosopher was a dirty fellow after all, and it only does credit to his noble biographer's sense of propriety to admit, that "his conduct must seem strange to all men of right and honourable feelings." In fact, the philosopher seems to have lent his aid very zealously to a correspondence carried on by his sensitive fellow-lodger! with a view to a marriage with a Spanish Marquis Mora. Among

other proofs, he went every morning to the post-office to receive the Spaniard's letters for the lady. "I confess," says Lord Brougham, "I am driven, how reluctantly soever, to the painful conclusion, that he lent himself to the plan of her *inveigling* the Spaniard into a marriage." And this was not the only instance of his by-play. Mademoiselle professed also to have fallen in love with a M. Guibert, known as a military writer. Guibert exhibited his best tactics, in keeping clear of the lady. "All this time, she continued," says his lordship, "to make D'Alembert believe, that she had no real passion for any one but himself." No one can easily suppose that they were not connected in a plan of obtaining for her a settlement in life by marriage. But, if this marriage-intrigue was in every sense, and on all sides, contemptible; what are we to think of the nature of the connexion existing between this sensitive lady and D'Alembert, living for years under the same roof? The whole matter would be too repulsive for the decors of biography, if it were not among the evidences of that utter corruption of morals, and callousness of feeling, which were finally avenged in the havoc of the Revolution.

D'Alembert's income had been increased by his appointment to the office of secretary to the Academy, in 1772. Unfortunately for his literary fame, it became a part of his duty to write the *éloges* of the deceased members, an office which he fulfilled with equal diligence and unproductiveness; for, of those unfortunate performances he wrote no less than eighty-three. But the French are fond of fooleries of this kind; a few sounding sentences with them are biography; a few rambling sketches fill up the outline to their taste; and the whole forms a specimen of that eloquence which men are content to admire on the other side of the Channel.

At length his career drew to a close. Towards his sixty-fourth year, his health began to decline. It had never been robust, though his habits had been temperate; but feebleness of stomach, and an organic disease, predicted the approach of his dissolution. He died on the 29th of October 1783,

in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Notwithstanding his feebleness of body, his intellectual vigour remained—thus adding one to the many proofs of the distinct natures of mind and body. In his intervals of ease, he continued to occupy himself with mathematical investigations. With a deplorable want of feeling, he talked with levity of his approaching departure—an event awful to the best, and, to the wisest, solemn in proportion to their wisdom. He died in the fullness of that scientific reputation which he deserved, and of that literary reputation which he did not deserve; but, by the combination of both, ranking as the most distinguished intellectual name of Europe in his day.

The life of a later philosopher, the unfortunate Lavoisier, gives Lord Brougham an opportunity of rendering justice to an eminent foreigner, and of vindicating the claims of his own still more memorable countrymen, Black and Watt. Chemistry is especially the science of the eighteenth century, as geometry was of the seventeenth. It is a characteristic of that great, however slow, change, which is now evidently in progress through Europe, that those sciences which most promote the comforts, the powers, and the progress of the multitude, obviously occupy the largest share of mental illustration. Of all the sciences, chemistry is that one which contributes most largely to the dominion of man over nature. It is the very handmaid of Wisdom, instructing us in the properties of things, and continually developing more and more the secrets of those vast and beneficent processes by which the physical frame of creation is rendered productive to man. It must thus be regarded as the most essential instrument of our physical well-being. It takes a part in all that administers to our wants and enjoyments. Our clothing, our medicine, our food; the cultivation of the ground, the salubrity of the atmosphere; the very blood, bone, and muscle of man, all depend on chemical evolutions. But it has its still loftier secrets; and the experimental philosopher is constantly stimulated and delighted by his approach to at least the bor-

ders of discoveries which promise to give a nobler insight into the laws of matter; to exhibit more fully the mechanism formed and moved by the Divine hand; and to develop the glories of the universe on a scale continually enlarging, and continually more luminous.

A matchless source of interest in this most effective and essential of all the sciences, is, that it seems capable of an infinite progress. The chemical philosopher cannot even conceive any limit to its variety, multitude, or utility of purpose. The more he discovers, the more he finds is still to be discovered. Every new property awakens him to the existence of some other property, more capacious and more profound. Every difficulty mastered, only leads him towards some deeper and more tempting problem. And, in addition to the ardour derived from this triumph of our intellectual ambition—as if all the incentives that can act upon man were expressly accumulated upon this pursuit—there is no science in which the actual triumphs are more directly connected with personal opulence. The invention of a new acid or alkali might create unbounded wealth. The discovery of a new principle of the most vulgar use—for tanning leather, for extracting oils, for strengthening soap, for purifying tallow, might place the discoverer in possession of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. But a loftier ambition may still find its field in this science. A chemical discovery might change the face of the world. Gunpowder had already changed the whole form of European society. A chemical discovery might give us the power of managing at our will the storm and the lightning, of averting the pestilence, or of ensuring the fertility of the soil, and the regularity of the seasons. The Divine intention in placing us here, was evidently the perpetual exercise of the human understanding. For that purpose were given the wants, and the remedies of the wants, of man; for that purpose all sciences are perhaps inexhaustible; but of all, the most palpably inexhaustible, the most teeming with immediate results, and the most remedial as to

human necessities, is Chemistry—fitted by its extent to supply the largest proportion of human objects, by its power to excite the most eager inquiry, and by its richness to reward the intelligent labour of man, to the last ages of the world.

Antoine Laurent Lavoisier was born in Paris in 1743, the son of one of the “farmers-general.” As the office was nearly hereditary, and was proverbially connected with great opulence, the son of the rich functionary was highly educated. But science soon attracted all his study, and, devoting himself especially to chemistry, he made himself conspicuous among the leading philosophers of his time.

At the age of twenty-two, he presented to the Academy of Sciences an analysis of gypsum. At twenty-five he was admitted a member of the Academy, an unusually early age. In his next year he succeeded his father in his lucrative office. He then married the daughter of another farmer-general, and having made this provision for a life of luxury or public employment, with all that political ambition might offer in the old *régime* of France, he collected his books about him, shut himself up in his study, and gave up his time, fortune, and energy to the advancement of science.

After occupying himself for a brief period with geology, he commenced his chemical career by refuting the theories alike of Margraff and Stahl on the conversion of water into earth. The chemistry of the gases had made rapid progress in England; and the names of Black, Priestley, and Cavendish, had already attracted the attention of scientific Europe. Lavoisier followed in their track by a series of experiments in the calcination of metals, pursued with remarkable intelligence and industry. The biographer observes that he was now on the verge of two dazzling discoveries—the composition of the atmosphere, and the identity of the diamond with carbon. But he stopped short, and left the glory to more fortunate investigators.

We hasten from the controversies to which the claim of priority in those distinguished discoveries gave rise, and come to the more authentic

services of Lavoisier. He was appointed by the minister to superintend the royal manufacture of gunpowder, which his chemical knowledge enabled him greatly to improve. He next, by appointment of the National Assembly, drew up his laborious and valuable memoir on the *Territorial Wealth of France*. He was now appointed one of the commissioners of the treasury, and introduced an unexampled regularity into the public accounts. He aided the formation of the metrical system, the security of the assignats against forgery, and seems to have borne an active part in every public matter in which practical science was concerned. In the mean time he employed himself in scientific agriculture, and set apart a tract of land on his estate for experimental farming. His style of living in Paris was at once rational and splendid. His house was open twice a week for the reception of distinguished persons, both foreigners and natives, and especially if they brought with them the recommendation of scientific ability. With the finest philosophical apparatus in the possession of any individual in France, he was constantly carrying on experiments on his own account, or performing them for others whose means could not meet their expense. This conduct, united to remarkable amiability of manners, made him popular, and placed him at the head of French science in his day. But the evil time had come when opulence was to be a crime, and virtue was to be no longer a safeguard. The democratic triumvirate of 1794 issued an order for the seizure of twenty-seven individuals who had been farmers-general before the Revolution. The true charge was the crime of being opulent. The popular and ridiculous charge was, their having mixed deleterious ingredients with the tobacco. Lavoisier having received information that the order was about to be executed, fled, and remained for some days in concealment. On understanding that his flight might injure the other prisoners, and as his father-in-law was among them, he, with a rash reliance on the public justice, yet with manly generosity, returned to Paris, and gave himself

up to his oppressors. The course of the Revolution had been so palpably that of general plunder, that he had long expected the loss of fortune, and proposed, in case of ruin, to begin the world again, and live by the profession of medicine.

But, by a furious act of violence, he was condemned to die. He asked only a few days to complete some experiments which were going on during his imprisonment. The scoffing answer of this merciless tribunal was, that the Republic had no need of philosophers; and on the day after this sentence, the 8th of May 1794, he was hurried to the guillotine with no less than one hundred and twenty-three other victims, who all died within a few hours.

On this melancholy and desperate atrocity of republicanism, Lord Brougham makes the following remark, which, though natural in the lips of any human being, has double force as coming from one who has seen the operation of the revolutionary spirit on so large a scale, and during so extended a portion of his public career.

"The lustre," he observes, "which the labours of Lavoisier had shed over the scientific renown of France, the valuable services which he had rendered her in so many important departments of her affairs, the virtues which adorned his character and made his philosophy beloved as well as revered, were all destined to meet the reward with which the tyranny of *vulgar faction* is sure to recompense the good and the wise, as often as the *base unlettered multitude* are permitted to bear sway, and to place in the seat of dominion their idols, who *dupé to betray*, and finally punish them."

Lord Brougham justly reprobates the suspicious silence of the celebrated Carnot on this occasion, and the still more scandalous apathy of Fourcroy, who had been the pupil and panegyrist of the great chemist during many years. He acquits him of the deadly imputation, that he had even been instrumental in sending his master to the guillotine. But he praises, in contradistinction, M. Hallé, who had the honest courage to pro-

claim Lavoisier's public services before the dreadful tribunal, while he consigns the pupil to perpetual scorn. He was murdered in his fifty-first year.

Lord Brougham's French predilections do credit to his sense of cosmopolitanism; but he appears to us somewhat more disposed to conciliate the jealousy of his very irritable French *confrères*, than to deal rigorous justice. No man deserves the reputation of science but a discoverer. To know all that has been hitherto known on a subject, deserves the character of diligence; to promote the progress of a science by largeness of expenditure, or steadiness of exertion, deserves the praise of liberality and labour; but the man who adds to the science by original invention, who enlarges its boundaries, and detects new principles, is the man alone to whom the name of genius can be applied. Lavoisier was, unquestionably, an important minister of science; he possessed singular assiduity, unwearied zeal, and remarkable sagacity. What these could do, he did; what knowledge could accomplish, he performed; but the inventors were of another country, and of a higher order, and he must be content with the honours due to imitation. Yet he had considerable happiness in the difficult art of communicating his knowledge. His *Treatise on Chemistry*, though now superseded by subsequent arrangements, is singularly clear; and no great teacher of chemistry has hitherto given the world a more striking example of exactness in detail, and clearness in conception.

His cruel death, too, may be almost said to have continued his services to society. It proved, with irresistible force, the true character of Infidel Revolution. It showed a noble-minded and benevolent man the victim of revolutionary rage; an intelligent, studious, and retired man, obnoxious to the rabble love of ruin; a mild, generous, and patriotic man, the instant prey of revolutionary government, which boasted of its superiority to the vices of kings, of its homage to intellect, and of its supreme value for the virtues of private life. Yet it murdered Lavoisier without a moment's hesitation, or a

moment's remorse, and flung the first philosopher of France into a felon's grave.

The biography of Adam Smith gives Lord Brougham an opportunity of pouring out, at the distance of nearly half a century, that knowledge of Political Economy which first brought him into notice. His *Colonial Policy*, a remarkable performance for a student of eighteen, exhibited in miniature the principles and propensities which his long career has been expended in maturing and moulding. Adam Smith was the idol of all Scottish worship in the last century; and his originality of conception, the weight of his subject, and the clearness of his judgment, made him worthy of the elevation.

Adam Smith's birth was of a higher order than is often to be found in the instance of men destined to literary eminence. He was the son of a comptroller of the customs, who had been private secretary to Lord Loudoun, secretary of state, and keeper of the great seal.

An accident in infancy had nearly deprived the age of its first philosopher, even if it had not trained him to be hanged. At three years of age he was stolen by travelling tinkers, a race resembling the gipsies, and which in that day formed a numerous population in Scotland. But a pursuit being speedily set on foot, he was fortunately recovered. He was well educated, and, after the routine of school, was sent to Glasgow for three years, where he obtained an Exhibition to Baliol College. At Oxford he remained for seven years, chiefly addicted to mathematics—a study, however, which he subsequently wholly abandoned. He had been intended for the Church of England; but whether from dislike of its discipline, or from disappointment in his views, he retired to Scotland, to take his chance of employment in its colleges. In 1748 he settled in Edinburgh, and, for three years, read a course of lectures on rhetoric. His contemporaries, then obscure, became, in some instances, conspicuous; for among them were Hume, Robertson, and Wedderburne. In 1751, Smith was elected to the professor-

ship of Logic in the University of Glasgow, which he soon after exchanged for that of Moral Philosophy.

Thus far we run on smoothly with Lord Brougham; but when he comes to discuss religion, we must occasionally doubt his guidance. For example, in speaking of Smith's lectures on Natural Theology, he denounces the jealousy of those who regard it as other than "the very foundation essential to support its fabric." From this opinion we totally dissent. It is perfectly true that natural religion and revelation are consistent with each other, as must be presumed from their being the work of the same Divine wisdom. But their foundations are wholly distinct. Why did the Jew believe the Mosaic revelation? Simply and solely, because it was delivered to him with such evidences of supernatural origin, in the thunders of Sinai, and substantiated at subsequent periods by miracle and prophecy, that he must receive it as divine. Why did the early converts receive Christianity? Simply on the same direct evidence supplied to their senses. No apostle sent them to examine their notions of the Godhead, or left them to inculcate the doctrines of the gospel by their reason. But he declared his doctrine as a new truth, and gave proof of its truth being divine, by working wonders palpably beyond the power of man. Of course, unless man knew what was meant by the power of the Deity, he could not have comprehended the simplest communication of the apostle. But we are speaking of the foundation of a belief—not the intelligibility of a language. We are entitled to go further still, and say, that the first idea of the being of a God was itself a revelation—a much plainer solution of the extraordinary circumstance, that so lofty and recon-dite a conception should have existed in the earliest and rudest ages of society; than to suppose that the antediluvian shepherd, or the postdiluvian hunter, should have ever thought of tracing effects and causes up to that extreme elevation, where a pure and supreme Spirit creates and governs the whole. We are entitled even to doubt whether the idea of Spirit was ever

naturally conceived in the mind of any human being, difficult as is the conception to a creature surrounded with materiality, with every thought derived from his senses, and with the total incapacity of defining to this hour, or even imagining, the nature of Spirit. It will be fully admitted, that when the idea was once communicated, its reality was substantiated by the frame of nature, by the regularity, the extent, and the beneficence of the great physical system. But the origin was revelation. Lord Brougham quotes Tillotson; but the archbishop had earned his mitre by other means than the vigour of his understanding, and often trifles like other men.

In 1759, Smith published his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*—a work of skill and invention, but which has long since fallen into disuse with the intelligent world. It, however, had the rare good fortune of attracting the notice of an individual, possessed at once of the taste to honour, and the will to befriend, a man of original ability. This volume fell into the hands of the celebrated Charles Townsend, who proposed that the author should take charge of the young Duke of Buccleuch, whose mother, the dowager-duchess, he had married. Nothing in the life of Townsend was more honourable to him than this choice, not only for its judgment but for its rarity. The generality of men in possession of affluence think only of themselves, and would value the most common-place gratification more highly than the encouragement of the obscure genius, which wanted only that encouragement to shed a new lustre on its generation. The man of power in general feels its possession the primary object of his patronage, and sees no purpose in the immense opportunity given to him by his rank, but to obtain adherents, and make his power impregnable. Though there may be exceptions, such is the rule; and with this recollection of the established course of things, we give all honour to the memory of the man, without whose patronage the world would probably have lost the ablest work of its century, the immortal *Wealth of Nations*.

In 1763, Smith was appointed tutor

to the young nobleman, resigned his professorship, and went with his pupil to France. After a residence of a year and a half at Toulouse, he travelled in Switzerland, and then, returning to Paris, spent ten months there. His French residence was peculiarly fortunate. It rubbed off the rust of his seclusion; it introduced him to the best society of courtly life; and it brought him into direct intercourse with that whole circle of active intellect and novel philosophy, which made the Parisian coteries at once the most bustling and brilliant of Europe. However the horrid profligacy of the court, and the contemptuous infidelity of high life, might have either disgusted the morals, or startled even the scepticism of the stranger, there can be no doubt of the interest which he felt in the society of such men as Turgot, Necker, D'Alembert, and Quesnay. Smith, some fifteen or twenty years before, had drawn up a sketch of the principles which he afterwards developed in his *Wealth of Nations*. Political economy was then beginning to take a form in French science. Whether it ever deserved the name of science, or will ever deserve it, may be a grave question. It depends upon such a multitude of facts, and the facts themselves vary so perpetually, the "principles" derived from those facts are so feeble and fluctuating, and common experience so provokingly contradicts, from day to day, the most laboured conclusions, that every new professor has a new theory, and every new theory turns the former into ridicule, itself to be burlesqued by the next that follows. This at least is known, that Fox declared his suspicion of the whole, saying, that it was at once too daring to be intelligible, and too indefinite to be reducible to practice. Even in our day, no two authors on the subject agree; all the successful measures of revenue and finance have been adopted in utter defiance of its dogmas; while all the modern attempts to act upon what are called its principles, have only convulsed commerce, shaken public credit, and substituted fantastic visions of prosperity for the old substantial wealth of England. No occupation could have been fitter for the half-frivolous,

half-factional spirit of France. A revolution in revenue was openly regarded as the first step to revolution in power; the political economists indulged themselves in a philosophic conspiracy, and vented their sneers against the government, under pretext of recognising the rights of trade. It took but a little more than twenty years to mature this dexterous contrivance, and the meek friends of free trade had the happiness of seeing France in a blaze.

Smith, on his return, shut himself up in his study in Kirkcaldy for ten years. His friends in vain attempted to draw him from his solitude to Edinburgh: he steadily, we may almost say magnanimously, refused; and at the end of the tenth year, in 1776, he explained the mystery, by the publication of the two quarto volumes of his *Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. The work was received with general congratulation; it was regarded as a new science, although it is well-known, as stated in the introduction to the biography, that many others had previously discussed the same subjects. Smith's views, however, were so much more comprehensive, his division so much more distinct, and his remarks so much more practical, that he deserved all the credit of the architect who combines in beauty and utility the beams and pillars which he finds scattered on the ground. And here we advert to the obvious benefit of that patronage which had been extended to this very able man by Townsend. The annuity which had been settled on him as tutor, had enabled Smith to give up the whole of his time, and the whole powers of his mind, during those ten years, to this great work. During nearly twenty years of lecturing, on the other hand, in which his pen was necessarily employed without ceasing, he seems to have published but one work, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*. That he constantly formed ingenious conceptions, may be easily admitted; but that he wanted either time or inclination to complete them, is evident from the fact, that he never suffered them to appear in print, and that one of his dying directions was, that they

should be destroyed by his executors.

He was now a man of fame, and to enjoy it came up to London, where he resided for two years in the midst of the best society, political and literary, to be found in England. He was now to be a man of fortune as well as of fame; he was appointed a commissioner of the customs in Scotland. He returned to Edinburgh, and commenced the agreeable life of a man at once distinguished, and opulent to the full extent of his simple desires, in a society whose names are still regarded as the lights of Scotland. He lived hospitably, and entertained good society, but he wrote no more; he was growing old, and Lord Brougham evidently thinks that the duties of his office exhausted his spirits and occupied his time. But those duties always partook largely of the nature of a sinecure; and there is every reason to doubt whether they could have worn down a man of regular habits, and who had been trained to the routine of daily business by an apprenticeship of a quarter of a century. The greater probability is, that Smith felt that he had done enough for fame; that, knowing the world, he was unwilling to expose himself to the caprices of critical applause; and that he even felt how inadequate the early theories which found admirers in the lecture-room, might be to sustain a character already brought into full publicity by his own volumes. The fact is certain, that he produced nothing more. In July 1790, he died, at the age of sixty-seven. It was his custom to give a supper on the Sunday evening to a numerous circle of friends. How far this entertainment, which was more consistent with

the latitude of his Paris recollections, was reconcilable with the decorums of Scotland, we cannot say. But on one evening, after having destroyed his manuscripts, finding himself not so well as usual, he retired to bed before supper, and as he went, said to his friends, "I believe we must adjourn this meeting to some other place." He died in a very few days afterwards.

Lord Brougham has obviously expended his chief labour on the life of this favourite philosopher, of whom, fifty years ago, every Scottish economist was a devoted pupil. Times are changed, yet this intelligent biographer has given a very ample and accurate, so far as we can judge, analysis of the *Enquiry*. But he would have greatly increased the obligations of the reader, by giving some portion of his treatise to the questions which modern artifice has devised, and modern infatuation has adopted.

An interesting "memoir" of Johnson commences the volume; but the topic would lead us too far. The biographer gives that literary Samson full applause for the strength of his understanding, the boldness of his morality, and the pungency of his wit. Rather to our surprise, he pours out an eloquent panegyric on Boswell. That we are indebted to this versatile personage for one of the most amusing and instructive collections of reminiscences in the history of authorship, will be readily conceded. But this is the first time of our hearing a demand that we should pay him any more peculiar homage. But Lord Brougham is himself the head of a school: his *ipse dixit* demands acquiescence, and none can doubt that, if he is singular in his dogmas, he deserves attention for the vigour of his advocacy.

REYNARD THE FOX.

THE natural history of the Cockney has been frequently illustrated, and never so successfully as in time past in the pages of Maga. But nature is inexhaustible in all her creations. You might study a lifetime, and yet not fully master the properties of one of those little Infusoria that wriggle or spin about in a phial of foul or fair water, and a still wider subject of study is of course supplied by any larger animal, such as a Cockney, placed as he is a little lower than the angels, and half-way down, or thereabouts, between a man and a chimpanzee.

Upon careful inquiry it would probably be found, that in most nations the population, though all purporting to be men and women, consists in a good measure of beings that stand several degrees below the point of humanity. France, among several specimens of a higher order, has occasionally shown that a considerable proportion of its inhabitants was a hideous cross between the tiger and the baboon. Holland has had its Grotius and its Erasmus, but the otter and the beaver breed make up the mass of those who go by the name of Dutchmen. There has been no want in Germany of clear-sighted men, but the mole, the bat, and the owl furnish a large contingent to the ranks of its *literati*. In other nations we see a greater or less preponderance of the wolf or the bear, the goat or the goose, the ass, the hog, or the hippopotamus. Such being the universal condition of the world, we should rather be proud than otherwise, that, in England, we can boast of a secondary tribe, made, perhaps, by some of nature's journeymen, but that yet imitate humanity so respectably, so amiably, and so amusingly, as the Cockney must be admitted to do.

A Cockney is by locality very much what a tailor is by trade. Though a remote sub-multiple of a man, he is enterprising, indefatigable, cutting his

way to his object through every thing with a ready tongue and a quick wit. Yet he is deficient in some qualities indispensable to the species *homo*. Courage the Cockney undoubtedly possesses, because he is always among those who are said to rush in where others fear to tread. But veneration is utterly wanting in his composition; and here the resemblance to the tailor is conspicuous; as we never knew a single snip that had the slightest reverence for any thing under heaven—if, indeed, the assertion should not be made in still broader terms. In the tailor this effect, defective, comes by an obvious cause. The intolerable liberties which the vulgar fraction is permitted to take with people's persons, divesting the best and bravest of us of the halo of heroism that surrounds us at a distance; and the fact that the great mysteries of dress, the paraphernalia of our dignity and decency, and the chief emblems of our manhood and domestic authority, emerge exclusively from the hands of this insignificant but indispensable maker of men, are enough to extinguish within him all sentiment of respect for any thing human or divine. The Cockney arrives at a similar state of easy and impudent *non-chalance* by a different process. Littered in London, and living there all his life, he is proud of its position among cities; and he comes, by a natural process of reasoning, to ascribe its importance to its connexion with his own person and people, and to see nothing better or greater in the universe than himself and what belongs to him. The feeling grows with his growth, and is fed by a full indulgence in all the good things with which the land of Cockayne abounds, and which the most morose of mortals must admit to be eminently conducive to self-complacency.

The Cockney, thus devoid of all diffidence in himself, is prepared for every thing in the scale of human

thought or action; pleasuring or politics, theatricals or theology, an Epping hunt or an Epic poem. In literature we may say of him, nearly in the words applied by Dr Johnson to Goldsmith, that there is scarcely any kind of composition that he does not handle, and none that he handles which he does not adorn with graces all his own.

It is wonderful, however, to see with what success a Cockney can sometimes disguise himself. He will write you a book, in which, several pages on end, you think you are reading the thoughts of some ordinary mortal. But the cloven foot always appears before you are done with him. In poetry, indeed, you can go but a short way till the cat is let out of the bag. That unfortunate letter *r*! No lessons in elocution, no change of climate, can eradicate the deep-seated mischief of its mispronunciation in a Cockney whose years of popularity have been passed on the spot of his birth.

These remarks have been elicited by a disappointment we have recently suffered, in being led to purchase the book referred to at the commencement of this article. We saw it advertised by an alluring title—"REYNARD THE FOX—a renowned Apologue of the Middle Ages reproduced in Rhyme." We bought the book, and were delighted with its appearance. A quaint, antique, cream-coloured binding—a golden vignette on the outside, of the fox making his obeisance to Noble the king of the beasts, and the lioness his spouse—a beautiful paper and type within, with red and blue illuminations interspersed at the heads of chapters and paragraphs;—all this combined to whet our appetite for a delicious treat. We read the preface and introduction, if not with pleasure, at least with patience, and with wonderfully few misgivings as to the truth, the worst feature in them being the tendency to Carlyleism, to which, however offensive in itself, custom has made us somewhat callous. But we had not perused a page or two of the reproduction in rhyme itself, when we discovered that we were wandering in the regions of Cockneyland, with

one of its most distinguished natives for our guide.

Our immediate purpose is to offer an exposition, not of the old Reynard, but of its present "reproduction." We may say, however, that we think the original work is one peculiarly ill-suited to be appreciated or reproduced by one of Mr Naylor's compatriots. It is a product of true genius, humour, and sagacity. The author must have looked at beasts and men with a keen eye, and from the vantage ground of a contemplative mind; and he has worked out his thoughts in a plain and simple style of illustration, and embodied them in easy and natural language. There is much merriment in his work, but no straining after wit. There is all the knowledge of the day that an accomplished man could be expected to possess, but no parade of learning. There is no quaintness in the style, and no effort in the verse. The age of *Hudibras* had not come; and that of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, or *Miss Kilmansegg*, was still further off. The old Flemish writers of Reynard exhibit judgment as well as talent, and their Low Saxon successor, though himself a reproducer, has asserted a claim both to freedom and originality. The quiet, sensible, unaffected treatment of their subject, which these old versifiers exhibit, where the topics offered so much temptation to burlesque and extravagance, is the thing of all others least likely to be comprehended or relished in the meridian of Bow Bells.

But, then, Goethe has successfully translated the book; and, therefore, Mr Naylor must do the same. This is a common mode of syllogising in Cockayne. Homer, Dante, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth, have done such and such things, and therefore a Cockney is to do them also. Whatever may be the precise minor premise involved in this argument, we venture to suggest a doubt of its soundness. Mr Naylor tells us he has followed Alkmar's and Goethe's example, "mindful ever of the requisitions insisted on by Novalis in all paraphrastic translations, that they should convey accurately an idea of the first type, whilst, at the same time, the translator made his author speak after that appreciation of his

work which exists in his own mind, no less than according to the poet's original conception." Mr Naylor may have succeeded in making his author speak after that appreciation of his work which exists in his own mind; but if the "first type" of Reynard had been no better than the reproduction gives us an idea of, the shapeless and sickly cub would not have lived an hour into the thirteenth century.

Before Mr Naylor resolved on reproducing Reynard in English rhyme, he should have inquired whether it was not already as well done as he was likely to do it. In his elaborate enumeration of his predecessors in the task of translation, he thus writes:—"There is also said to be a translation

of Reynard into English *doggerel*, by one Soltau, a German"—"known," as he adds in a note, "as the translator of *Hudibras* into German." We have now before us the translation so slightly alluded to, published at Hamburg in 1826. In all external and physical recommendations, this homely volume is far inferior to the London reproduction; but we shall immediately give our readers an opportunity of judging whether the *doggerel* of "one Soltau, a German," is not at least as good as that of "one Naylor, a Cockney."

Take the opening of the poem, which, in the original, is full of freshness and spirit, with all the joyousness of a holiday scene.

SOLTAU.

"It happen'd on a Whitsunday,
When woods and fields look'd green and gay,
When balmy flow'rs and herbs were springing,
And feather'd folks were sweetly singing;
The morn was fine, the weather clear,
And fragrant odours fill'd the air,
When Noble, sov'reign king of beasts,
Proclaim'd a court and public feasts.
His loyal subjects, lords and commons,
Obey'd their master's royal summons;
And many a valiant knight and squire
To court repair'd in grand attire,
With their attendants, great and small—
'Twas difficult to count them all."

NAYLOR.

"Now Pentecost, the feast, by some
Call'd 'merry Whitsuntide,' was come!
The fields show'd brave, with kingcups dight,
And hawthorns kercheft were in white:
Her low-breathed lute the fresh'ning rill
Unto the waken'd woods 'gan trill;
Whilst, hid in leafy bower remote,
The cuckoo tuned his herald-note;
The meads were pranked in gold and green,
And 'leetel fowles' of liveried sheen,
Their pipes with JUBILATE! swelling,
From bush and spray were philomelling—
The breeze came balmy from the west,
And April, harness'd in her best,
The laughing sun led forth to see—
When Noble (lion-king was he,
And sceptre sway'd o'er bird and beast,)
Held ancient ways, and kept the feast,
The trumpets clang'd loud proclamation—
The couriers coursed throughout the nation—
Full many a Brave and many a Bold
Came hastening in troops untold."

The German translator here keeps fourteen lines with his "first type," precisely within the same compass of while the Londoner has one-half

more. But this is not the main difference. The German is neater and more natural, and nearer the spirit as well as the letter of his model. All the trash in the new reproduction about hawthorns "kercheft in white," the low-breathed lute of the rill trilling, the cuckoo and his herald note, the 'leetel fowles' swelling and philomelling, and April harnessed in her best, are mere frippery sewed on by

the reproducer, to make the venerable old garment look finer in the eyes of his co-Cockneys.

We next give the two translations of that part of the poem which represents the Cock's complaints against Reynard, for killing his daughter, and which is supposed to give so accurate a representation of the form of process in the Middle Ages in an accusation of murder.

SOLTAU.

"Gray scarce had done, when Chanticleer
The Cock in mourning did appear ;
Two sons accompanied their sire,
Like him in funeral attire,
With hoods of crape and torches lighted, -
And doleful lays they both recited.
Two others follow'd with a bier ;
Mournful and slowly they drew near,
With heartfelt sighs and deepest groan,
Their fav'rite sister to bemoan.

"The Cock in tears the throne approach'd,
And thus his sad harangue he broach'd :
'My Liege, have pity on a man,
The most distressed of his clan,
Who, with his children here before You,
Is come, for vengeance to implore You
On Reynard, who, with fell design,
Hath done great harm to me and mine.
When hoary Winter left the plain,
And Spring smiled on the world again,
When leaves were budding, daisies springing,
And tuneful birds in thickets singing,
The sun at dawn of morning found me
With my young family around me ;
Ten sons and fourteen daughters fair,
Breathing with joy the genial air,
All of one breed, and full of life,
Brought up by my good prudent wife.
Protected by a massy wall
And six bold mastiffs, stout and tall,
They lived, in spite of Reynard crafty,
Within a cloister-yard in safety.

"But lo! our enemy contrived
Our joy, alas! should be short-lived.
In hermit's garb the traitor came,
With letters, written in your name,
Where strictest orders were express'd,
To keep peace between bird and beast.
He said, he scorn'd the joys of sense,
And led a life of penitence,
To expiate his former guilt,
And streams of blood, which he had spilt ;
He vow'd, in future he would eat
No poultry, nor forbidden meat.

"All joyful, to my little crew,
To tell the happy news I flew,
That Reynard friar's garments wore,
And was our enemy no more.
Now for the first time we did venture
Out of our gate. A dire adventure

Awaited us; for whilst we stray'd
 And sported on a sunny glade,
 Reynard, conceal'd below a bush,
 Upon us suddenly did rush;
 One of my hopeful sons he slew,
 And of my fairest daughters two.—
 Five only out of twenty-four
 Are left; the rest he did devour.
 My daughter Rake-up, on this bier,
 Slain by the murderer, lies here;
 He bit her neck off yesterday—
 Revenge her death, my Liege, I pray.'
 " ' Sir Gray, (quoth Noble,) did you hear?
 Fine things of th' hermit-fox appear.
 Was't thus, that with his fasts he meant it?
 Sure as I live he shall repent it!

" ' Good Cock, we've heard your mournful tale,
 And we your daughter's fate bewail;
 Thus, first of all, we'll see the honour
 Of funeral rites bestow'd upon her;
 Next with our Council we shall further
 Consult, how to revenge this murther.' "

NAYLOR.

" He ceased; and scarce a sand had run
 When Chanticleer and all his clan
 Appear'd in court: right in the van
 A pullet's corse accompanied,
 'Clept Dem'selle Scratchclaw ere she died;
 By Reynard's bite decapitated—
 This wise the tidings were related.
 Close to the throne the Cock drew nigh:
 Deep anguish dimm'd his upturn'd eye:
 Two little Bantams, right and left,
 Wept bitter tears, as birds bereft.
 Sir Flapwing was of high degree,
 As fine a bantling as you'd see
 'Twixt Amsterdam and Paris, he.
 Sir Strain-neck was the other 'clept,
 And, like the first one, proudly stept.
 Before them each a torch they bear,
 Alike the same; for twins they were.
 Young Cocks yet twain bare up the pall,
 And help'd the wail with voices small.
 Then Chanticleer, before the King
 Commenced, in tones deep harrowing:
 ' Ah, gracious Lord and King! give ear
 To my disastrous tale! The tear
 Of pity shed on us who stand
 For justice, suppliants at your hand.
 Sire! thus it chanced;—The frosted beard
 Of Winter scarce had disappear'd;
 Scarce had the thorny brake put by
 Its hosiery of fleece, and I
 As happy felt as though a chicken;
 About me, strutting, crowing, picking,
 In comeliness my little ones:
 I counted up ten stalwart sons;
 Of daughters, too, a wondrous store,—
 Plump Ortolans, and full a score.
 My dame, the thoughtful prudent Hen,
 Had train'd their youth beneath her ken
 All virtues cardinal to practise,
 Best learned from mothers, as the fact is.

Our house was in the convent yard,
 High wall'd around : six dogs stood guard ;—
 All kept for our peculiar care,
 By night and day to shield us there.
 Now, gracious Liege ! mark what I tell.
 Reynard, (the knave !) with cockle-shell
 And pilgrim's staff, wellworn, appears,
 Bearing a packet : as he nears,
 I note your royal seal, and read
 Announcement of the truce decreed :
 No more, he said, he played the royster,
 But sought repentance in a cloister :
 Observed the rule o' th' strictest sect,
 His sins to purge with sure effect ;
 Whereby myself might to the end
 My life secure and fearless spend.
 Said he, ' flesh diet I have sworn
 Never to touch from night to morn.'—
 Unto my children all, I stated
 The royal message, then related
 How Reynard had assumed the cowl,
 And left off hankering after fowl.
 Myself I led them far and wide,
 When lo ! the Fox's guile defied
 My anxious cares : in that same hour
 He'd mark'd a victim for his power !
 Perdu behind a bush he lay,
 And took, before mine eyes, his prey !
 The best of all my brood he seized,
 And ate her up. The morsel pleased
 His scoundrel maw—'twas dainty meat—
 And soon he sought another treat.—
 Full four-and twenty hopeful chicks
 As e'er peck'd corn from out fresh ricks
 Were mine,—and now, as I'm alive,
 The villain's kill'd them all but five !
 Pity, O King ! my sorrowing tale :
 Grant succour in this hour of wail !
 But yesterday, the huntsman's cry
 Surprised him in the act to fly
 With Scratchclaw's body, which you see
 Kill'd by his murd'rous tooth—ah me !
 'Tis here as witness of my woe—
 Oh that my hardhap to your heart may go !'
 Enraged, the King : ' Sir Badger, ho !
 The monk your uncle (troth !) doth know
 To keep his fast,—the holy man !—
 Match me the like of this who can ?
 What need of further question here ?
 Draw nigh and listen, Chanticleer !
 Ourself your daughter dead will see
 Entomb'd with all solemnity
 Of dirge and mass, in her last slumber,
 And vigils also without number.
 This done, from these our lieges true
 We'll crave their help and counsel too,
 Touching the murder and the vengeance due.'
 To Bruin then the King thus spake :
 ' Bruin ! look well you undertake
 This journey with dispatch—'Tis I,
 Your Sov'reign, calls upon you—fly !
 Be wise and wary : Reynard's guile
 Is practised in each crafty wile.' ”

Neither of the translators is here very good, and Naylor is perhaps as near hitting the nail on the point (to use the phrase of a friend of ours of the Fogie Club) as his competitor. He still gives us, however, a great many silly superfluities, though some of them we have ventured to cut out.

Finally, as our readers may begin to think they have enough of this, we shall close our comparative view by some quotations from the *Wager of Battle*, by which the Wolf and the Fox ultimately terminate their disputes.

SOLTAU.

“ The trumpets then began to sound,
And next the wardens did appear,
And call’d the champions forth, to swear.
Growler advanced, his oath to take;
He swore, that Reynard was a rake,
A murd’rer, and a treach’rous wight,
For which assertion he would fight.

“ Then Reynard in his turn did swear,
That Growler was a perjurer;
To prove his charge, he did defy him,
Because he basely did belie him.

“ The wardens then admonish’d both,
To fight with honour and good troth.
This being done, the lists were clear’d,
Where both the combatants appear’d.

“ The combatants with equal rage
And fury now began t’engage.
The Wolf, by dint of strength and art,
Attack’d the Fox with leap and start;
But Reynard, being shrewd and light,
Avoided him by cunning flight,
And while he ran, he did not fail
To water well his rugged tail.
When Growler meant to hold him fast,
He nimbly veer’d about at last,
And with his tail the dust and dirt
He full into his face did flirt.
Whilst Growler rubb’d his eyes with pain,
Reynard his flirts renew’d again,
Till Growler was quite spent at last,
And by the throat he held him fast.
‘ Sir Wolf, (he said,) if heretofore
Poor lambs and kids you oft have tore,
It is high time now to repent,
Before your last breath you have spent,
And with contrition to behave,
If you would wish your soul to save.’

“ In this provoking style he spoke,
Striving his enemy to choke;
But Growler was for him too strong,
And broke loose from his hold ere long;
Though ere he got out of his jaws,
Reynard gall’d him with teeth and claws;
One of his eyes was almost out,
And streams of blood ran down his snout.

“ As soon as he his blood did view,
At Reynard in a rage he flew;
He got him under, and his paw
He seized, and held it in his jaw.
‘ You caitiff, your last hour has come,
(Said he,) and you’ll meet with your doom.
’T shall not avail you now, to shear,
To flirt, kick up a dust, and smear.

I'll make you pay for all your lies,
And for the damage of my eyes.'

"Whilst Growler kept hold of the paw,
Sly Reynard with his other claw
Seiz'd him in such a tender part,
That it made Growler howl with smart,
And forced him soon to ope his jaw,
And to let go the imprison'd paw.
Reynard now tugg'd, and pull'd, and tore,
And made the Wolf spit blood and gore;
He brought him senseless to the ground,
And dragg'd him through the lists around.

"When this his wife and friends perceived,
They were much terrified and grieved.
Then pray'd the king to use his right,
And to suspend the bloody fight.

"The king took their request to heart,
And bade the champions straight to part,
To whom the leopard and the ounce,
As wardens, did his will announce.

"Reynard," they said, "the king has sent
To let you know 'tis his intent
To put an end to all your strife.
He bids you to spare Growler's life;
For 'twould be a pity after all,
If either of you both should fall.
Meantime all, who are present, say
That you at last have won the day.'"

NAYLOR.

Hark! hark! the tuckets sound on high!
'He comes! Sir Isengrim!' they cry.

The Wolf and all his kith and kin
Approach in long array! The din
Their multitudinous trampling made
Resounded like a cavalcade
Of mailèd warriors on the march,
Or winds that, through a wood of larch,
The groaning branches swing and sway,
And thunder out and roar alway.
Still forward they their course observe,
Neither to right nor left they swerve;
But onward to the lists the band
March up, then halt, and take their stand.
When first the Wolf—'I here repeat
The Fox a villain is, and cheat!
I brand him murderer to boot!
Adulterer! with heart, as soot
Is, black! that solemn truth do I
Wager on hazard of this die!'

Then Reynard—'What the Wolf alleges
Are lies! I'll prove it! and my pledge is
The victory, which I by battle,
This day will gain o'er yon *base cattle*!'
The marshal of the lists then cried:
'The right shall by the might be tried,
What fair and fetis is, that do!

The god of battles prosper you!'
He said, then towards the side withdrew.
The rest soon follow'd; save the two,
Who occupied alone the space,
And stood for action face to face!
The marshal now, with plumed hat on,
Beside the barrier stood; his baton

Of office thrice he whirled aloft ;
 And not a soul or spake or *cough'd*.
 ' Oyez ! oyez ! oyez ! ' he cried,
 ' Will each of ye the issue bide ? '
 ' We will ! ' they answer. ' Are ye ready ? '
 ' Yes ! ' ' Yes ! '—' Then LAISSEZ ALLER ! ' said he.
 Reynard address'd him then to fight ;
 And Isengrim commenced to bite
 The air, and show'd his teeth, by way
 Of prelude to the coming fray ;
 Next, rear'd his snout, and brought the jowl
 To Reynard's level ; one loud howl
 He utter'd, ere he crouch'd, then bounded
 To where the Fox, no whit astounded
 By noises so unknighly, stood ;
 For raising lofty as he could
 His voice, the foe the terms defied.
 ' Come on, ' he resolutely cried.
 The struggle was commenced ! The sternest
 There present felt it was right earnest ;
 The Fox, as smaller of the two,
 Was favourite ; and when he drew
 ' *First claret,* ' at that *tapping* action
 The mob express'd their satisfaction ;
 Exclaiming, ' *go it ! ten to one*
Upon the varmint little 'un ! '
 By this time had Dan Phœbus clomb
 The summit of his glowing dome,
 And Isengrim his power to feel
 Began, which made the Wolf to reel.
 He mourn'd his hapless want of claws,
 His teeth, too, batter'd by the paws
 Of Reynard, wofully he miss'd ;
 For grasp'd within his well-clench'd fist,
 The Fox a flint stone firmly held,
 With which he deftly aim'd and fell'd
 One after t'other every fang,
 Till down his weasand, at each bang,
 Successively they flew. This thing
 To Isengrim *so punishing,*
 Set him forthwith to calculate
 The odds on his *superior weight,*
 How best it might the foeman tell on—
 Which done, he threw himself pêle-mêle on
 The Fox, to bear him down intending.
 But Reynard saw : instead of spending
 His strength in any vain endeavour
 'Gainst Isengrim, he waited ever
 Upon the Wolf—so this time he
 Perceived the rushing enemy,
 And as he near'd him slipp'd aside.
 The Wolf came on with awful stride,
 But meeting not with Reynard there,
 He buffeted the yielding air
 Instead, found no impediment,
 His force him to the barrier sent,
 Where toppling heels o'er head he went
 With emphasis—a heavy *flop,*
 ' *My eyes,* ' the mob cry, ' *what a whop !* '
 Then Reynard to the Wolf stepp'd close,
 And said aloud, ' How lik'st the dose ? '
 Friend Isengrim, there yet may be
 For pardon opportunity

Ere thou departest, only speed ye,
 Or else the wandering ghosts, I rede ye,
 Of all the lambs and kids thou'st slain
 Will haunt thee through the wide champain
 Whither thou'rt ebbing fast, down yonder ;
 But softly, is he kill'd I wonder ? '
 For so it seem'd. Through that vast crowd
 A pin drop had resounded loud.
 Thought Reynard, he has got it now !
 I'll rest awhile, for any how
 If he the fight again begin
 I'll try the trick upon his shin.
 Stunn'd lay the prostrate Wolf quite still
 And stiff, nor moved a peg until
 His squires, much fearing for his life,
 Rush'd in, preceded by his wife ;
 And lifting him upon their knees,
 They gave him *salts to make him sneeze*,
 Which thirteen times he did repeat,
 Then started lively to his feet.
 A feeling of relief ran through
 The crowd, whose visages look'd rue,
 To think their fun forestall'd and spent
 By that untoward accident.
 Again the tuckets sound—again
 The dauntless heroes give the rein
 To their revenge. The Fox now charges
 The Wolf, and both his eyes enlarges,
 With *right and lefters planted well*,
 And *punches on the nob that tell* ;
 So hard and fast the bangs and thumps,
 You'd thought that firemen at their pumps
 Were working—

—crafty Reynard quick
 Deliver'd him a villain kick
 Right in the midriff—down he dropp'd !
 Like some tall forester when lopp'd
 By stroke of woodman's axe. 'Twas all
 He spake, not groaned in his fall,
 Outstretch'd upon the ground there lay
 The Wolf—he'd fainted clean away.
 No herald's voice, no tucket's cheer,
 The noble Isengrim could hear ;
 An all but victor lately, now
 Prostrated, palsied by one blow ;
 Nay, not so, by a kick unknighly,
 Foul aim'd, yet for the mark too rightly,
 Alas, its only merit that !
 But what cared Reynard, it was pat,
 And told, and did its business well ;
 'Twas every thing desirable.
 The fight was o'er—the Wolf dragg'd out
 More dead than living, 'mid the shout
 Of rabble, whilst the heralds cry
 ' *Largesse*, ' the others ' *Victory*. '
 The air with noise and din resounded.
 The friends of Isengrim, confounded,
 Slunk off, whilst Reynard's stay'd ; indeed
 The very people who agreed
 The Fox's death a public good
 Had been, now 'mong the foremost stood,
 By acclamations to attest
 Regard outheroing the rest ! "

We have not the heart to criticise this last and greatest effort of the reproducer. Its slang speaks for itself, and certainly carries along with it an undeniable "certificate of origin."

A good translation of any thing is perhaps an impossibility. But it must be confessed, that the attempt of the German foreigner is highly creditable to him, and, with a little amendment, would probably afford our countrymen as fair an idea of

the original as they are ever likely to see. Certain it is, that Mr Naylor has not improved upon it.

If our readers think, that in the samples we have given of Mr Naylor's beauties, we have not sufficiently brought forward some of the more striking peculiarities of the Cockney school, we shall meet this complaint by presenting them with the subjoined anthology, the fragrance of which we think will satisfy their highest anticipations.

- "The first in consequence at *court*,
As foremost in the public *thought*."
- "Your cap and gloves you've left in *pawn*,
Thus adding ribaldry to *scorn*."
- "What visitors had been? they *tell her*
How Reynard call'd, and said, 'nice *fellow*.'"
- "Malkin should fall! and now the *fork*
By Martin turn'd to *tomahawk*."
- "No sooner had the foe *withdrawn*
To howl around the priest *forlorn*."
- "Besides, he must have more than *thought once*
Upon the very vast *importance*."
- "Of solemn asses half-a-*score*,
Who kick, when tickled with a *straw*!"
- "I left him trapp'd, and then made *sheer off*:
His sufferings you can't form *idea of*."
- "From underneath the frame I *draw*
The pin that propp'd it: with a *roar*."
- "Their eggs upon a heap of *straw*,
Then loitering hindermost, the *more*."
- "When it was bruited round the *court*
How Reynard was by greybeard *brought*."
- "Grimalkin therè one eye had *lost*,
His scalp from Bruin's head been *forced*."
- "With any thing, in short, to *fasten*
Guilt on him—burglary—e'en *arson*!"
- "Than at the words the Queen, *alarm'd*,
Nigh swoon'd before her fears were *calm'd*."
- "The son disphonour'd: not a *straw*
It weigh'd with him, to think how *sore*."
- "There dwelt my father; him they *sought*,
And plotted, whilst they soak'd his *port*."
- "To practise after my *papa*—
Through life my light and *exemplar*!"
- "Another life to lead he's *sworn*:
And will to-morrow at the *dawn*."
- "Then, turning to the Queen, *besought*
Her majesty in merry *sport*."

"Quoth Reynard, as with sudden *thought*
Before the portal stopping *short*."

"We have so many a sally-*port*,
And *cul-de-sac*, we can't be *caught*."

"Send far and near the heralds *forth*,
By blast of trûmp to tell my *wrath*."

"At Rome, I on our banker *draw*,
And when that's gone, I send for *more*."

"That none dared venture! This he *saw*
And felt his pluck return once *more*."

"But I've no *claws*
And therefore am not fit for *wars*."

"By envy eaten up, they *saw*
Me prosper; looking all *before*."

"And ever, when they walk'd *abroad*
Each arm'd with hunting-whip and *cord*."

If any of our readers doubt the authenticity of some of the rhymes above set down, we are willing that they should buy the book, as we have done, and ascertain for themselves.

Merciful as we are by nature, and growing more and more so every day by age, we yet feel that the enormities we have now denounced are beyond endurance. Such poetry as this, neither gods, men, nor booksellers should tolerate; and with the highest respect for the very excellent publishers who have assisted in the birth of this production, and to whom we owe so many useful and admirable contributions to knowledge and literature, we do venture humbly to submit, that their peculiar duty makes them somewhat more responsible for what is thus brought forth, than ordinary obstetrical practitioners can be for what they may help into the world. There is no reason that such a bantling should be born at all, and at least we would recommend the continuance of gestation for nine times the Horatian period. Seriously speaking, we always regret to miss the general security which the title-page should give us, that in what we buy, we shall have something for our money. A bad or inferior book may, inadvertently, issue from the most respectable quarter. But when a work is ushered into the light with such pomp and pageantry of

paper, printing, and getting up, as are here lavished, we hold that the public have a right to expect that it has received the imprimatur of some discerning judge, and to enforce the implied warranty that the inside, as well as the outside, is a merchantable commodity in the market of Parnassus.

But the publisher's part of it is the least of the evil. It is obvious that the natives of Cockneyland are forgetting themselves. A new generation has sprung up that do not remember the castigations bestowed on their fathers of yore, and which for a time kept them in tolerable subjection. A young Londoner, who happens to have enthusiasm, or industry, or information, on a particular subject, may deserve commendation for the laudable direction of his private studies; but is he, therefore, entitled to *haspire* to write, and not to write merely, but to write poetry, and to disfigure a venerable old poem under pretence of reproducing it? That is a different question, which needs to be seriously and decidedly dealt with. This is not the first time, within a brief period, that we have been compelled to make an example of similar delinquencies; and, as sure as the crutch is in yonder corner, it shall not be the last, if the nuisance be not speedily and completely abated.

THE AMERICANS AND THE ABORIGINES.

A TALE OF THE SHORT WAR. PART II.

THE conclusion of our first notice of "The Americans and the Aborigines," saw Hodges, the midshipman, on his way to the Mississippi, and, if he could find it, to his ship; whilst Tokeah and his Indians returned to their village upon the banks of the Natchez. There, upon the day after the arrival of the warriors, we find the Indians assembled and deliberating in their council-house. Some important matter is evidently in agitation: an ominous gloom hangs over the village; and Canondah, to whom her father has not spoken since his return, and who is in complete ignorance of what passed between him and Hodges, is shut up in her wigwam with Rosa. The absence of one of the Indians, sent as a guide with the Englishman, the silence of Tokeah, and their state of semi-captivity, render the two girls sad and anxious, and they busy themselves with a thousand conjectures as to what has occurred, when a shrill whistle attracts them to the window. The sight that there presents itself chases the blood from the cheeks of Rosa, and causes her to sink, terrified and half-fainting, into the arms of her friend.

A large boat, of similar build to the one in which Hodges had arrived, ascended the river, impelled by the strokes of six vigorous rowers. Besides these, two other men were seated in the skiff, which now entered the creek where the canoes were moored. The Englishman's boat was amongst the latter, and seemed to attract the particular notice of one of the two men; he glanced sharply at it, and then made a remark to his companion, who nodded his head, as if assenting to his observation. The man who had spoken stepped on shore. He was of the middle height and slightly made, with a sunburnt complexion, hollow cheeks, in which the smallpox had left black, unpleasant-looking scars, and a pointed and rather red nose. The expression of his eyes, which were sunken and of a dark-gray colour, and his enormous whiskers

and mustaches, gave him any thing but an agreeable physiognomy. There was an air about him as if he strove to appear natural and unassuming, but at times his false side-glances and malicious smile more than neutralized all his efforts. His dress was a short blue frock, buttoned up to the chin, trousers of the same colour, and a cap. After addressing a few words to his companion, who had also come ashore, he walked with a quick step and military gait towards the Miko's wigwam. Just then the Indian council broke up; the old chief strode slowly and gravely towards his dwelling; whilst the warriors hurried in various directions to their respective wigwams. It seemed as if they avoided the new-comer; for not one of them crossed his path, although he evidently expected them so to do. He gazed silently after the receding groups, shook his head, and entered the Miko's hut.

"Here I am, friend Tokeah!" cried he, with a forced smile, stretching out his hand to the Miko, who was seated upon his couch, calm, and with his head bowed upon his breast. "I'm a man of my word, you see. Arrived only last night in the bay; but the devil take me if I could keep quiet: started off again, and rowed all night and all day; and here you see me, old friend, as hungry as a sea-lawyer, and as dry as a dolphin." He spoke in English, fluently enough, but with a strong French accent.

Tokeah knocked with his finger upon the table, and Canondah came out of her room.

"Canondah!" cried the man, stepping forward with an air of gallantry to salute her. The young girl avoided his embrace, and with the single word, "Welcome!" slipped out at the door. Our guest appeared thunder-struck.

"What does this mean, friend Miko?" cried he. "Am I in disgrace? Should really be sorry for it. As I came across the meadow, your people made all sail from me, as

if I had been a privateer; and now you are as cold as a nor'-wester, and your daughter as stiff as a frozen cable. Apropos—you have had a visit. The young Englishman, I see, has been amongst you."

As he spoke these last words, the stranger cast a lowering glance at the old man.

"Of whom does my brother speak?" said the chief.

"Of a prisoner—a young fellow who escaped whilst I was at sea."

"My young brother has been here and is gone," replied Tokeah, dryly.

"Gone!" repeated the other; "you probably did not know that he had escaped from me. But it matters not," added he, indifferently.

"The Miko knew," replied the old man in a firm tone, "that his young brother had escaped from the chief of the Salt Lake. My brother ought not to have made him prisoner."

"What! would not the Miko of the Oconees seize the Yankee who came as a spy into his wigwam?"

"And was my young brother a Yankee?" inquired Tokeah, with a penetrating glance.

"Not exactly; but an enemy"—

"My brother," interrupted the Miko, "has too many enemies—the Yankees, and the warriors of the great father of the Canadas."

The man bit his lips. "Pshaw!" said he; "you have the Americans on the wrong side of your heart, and I have both. That's all the difference."

"The Miko," said the old chief, "lifts the war-hatchet to protect his people against the palefaces, and to avenge his slain brethren. But my brother has lifted the tomahawk against every one, and, like a thief, steals women and children."

A burning crimson overspread the countenance of Tokeah's visitor, and his teeth chattered with rage. "Truly, Miko," said he, "you say things which I can hardly stomach;" and with gleaming eye he measured the old man from head to foot. Suddenly, however, resuming his former smile—"Nonsense," said he; "we won't quarrel about trifles. Let every man do what he likes, and answer for what he does."

"When the Miko of the Oconees gave his right hand to the chief of the

Salt Lake, and welcomed him to his wigwam, he held him for a friend and a brother, who had declared war against the Yengheese. Had he known that he was a thief"—

"Monsieur Miko!" interrupted the pirate, threateningly.

"He would not have taken him for his friend. Tokeah," continued the Indian with dignity, "lifted the tomahawk against the palefaces as the Miko of his people, but the chief of the Salt Lake has made him a robber. What shall he, the chief of the Oconees, say to the Yengheese warriors when he falls into their snares? They will hang him on a tree."

The truth, thus fearlessly and decidedly spoken, made an impression upon the pirate. He walked several times hastily up and down the room, and then again stopped opposite to the old man.

"We'll say no more about that, friend Tokeah," said he. "I do not count the scalps that you have stripped from the skulls of the Yankees, and you must not reckon too severely with me. What is done is done; but the future will be very different. I am fully decided to abandon my wild course of life, and then we'll sit down quietly, and live together in a little paradise, half à l'Indienne, half à la Française. Jovial and joyous."

"The Miko of the Oconees," replied Tokeah, "has never stained his hand with the blood of his friends. He is poor, but his hand has never touched what belonged not to him. His fathers would look down on him with grief, if he lived in friendship with a thief; the Great Spirit would hide his face, if he disgraced his people by an alliance with the robber."

The Frenchman had listened to these words more tranquilly than might have been expected, but with a slight twitching of his features, that showed they touched him to the quick. Suddenly he turned away.

"Is that your way of thinking?" said he. "You fancy you can get on better without Lafitte? I've no objection. If I had known it sooner, I would have spared myself the trouble of listening to your insolence, and you that of uttering it. Adieu! Monsieur Miko."

"My brother is hungry," said the Indian, starting up, and greatly shocked. "He must eat. Canondah has prepared his favourite repast."

"And after he has eaten, he may make himself scarce?" said the pirate, surlily.

"My brother is welcome in the wigwam of the Miko. His hand never closes when it has once been opened," said the old man, soothingly.

"Come, that sounds like reason. I thought my old friend had only caught a fit of spleen from the Englishman. I trust it will soon be over. Meanwhile, we'll see what the ladies are doing."

He stepped up to the curtain, and tried to open it, but in vain.

"Is it not allowed?" said he to the old man.

"My brother must seek another squaw. Rosa shall not enter his wigwam."

In the adjoining chamber a sound was heard. It resembled a cry of joy, but presently subsided into a gentle murmur, of one in prayer.

The pirate stood stupified opposite to the curtain. "Our alliance broken off, the door shut in my face!" muttered he. "*Eh bien! nous verrons.*" And so saying, he left the hut. The next minute he again put his head in at the door.

"I suppose I may make use of my own boat?" said he. "It is likely that I may have unwelcome visitors during my absence."

"When the chief of the Salt Lake is on the war-path, he knows how to meet his foes."

"Sensibly spoken for once," said the pirate.

"My brother is hungry," said the Miko, pointing to his daughter, who now entered the room with several dishes.

"We'll come directly. Duty before pleasure."

And so saying, the bucanier hurried down to the shore, and approached his companion, a short square-built man, who was walking up and down with folded arms, and whose dark olive countenance was so buried in an enormous beard, that scarcely any part of it, except a long fiery Bardolphian nose was visible. This man, so soon as he saw the

pirate, assumed a less *nonchalant* attitude, and his hands fell by his side into the position proper to a subordinate.

"Nothing happened, lieutenant?" said Lafitte.

"So little, that I should almost doubt this to be the Miko's village, did not my eyes convince me of it. Beg pardon, captain, but what does it all mean?"

"I might ask you the same question," replied the other, sulkily.

"On our former visits," continued the lieutenant, "it was like a fair; but to-day not a creature comes near us. The squaws and girls seemed inclined to come down, but the men prevented them."

The lieutenant paused, for his commanding-officer was evidently getting more and more out of humour.

"How many hands have we below on Lake Sabine?"

"Thirty," was the reply. "Tomorrow, the others will have finished clearing out."

"Giacomo and George," said the pirate, in a sharp peremptory tone, "will go back and take them orders to come up here. Let every man bring his musket and bayonet, pistols and hanger, and let them wait instructions in the great bend of the river, two miles below this place. Don't look down stream, and then at me," said he angrily to the lieutenant, who had cast a glance down the river. "The young Englishman has been here, and the old savage has let him go."

"That's what you did with his companions, captain. I wouldn't have done it."

"There are many things that Monsieur Clorand would not have done," replied the pirate, sarcastically. "But this youngster has made an infernal confusion."

"Any thing else happened, captain?"

"Nothing particular, except that the old man is tired of our alliance."

"Pshaw! we don't want him any more, and may well indulge the people with a merry hour."

The bucanier glanced at his subordinate with unspeakable scorn.

"And therefore, as Monsieur Clorand thinks, do I send for the

men. The hour's pleasure would be dearly bought. I hate such folly. You shall learn my intentions hereafter."

The lieutenant's low bow showed that the lawless pirate was on no very familiar footing even with his first officer, and that he well knew how to make his captain's dignity respected. Monsieur Cloraud now turned to the rowers, and communicated to them the orders he had received. In a few seconds, the boat, in which the Englishman had come, was pushed off, and glided swiftly down the stream.

"Now then, to dinner. Have some wine brought up, lieutenant."

The person addressed made a sign to one of the sailors; the man took up several bottles, and followed his officers to the wigwam of the chief.

"Take no notice, lieutenant," said Lafitte; "be as cheerful and natural as possible. We must try and find out what the old fellow has got upon his mind."

The two men entered the wigwam, and took their places at the table. A buffalo hump, that most delicious of all roast-beef, which Canondah had carefully cooked under the embers, was smoking upon it.

"You won't refuse to drink with me?" said the pirate, filling three glasses, and offering one to the chief.

"Tokeah is not thirsty," was the reply.

"Well, then, rum?" said Lafitte. "Have a bottle brought, lieutenant."

"Tokeah is not thirsty," repeated the chief in a louder tone.

"As you please," said the pirate, carelessly. "Isn't it strange," continued he to his lieutenant, "that the whole juice and strength of the beast should centre in this hump? If this is to be the food of the Indians in their happy hunting-grounds, it would be almost worth while turning Indian. Enjoyments of this kind are rather more substantial than the lies of our hungry priests."

As in duty bound, the lieutenant laughed heartily at the facetiousness of his commander. The Miko, who was sitting in his usual attitude, his head sunk upon his breast, looked up, gazed for a few seconds at the pirate,

and then relapsed into his previous brooding mood.

"Make the most of it, lieutenant," said the pirate. "We shall not enjoy many more such tit-bits. The Great Spirit would hide his face from us if we despised his gifts. But come, friend Miko, you must empty a glass to the health of your guests, unless you wish to see them depart this very night. I like a little pride, but too much is unwholesome."

"My brother," said the Miko, "is welcome. Tokeah has never raised his tomahawk against the stranger whom he received in his hut, nor has he counted the suns that he dwelt with him."

"I am certain," said the Frenchman, "that Tokeah is my friend; and, if an evil tongue has sown discord on the path between us, the wise Miko will know how to step over it."

"The Oconees are men and warriors," said the chief; "they listen to the words of the Miko, but their hands are free."

"Yes, yes, I know that. Yours is a sort of republic, of which you are hereditary consul. Well, for to-night let the matter rest. To-morrow we will discuss it further."

The lieutenant had left the wigwam; night had come on, and the moon's slender crescent sank behind the summits of the western trees. The old Indian arose, and with his guest stepped silently out before the door.

"My brother," said he, with emotion in his voice, "is no longer young; but his words are more silly than those of a foolish girl, who for the first time hangs glass beads around her neck. My brother has foes sufficient; he needs not to make an enemy of the Great Spirit."

"Oh!" said the pirate laughing, "we won't bother our heads about him."

"My brother," continued the Indian, "has long deceived the eyes of the Miko; but the Great Spirit has at last opened them, that he may warn his people. See," said he, and his long meagre form seemed to increase to a gigantic stature as he pointed to the moon swimming behind the topmost branches of the trees; "that great light shines on the shores of the

Natchez, and it shines in the villages of the whites; neither the chief of the Salt Lake nor the Miko of the Oconees made it; it is the Great Spirit who gave it brightness. Here," said he, pointing to the palmetto field, whose soft rustle came murmuring across the meadow, "here is heard the sighing of the Miko's fathers; in the forest where he was born it howls in the storm; both are the breath of the Great Spirit, the winds which he places in the mouths of the departed, who are his messengers. Listen!" he continued, again drawing up his weather-beaten form to its utmost height; "the Miko has read your book of life; when yet a young man he learned your letters, for he saw that the cunning of the palefaces came from their dead friends. That book says, what the wise men of his people have also told him, that there is one Great Spirit, one great father. The Miko," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "was sent from his people to the great father of the palefaces, and when he came with the other chiefs to the villages where the whites worship the Great Spirit in the lofty council wigwams, he found them very good, and they received him and his as brothers. Tokeah spoke with the great father—see, this is from him"—he showed a silver medal with the head of Washington. "He asked the great father, who was a wise father and a very great warrior, if he believed in the Great Spirit of his book, and he answered that he did believe, and that his Great Spirit was the same whom the Red men worship. When the Miko returned to his wigwam and came towards the setting sun, his soul remembered the words of the great father, and his eyes were wide open. So long as he saw the high walls of the council wigwams, where the palefaces pray to their Great Spirit, the Red men were treated as brothers; but when they approached their own forests, the countenances of the white men grew dark, because the Great Spirit no longer lighted them up. Tokeah saw that the men who did not worship the Great Spirit were not good men. And my brother scoffs at the Great Spirit, and yet would be a friend of the Oconees? He would be a friend of the Miko, who would

already have sunk under his burden had not his fathers beckoned to him from the happy hunting-grounds! Go," said the old man, turning away from the pirate with a gesture of disgust; "you would rob the Miko and his people of their last hope."

"Good-night," said Lafitte, yawning. "There's been a good Methodist parson spoilt in you." And so saying he turned towards the council wigwam, his usual dwelling when at the village. Tokeah stepped back into his hut. No night-song soothed the oppressed spirit of the old chief; and only the shrill whistle of the watch, repeated every two hours from the shore and before the wigwam of the pirate, told of the presence of living creatures in the village.

Upon the following morning Lafitte's lieutenant rouses him from his sleep, and informs him that there is an unusual stir and bustle amongst the Indians. The pirate hastily dresses, and repairs to the wigwam of the Miko, whom he finds restless and excited. The cause of this soon becomes apparent.

On a sudden the village resounded with a long joyous shout, which, spreading like wildfire from hut to hut, swelled at last into one wild and universal chorus, in which men, women, and children united their voices. The Miko had betaken himself in haste to the council wigwam, and the whole village was in an uproar. From behind each hedge, from out of every hut, the Oconees emerged and rushed towards the council-house; even the presence of Tokeah was insufficient to keep them within bounds. On the further side of the Natchez was seen a party of thirty Indians, all on horseback. Some of them were seeking a ford; but presently a young man, impatient of the delay, plunged with his horse into the water, and all thirty followed him, in the same order in which they had approached the river. The breadth of the stream, opposite to the wigwam, was about five hundred feet, and the depth considerable. Nevertheless the gallant little troop seemed in their element, and, almost without breaking their ranks, they swam their steeds across. Meanwhile the pirate stood upon the shore, watching their approach with the most un-

controlled fury depicted on his countenance.

"Had we but ten good marksmen," muttered he to the lieutenant.

"Pardon, capitaine, they are not Oconees, but those devils of Comanches. I made their acquaintance in my Mexican campaigns."

The little squadron had now reached the creek. Swinging their legs over their horses, they sprang upon shore, drew the animals after them, and again flung themselves upon their backs with a swiftness and dexterity that recalled the fable of the centaur. The foremost of the strangers had arrived within a few paces of the Oconees, who, with the Miko at their head, were assembled in front of the council-house, when the circle opened, and Tokeah stepped forward, his hand outstretched.

"The great chief of the mighty Comanches, and of the Pawnees of the Toyask, is welcome," said he, gravely.

The young Indian to whom these words were addressed, halted and listened attentively, and with head reverently bowed, to the greeting. When the old chief had spoken, he sprang from his horse and advanced towards him, his right hand extended. Coming close up to Tokeah, he again bowed himself, took the Miko's hand, and placed it upon his own head. The interchange of greetings was remarkable for dignity, and derived a peculiar interest from the contrast between the two chiefs. Nothing could be in stronger opposition than the gaunt meagre form of the Miko, who stood like the weather-beaten trunk of some gigantic tree, stiff, mute, and melancholy, and the open, manly, dignified and yet gentle aspect of the young chief of the Comanches. His oval-shaped head was covered with a picturesque head-dress of fur and feathers; his high, arched forehead, and blooming complexion of a light copper colour, scorned the wild war-paint of his companions; the expressive black eyes and aquiline nose were in admirable harmony with the manly contour of his person, which his style of dress and equipment showed off to the greatest advantage. A doublet of blue fox fur covered his breast, and from his shoulders, on which it was fastened by golden

clasps, hung the skin of a panther, draping a form that would have enchanted Thorwaldsen or Canova. It was a magnificent model of manly beauty, that had grown up untrammelled and without blemish in the enchanting prairies of Mexico, and in the midst of a mighty people owning no master but the Great Spirit. A dagger, with a hilt of wrought gold, a short rifle, and a lance nine feet long, decorated with a horse-tail, completed an equipment which for richness and utility combined could scarcely be surpassed. The young chief's horse, of extraordinary beauty, was almost covered with a panther-skin, secured on its back and shoulders by four golden buckles. It had neither saddle nor stirrups, but on either side, at the end of a strap, hung a small leathern bucket, in which the muzzle of the rifle and butt of the lance reposed.

Similar to those above described were the dress and arms of other four of the warriors, also belonging to the powerful Indian tribe of the Comanches. They wore their hair combed back on either side of the forehead; their complexion was a mixture of olive and copper-colour. Their bearing was proud, and they seemed almost to look down upon the Pawnees who accompanied them. Round the necks of their steeds hung the lasso, that terrible weapon with which the Mexican riders capture, with wonderful skill and dexterity, the horse, the buffalo, or a human foe.

The remainder of the troop were Pawnees of the Toyask tribe. Their heads were clean shaven, excepting of one carefully plaited tuft upon the crown. Upon their shoulders were buffalo skins, the leather dyed red, the hair worn inwards; and similar hides served them for saddles. They wore broad girdles, to which their calico under-garment was fastened. About half of them were armed with muskets and rifles, but all had lances, a long knife, or rather hanger, and the tomahawk. They were well-made and powerful men, compared with whom the thin-armed, narrow-shouldered Oconees had the appearance of children.

"My brother is thrice welcome," repeated the Miko after a pause,

during which his eyes dwelt with an expression of the purest satisfaction upon his stately guest and his companions. "Has the great El Sol reflected on the words which Tokeah sent him through his runners?"

"His ears are open and his heart large," replied the young chief gravely. "Are the words of the great Miko for El Sol alone, or may the warriors of the Comanches and Pawnees also hear them?"

"The chiefs and warriors of the Comanches and Pawnees are welcome in the council wigwam of the Oconees. They are their brothers."

When the Miko had spoken these words, the four Comanches and a like number of Pawnees dismounted from their horses, and followed the chiefs to the council wigwam. The others also dismounted, and forming a semicircle, stood leaning against their horses' shoulders. Nearer to the council-house were ranged the Oconee warriors, armed only with their long scaping-knives; and behind them, at a respectful distance, the young men of the village had stationed themselves, also in a half circle. Again, far behind these, were the squaws and children, to whom the strict rules of Indian etiquette did not allow a nearer approach. The village had gradually assumed the appearance of a little camp, with various corps of troops formed up in it. On the shore stood the four pirates leaning on their muskets, whilst their captain and lieutenant paced up and down among the bushes. With the exception of a sharp quick glance occasionally cast towards the groups of Indians, they appeared to take no particular interest in what was passing.

El Sol, the young chief of the Comanches, is the affianced husband of Canondah, whom he has come to make his bride. In the council now held, it is decided that the alliance between Tokeah and the pirate shall be broken off, and that the remnant of the Oconees shall be incorporated with the powerful tribes of the Comanches and Pawnees. The former part of this decision is communicated to Lafitte, who makes a violent but unsuccessful claim upon the hand of Rosa, and finally enters his boat and descends the stream. El Sol, who

greatly distrusts him, advises Tokeah to be on his guard against treachery; but the Miko denies the possibility of danger, on account of the distance of the pirate's haunt, and because, on the following morning, the village is to be abandoned, and the Oconees and their visitors are to proceed together to the country of the Comanches. He either forgets that the pirate had sent off a boat on the preceding morning, or thinks it unnecessary to increase the uneasiness of his guest by adverting to so unimportant a circumstance. In spite of what he has recently learned, he still entertains a feeling of kindness for Lafitte, with whom he has so long been on terms of friendship, and thinks him incapable of acting towards him in a base or hostile manner.

That evening the nuptials of Canondah and El Sol are celebrated; but the Indian maiden, although fondly attached to the young chief, is weighed down by a foreboding of evil which she finds it impossible to shake off. On her marriage day she is sad and in tears.

"And does Canondah," said the bridegroom mildly, "enter the wigwam of El Sol with a sorrowful heart?"

"El Sol," replied the maiden, "is dearer to Canondah than her own life; his voice is music in her ears, and his love the limit of her wishes; but Canondah's heart is heavy to bursting. The Great Spirit whispers to her, and she has no words to express his whisperings." She clasped Rosa in her arms, and pressed a long and feverish kiss upon her lips. "Rosa," said she, in a stifled voice, "will you be a daughter to the Miko when Canondah is no more?"

"I will," sobbed Rosa.

"Will you promise, by the Great Spirit, not to forsake him?"

"I promise it," replied Rosa, her tears flowing fast.

The Miko, who stood silent, and sunk in thought, now made a sign; El Sol threw his arm round Canondah, and led her away in the direction of the council wigwam:

The wedding has been celebrated with great rejoicings; the Indians, who have indulged largely, many of them to excess, in the fire-water of

the palefaces, retire to their huts, to sleep off the effects of their libations, and soon the village is sunk in silence and repose. We extract the chapter that follows:—

It was past midnight, and the village and its environs were buried in profound repose, when a man, carrying a naked sabre under his arm, advanced with stealthy steps from the shore, towards the Miko's wigwam. He reached the trees in front of the dwelling; and after casting a cautious and searching glance around him, was about to retrace his steps, when, with the quickness of light, a noose of buffalo hide encircled his neck, and he was thrown to the ground with a shock so sudden and irresistible, that it seemed caused by a supernatural rather than a human power. His sabre fell from his hand, before he had time to raise it to his neck and sever the noose; and so rapidly and silently did all this take place, that a group of armed men, stationed between the creek and the cottage, at scarcely forty paces from the latter, were perfectly unaware of what occurred. Now, however, a yell that might have roused the dead from their graves was heard; the door of the council wigwam, in which the bridal-bed of Canondah and El Sol had been spread, was burst furiously open; and by the flash of several muskets, just then fired from the shore, a powerful figure, bearing something heavy in its arms, was seen to rush out and plunge into the neighbouring thicket. Other cries, proceeding apparently from a thousand throats, multiplied themselves in every direction, behind hedge and bush, over land and water, in accents as wild and fierce as if the demons of hell had been unchained, and were rejoicing in a nocturnal revel. Simultaneously with this uproar, a regular platoon fire commenced upon the shore, and blue flames issued from various cottages of the peaceful Indian hamlet, rapidly increasing till they burst out into a bright red blaze, that spread hissing and crackling over wall and roof. In the midst of this frightful tumult another shout was uttered, resembling the roar of the lion when he rages in his utmost fury. It was the war-whoop of El Sol.

The noble Mexican had been lulled

to sleep by the night-song of his bride, when the well-known yell of his tribe awakened him. Claspings his beloved wife with one arm, he grasped his knife and rifle, and darted through the door of the wigwam. A discharge of musketry greeted his appearance. The chief felt his left arm pierced by a ball; he trembled, and a slight shudder came over him. "Canondah!" cried he, in a hoarse tone, leaping the hedges like a wounded deer, and hurrying towards the forest; "Canondah, fear nothing—you are in the arms of El Sol!"

She answered not; her head had sunk upon her breast, her body writhed with a convulsive spasm, and then again stretched itself out. For one moment a horrible thought paralysed the very soul of her husband;—but no—it was impossible; his arm had received the bullet, her silence was the result of sudden terror, the blood that flowed over him was from his own wound. He was still flying from his treacherous and invisible foe, when his howling warriors came almost instinctively to join him; and, before he reached the forest, he found himself surrounded by the most trusty of his followers. "It is the pirate," he whispered to his wife; and then, pressing a kiss upon her lips, he laid her softly upon the grass, stepped forward into the midst of his warriors, and uttered his terrible war-cry. "Behold," cried he, pointing to the blazing cottages, "the faith of the white thief!"

It was a wildly beautiful, almost an awful sight. Already more than thirty huts were converted into blazing piles, lighting up the whole of that glorious shore, reflected in ruddy brilliancy from the still surface of the water, and illuminating the avenues of cypress and mangroves with long streaks of flame. Scattered shots were still heard, and after each report another hut began to blaze. In the group of Indians assembled round El Sol a deep silence now reigned, only broken by the tardy arrival of some yelling Pawnee or Oconee, who, roused out of his drunken slumber, was scarcely even yet aware of the cause of the uproar.

"Where is the Miko?" fifty voices suddenly demanded.

There was no reply. Just then

woman's scream was heard, proceeding from the brink of the water. El Sol had stood silent, his eyes fixed upon the burning huts, beyond which, near to the crest of the shore, the polished musket-barrels of the pirates gleamed in the firelight. Not more than five minutes had elapsed since the first yell proclaimed the presence of a foe, but already the young warrior had combined his plan, and he now gave his orders in a short decided tone, betraying the habit of command, and the certainty of prompt and implicit obedience. One of the Comanches, followed by the majority of the Pawnees and Oconees, glided away through the thick bushes; whilst El Sol himself, with the three remaining Comanches, and a troop of chosen Pawnees, hurried rapidly along the skirt of the forest.

The broad belt of land over which the village was scattered, rose near the shore, as already mentioned, into a sort of crest overgrown with mangroves and myrtle bushes, through the middle of which ran a broad foot-path. The elevation of this ridge was about twenty feet, and it continued along the whole length of the hamlet, excepting opposite to the creek, where nature had broken it down into a small harbour. Near this the glitter of arms betrayed the presence of a strong picket, placed there doubtless to guard the boats. This picket was each moment strengthened by the return of one or other of the pirates who had been detached to fire the wigwams. Along the bush-crowned ridge several advanced posts were stationed, intended to maintain the communication between the picket at the creek, and a second party which had pressed forward to the habitation of the Miko, and to support either, as need might be. From the whole arrangement, it was evident that the pirate had planned the carrying off the Miko and his adopted daughter; and this he might possibly have accomplished before creating an alarm, had not two of the Comanches taken upon themselves, according to the custom of their nation, to keep guard during the bridal night in front of the wigwam of their chief. These warriors, it is true, had partaken largely of the Miko's extravagant

hospitality; but their senses, although duller than usual, were not sufficiently deadened to prevent their overhearing the step of the white men, a sound so easily recognised by Indian ears.

During his two years' intercourse with the Oconees, the pirate had become too well acquainted with their habits, not to appreciate the danger of attacking them in broad daylight, when each of his men would furnish an easy target for the Indians, who, on their side, would be sheltered behind trees and in the brushwood. He had therefore chosen the night for his attack; and, in order to ensure himself as much as possible against a counter-surprise in the darkness, and at the same time to spread terror amongst the assailed, he had caused the huts to be fired. Three practised marksmen were posted at a short distance from the council wigwam, for the express purpose of shooting the young Mexican chief, whom Lafitte justly deemed the most formidable of his opponents. The pirate himself, with a party of picked men, pressed forward to the Miko's dwelling, surrounded it, and seized its two inmates. Tokeah, usually so abstemious, had probably upon this festive occasion overstepped the bounds of sobriety, and he fell unresisting into the hands of his foe. So well arranged, indeed, and rapid had all the movements been, that the first call to arms had hardly died away, when the Miko and Rosa were in the power of the bucaniers. Lafitte then formed his men into a small square, and retreated steadily but in double quick time towards the shore. Not an Indian was to be seen. The little phalanx was already in the neighbourhood of the creek, and at only a few yards from the picket; another dozen paces and they would be in their boats, which a very few strokes of the oar would send into the middle of the stream, and out of bullet range. A pursuit by canoes, in which each Indian would offer an easy mark, was not to be thought of. Such had been the pirate's calculation, and his plans seemed likely to be crowned with complete success. He was within a step of the shore, when suddenly there was a movement in the bushes immediately opposite to him, and glimpses were caught of the copper-coloured

forms of the Indians, glowing redly in the firelight.

"Steady!" cried the pirate to his men, who marched firmly and calmly onwards, gazing in a sort of wonderment at the bushes, which waved to and fro as if hundreds of anacondas had been winding their way through them. The pirates joined the picket and opened their square.

Lafitte threw Rosa into the arms of a sailor, and then pushed the Miko over the edge of the bank into the boat. The old man sank down like a lifeless mass in the bottom of the skiff, and Lafitte again turned to his men. The picket had already retired behind the ridge, where they were sheltered from the enemy's fire; the square alone was stationary, and seemed destined to observe the movements of the Indians, and to cover the retreat. It was a small but desperate looking band of about four-and-twenty-men, to the composition of which nearly every nation and quarter of the globe, every colour and language, contributed its quota. Thirst of blood gleamed in their eyes as they stood formed in column, in deep silence, and with fixed bayonets, waiting the signal to fire.

Suddenly the Indian warwhoop burst from a hundred throats. A second time the frightful yell was repeated, rendered more hideous by the shrill tones of the squaws and maidens, who struck up the death-song, and were seen running and dancing like demons round the blazing huts. The next instant, with brandished arms and shouts of fury, the Indians rushed towards the creek.

A malicious smile played over the hard features of the pirate as the Red men came charging down upon his band.

"Reserve, forward!" cried he, turning to the picket. The order was obeyed. In profound silence Lafitte allowed the howling Indians to advance to within ten paces of the musket muzzles, and then uttered a hoarse "Fire!" A deadly volley was poured in, and the first rank of the assailants fell to a man. Their comrades started back, but instantly returning to the charge, threw themselves with a desperate leap upon

the pirates. The latter coolly tossed their muskets into the hollow of their left arms, and drew their pistols; a second volley, in which the fire of the reserve picket mingled, threw the Red men into utter confusion. The slope of the shore was covered with killed and wounded, and the survivors fled howling to the cover of the thicket.

"March!" commanded Lafitte. The picket again approached the boat, followed by the main body.

At that moment, when to all appearance the retreat of the pirates was ensured, four heavy splashes in the water were heard, and Lafitte saw the four men who had been in charge of the boats, rise to the surface of the water and then disappear for ever. At the same time the boats themselves, impelled by some invisible power, shot, with the swiftness of an arrow, into the centre of the stream.

"'Tis the Mexican!" exclaimed the pirate, gnashing his teeth with fury, and firing a brace of pistols at the boat. A hollow laugh replied to the shots. The pirates looked around them, saw that their boats had disappeared, and for a moment stood thunderstruck, but speedily recovering themselves, they reloaded their muskets, and, firm as rocks, awaited a fresh assault. They had not long to wait. A volley from the river warned them of the proximity of a new foe; a second, still better directed, stretched a third of them upon the ground. And now once more the terrible war-cry resounded along the shore, and the Indians, roused to madness by their previous repulses, rushed for a third time upon their enemy. Another volley from the boats, and then the Mexican and his companions sprang like tigers upon the terrified pirates. The struggle was short. Unable to resist the furious attack upon their front and rear, the pirates threw away their weapons, and flung themselves headlong into the river to escape the tomahawks of their raging foes.

Lafitte was the only one who stood firm, and seemed determined to sell his life dearly. His back against the bank, his sabre in his right hand, a pistol in his left, he parried a blow

dealt him by an Oconee, who fell, the next instant, with his head nearly severed from his shoulders. A bullet finished another of his assailants, and he was raising his sabre for the second time, when a lasso was flung over his head, and he fell helpless to the ground. The long and terrible yell that now rang along the shore, and was echoed from the adjacent forest, proclaimed the complete and bloody triumph of the Red men.

The bullet that grazed the arm of El Sol pierced the heart of Canondah, and the day subsequent to the sanguinary conflict above described, witnesses her interment, and that of the Indians who fell in the fight. At the funeral a difference of opinion arises between the Oconees and Comanches. The number of slain pirates is insufficient to furnish a scalp to be buried with each of the dead Indians, and, to supply the deficiency, the Oconees are anxious to immolate Lafitte and twelve of his companions who have fallen alive into their hands. To this El Sol and his warriors, free from many of the barbarous prejudices of their new brethren, object. Two of the pirates are sacrificed to an outbreak of Indian fury, but the others are saved by El Sol, and it then becomes a question how they are to be disposed of. It is proposed to deliver them over to the Americans, that they may deal with them according to their laws; but Tokeah, with a refinement of hatred towards the white men, devises an amendment upon this plan. Sooner or later, he says, they will come to the tree upon which they are to hang. Meanwhile let them go at large, and cause the blood of the pale-faces to flow, as that of the Oconees has done.

This singular proposition at first startles the vindictive and bloodthirsty Oconees, but when they fully understand it, they receive it with a burst of applause. Lafitte and his companions are unbound, and allowed to depart.

The funeral over, the Indians set out for the hunting-grounds of the Comanches, but Tokeah does not accompany them. He has had a dream, enjoining him to disinter his father's bones, which lie buried several hun-

dred miles within the limits of the United States, in a district formerly possessed by the Oconees. He wishes Rosa to accompany the tribe to their new residence; but the young girl, mindful of her promise to Canondah, insists upon encountering with him the perils of the long and wearisome journey he is about to undertake. Whilst the main body of the Indians set off in a westerly direction, Rosa, a young Indian girl, Tokeah, El Sol, and four warriors, turn their steps towards the country of the white men. Thither we will now precede them.

It was a bright cool December morning, and the sunbeams had just sufficient power to disperse the fog and mist which at that season frequently hang for a week together over the rivers and lakes of Louisiana. In the county town of Opelousas there was a great and unusual crowd. It seemed astonishing how so many people could have been got together in that thinly populated neighbourhood, and a person who had suddenly arrived in the midst of the concourse, would have been sorely puzzled to conjecture its occasion. To judge from the drinking, dancing, fighting, and pranks of all sorts that went on, a sort of festival was celebrating; but weapons were also to be seen; men were formed up by companies, and nearly every body had something more or less military in his equipment. Some wore uniforms that had served in the revolutionary war, and were consequently more than thirty years old; others, armed with rifles, ranged themselves in rank and file, and, by a lieutenant of their own election, were manœuvred into a corner, out of which no word of command that he was acquainted with was sufficient to bring them. Another corps had got a band of music, consisting of one fiddler, who marched along at the side of the captain, sawing his catgut with might and main. Those individuals who had not yet attached themselves to any particular corps, shouldered rifles, fowling-pieces, or, in some instances, an old horse-pistol, with nothing wanting but the lock; and the few who had no fire-arms, had provided themselves with stout bludgeons.

These, however, were merely the outposts. In the centre of the town the flower of the citizens was assembled, divided into two groups. One of them, consisting of the younger men, had fixed its headquarters in front of a tavern, the destination of which was indicated by a sign, whose hieroglyphics, according to our firm belief, neither Denon nor Champollion could have deciphered. Under these was written, for those who could read it, the customary announcement of "Entertainment for Man and Beast." In the interior of the establishment a second fiddle was to be heard; the performer upon which, of a less martial turn than his rival, was performing a lively jig for the benefit of a crowd of dancers.

The other group, more gravely disposed, had chosen a more respectable parade-ground, and established itself in front of a store, containing a miscellany of earthen jugs, rolls of chewing tobacco, felt hats, shoes, knives, forks, and spoons, and (the most essential of all) a cask of whisky and a keg of lead and powder. Above the door was a board, with the inscription, "New Shop—Cheap for Cash;" and on the wall of the crazy frame-house was written in chalk—"Whisky, Brandy, Tobacco, Post-office."

On the stump of a tree stood a man who, to judge from his new beaver hat, clean shirt-collar, and brand-new coat and breeches of a pompadour red, was a candidate for some one of the offices in the gift of the sovereign people. Near him were several other men of equally elegant exterior, to all appearance also aspirants to the vacant post, and who seemed to wait with some impatience for the termination of his harangue. Comparatively speaking, tranquillity and order reigned here, only excepting the noise of the dancers, and the occasional bellowing of some noisy toper stumbling about through the mud, with which the single street of the little town was covered knee-deep. Such interruptions, however, the orator seemed totally to disregard, and he continued in stentorian tones to inform his auditors how he would whip them damned British, whom he hated worse than skunks.

This he was setting forth in the clearest possible manner, when the attention of his hearers was in some degree distracted by a loud "Hallo!" proceeding from two boon companions, who, after having for some time floundered about the street, had at last rambled towards the edge of the forest, and now suddenly began to shout violently, and to run as fast as their unsteady condition would allow. Amongst their vociferations, the words, "Stop, you cursed Redskin!" were clearly distinguishable—sounds far too interesting not to create a sensation amongst backwoodsmen. A dozen of the orator's audience slipped away, just to see "what was the matter with the d—d fools, and why they made such a devil of a row." The example found imitators, and presently not above thirty listeners remained collected round the speaker. Insubordination also broke out in the different corps that were exercising, and a full third of the men left their ranks and scampered towards the wood. Only the group in front of the chandler's store remained grave and steady in the midst of the general excitement.

From out of the dark cypress forest that stretches southwards from the shore of the Atchafalaya, a figure had emerged which, judging from its dress, belonged to the Indian race. The savage had crept along the edge of the forest in order to get near the town; but alarmed perhaps by the crowd and noise in the latter, he had not ventured to take the road leading to it, but had struck into a side-path across a cotton field. He was about to climb over the fence, when he was descried by the two idlers already mentioned, who no sooner saw him than, although their heads were tolerably full of whisky, they commenced a rapid pursuit. One of them first took the precaution to place his pint glass in safety behind a hedge, and then followed his companion, a swift-footed son of the west, who already had the Indian in his clutches. The Redskin was so exhausted that he would evidently not have been able to proceed much further. The staggering and unsteady state of his captor, however, did not escape him,

and he gave him a sudden push, which stretched him at full length in the mud.

"Stop!" shouted the backwoodsman, no way disconcerted by his fall; "Stop! or I will so maul your ugly face that you sha'n't be able to eat for a week."

The Indian seemed to understand, and stopped accordingly, at the same time assuming an attitude indicative of a firm resolution to defend himself. He grasped his knife, and boldly confronted his pursuers, who on their part examined him with looks of curiosity and of some suspicion. The appearance of an Indian in this neighbourhood was nothing very unusual, seeing that they had a village scarcely a hundred miles off to the north-west, and that they continually made excursions of several hundred miles into the States in all directions, and even to the capital. For a long time past their diminished numbers had not allowed them to attempt any thing hostile against their white neighbours, who each year drew nearer to them: and their increasing wants, particularly their insatiable greed after the precious fire-water, had reduced them to be, *de facto*, little better than slaves to fur-dealers and storekeepers, for whom they hunted, and who paid the poor wretches in whisky scarcely the tenth part of the value of their skins.

In the present instance the two backwoodsmen had no evil intention against the Indian; all they wanted was to give him a glass of Monongahela, and to amuse themselves a little at his expense. So at least it appeared from the words of the one who had been knocked down, and who, without taking his tumble at all in ill part, now roared out, that "he must drink a half-pint of whisky with him, or he would put him in his pocket."

"Come, young Redskin," cried the other; "come along. You shall help us to fight the cussed Britishers, and drink, ay, drink like a fish."

By this time the little group was surrounded by deserters from the parade-ground, examining the Indian with a rude and uncereemonious, but not an ill-natured, curiosity. Without

permission or apology they inspected his wardrobe, tried the edge of his scalping-knife, examined his mocassins, and one of them even made an attempt to remove the cap from his head. By these various investigations the stranger seemed more surprised than gratified. His exterior was, it must be confessed, somewhat singular. A foxskin cap covered his head and extended down over his ears, concealing his light brown hair, an attempt at disguise which the long fair down upon his upper lip rendered tolerably unsuccessful. His deerskin doublet denoted the Indian, but his trousers were those of a white man. One of his mocassins—the other he had left in some swamp—was of Indian workmanship; one of his cheeks was still daubed with the red and black war-paint, which had been nearly rubbed off the other; his hands, although burnt brown by the sun, were those of a white man. If any doubt could have remained, his features would have settled it; the bold blue eye could no more have belonged to an Indian than could the full rosy cheek and the well-formed mouth. The crowd stared at him with the same sort of stupefaction which they might have shown had they entered a thicket expecting to find a fat deer, and encountered in its stead a growling bear.

"I should think you've looked at me enough," said the stranger at last, in good English, and in a sort of half-humorous, half-petulant tone; at the same time delivering a blow, with the flat of his knife, upon the horny hand of a backwoodsman, who had again attempted to lift his cap with a view to examine his hair.

It was, as the reader will already have conjectured, our young Englishman, who, having been guided by the Indian runner into the path to the Coshattoes, had at last succeeded in making his way over and through the innumerable swamps, rivers, and forests with which that district is so superabundantly blessed. The comparative coolness of the season, and the shallowness of the swamps and rivers, of the former of which many were entirely dried up and converted into meadows, had favoured his jour-

ney, or else he would scarcely have succeeded in reaching the banks of the Atchafalaya. For the preceding three weeks he had lived upon wild-geese and ducks, which he had killed and roasted as the Indians had taught him. He had now just emerged from the wilderness, and, however great his wish undoubtedly was to find himself once more in civilized society, the grim aspect of the Goliath-like backwoodsmen, their keen eyes and sun-burnt visages, and long horn-handled knives, were so uninviting, that he was almost tempted to wish himself back again. Nevertheless, he seemed rather amused than disconcerted by the frank, forward familiarity of the people he had come amongst.

"And d—n it!" exclaimed one of the men after a long pause, during which Hodges had been the observed of all eyes, "who, in the devil's name, are you? You are no Red-skin?"

"No, that I'm not," replied the young man, laughing; "I am an Englishman."

He spoke the last words in the short decided tone, and with all the importance of a baron or count, who, having condescended to arrive in disguise amongst his dependents, on a sudden thinks proper to lay aside his incognito. There was in his look and manner, as he glanced over the crowd, a degree of self-satisfaction, and a curiosity to see the impression made by the announcement, mingled with the feeling of superiority which John Bull willingly entertains, and which he at that time was wont to display towards Brother Jonathan, but which has since entirely disappeared, and given place to a sort of envious uneasiness—a certain proof, in spite of the scorn in which it disguises itself, of his consciousness of the superiority of the detested Brother Jonathan, aforesaid.

"An Englishman!" repeated twenty voices.

"A Britisher!" vociferated fifty more, and amongst these a young man in a grass-green coat, who had just come up with an air of peculiar haste and importance.

"A Britisher!" repeated the gentleman in green; "that's not your only recommendation, is it?"

The person addressed glanced slightly at the speaker, who was measuring him with a pair of lobster-eyes of no very friendly expression, and then carelessly replied—

"For the present, it is my only one."

"And d—n it, what has brought you to Opelousas?" demanded the green man.

"My legs!" replied Hodges. But the joke was not well taken.

"Young man," said an elderly American, "you are in Louisiana state, and see before you citizens of the United States of America. That man there"—he pointed to green-coat—"is the constable. Jokin' is out of place here."

"I come from on board my ship, if you must know."

"From on board his ship!" repeated every body, and every brow visibly knit, and a low murmur ran through the crowd.

The news of the landing of British troops had just reached the town, and the same courier had brought the unwelcome intelligence of the capture of the American gunboats on the Mississippi. Trifling as this disaster was, compared with the brilliant victories achieved on Lakes Champlain and Erie, and on the ocean, at every meeting, by American ships over British, it had, nevertheless, produced a general feeling of exasperation.

The constable stepped aside with several other men, and talked with them in a low voice. When they returned, and again surrounded the Englishman, their conference had produced a marked change in their manner. Their rough familiarity and friendly inquisitiveness had given place to a repulsive coldness; the humorous cheerfulness of their countenances was exchanged for a proud, cold earnestness, and they measured Hodges with keen distrustful glances.

"Stranger," said the constable, in a tone of command, "you are a suspicious person, and must follow me."

"And who may you be, who take upon yourself to show me the way?" demanded the midshipman.

"You have already heard who I

am. These men are citizens of the United States, presently at war with your country, as you probably know."

The green-clad functionary spoke these words with a certain emphasis, and even dignity, which caused the young man to look with rather less disdain at his shining beaver-hat, and verdant inexpressibles.

"I am ready to follow," said he; "but I trust I am in safety amongst you."

"That you will soon see," replied the constable, dryly.

And so saying, he, his prisoner, and the crowd, set off in the direction of the town.

If, as appears from the preceding extract, our author is ready enough to expose the peculiarities and failings of the English, whose foibles, in various parts of this book, he sets forth with at least as much severity as justice, he, on the other hand, and although his sympathies are evidently American, gives some curious specimens of their deficiency in military organization and discipline, and of the loose manner in which public affairs were carried on in the then newly formed state of Louisiana. The young midshipman is taken before our old acquaintance, Squire Copeland, who, with the restlessness

characteristic of his countrymen, has emigrated some three years before from Georgia to the infant town of Opelousas, and holds the double office of justice of the peace and major of militia. Hodges is examined on suspicion of being an emissary from the British, sent to stir up the Indian tribes against the Americans. He scrupulously observes his promise, made to Tokeah and Canondah, not to reveal their place of abode; and, hampered by this pledge, is unable to give a clear account of himself. Suspicion is confirmed by his disguise, and by certain exclamations which he imprudently allows to escape him on hearing Major Copeland and his wife make mention of Tokeah, and of Rosa, their foster-child, of whom they now for seven years have heard nothing. The result of his examination, of which the good-natured and unsuspicious squire, having his hands full of business, and being less skilled in the use of the pen than the rifle, requests the prisoner himself to draw up the report, is, that Major Copeland, the constable, and Hodges, set off for a town upon the Mississippi, then the headquarters of the Louisiana militia. What occurs upon their arrival there, we will relate in a third and final notice of the book before us.

THE FALL OF ROME.

ITS CAUSES AT WORK IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE Rise and Fall of the Roman empire is by far the most remarkable and memorable event which has occurred in the whole history of mankind. It is hard to say whether the Rise or the Fall is most worthy of profound study and anxious examination. The former has hitherto most strongly attracted the attention of men, from the extraordinary spectacle it exhibited of human fortitude triumphing over every obstacle, and human perseverance at length attaining universal dominion. It was the spectacle most likely to rivet the attention of strenuous and growing nations—of men in that stage of existence when national ambition is strong and the patriotic passions ardent, and the selfish interests have not yet become so powerful as to have generally extinguished the generous affections. But it may be doubted whether the events that occurred in the later stages of the Roman empire, are not fraught with more valuable and important information than those of its earlier annals. Less interesting to the soldier, less animating to the citizen, less heart-stirring to the student, they are more instructive to the philosopher, more pregnant with warning to the statesman. They contain the only instance yet exhibited among men of a nation sinking from no external shock, but from the mere influence of internal decay; and point alone, of all passages in the annals of the species, to the provision made by nature, in the passions and selfishness of men, against the possibility of universal dominion.

To any one who attentively considers this all-important subject, two things must be apparent, of the very highest consequence in arriving at correct ideas on it. The first is, that the Roman empire did not sink under the external violence of the barbarians, but under the weakness and decline which had arisen in its own bosom. The second, that the causes hitherto assigned by historians and philosophers for this internal decay, are either vague generalities, having no

definite meaning, and incapable of any practical application, or can be easily shown, even to the most superficial reader, not to have been the real causes of the phenomenon.

There can be no doubt that some of the irruptions of the barbarians—particularly those of the Goths into Romelia, which led to the fatal battles of Thessalonica and Adrianople; and of Alaric into Italy, which terminated in the capture of the Eternal City—were very formidable inroads, and might, in the best days of the empire, have taxed its strength and resolution to repel. But a little consideration must be sufficient to show, that, formidable as these invasions were, they could without much difficulty have been withstood, if the empire had possessed the strength which it did in the days of the republic, or in the first two centuries of the Cæsars. The Cimbri and Teutones, whom Marius combated and destroyed on the Rhone and in the north of Italy, were at least as formidable a body of barbarians as those which four centuries afterwards overturned the western empire. The forces whom Cæsar conquered in Gaul, Trajan on the Danube, were to the full as powerful as those which carried the standards of the Goths and Vandals to Athens and Carthage. Ætius, in the decline of the empire, and with the mingled Roman and barbarian force of Gaul alone, defeated Attila in the plenitude of his power, at the head of three hundred thousand men, on the field of Chalons.

Belisarius, with fifteen thousand men, recovered Africa from the Vandals; thirty thousand legionary soldiers did the same by Italy under Narses, and overthrew the whole power of the Goths. So high did the Roman soldiers still stand even in the estimation of their enemies, that Totila, the warlike monarch of the Goths, strove to bribe them into his service by offers of high pay. None had yet been approved equal to these legionary soldiers in battle; and the manner in

which, with infinitely inferior forces, they repelled the barbarians on all sides, decisively demonstrates this superiority. The vigour and ability of Heraclius so restored the empire, when wellnigh sinking under the might of its enemies, that for a century it was regarded with awe by the barbarous nations all round its immense frontier. The five provinces beyond the Euphrates were conquered by the Romans from the Parthians during the decline of the empire. Nothing is so remarkable, in the last three centuries of Roman history, as the *small number* of the forces which combated around the Eagles, and the astonishing victories which, when led by ability, they gained over prodigious bodies of their enemies. The legions had dwindled into battalions, the battalions into cohorts. The four hundred and fifty thousand men who under Augustus guarded the frontiers of the empire, had sunk to one hundred and fifty thousand in the time of Justinian.* But this hundred and fifty thousand upheld the Eastern empire for a thousand years. So feeble were the assaults of the barbarians, that for above two centuries of that time the single city of Constantinople, with the aid of the Greek fire, defended itself with scarce any territory from which to draw support. It was not the strength of its enemies, therefore, but the weakness of itself, which, after an existence in the West and East of *two thousand years*, at length extinguished the Roman empire.

What, then, were the causes of decay which proved fatal at length to this immense and enduring dominion? Philosophers in all ages have pondered on the causes; but those hitherto assigned do not seem adequate to explain the phenomenon. Not that the causes of weakness are baseless or imaginary; on the contrary, many of them were most real and substantial sources of evil. But what renders them inadequate to explain

the fall of Rome is, that they had *all existed, and were in full operation, at the time when the commonwealth and empire were at their highest point of elevation*, and centuries before either exhibited any symptoms of lasting decay. For example, the ancient historians, from Sallust downwards, are loud in their denunciation of the corruption of public morals, and the selfish vices of the patrician classes of society, as being the chief source of the decay which was going forward, while the growth of the republic had been mainly owing to the extraordinary virtue and energy of a small number of individuals.† But the very circumstance of these complaints having been made by Sallust in the time of Augustus, and the fact of the empire of the West having existed for four hundred, that of the East for fourteen hundred years afterwards, affords decisive evidence that this cause cannot be considered as having been mainly instrumental in producing their fall. How is the unexampled grandeur and prosperity of the empire under Nero, Adrian, Trajan, and the two Antonines, whose united reigns extended over eighty years, to be explained, if the seeds of ruin two centuries before had been sown in the vices and corruption of the rich patricians? In truth, so far was general luxury or corruption from being the cause of the ruin of the empire, the cause of its fall was just the reverse. It was the excessive *poverty* of its central provinces, and their inability to pay the taxes, which was the immediate cause of the catastrophe. The nobles and patricians often were luxurious, but they were not a thousandth part of the nation. The people was miserably poor, and got more indigent daily, in the later stages of its decay.

Modern writers, to whom the philosophy of history for the first time in the annals of mankind has become known, and who were aware of the

* Finlay's *Greece under the Romans*, p. 250.

† "Mihi multum legenti multum audienti quæ populus Romanus domi militiæque præclara facinora fecissent, forte lubuit attendere quæ res maxime tanta negotia sustinuit. At mihi multa agitantium constabat, paucorum civium egregiam virtutem cuncta patravisse: eoque factum ut divitias paupertas, multitudinem paucitas, superaret."—Sallust, *Bell. Cat.*, 32.

important influence of general causes on social prosperity, independent of the agency of individual men, have assigned a different set of causes more nearly approaching the truth. Montesquieu says, the decay of the Roman empire was the natural consequence of its extension. This sounds well, and looks like an aphorism: but if the matter be considered with attention, it will be found that it is *vox et præterea nihil*. Those who, with so much complacency, rest in the belief that the fall of the Roman empire was the natural result of its extension, forget that its *greatest prosperity was coexistent with that very extension*. It is impossible to hold that the decay of the empire was the consequence of its magnitude, when the glorious era of the Antonines, during which it numbered a hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants under its rule, and embraced nearly the whole known habitable globe within its dominion, immediately succeeded its greatest extension by the victories, unhappily to us so little known, of Trajan.

More recent writers, seeing that Montesquieu's aphorism was a vague proposition which meant nothing, have gone a step further, and approached much nearer to the real explanation of the phenomenon. Guizot, Sismondi, and Michelet have concurred in assigning as the real cause of the decay of the Roman empire, the prevalence of slavery among its working population, and the great and increasing weight of taxes to support the imperial government. There can be no doubt that these were most powerful causes of weakness; and that they stand prominently forth from the facts recorded by contemporary annalists, as the immediate and *visible* causes of the decline of the empire. The history of these melancholy periods is full of eternal complaints, that men could not be got to fill the legions, nor taxes to replenish the treasury; that the army had to be recruited from the

semi-barbarous tribes on the frontier; and that vast tracts of fertile land in the heart of the empire relapsed into a state of nature, or were devoted only to pasturage, from the impossibility of finding cultivators who either would till the land, or could afford to pay the taxes with which it was charged. Doubtless the large proportion—at least a half, perhaps nearly two-thirds—of the people who were slaves, must have weakened the elements of strength in the empire; and the enormous weight of the direct taxes, so grievously felt and loudly complained of,* must have paralysed, to a very great degree, both the industry of the people and the resources of government. But a very little consideration must be sufficient to show, that these were not the real sources of the decline of the empire; or rather, that if they had not been aided in their operation by other causes, which truly undermined its strength, it might have been great and flourishing to this hour.

Slavery, it must be recollected, was *universal* in antiquity, and is so over two-thirds of the human race at this hour. Much as we may feel its evils and deprecate its severities, we ourselves, till within these three centuries, were entirely fed by serfs; and a few years only have elapsed since the whole of our colonial produce was raised by slave labour. America and Russia—the two most rising states in existence—are, the former in part, the latter wholly, maintained by slaves. It was an army, in a great measure composed of men originally serfs, which repelled Napoleon's invasion, survived the horrors of the Moscow retreat, and carried the Russian standards to Paris, Erivan, and Adrianople. Alexander the Great conquered Asia with an army of freemen wholly fed by slaves. The Athenians, in the palmy days of their prosperity, had only 21,000 freemen, and 400,000 slaves. Rome itself, in its great and glorious periods, when it vanquished Hannibal, conquered

* They were as high as L.9 sterling in the time of Constantine, a sum probably equal to L.20 of our money. But the freemen were the higher classes alone, and it is probable a similar class, both in France and England, pay at least as much at this time.—See Gibbon, iii. 88.

Gaul, subdued the East—in the days of Scipio, Cæsar, and Trajan—was to the full as dependent on slave labour as it was in those of its decrepitude under Honorius or Justinian. Cato was a great dealer in slaves; the Sabine farm was tilled by the arms of slaves; Cincinnatus and Regulus worked their little freeholds entirely by means of slaves. Rome was brought to the verge of destruction, nearer ruin than it had been by the arms of the Carthaginians, by the insurrection of the slaves shortly after the third Punic contest, so well known under the appellation of the Servile war. It is perfectly ridiculous, therefore, to assign as a cause of the destruction of Rome, a circumstance in the social condition of its people which coexisted with their greatest prosperity, which has prevailed in all the most renowned nations of the earth in a certain stage of their progress, and is to be found, in our own times, in states the most powerful, and the most likely to attain vast and long-continued dominion.

Equally futile is it to point to the weight of the taxes as the main cause of the long decline and final overthrow of Rome. Taxes no doubt are an evil; and if they become excessive, and are levied in a direct form, they may come in the end to ruin industry, and weaken all the public resources to such an extent as to render a nation incapable of defending itself. But a very little consideration must be sufficient to show that it was not, in the case of Rome, the increase of the taxes taken as a whole, *but the decline in the resources of those who paid them*, which rendered them so oppressive. If, indeed, the national establishments of the Roman empire had gone on increasing as it advanced in years, until at length their charges became excessive and crushing to industry, the theory would have been borne out by the fact, and afforded perhaps satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. But the fact was *just the reverse*. The military establishment

of the Roman empire was so much *contracted* as it advanced in years, that whereas it amounted to 450,000 men in the days of Augustus, in those of Justinian it had sunk, as already noticed, to 150,000.* So far were the forces of Rome from being excessive in the later stages of the empire, or disproportioned to an empire still, after all its losses, holding so large and fair a portion of the earth under its dominion, that on the other hand they were miserably small; and the disasters it underwent were mainly owing to the government of the Cæsars never being able to equip an adequate army to repel the attacks of the barbarians. The force with which Belisarius reconquered Africa and recovered Italy, never mustered *seventeen thousand men*; and the greater part of his successes were achieved by *six thousand* legionary followers. It was not the weight of the national establishments, therefore, but the diminished resources of those who were to pay them, which really occasioned the destruction of the empire.

There are two other facts of vital importance in considering the real causes of the gradual decay and ultimate ruin of the dominion of the legions.

The first of these is, that the extent of the decay was, in the latter stages of Rome, *very unequal* in the different provinces of the empire; and that while the central provinces, and those in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, were in the most wretched state of decrepitude, the remote districts were in the *highest state of affluence and prosperity*. This important fact is abundantly proved by unquestionable authority, and it sheds a flood of light on the real causes of the ruin which ultimately overtook them all.

The state of agriculture in the Italian plains under the Cæsars, is thus set forth by Gibbon:—

“Since the age of Tiberius, the decay of agriculture had been felt in Italy; and it was a just subject of complaint that the life of the Roman people de-

* Gibbon, c. i. and c. xxxii. Agathias states the military establishment in its best days at 675,000, which is much more likely its real amount. Agathias, v. p. 157, Paris edition.

pended on the accidents of the winds and the waves. In the division and decline of the empire, *the tributary harvests of Egypt and Africa* were withdrawn; the numbers of the inhabitants continually diminished with the means of subsistence; and the country was exhausted by the irretrievable losses of war, pestilence, and famine. Pope Gelasius was a subject of Odoacer, and he affirms, with strong exaggeration, that in Emila, Tuscany, and the adjacent provinces, the human species was almost extirpated.*

Of the progress and extent of this decay, Gibbon gives the following account in another part of his great work:—

"The agriculture of the Roman provinces was *insensibly ruined*; and in the progress of despotism, which tends to disappoint its own purpose, the emperors were obliged to derive some merit from the forgiveness of debts, or the remission of tributes, which their subjects were utterly incapable of paying. According to the new division of Italy, the fertile and happy province of Campania, the scene of the early victories and of the delicious retirements of the citizens of Rome, extended between the sea and the Apennines, from the Tiber to the Silarius. Within sixty years after the death of Constantine, and on the evidence of an actual survey, an exemption was granted in favour of 330,000 English acres of *desert and uncultivated land, which amounted to one-eighth of the whole surface of the province*. As the footsteps of the barbarians had not yet been seen in Italy, the cause of this amazing desolation, which is recorded in the laws, (Cod. Theod. lxi. t. 38, l. 2,) can be ascribed only to the administration of the Roman emperors."†

Michelet observes, in his late profound and able History of France:—

"The Christian emperors could not remedy the growing depopulation of the country, any more than their heathen predecessors. All their efforts only showed the impotence of government to arrest that dreadful evil. Sometimes,

alarmed at the depopulation, they tried to mitigate the lot of the farmer, to shield him against the landlord; upon this the proprietor exclaimed he could no longer pay the taxes. At other times they abandoned the farmer, surrendered him to the landlord, and strove to chain him to the soil; but the unhappy cultivators perished or fled, *and the land became deserted*. Even in the time of Augustus, efforts were made to arrest the depopulation at the expense of morals, by encouraging concubinage. Pertinax granted an immunity from taxes to those who could *occupy the desert lands of Italy, to the cultivators of the distant provinces, and the allied kings*. Aurelian did the same. Probus was obliged to transport from Germany men and oxen to cultivate Gaul.‡ Maximian and Constantius transported the Franks and Germans from Picardy and Hainault into Italy; but the depopulation in the towns and the country alike continued. The people surrendered themselves in the fields to despair, as a beast of burden lies down beneath his load and refuses to rise. In vain the emperor strove, by offers of immunities and exemptions, to recall the cultivator to his deserted fields. Nothing could do so. *The desert extended daily*. At the commencement of the fifth century there was, *in the Happy Campania, the most fertile province of the empire, 520,000 jugera (320,000 acres) in a state of nature*."§

So general, indeed, was the depopulation of the empire in the time of Justinian, that it suggested to many of the emperors the project of re-peopling those favoured districts by a fresh influx of inhabitants. "Justinian II. had a great taste for these emigrations. He transported half the population of Cyprus to a new city near Cyzicus, called Justinianopolis after its founder. But it was all in vain. The desolation and ruin of the provinces continued, and up to the very gates of Constantinople, which was maintained entirely by grain imported at a low price from

* Gibbon, vol. vi. c. xxxvi. p. 235.

† Ibid. vol. iii. c. xviii. p. 87. Edition in twelve volumes.

‡ "Arantur Gallicana rura barbaris bobus, et juga Germanica captiva præbent colla nostris cultoribus."—*Probi Epist. ad Senat. in Vopescio*.

§ Michelet, *Histoire de France*, vol. i. p. 104—108.

*Egypt, and cattle from the Tauric Chersonesus.**

As a natural consequence of this entire or principal dependence of Rome on foreign or provincial raising of grain, there was, on any interruption of these foreign supplies, the greatest scarcity and even famine in the metropolis. All the vigilance of the emperors, which was constantly directed to this object, could not prevent this from taking place. Tacitus says, that in the scarcity under Claudius, there only remained a supply of fifteen days for the city.† Famine in Rome was frequent under Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, and Nero. Claudian laments, that after Egypt had been assigned to Constantinople, Rome had come to derive its subsistence solely from Lybia, and depended on the double chances of the seasons and the winds.

— “Nunquam secura futuri,
Semper inops, ventique fidem posebat
et anni.” ‡

“When Africa revolted under Gildo, in the reign of Honorius, Rome,” says Gibbon, “was on the brink of starvation, from which she was only saved by large importations from Gaul.”§ She still depended on her provinces; domestic agriculture was ruined. Claudian represents the genius of ancient Rome bewailing, in pathetic and eloquent terms, her dependence for food on the nations she had conquered, in words which all governments rendering their people dependent on foreign supplies would

do well to bear in mind. “Formerly,” says the poet, “my prayers used to be that my legions might triumph on the banks of the Araxes, or that the consul might display his eagles at Susa; now all I ask is a supply of food to avert the extremities of hunger. The province of Africa, which furnishes corn to my people, is under the power of Gildo. He intercepts our supplies, and our food is at his mercy. He sells the harvests which belong to the descendants of Romulus; he possesses the fields purchased by my blood. The warrior people which conquered the world, now dishonoured and in want, endures the miserable punishment of peace; blockaded by no enemy, they are like the inhabitants of a besieged town. Death impends at every moment; there remain only doubtful supplies for a few days. My greatness has been my ruin; I was safer when my territory was more limited; would that its boundaries were once more at my gates! But, if I am doomed to perish, at least let me have a different fate; let me be conquered by another Porsenna; let my city be burnt by a second Brennus. All things are more tolerable than hunger.”||

Nor was the state of Greece, in the later stages of the empire, more favourable.

“No description could exaggerate the miseries of Greece in the later stages of the empire. The slave population, which had formerly laboured for the wealthy, had then disappeared, and the free labourer

* Finlay's *Greece under the Romans*.

† Tacitus, *Annal.*, xii. 43. ‡ *De Bello Gild.*, v. 64, 65. § Gibbon, c. xxix.

|| “Advenio supplex, non ut proculcet Araxen
Consul ovans, nostræ premant pharetrata secures
Susa, nec ut Rubris aquilas figamus arenis.
Hæc nobis, hæc ante dabas.—Nunc pabula tantum
Roma precor. Miserere tuæ, Pater Optime, gentis—
Extremam defende famem.

* * * * *
Tot mihi pro meritis Lybiam Nilumque dedere
Ut dominam plebem bellatoremque senatum
Classibus astivis alerent.

* * * * *
Nunc inhonorus, egens, perfert miserabile pacis
Supplicium, nulloque palam circumdatus hoste
Obessi discrimen habet. Per singula letum
Impendet momenta mihi, dubitandaque pauci
Præscribunt alimenta dies.”—CLAUD. *De Bello Gild.*

had sunk into a serf. The uncultivated plains were traversed by bands of armed Slavonians, who settled in great numbers in Thessaly and Macedonia. The cities of Greece ceased to receive the usual supplies of agricultural produce from the country; and even Thessalonica, with its fertile territory and abundant pastures, was dependent on foreign importation for relief from famine. The smaller cities, destitute of the same advantages of situation, would naturally be more exposed to depopulation, and sink more rapidly to decay. The roads, after the seizure of the local funds of the Greek cities by Justinian, were allowed to go to ruin, and the transport of provisions by land became difficult. When the Byzantine writers, after the time of Heraclius, mention the Greeks and Peloponnesus, it is with feelings of aversion and contempt.*

Nor was Asia Minor in a more prosperous condition in the later stages of the empire. In Asia Minor the decline of the Greek race had been rapid. This decline, too, must be attributed rather to bad governments than to hostile invasions; for from the period of the Persian invasion, in the time of Heraclius, the greater part of that immense country had enjoyed almost a century of uninterrupted peace. The Persian invasions had never been very injurious to the sea-coast, where the Greek cities were wealthy and numerous; but the central provinces were entirely ruined. The fact that extensive districts, once populous and wealthy, were already deserts, is proved by the colonies which Justinian II. settled in various parts of the country. Population had disappeared even more rapidly than the agricultural resources of the country.†

But while this was the state of matters in Italy, Asia Minor, and Greece—that is, the heart of the empire—its remoter provinces, Spain, Lybia, and Egypt, not only exhibited no symptoms of similar decay, but were, down to the very close of the reigns of the Cæsars, in the highest state of wealth, prosperity, and hap-

piness. Listen to Gibbon on this subject in regard to Spain:—

“The situation of Spain, separated on all sides from the enemies of Rome by the sea, the mountains, and intermediate provinces, had secured the long tranquillity of that remote and sequestered country; and we may observe, as a sure symptom of domestic happiness, that in a period of four hundred years, Spain furnished very few materials to the history of the Roman empire. The cities of Merida, Cordova, Seville, and Tarragona, were numbered among the most illustrious of the Roman world. The various plenty of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, was improved and manufactured by the skill of an industrious people; and the peculiar advantages of naval stores contributed to support an extensive and profitable trade. Many particulars concerning the fertility of Spain may be found in Huet’s *Commerce of the Ancients*, c. 40.”‡

The state of Lybia was equally characteristic of the highest and most general prosperity, especially in relation to agricultural industry, at the time when Italy and Greece were thus languishing in the last stage of decrepitude and decay.

“The long and narrow tract,” says Gibbon, “of the African coast was filled, when the Vandals approached its shores, with frequent monuments of Roman art and magnificence; and the respective degrees of improvement might be accurately measured by the distance from Carthage and the Mediterranean. A simple reflection will impress every thinking mind with the clearest idea of its fertility and cultivation. The country was extremely populous; the inhabitants reserved a liberal supply for their own use; and the annual exportation, particularly of wheat, was so regular and plentiful, that Africa deserved the name of the common granary of Rome and of mankind.”§

Nor was the state of Egypt less prosperous in the last ages of the Roman empire; nor was its condition a less striking contrast to the miserable and languishing condition of the

* Finlay’s *Greece under the Romans*, 435, 436.

† Ibid. 517.

‡ Gibbon, c. xxxi. p. 351.

§ Ibid. c. xxxiii. vol. vi. p. 20.

Italian and Grecian plains. It is thus described by Mr Finlay,* whose recent work has thrown so much light on the social condition of the inhabitants of the Roman empire in their later days:—"If the accounts of ancient historians can be relied on, the population of Egypt had suffered less from the vicious administration of the Roman empire, and from the Persian invasion, than any other part of their dominions; for at the time of its conquest by the Romans it contained seven millions and a half of inhabitants, exclusive of Alexandria; and in the last days of the empire it nourished almost as great a number. The Nile spread its fertilizing waters over the land; the canals were kept in a state sufficient for irrigation; and the vested capital of Egypt suffered little diminution, whilst war and oppression annihilated the accumulation of ages over the rest of the world. The immense wealth and importance of Alexandria, the only port which Egypt possessed for communicating with the empire, still made it *one of the first cities in the universe for riches and population*, though its strength had received a severe blow from the Persian conquest."†

Sicily was another exception from the general decrepitude and ruin of the Roman empire in the latter reigns of the Cæsars. "In the island of Sicily, the great bulk of the population was Greek, and few portions of the Greek race *had succeeded so well in preserving their wealth and property uninjured.*"‡

But in the other parts of the empire, to the north of the Mediterranean, the agricultural population was, in the time of Heraclius, *absolutely destroyed*. "The imperial armies," says Finlay, "which, in the time of Maurice, had waged an active war in Illyria and Thrace, and frequently invaded the territories of the Avars, had melted away during the disorders of the reign of Phocas. The loss was irreparable; for in Europe *no agricultural population remained to supply the means of forming a body of local militia, or even a body of irregular troops.*"§

It may readily be supposed, that so entire a destruction of the rural population in Europe, as thus took place under the Emperors in the Roman empire, must have been attended with the most fatal effects to their means of defence and national power. The inhabitants of towns, accustomed to sedentary occupations, and habituated to the luxury of baths, the excitement of theatres, the gratuitous distributions of food, could not endure the fatigue, privations, and hardships of the military life. Substitutes were almost universally sought for, and they, amidst the desolation of the country, could be found only in the semi-barbarous tribes on the frontier. Thus the defence of the empire came to be intrusted almost entirely to the arms of the barbarians, and it was hard to say whether they were most formidable to their friends or foes. Nothing could supply the place of the rural population on the shores of the Mediterranean. The legions gave a master to the Roman world, and the legions were recruited from Gaul, Germany, Britain, and Pannonia. Thus the dominion of the Capitol was really at an end long before it was formally subverted; and Rome had received a master from the barbarians long before the days of Alaric.

This continued splendour and population of the towns, amidst the ruin of the country, in the declining periods of the Roman empire, has attracted the particular notice of one of the greatest historians of modern times. "In the midst," says Sismondi, "of the general desolation of the country, the continued existence and splendour of the great towns is not so easily explained; but the same thing is now to be witnessed in Barbary and Turkey, and in the whole Levant. Wherever despotism oppresses insulated man, he seeks refuge from its outrages in crowds. The great Roman towns, in the first three centuries of the empire, were in great part peopled by artisans, and freedmen, and slaves; but they contained also a number far greater than in our days of men who, limiting their wants to the mere support of exist-

* *Greece under the Romans*, 456, 467.

† Finlay, 515.

‡ Josephus, ii. 16.

§ Ibid. 406.

ence, spent their lives in indolence. All that population was alike unarmed, unpatriotic, incapable of defence against a foreign enemy; but as it was collected together, and at hand, it always inspired fear to domestic authority. Accordingly, to keep it quiet, there was always a regular gratuitous distribution of corn in the larger towns, and numerous spectacles in the theatres, the amphitheatres, and the circus, maintained at the public expense. The carelessness of the future, the love of pleasure and indolence, which have always characterised the inhabitants of great towns, characterised the Roman provincials even to the latest days of the empire, and in the midst of their greatest calamities. Treves, the capital of the northern prefecture of Gaul, was not the only city of the empire which was surprised and pillaged by the barbarians, at the moment when its citizens, their heads crowned with garlands, were applauding with enthusiasm the victors in the games of the circus.*

The frequent custom of recruiting the legions by means of slaves, in the later period of the empire, which was wholly unknown in the days of the Republic, reveals, in the clearest manner, the weakness to which, in respect of military resources, it had arrived, long before the external symptoms of decay were visible in its fortunes. Even in the time of Marcus Aurelius, the legions which were to combat the Quadi and Marcomanni, on the Danube, were recruited from the servile class. Justinian went so far as to declare, by a public edict, every slave free who had served in the army.† “At last the army came to be composed entirely,” says Finlay, “of the rudest and most ignorant peasants, of *enfranchised slaves, and naturalised barbarians*. This increased the repugnance, already sufficiently great, felt by the better class of citizens to enter the military life. The mercenaries formed the most valued and brilliant portions of the army, and it became the fashion to copy and admire the dress and manners of the barbarian cavalry.”‡

All the ancient historians concur in representing this impossibility of finding native soldiers in its central provinces, as the main cause of the overthrow of the empire. And that this, and not the power of the barbarians, was the real cause of the destruction of the empire, is proved by the fact, that whenever they were well directed, the superiority of the legions was as clearly evinced as in the days of Marius or Cæsar. “Whenever the invaders,” says Finlay, “met with a steady and well-combined resistance, they were defeated without much difficulty. The victorious reigns of Claudius II., Aurelian, and Probus, prove the immense superiority of the Roman armies when properly commanded; but the custom which was constantly gaining ground, of *recruiting the legions from among the barbarians*, reveals the deplorable state of *depopulation and weakness* to which three centuries of despotism and bad administration had reduced the empire.”§

But amidst this general prostration of the political and military strength of the Roman empire, in consequence of the decline and desolation of the country, the *great towns* still continued flourishing, and wealth to an extraordinary and unparalleled extent existed among the chief families, some of patrician, some of plebeian origin. That was the grand characteristic of Rome in its later days. The country, in the European part of the empire at least, was daily growing poorer; the cultivation of the fields was neglected; and the provinces, crushed under the weight of the direct taxes, which had become unavoidable, had in most cases sunk to half their former number of inhabitants. But the metropolis, whether in Italy or on the shores of the Bosphorus, was still the seat of opulence, luxury, and prosperity. The strength of Constantinople was sufficient to repel the barbarians, and prolong the life of the empire of the east, for many centuries after it had ceased to derive effective support from any of its provinces. It is recorded by Ammianus Marcel-

* Sismondi, *Chute de l'Empire Romaine*, i. 36.

† Finlay, 246, 247.

‡ Novell, 81.

§ Finlay, 117.

linus, that when Rome was taken by the Goths under Alaric, it was still inhabited by 1,200,000 souls, who were maintained chiefly by the expenditure of seventeen hundred and sixty great families, many of whom had £160,000 of yearly income, equal to at least £300,000 a-year of our money. * And of the flourishing condition of the cities of the empire, especially those which were on the shores of the Mediterranean, even so late as the eighth century, Mr Finlay gives the following account:—

“The strongest proof of the *wealth and prosperity of the cities of Greece*, even in the last days of the empire, is to be found in the circumstance of their being able to fit out the expedition which ventured to attempt wresting Constantinople from the grasp of a soldier and statesman such as Leo the Isaurian was known to be, when the Greeks deliberately resolved to overturn his throne. The *rural districts*, in the eighth century, were reduced to a *state of desolation*, and the *towns were flourishing in wealth*. *Agriculture was at the lowest ebb, and trade in a prosperous condition.*” † Sismondi gives his valuable testimony to the same effect:—“It was at this very time, *when industry in the country was declining*, that the *towns of the provinces arrived at their highest degree of opulence*. Adrian excited the emulation of their rich citizens, and he extended to the furthest extremities of the empire the luxury of monuments and decorations, which had hitherto been reserved for the illustrious cities which scorned to be the depots of the civilisation of the world.” ‡ Such, in a few words, was the condition, generally speaking, of all the part of the empire to the north of the Mediterranean, in the decaying period of its existence. The towns were every where flourishing; but it was in Africa, Sicily, and Spain alone that agriculture was undecayed. And the decay and ruin of rural industry, and of the inhabitants of the country to the north of the Mediterranean, left them no adequate means of resisting the attacks of the brave but artless barbarians, who there pressed

upon the yielding frontiers of the empire.

Coexistent with this fatal decline in the rural population and agricultural industry, was the increase of *direct taxation*, which was so keenly felt and loudly complained of in all the later stages of the Roman history. This is a branch of the subject of the very highest importance, because it leads to precisely the same conclusions, as to the real causes of the fall of Rome, as the others which have been already considered.

It is well known that when the Romans first conquered Macedonia, the senate proclaimed a general liberation from taxes and imposts of every kind to the Roman citizens, as the reward of their victories. This state of matters, however, could not long continue in an old state charged with the duty, and under the necessity of keeping up, a large establishment to maintain its dominion over its subject provinces. For some time, indeed, the wealth brought by the conquest of Asia and Egypt into the Roman treasury was so considerable, that the necessity of taxes levied on its own citizens was not felt; and as long as the people had a direct share in the government, they took care to uphold an exemption in their own favour. But when one master was given to the whole Roman world, this invidious system of one class living upon another class was ere long abandoned. “Augustus,” says Gibbon, “had no sooner assumed the reins of government, than he frequently intimated the insufficiency of the tributes from the provinces, and the necessity of throwing an equitable proportion of the public burdens upon Rome and Italy. In the prosecution of this unpopular design, however, he advanced with slow and cautious steps. The introduction of customs was followed by the establishment of an excise; and the scheme of taxation was completed by an artful assessment of the real and personal property of the Roman citizens, who had been exempted from every kind of contribution for above a century and a half.” §

Customs on foreign goods imported

* Ammianus Marcellinus, c. xiv.

† Finlay, 544. Ammianus Marcellinus, c. xix.

‡ Sismondi, *Chute de l'Empire Romaine*, i. 50.

§ Gibbon, i. 261, c. vi.

into Italy was the first species of taxation attempted on the Roman people. "In the reign of Augustus and his successor," says the same historian, "duties were imposed on every kind of merchandise, which, through a thousand channels, flowed to the great centre of opulence and luxury; and in whatever manner the law was expressed, it was the Roman purchaser, and not the provincial merchant, who paid the tax. The rate of the customs varied from the eighth to the fortieth part of the value of the commodity. There is still extant a long, but imperfect, catalogue of Eastern commodities, which, about the time of Alexander Severus, were subject to the payment of duties. Precious stones, Parthian and Babylonian leather, cottons, silks, raw and manufactured, ebony, ivory, and eunuchs, were among the taxed articles. An excise also was introduced by Augustus, of one *per cent* on whatever was sold in the markets or by public auction; and this extended from the most considerable purchase of lands or houses, to those minute objects which commonly derive their value from their infinite multitude and daily consumption."*

But ere long these indirect taxes proved unproductive, and recourse was had to the lasting scourge of *direct taxes*. One of 5 per cent on legacies and inheritances was first imposed by Augustus, and adhered to by him, in spite of the indignant murmurs of the Roman nobles and people. The rate was raised by Caracalla to a tenth of all inheritances; and, when the privilege of Roman citizenship was extended to the whole provincials of the empire, they were subjected at once both to the former burdens which they had paid as provincials, and the new tax levied on them as Roman citizens.† From that time, the direct burdens became daily more oppressive, and at length proved an almost insurmountable bar to industry. "The noxious weed," says Gibbon, "sprung up with the most luxuriant growth, and in the succeeding age darkened the Roman world with its deadly shade. In the course of this history, we shall be too

often summoned to explain the land-tax, the capitation, and the heavy contributions in corn, wine, oil, and meat, which were exacted from the provinces for the use of the court, the army, and the capital."‡

These direct taxes soon became fearfully oppressive, and it is proved, by the clearest evidence, that they were among the leading causes of the decline of the empire. "The whole landed property of the empire," says Gibbon, "without excepting the patrimonial estates of the monarch, was the object of ordinary taxation, and every new purchaser contracted the obligations of the former proprietor. An accurate survey was made of what every citizen should contribute to the public service, and this was made anew every fifteen years. The number of slaves and cattle constituted an essential part of the report; *an oath was administered to the proprietors, which obliged them to disclose the true state of their affairs*; and any attempt to prevaricate or elude the vigilance of the legislature, was severely watched, and punished as a capital crime, which included the double guilt of treason and sacrilege. A large portion of the tribute was paid in money; and, of the current coin of the empire, *gold alone could be legally accepted*. The remainder of the taxes, according to the proportion observed in the annual indiction, was levied in a manner still more direct and still more oppressive. According to the different value of lands, their real produce, in the various articles of wine or oil, corn or barley, wood or iron, was transported by the labour, or at the expense of the provincials, to the imperial magazines, from whence they were occasionally distributed for the use of the court, the army, and the two capitals, Rome and Constantinople. The commissioners of the revenue were so frequently obliged to make *considerable purchases*, that they were strictly prohibited from allowing any compensation, or from receiving in money the value of those articles which were exacted in kind."§

"Either from accident or design,

* Gibbon, c. vi. vol. i. p. 262.

† Ibid. p. 268.

‡ Ibid. c. vi. vol. i. p. 268.

§ Ibid. c. xvii. vol. ii. p. 86.

the mode of assessment seemed to unite the substance of a land to the form of a capitation-tax. The return which was sent from every province and district expressed the number of tributary subjects, and the amount of the public impositions. The latter of these sums was divided by the former; and the estimate, that each province and each head was rated at a certain sum, was universally received not only in the popular but the legal computation. Some idea of the weight of these contributions *per head* may be formed by the details preserved of the taxation of Gaul. The rapacious ministers of Constantine had exhausted the wealth of that province, by exacting twenty-five gold pieces (£12, 10s.) for the annual tribute of every head. The humane policy of his successor reduced the computation to seven pieces. A moderate proportion between these two extremes of extravagant oppression and transient indulgence, therefore, may be fixed at sixteen gold pieces, or about *nine pounds* sterling, as the common standard of the impositions of Gaul. The enormity of this tax is explained by the circumstance, that, as the great bulk of the people were slaves, the rolls of tribute were filled only with the names of citizens in decent circumstances. The taxable citizens in Gaul did not exceed 500,000; and their annual payments were about £4,500,000 of our money; a fourth part only of the modern taxes of France.* The ordinary land-tax in the eastern provinces was a tenth, though in some cases it rose by the operation of the survey to a fifth, in others fell to a twentieth of the produce. It was valued for a term of years, and paid, unless when exacted in kind, commonly in money.†

There was one circumstance which rendered the direct taxes peculiarly oppressive in the declining periods of the Roman empire, and that was the *solid* obligation, as the lawyers term it, which attached to the municipalities, into which the whole empire was divided, of making good the amount of their fixed assessment to the public treasury. Of course, if the muni-

cipality was declining, and the same quota required to be made up from its assessable inhabitants by the magistracy, who were responsible for its amount, it augmented the burden on those who remained within its limits; and if they dwindled, by public calamities or emigration, to a small number, it might, and often did become of a crushing weight. This system is general over the East; and its oppressive effect in the declining stage of states, is the chief cause of the rapid decay of Oriental empires. There is a remarkable authentic instrument, which attests the ruinous influence of this system in the later stages of the Roman dominion. This is a rescript of the Emperor Majorian, which sets forth:—"The municipal corporations, the lesser senates, as antiquity has justly styled them, deserve to be considered as the heart of the cities, and the sinews of the Republic. And yet so low are they now reduced, by the injustice of magistrates and the venality of collectors, that many of their numbers, renouncing their dignity and their country, have taken refuge in distant and obscure exile." He strongly urges, and even ordains their return to their respective cities; but he removes the grievances which had forced them to desert the exercises of their municipal functions, by directing that they shall be responsible, not for the *whole sum* assessed on the district, but only for the payments they have actually received, and for the defaulters who are still indebted to the public.‡ But this humane and wise interposition was as shortlived as it was equitable. Succeeding emperors returned to the convenient system of making the municipal corporations responsible for the sum assessed on their respective districts, and it continued to be the general law of the empire down to its very latest day. Sismondi, in his *Décadence de l'Empire Romaine*, and Michelet, in his *Gaule sous les Romains*, concur in ascribing to this system the rapid decline and depopulation of the empire in its later stages.

But although there can be no question

* Gibbon, c. xvii. vol. iii. p. 92.

† Novell Majorian, tit. iv. p. 34.

‡ Finlay, pp. 49-50.

Gibbon, c. xxxvi. vol. vi. p. 173.

that the conclusions of these learned writers are in great part well founded, yet this system of taxation by no means explains the decline and fall of the Roman empire. It requires no argument, indeed, to show, that such a system of solid obligations, and of levying a certain sum on districts without any regard to the decline in the resources or number of those who were to pay them, must, in a *declining* state of society, be attended with the most disastrous, and it may be in the end fatal consequences. But it does not explain how society should be declining. *That* is the matter which it behoves us to know. When the reverse is the case—when industry and population are *advancing*, the imposition of fixed tributes on districts is not only no disadvantage, but the greatest possible advantage to a state—witness the benefit of the perpetual settlement to the ryots of Hindostan—or of a perpetual quit-rent to English landholders. And that, bad as this system was when applied to a declining state of society, it was not the cause of the ruin of the Roman empire, and would not have proved injurious if the state had been advancing, is decisively proved by several considerations.

1. In the first place, the taxes and system of municipalities, being responsible for a fixed sum, was not confined to the European provinces of the Roman dominion, viz.—Italy, Greece, Gaul, Macedonia, and Rometia, where the progress of decay was so rapid, but it was the general law of the empire, and obtained equally in Spain, Lybia, Egypt, and Sicily; as in the provinces which lay to the north of the Mediterranean. But these latter provinces, it has been shown, were, when overrun by the barbarians about the year 400, not only nowise in a state of decrepitude, but in *the very highest state of affluence and prosperity*. They had become, and deserved the appellation of, “the common granary of Rome and of the world.” They maintained the inhabitants of Italy, Greece, Rome, and Constantinople, by the export of their magnificent crops of grain. Spain was at least twice as populous as it is at this time, Lybia contained twenty millions, Egypt seven millions of inhabitants. Sicily was in affluence and prosperity, while

the adjoining plains of Italy were entirely laid out in pasturage, or returned to a state of desolation and insubricity. It is in vain, therefore, to seek a solution of the decline of the empire in a system, which, *universally* applied, left some parts of it in the last stages of decrepitude and decay, and others in the highest state of prosperity and affluence.

2. In the next place, the taxes of the empire were by no means at first of such weight as to account, if there had been nothing else in the case, for the decay of its industry. The tax on inheritances, it has been shown, was at first five, afterwards ten *per cent*; and the land-tax was ten *per cent* on the produce. The former tax of ten *per cent* on successions, is the present legacy-tax on movable succession to persons not related to the deceased, in England; and ten *per cent* on the produce, is the tithe, and no more than the tithe, which has so long existed in the European monarchies, and even when coexisting with many other and more oppressive burdens, has nowhere proved fatal to industry. Income of every sort paid ten *per cent* in Great Britain during the war—the land paid the tithe and poor's-rate in addition—and the other taxes yielded a sum four times as great; yet industry of every kind flourished to an extraordinary degree during that struggle. Ever since the termination of the Revolution, the land-tax in France has been far heavier than it was in Rome, varying, according to the *Cadastre*, or valuation, from fifteen to twenty-five *per cent*; but yet it is well known public wealth and agricultural produce have increased in an extraordinary degree during that period. It was not, therefore, the weight of the impositions, but the simultaneous circumstances, which rendered the northern provinces of the empire *unable to bear them*, which was the real cause of the ruin of its industry.

3. In the *third* place, whether the magnitude of the naval and military establishments, or the absolute amount of its public revenue, is taken into consideration, it is equally apparent that the Roman empire was at first not only noways burdened with heavy, but was blessed with *singularly light* government impositions. Gibbon states the population of the

whole empire, in the time of Augustus, at 120,000,000, or about half of what all Europe, to the westward of the Ural mountains, now contains; and its naval and military establishments amounted to 450,000 armed men—"a force," says the historian, "which, formidable as it may seem, was equalled by a monarch of the last century, (Louis XIV.,) *whose kingdom was confined within a single province of the Roman empire.*"* Compared with the military and naval forces of the European powers in time of peace, this must seem a most moderate public establishment. France, in the time of Napoleon, with 42,000,000 inhabitants, had 850,000 regular soldiers in arms, besides 100,000 sailors; and Great Britain, in its European dominions alone, with a population of 18,000,000 souls, had above 500,000 regular soldiers and sailors in the public service. France has now, in peace, with a population of 32,000,000 souls, about 360,000 men, between the army and navy, in the public service; and England, with a population of 28,000,000, upwards of 150,000, besides double that number in India. Russia, with 62,000,000 inhabitants, has 460,000 soldiers in the public service. Austria, with 33,000,000, has 260,000. All these peace establishments are twice as heavy in proportion to the numbers of the people, as that of Rome was in the time of Augustus; and, in subsequent reigns, the number of armed men maintained by the state, was so far from increasing, that it was constantly diminishing, and, in the time of Justinian, had sunk down to 140,000 soldiers, maintained by an empire more extensive than that of Russia at this moment.

4. The same conclusion results from the consideration of the absolute amount of the public revenue levied in the Roman empire, compared with what is extracted from modern states. Gibbon estimates the public revenue of the whole empire in the time of Augustus, at "fifteen or sixteen millions sterling;"† and in the time of Constantine the revenue derived from

Gaul was £4,500,000 a-year.‡ The first of these sums is less than a *third* of what is now levied in time of peace on Great Britain, with less than thirty millions of souls, instead of the hundred and twenty millions who swelled the population rolls of the Roman empire: the last is little more than an *eighth* of what is now extracted from France, having nearly the same limits as ancient Gaul. Supposing that the value of money has declined, from the discovery of the South American mines, a half, (and at *this* time, owing to the decline of those mines, it has not sunk more,) still it is apparent that the public burdens of modern times are at least three times as heavy as they were in the Roman empire in the highest period of its greatness. As its strength and military establishment constantly declined after that period, there is no reason to suppose that the absolute amount of the public taxes was at any subsequent time greater, although unquestionably, from the decline in the resources of those who were to bear them, they were felt as infinitely more oppressive. And that these taxes were not disproportioned to the strength of the empire, when its resources were unimpaired, and its industry flourishing, is decisively proved by the extremely prosperous condition in which it was during the eighty years when Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonines filled the imperial throne. "At that period," says Gibbon, "notwithstanding the propensity of mankind to exalt the past and depreciate the present, the tranquil and prosperous condition of the empire was warmly felt and honestly confessed by the provincials as well as the Romans."§ "They affirm," says a contemporary writer, "that, with the increase of the arts, the human species has visibly multiplied. They celebrate the increasing beauty of the cities, the beautiful face of the country, cultivated and adorned like an immense garden, and the long festival of peace which was enjoyed by so many nations, forgetful of their

* Gibbon, c. i. vol. i. p. 30. §

† Ibid. c. xvii. vol. iii. p. 93.

‡ Ibid. c. i. vol. i. p. 37.

§ Ibid. c. ii. vol. i. p. 91.

ancient animosities, and delivered from the apprehension of future danger."*

Ancient as well as modern historians are full of complaints, in the later periods of the Roman empire, of the prodigious increase of wealth in the hands of the rich, and decline in the remuneration of industry to the poor. Their complaints on this subject are so numerous, and supported by such an array of facts, as to leave no room for doubt that they are well founded. Indeed, it seems to have been generally true of the whole empire north of the Mediterranean, what Mr Finlay shows was the case down to the very latest periods in Greece, that while industry and population in the country were ruined, the towns were in a state of affluence and prosperity. Even so early as the time of Plutarch, the accumulation of debts had come to be complained of as an extensive evil.† "These debts," says Finlay, "were generally contracted to Roman money-lenders. So injurious did their effects become to the provinces, that they afforded to one class the means of accumulating enormous fortunes by forcing others into abject poverty. The property of the provincial debtors was at length transferred to a very great extent to Roman creditors. Instead of invigorating the upper classes, by substituting an industrious timocracy for an idle aristocracy, it had a very different effect. It introduced new feelings of rivalry and distrust, by filling the country with foreign landlords. The weight of debts seems to have been the chief cause of revolutions in the ancient world. The Greeks could not long maintain the struggle, and they sunk gradually lower in wealth, until their poverty introduced an altered state of society, in which they learned the prudential habits of small proprietors, and escape not only from the eye of history but even of antiquarian research."‡

This constant tendency of wealth,

in the later periods of the Roman empire, to accumulate in the hands of the great capitalists, accompanied by the progressive deterioration of the condition of the middle and working classes, is amply proved and forcibly illustrated by Sismondi, in his admirable work on the Decline of the Roman Empire. "During the long peace," says he, "which followed the victories of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, those colossal fortunes were accumulated, which, according to Pliny, ruined Italy and the empire. || A single proprietor, by degrees, came to buy up whole provinces, the conquest of which had in former days furnished the occasion of many triumphs to the generals of the Republic. While this huge capitalist was amassing riches, wholly disproportioned to the capacity of man, the once numerous and respectable, but now beggared, middle class, disappeared from the face of the earth. In districts where so many brave and industrious citizens were to be seen in former times, alike ready to defend or cultivate their fields, were to be found nothing but slaves, who rapidly declined in number as the fields came to be exclusively devoted to pasturage. The fertile plains of Italy ceased to nourish its inhabitants; Rome depended entirely for its subsistence on the harvests which its fleets brought it from Sicily, Africa, and Egypt. From the capital to the farthest extremity of the provinces, depopulation and misery in the country coexisted with enormous wealth in the towns. From this cause the impossibility of recruiting the legions with native Romans was experienced even in the time of Marcus Aurelius. In his war against the Quadi and the Marcomanni, which had been preceded by a long peace, he was obliged to recruit the legions with the slaves and robbers of Rome."§ It is impossible to give a stronger proof of the extent to which this enormous evil of the vast fortunes accumulated in the towns,

* Plin. *Hist. Nat.* iii. 5.

† Περὶ τῆς μὲνδεον Δαναειξισθοῦ. "De Ære Alieno vitando."—Plutarch.

‡ Finlay, 90.

|| "Verumque contentibus latifundia perdidere Italiam, immo ac provincias."

—Plin. *Hist. Nat.*

§ Sismondi, *Chute de l'Empire Romaine*, i. 51.

and the entire ruin of industry in the country, had gone in the last days of the empire, than is to be found in the fact already mentioned, that when Rome was taken by Alaric, in the year 404 after Christ, while Italy could furnish no force to resist the invaders, the capital itself contained seventeen hundred and sixty great families, many of them with incomes of £160,000 a-year, equal to £300,000 of our money, whose expenditure maintained an urban population of 1,200,000 souls.*

It may readily be conceived, that when this prodigious concentration of wealth in the hands of the great proprietors of towns, and ruin of industry in the country, came to coexist with the *solid* obligations of the rural municipalities for the sum assessed on their districts, the burden of the public taxes, though light at first, compared with what is little complained of in modern times, came to be altogether overwhelming. This accordingly was the case in all the Northern provinces of the empire in its later stages. What every where preceded their ruin, was the desertion of the inhabitants in consequence of the crushing weight of the public burdens. From the entire failure of the indirect taxes amidst the ruin of agricultural, and the imposition of taxation on urban industry, it had become necessary to make progressive additions to the direct taxes till they became exterminating. "Three great direct taxes," says Sismondi, "alike ruinous, impended over the citizens. The first was the *Indictions* or Land-Tax, estimated in general at a tenth of the produce, or a third of the clear revenue, and often doubled or tripled by the *Super indictions* which the necessities of the provinces compelled them to impose. Secondly: the *Capitation-Tax*, which sometimes rose as high as 300 francs (£12) ahead on the free and taxable citizens; and, third, the *Corvées*, or forced contributions in labour, which were for the service of the imperial estates, or the maintenance of the public roads. These direct imposts in the declining days of the empire, so entirely ruined the

proprietors of rural estates, that they abandoned them in all quarters. Vast provinces in the interior were deserted; the enrolment for the army became daily more difficult from the disappearance of the rural population; the magistrates of municipalities in town or country, rendered responsible for the assessment of their districts and the levy of their quota of soldiers, fled the country, or sought under a thousand pretexts to escape the perilous honour of public office. So far did the desertion of the magistracy go in the time of Valentinian, (364-375, after Christ,) that when that cruel tyrant ordered the heads of three magistrates of towns in a particular province to be brought to him for some alleged offences, 'Will your Imperial Majesty be pleased to direct,' said the prefect Florentius, 'what we are to do in those towns where three magistrates cannot be found?' The order was upon this revoked."†

The disastrous state of the rural districts amidst this accumulation of evils is thus forcibly described by Mr Finlay:—"In many provinces, the higher classes had been completely exterminated. The loss of their slaves and serfs, who had often been carried away by the invaders, had reduced many to the humble condition of labourers. Others had emigrated, and abandoned their land to the cultivators, from being unable to obtain any revenue from it in the miserable state to which the capture of the stock, the loss of a market, and the destruction of the agricultural buildings had reduced the country. In many of the towns, the diminished population was reduced to misery by the ruin of the rural districts in their neighbourhood. The higher classes in the country disappeared under the weight of the municipal duties they were called upon to perform. Houses remained unlet; and even when let, the portion of rent which was not absorbed by the imperial taxes was insufficient to supply the demands of the local expenditure. The labourer and the artisan alone could find bread; the walls of

* Ammianus Marcellinus, c. xiv.

† Sismondi, *Chute de l'Empire Romaine*, i. 44.

cities were allowed to fall into ruins ; the streets were neglected, public buildings had become useless ; aqueducts remained unrepaired ; internal communications ceased ; and with the extinction of the wealthy and educated classes in the provincial towns, the local prejudices of the lower orders became the law of society.”*

Such, on a nearer survey, was the condition of the Roman empire which preceded its fall. From it may be seen how widely the real causes of its decline differed from the vague generalities of Montesquieu, that the ruin of the empire was the necessary consequence of its extension ; or the still vaguer declamations of the scholars, that it was the corruption incident to great and long-continued wealth which enervated the people, and rendered them incapable of defending themselves against the Northern nations. In truth, both these causes did operate, and that too in a most powerful manner, in bringing about the ruin of the empire ; but they did so, not in the way supposed by these authors, but in an *indirect way*, by inducing a new set of evils, which destroyed industry in the most important of its provinces, by depriving the industrious of a market for their industry, and rendering the public burdens overwhelming, by changing the value of money. The operation of these causes can now be distinctly traced by us, because we feel them working among ourselves : their existence has not hitherto been suspected, or their effects traced by philosophers, because no state in modern Europe but our own, in recent times, had come within the sphere of their influence. And to see what these causes really were, it is only necessary to recall, in a few propositions, to the reader's mind, the general result of the foregoing deduction :—

I. During the Republic, and till the commencement of the empire, agriculture was in the most flourishing state in Italy ; and it was in its sturdy, free cultivators, that the legions were recruited which conquered the world.

II. *From the time of Tiberius*, cultivation declined in the Italian and

Grecian plains, and continued to do so to the fall of the empire. Pasturage came to supersede agriculture ; population disappeared in the fields ; the race of free cultivators, the strength of the legions, were ruined ; the flocks and herds were tended only by slaves ; the small proprietors became bankrupt, or fled the country ; and the whole land in the European provinces of the empire fell into the hands of a limited number of territorial magnates, who resided at Rome or Constantinople, and mainly upheld, by their profuse expenditure, the prosperity of those capitals of the empire.

III. In the midst of the general decline of rural industry in all the provinces to the north of the Mediterranean, the wealth and prosperity of the great cities remained undecayed. The small provincial towns were in great part ruined ; but the great cities, especially such as were on the sea-coast, continued flourishing, and received in their ample bounds all the reflux population from the country. Rural industry languished and expired, but commerce was undecayed ; the fortunes of the great capitalists were daily accumulating ; and in no period in the history of mankind, were urban incomes so great as in the city of Rome, on the eve of its capture by the Goths.

IV. While this was the state of matters to the north of the Mediterranean, that is, in the heart of the empire, the remoter agricultural provinces of Spain, Sicily, Lybia, and Egypt, were in the very highest state of prosperity ; they fed all the great cities of the Roman world by their immense exportations of grain, and yet enough remained, down to their conquest by the Vandals under Genseric, to maintain a vast population at home, greater than has ever since existed in those countries, in a state of affluence and comfort.

V. Taxation, from the time of its first introduction under Augustus, was at first chiefly indirect, and by no means oppressive. Gradually, however, the produce of the indirect taxes failed, or became inadequate to the

* Finlay, 219, 220.

wants of the empire, and recourse was had to direct taxes, levied chiefly on landed property and successions. But these direct taxes were at first light, and not a third part of those levied on Britain or France during the war; and the public establishments of the Roman government were not a fourth, in proportion to the population, of those now maintained by the great European monarchies during peace.

VI. In process of time, however, the resources of the people, in the principal provinces of the empire, and especially those to the north of the Mediterranean, declined to such a degree, that though the military and naval establishments of the empire were reduced to a third of their former amount, and became inadequate to defend its frontiers against its enemies, the direct taxes required to be continually increased, till they became so oppressive as to destroy industry, and prove the immediate cause of the depopulation and ruin of the empire.

Such are the *facts*, as established by the unanimous and concurring testimony of all the best informed historians; and now for the causes which produced these facts. They are set forth and supported by an equally clear and undisputable array of authorities.

Even so early as the latter days of the Republic, the system was introduced of feeding the Roman people with grain derived by tribute from the provinces. In the time of Augustus, the annual quantity distributed to the poorer citizens of Rome was 1,200,000 *modii*, or 35,156 quarters. But *Tiberius went a step further, and actually gave bounties on the importation of foreign grain*. "An enormous quantity," says Finlay, "of grain was distributed in this way, which was received as tribute from the provinces. Caesar found 320,000 persons receiving this gratuity. It is true he reduced the number to one-half. The greater part of this grain was drawn from

Sicily, Africa, and Egypt. In the time of Alexander, generally 75,000 *modii* was distributed daily. This distribution enabled the poor to live in idleness, and was itself extremely injurious to industry; but another arrangement was adopted by the Roman government, which rendered the *cultivation of land around Rome unprofitable to the proprietors*. A large sum was annually employed by the state in *purchasing grain in the provinces*, and in transporting this supply to Rome, where it was *sold at a fixed price to the bakers*. Augustus appointed an officer, styled *Prefectus Annonæ*, whose duty was to provide by government purchases for the subsistence of the people. An allowance was also made to the *private importers of grain*, in order to ensure a constant supply.* In this way, a very large sum was expended to *keep grain cheap in a city* where a variety of circumstances tended to make it dear. This singular system of annihilating capital, and *ruining agriculture and industry*, was so deeply rooted in the Roman administration, that similar gratuitous distributions of grain were established at Antioch and Alexandria, and introduced into Constantinople when that city became the capital of the empire."†

The necessary effect of this system was the cessation of agriculture in Italy, the ruin of the small proprietors, and the engrossing of the land in the provinces by a few great landholders, who cultivated their extensive estates by means of slaves. "Riches, far exceeding the wealth of modern sovereigns, flowed into the hands of the great proprietors; villas and parks were formed over all Italy on a scale of the most stupendous grandeur; and land became *more valuable as hunting-ground than as productive farms*. The same habits were introduced into the provinces. In the neighbourhood of Rome, agriculture was ruined by the public distribution of grain received

* It is curious to find Tacitus praising the establishment of *bounties on the importation of foreign grain by Tiberius*, without a word on the evil effects of the system.—*Annal.* vi. 13. "*Quibus e provinciis et quanto majorum, quam Augustus rei frumentariæ copiam advectaret.*"

† Finlay, 53.

as tribute from the provinces, and by the bounty granted to merchants importing to secure a maximum price of bread. The same system proceeded in the provinces; and similar distributions at Alexandria and Antioch must have been equally injurious.* When Constantine established his new capital on the shores of the Bosphorus, he was under the necessity of adopting, and even extending, the same ruinous system. "Wealthy individuals from the provinces were compelled to keep up houses at Constantinople, pensions were conferred upon them, and a right to distributions of provisions to a considerable amount was annexed to those dwellings. These rations consisted of bread, oil, wine, meat, and formed an important branch of revenue even to the better class of citizens. These distributions were entirely different from the public ones at Rome, which were established as a gratification by the state to the poor citizens who had no other means of livelihood. The tribute of grain from Egypt was appropriated to supply Constantinople, and that of Africa was left for the consumption of Rome. This was the tie which bound the capital to the emperors, and the cause of the toleration shown to its factions. They both felt they had a common interest in supporting the despotic power by which the provinces were drained of money to support the expenditure of the court, and supply provisions for the people."†

Although, however, these public distributions of grain in the chief towns of the empire had some effect in checking the cultivation of corn in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, by depriving its cultivators of their best market, yet the *private importation of grain* from these great corn countries must have been a far more serious and general evil. Gibbon states the number who received rations at Constantinople daily in the time of Constantine at 80,000, and in Rome in the time of Tiberius it was 180,000. Supposing the other great towns were fed in the same proportion, perhaps a million of persons in

the Roman world were nourished at the expense of the state on Egyptian or African grain. But a million of persons consume annually a million of quarters of grain; not a sixtieth part of the annual consumption of the British empire at this time, and probably not a two-hundredth part required by the 120,000,000 souls who composed the Roman empire in the days of the Antonines. But though the state paupers were thus but a small fraction of the whole consumers of foreign grain, yet the *general importation was immense*, and became ere long so great as to constitute the entire source from which the population of Italy, as well as Constantinople and the adjacent provinces of Romelia, Macedonia, and Greece, were fed. It was this *general importation*, not the gratuitous distributions, which ruined Italian agriculture; for it alone was on a scale commensurate with the population of the Italian peninsula, and could alone account for its general ruin. Tacitus expressly says, it was the *preference* given to African agriculture, not the gratuitous distributions, which destroyed Italian cultivation. "At, Hercule, olim ex Italia legionibus longinquas in provincias commeatu portabantur: nec nunc infecunditate laboratur; sed Africam POTIUS et Egyptum excercemus, navibusque et casibus vita populi Romani permissa est.‡" The supply of grain for the Roman world was entirely obtained from Spain, Sicily, Africa, and Egypt, while Greece was maintained by corn imported from Poland.§ It was not that the Italian and Grecian fields had become sterile: Tacitus expressly says the reverse,—"*nec nunc infecunditate laboratur.*" But the country in which grain produced fifteen fold, as Italy did, could not compete with that which produced sixty or eighty fold, on the banks of the Nile. Nor could the industry of the centre of the empire, where money was plentiful, comparatively speaking, and labour was therefore dear, stand against the competition of the remoter provinces, where it was scarce, and labour was therefore cheap.

* Finlay, 105.

† Tacitus, *Annal.* xii. 43.

‡ Ibid. 137.

§ Michelet, *Histoire de France*, i. 277.

The ruin of Italian and Grecian agriculture from this cause is so evident, that it is admitted by the ablest advocates of an unlimited freedom in the corn trade. "The first effect of this system," says a late able and learned writer on the liberal side, "*was the ruin of Italian agriculture.*" The natural market for the corn of the Italian farmer was, to a great extent, destroyed by the artificial supplies obtained from the provinces. Hence, as Dureau de la Malle has remarked, (ii. 218,) the history of the seventh and eighth centuries of Rome presents this singular contrast—that the agriculture, the population, and products of Italy, diminish progressively as she extends her conquests and power. The fatal influence which the gratuitous supplies from the provinces would exercise upon the native agriculture, was perceived by Augustus; but he abandoned his intention of altering the system, from a conviction it would be restored by his successor. The result was, that southern and central Italy, instead of being tilled by a race of hardy active farmers, themselves freemen, and working on their own land, was divided into plantations cultivated by slaves."* This explains how it came to pass that Spanish agriculture took such a start from *the time of Tiberius*; and how, in the general ruin of the empire, Spain, Africa, and Egypt, were the only provinces which retained their prosperity. It will be recollected that it was in the reign of Tiberius that bounties were first given by the Roman government to the private importers of foreign grain.

Of the main dependence of the Western empire in its declining days on Africa, not merely for the necessary supply of food, but even for the chief resources and strength of the state in the midst of the desolation of its European fields, Sismondi gives a striking account—"The loss of Africa was at this period, (439 after Christ,) perhaps the greatest calamity which the empire of the West could have undergone. It was

its only province the defence of which cost no trouble; the only one from which *they drew money, arms, and soldiers, without its ever requiring any back.* It was at the same time the granary of Rome and of Italy. The gratuitous distributions of grain at Rome, Milan, and Ravenna, had, over the whole Italian peninsula, destroyed the cultivation of grain. Experience had proved that the return could not pay its expense; and the reason was, that the more fertile fields of Africa furnished a part of the harvest destined for the nourishment of the people of Italy. The sudden stoppage of that supply by the conquest of Africa by the Vandals, caused a cruel famine in Italy; which still further reduced its wretched inhabitants."† And so entirely did Constantinople become dependent on foreign importation of sea-borne grain from Egypt and the Ukraine for its support, that "when the Persians, in the year 618, overran Egypt, and stopped the usual supplies of grain from that province, the famine became so alarming, that the government determined upon transferring the seat of empire to Carthage in Africa, as the most likely point from whence the dominion of Syria and Egypt might be regained."‡ The latter of these had long been regarded as *the most valuable province of the empire.*§

When this entire dependence of the great cities in the northern parts of the empire, for centuries together, on Spain, Sicily, Africa, and Egypt, is considered, it must with every rational mind cease to be a matter of surprise that its west and northern provinces declined in industry and population; that these grain provinces to the south of the Mediterranean alone retained their numbers and prosperity; and that under the constant decline, in the European provinces, in the market for agricultural produce, the rural population disappeared, and the recruiting of the army in the country became impossible. It is not surprising that while they were enrolling slaves in Italy, and enlisting

* *Edinburgh Review*. April 1846. No. 168. Page 370-371.

† Sismondi, *Chute de l'Empire Romaine*, i. 233.

‡ Finlay, 389. § *Ibid.* 392.

barbarians on the Danube and the Rhine, to defend the frontiers, from Africa and Spain alone they drew supplies both of money and soldiers, without requiring to send back any. The latter provinces were the granary and garden of the empire; the only part of it where rural industry met with remunerating prices or adequate encouragement. And the same circumstances explain in a great degree how it happened, that while the *rural* districts of Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, and Rome-lia, were continually declining in population, rental, and revenue, their *towns*, especially on the sea-coast, were, down to the last days of their existence, in a flourishing condition. These towns were the seat of manufactures and commerce. It was by their capital that the vast corn trade by which all the cities of the empire were fed was carried on. It was their fabrics which mainly furnished the means of purchasing the immense proportion of this grain, which, being imported by private importers, required to be paid for in some species of manufactured produce. And the reason why grain was raised so much cheaper, and therefore profitably, in Egypt, Lybia, and Spain, than in Italy and Greece, was, partly, that the former of these countries were by nature blessed with a more prolific soil and a warmer sun than the latter; and, partly, that as Rome and Constantinople were the two capitals of the empire, the greater part of its wealth was attracted, either by taxes, tribute, or the concourse of the rich, to them, and, consequently, the abundance of riches rendered money cheap, labour dear, and cultivation, when exposed to foreign competition, unprofitable.

But there was more in the case than this. Simultaneously with the vast and increasing importation of foreign grain, which at length destroyed cultivation in all the northern provinces of the empire, a *continual diminution of its circulating medium* was going forward; and it was to the combined and cotemporaneous operation of these two causes, that the ruin of the empire is beyond all question to be ascribed.

So early as the days of Tiberius, the abstraction of the gold and silver currency of the empire by the incessant drain of foreign commerce, was loudly complained of by the Roman writers; and there is the most decisive proof, that in the course of time the supply of the precious metals on the empire became so inadequate to the wants of its inhabitants, that their value was enhanced to a great and ruinous degree. It was the commerce of the East which first induced this destructive drain upon the metallic treasures of the empire. "The objects," says Gibbon, "of oriental traffic were splendid and trifling; silk—a pound of which was esteemed worth a pound of gold—precious stones, and a variety of aromatics, were the chief articles. The labour and risks of the voyage were rewarded with almost incredible profit; but it was made on Roman subjects, and at the expense of the public. As the nations of Arabia and India were contented with the produce and manufactures of their own country, silver, on the side of the Romans, was the principal, if not the only instrument of commerce. It was a complaint worthy of the gravity of the senate, that in the pursuit of female ornaments, the wealth of the state was irrecoverably given away to foreign and hostile nations. The annual loss is computed by a writer of an inquisitive but censorious temper, (Pliny,) at £800,000 sterling. Such was the style of discontent brooding over the dark prospect of approaching poverty."* Eight hundred thousand pounds a-year, equivalent to about two millions of our money, must have been a severe drain upon the supply of the precious metals in the Roman empire; and we, who have seen in 1839 the Bank of England reel, and the United States bank fall, under the effect of an exportation of six or seven millions of sovereigns to buy foreign grain in a single year, can appreciate the effect of such a constant drain upon a state, the metallic resources of which were much less considerable than those of England at this time.

The immense importation also of

* Gibbon, chap. ii. vol. i. p. 90.

African and Egyptian grain, which continued from the time of Tiberius down to the very close of the empire, must have occasioned a great additional abstraction of the precious metals from the Roman world. It has already been shown that a very small proportion of the grain imported from these distant provinces was remitted in the shape of tribute. By far the greater part, probably nineteen-twentieths of the whole supply, was imported by private merchants for sale, as it could be got from them cheaper than it could be raised at home. This imported corn, of course, required to be paid for in something. But the inhabitants of the countries from which it came—Spain, Sicily, Africa, and Egypt—for the most part slaves, blessed with a fine climate, requiring little covering, and nearly destitute of artificial wants, did not require, and could not consume, any considerable amount of Italian or Grecian fabrics. Thus, by far the greatest part of the price of the imported grain was paid in gold and silver, for which there is a constant demand in all countries, savage or civilized. A nation which imports foreign grain largely, *must* in all ages export the precious metals as largely; because the corn, of course, is brought from those countries where it is raised the cheapest—and the countries where this is the case, are those where labour is cheap, money scarce, and artificial wants unknown. Money is what these countries want, and money is what their surplus produce is nearly all exchanged for. And this explains how it happened, that in the decline of the empire, Spain, Africa, and Egypt, alone retained their flourishing aspect, and were the only provinces from which money and soldiers could be obtained, while they required none. The whole commerce between them and Italy, or Greece, was one in which grain was exchanged for the precious metals; and when they once got these, great part was hoarded, as it now is in the East, and very little ever returned.

In addition to this, the mines which supplied the Roman world failed to a considerable extent under the emperors. "The poverty of Greece, as of the whole empire," says Finlay, "was further increased *by the gradual rise in the value of the precious metals*; an evil which began to be generally felt about the time of Nero, and affected Greece with great severity, from the altered distribution of wealth in the country with which it was attended. Greece had once been rich in mines, which had been a source of wealth and prosperity to Siphnos and Atticus, and had laid the foundation of the power of Philip of Macedon. The fiscal measures of the Romans soon rendered it a *ruinous speculation for individuals to attempt working mines of the precious metals*; and, in the hands of the state, they soon proved unprofitable. Many mines were exhausted; and even *though the value of the precious metals was enhanced*, some mines beyond the sphere of the Roman power were abandoned from those causes which, after the second century of the Christian era, produced a sensible diminution in the commercial transactions of the Old Hemisphere.* Greece shared in the general decay: her commerce and manufactures, being confined to supplying the consumption of a diminished and impoverished population, sunk into insignificance. *An accumulation of debts became general throughout the country*, and formed an extensive evil, as already observed, in the time of Plutarch."†

As this great diminution on the supply, and drain upon the treasures of the precious metals in the time of the emperors, lowered the value of every species of produce, so it proportionally augmented debts, and swelled the already overgrown fortunes of the capitalists. What Finlay says of Greece was true of the whole European provinces of the empire:—"The property of the Grecian debtors was at last transferred to a very great extent to the Roman creditors."‡ The gradual diminution in the supply of, or

* Jacob's *Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals*, i. 35, 42.

† Finlay, 88.

‡ *Ibid.* 99.

abstraction of the precious metals, by contracting the currency, lowered prices, and thus diminished the returns of industry; while it proportionally augmented debts, and added to the fortunes of the great capitalists and landholders. This again produced another effect upon the manners of the inhabitants of the great cities, which had an equally powerful effect in increasing the drain upon that portion of the precious metals which was employed in the public currency. The rich patricians of Rome, Antioch, and Constantinople, possessed of colossal fortunes to which nothing in modern times will bear a comparison, and nursed in habits of luxury and expense beyond any thing we can even conceive, daily augmented the amount of their immense incomes, which was devoted to the purposes of extravagance. "The historians of the second and third centuries," says Finlay, "are filled with lamentations on this subject."* It is not surprising that it was so. Men possessed, in private stations, of as much as three or four hundred thousand pounds a-year of modern money, could not get through their incomes without indulging in the habitual purchase of the most costly articles. Society in this way had come to verify the saying of Bacon—"Above all things, good policy is to be used that the treasure and money in a state *be not gathered into few hands*. For otherwise, a state may have a great stock and yet starve. And money is like muck, not good unless it be spread."

Hence the consumption and permanent fixing of gold and silver in the form of plate and costly ornaments, increased in the great families down to the very close of the empire; and while the currency was constantly declining, and prices in consequence falling in the provinces, the colossal capitalists of Rome and Constantinople were daily absorbing more of the precious metals in these beautiful but unproductive objects. The quantity of gold and silver moulded into the form of vases, statues, tripods, and personal orna-

ments, which was accumulated in Rome at the time it was taken by the Goths, would exceed belief if not attested by the unanimous testimony of all the contemporary writers. Great part of it was thrown into the Tiber, where it still remains covered by the alluvial deposits of fourteen centuries; the most precious of the spoils were buried with Alaric in the bed of a stream in Calabria, where that redoubtable conqueror was overtaken by the common fate of mortality. The place where he was interred was kept a profound secret, and the slaves who dug his grave in the bed of the river, of which the course had been turned aside for the purpose, were put to death, and buried with him and his treasures; and the river itself was immediately let into its old channel, that its ceaseless flow might secure, as it since has done, the grave of the mighty chief from disturbance, and enable him to present himself loaded with his earthly spoils in the land of spirits.†

The concurring operation of these causes produced, in the three last centuries of the Roman empire, a very great scarcity in the supply of the precious metals for the purposes of the public currency, and consequently a most distressing fall in prices, and diminution in the remuneration of industry, accompanied by a proportional increase in the weight of debt and taxes. And the progressive effect of these changes appeared in the clearest manner, in the repeated changes which were made by successive emperors in the value of the gold and silver coins which passed current in the empire. Gold became progressively so scarce in proportion to silver, that the proportion between the two, which at first had been 1 to 10 in the time of Augustus, rose in time to 1 to 12½, and was fixed by Constantine the Great at 1 to 14 2-5ths.‡ In consequence of this rise in the value of gold—the precise counterpart of what was experienced in Great Britain in the later years of the war, when a *light* guinea sold for 25s.—the quantity of gold in the *aureus*, or chief gold

* Finlay, 89.

† Gibbon, v. 329.

‡ Arbuthnott on *Ancient Coins*, c. 5. Gibbon, i. 90, c. ii.

Roman coin, was progressively diminished, till it came to contain little more than *half* its former weight of that precious metal. The learned Greaves has shown, after diligent inquiry, that while in the time of the Antonines the *aureus* weighed 118, in the time of Majorian, in the fifth century, it had come to weigh only 68 grains.* This is a clear indication, that 68 grains of gold were now equal in value to what 118 grains had been three centuries before; for Majorian, by a special decree, ordered all *aurei* of whatever reign, the Gallic *solidus* alone excepted, to pass, not according to weight but standard.† That is the most decisive proof to what a grievous extent the currency had, from the operation of the causes which have been mentioned, come to be contracted; for as gold constitutes, from its superior value, at least nine-tenths of the circulating medium of every civilized state, so great a rise in its value could only have been occasioned by a very great contraction of the whole currency. We know in what state the metallic currency of Great Britain was when the *light guinea* was selling for twenty-five shillings.

In the latter days of the empire, when the invasions of the barbarians began, and its provinces were liable to be pierced through and overrun by columns of their predatory hordes, the universal and well-founded terror produced a general *hoarding* of the precious metals, which entirely withdrew them from circulation, until they were forced from the trembling inhabitants by threats of massacre or conflagration. The effect of this, in contracting the currency, and causing the little that remained to disappear altogether from the circulation, of course was prodigious. It lowered to almost nothing the money-price of every species of industry, and proportionally augmented the weight of public and private debts—the subject of such loud and constant complaints from ancient historians. Nor was this evil confined to the latest periods of the empire of the West—the years which immediately preceded its fall. From the time of Commodus, who succeeded

Marcus Antoninus, the incursions of the barbarians into the northern provinces of the empire had been severely felt; and from the time of the separation of the empires of the East and West, they were almost perpetual, and sometimes extended far into its interior provinces. The effect of these alarms and dangers, in producing a universal disposition to hoard, and consequently rendering money every where scarce, prices cheap, and debts and taxes oppressive, was very great, and may be regarded as one of the chief causes of the excessive and crushing weight which the direct burdens of the state acquired in the later periods of the empire.

The resource so well known, and so often had recourse to with the happiest effects, in modern times, to supply the void produced by a temporary or permanent drain of the precious metals, was unknown in antiquity. *They had no paper currency.* Even bills of exchange were unknown. They, as is well known, were a contrivance of the Jews, in the middle ages, to transport their wealth in a commodious form, when threatened with persecution, from one country to another. To what an extent paper of these various kinds has come to supply the place of gold and silver, may be judged of by the fact, that during the war, the paper currency of Great Britain and Ireland rose to £60,000,000 sterling; and that, at the present time, the private bills in circulation in it are estimated at £132,000,000 sterling. But this admirable resource, by which an accidental or temporary dearth of the precious metals is supplied by a paper currency, circulating at par with it, and fully supplying, as long as credit lasts, its place, was unknown in the ancient world. Gold, silver, and copper were their sole circulating mediums; and consequently, when they were progressively withdrawn, by the causes which have been mentioned, from the currency, there was nothing left to supply their place. Instantly, as if by the stroke of a fell necromancer, disasters of every kind accumulated on the wretched inhabitants. Credit was violently shaken;

* Greaves on Ancient Coins, i. 229, 331.

† Gibbon, c. 36, vol. vi. 173.]

money disappeared; prices fell to a ruinous degree; industry could obtain no remuneration; the influence and ascendancy of realized capital became irresistible; and the only efficient power left in the state was that of the emperor, who wrenched his taxes out of the impoverished hands of his subjects, or of the creditors and landlords, who, by legal process, exacted their debts from their debtors, and drove them to desperation. This was exactly the social state of the empire in its declining days. We can appreciate its horrors, from having had a foretaste of them during the commercial crises with which, during the last twenty-five years, this country has been visited.

From what has now been said, it is evident that the two circumstances which occasioned the fall of the Roman empire, were *the destruction of its domestic agriculture, by the importation of grain from its distant provinces, and the accumulation of debts and taxes, arising from the contraction of the currency.* If these causes be attentively considered, it will be found that they not only afford a perfect solution of its fall, but explain how it happened at the period it did, and had not occurred at an earlier period. They show what it was which, slowly but steadily, wasting away the vitals of the empire, successively destroyed its rural population and agricultural industry, and at length crushed its property under the increasing load of debts and taxes. They explain how it happened that the indirect taxes, which at first were sufficient, with a moderate imposition of five per cent on inheritances, to support the large military and naval establishments of Augustus, became gradually unproductive, and were at length succeeded by direct taxes on land, of severe, and in the end destructive amount. They show what every page of contemporary history demonstrates, that it was neither the superior military power of the barbarians, nor the diminished skill and courage of the legions, which occasioned the overthrow of the mighty fabric, but the *wasting away of its internal resources*—which was the real cause of its decay. They tell us that it was not the timidity of the legions; but *the inability of govern-*

ment to array them in sufficient strength, which rendered them unequal to the contest with an enemy whom, during the vigour of the state, they had so often repelled. They explain how it happened that Italy and Greece had become deserts in their rural districts, before one of the barbarians had crossed either the Alps or the Hæmus, and how Africa, Spain, and Egypt, alone of the provinces, retained their prosperity, when rural industry was wellnigh extinct in all the other parts of the empire. Lastly, they explain how it happened, that while the rural districts to the north of the Mediterranean were so generally relapsing into a state of desolation, the great cities of Greece and Italy long retained their prosperity, and the wealth of the capitalists and great proprietors who inhabited them, was continually increasing, while all other classes were ground to the earth under the weight of public or private burdens.

It must appear, at first sight, not a little extraordinary that the very causes which thus evidently led to the destruction of Rome, viz., the unlimited importation of foreign grain and contraction of the currency, are those which have been most the object of the policy of the British government, for the last quarter of a century, by every possible means to promote in this country. They were imposed upon Rome by necessity. The extension of the empire over Spain, Africa, and Egypt, as well as the magnanimous policy of its government towards all its subjects, rendered a free trade in grain with the provinces, and large importations from the great corn countries, unavoidable. Public misfortunes, the increasing luxury of the rich, that very great importation of grain itself, the failure of the Spanish and Grecian mines, and the entire want of any paper currency to supply the place of the metals thus largely abstracted, necessarily and unavoidably forced this calamitous contraction of the currency upon the Roman empire. But the British policy has adopted the same principles, and done the same things, when *no necessity* or external pressure rendered it unavoidable. A free trade in grain is to be introduced, not in favour of distant

provinces of the empire, but of its neighbours and its enemies. The currency has been contracted, not by public calamities, or any deficiency in the means of supplying the failure of the ordinary sources of gold and silver, but by the fixed determination of government, carried into execution by repeated acts of Parliament in 1819, 1826, and 1844, to abridge the paper circulation, and deprive the nation of the benefit of the great discovery of modern times, by which the calamitous effects of the diminution in the supply of the precious metals throughout the world have been so materially prevented.

Such a result must appear under all circumstances strange, and would be inexplicable, if we did not reflect, that the same impulse which was communicated to the measures of government in Rome by the influence of the capitalists and the clamorous inhabitants of great towns, is equally felt in the same stage of society in modern times. The people in our great cities do not call out, as in ancient days, for gratuitous distributions of corn from Lybia or Egypt; but they clamour just as loudly for free trade in grain with Poland and the Ukraine, which has the effect of swamping the home-grower quite as completely. The great capitalists do not make colossal fortunes by the plunder of subject provinces, as in the days of the Roman proconsuls; but they never cease to exert their influence to procure a contraction of the currency by the measures of government, which answers the purpose of augmenting their fortunes at the expense of the industrious classes just as well. Political writers, social philosophers, practical statesmen, fall in with the prevailing disposition of *the most influential classes*; they deceive themselves into the belief that they are original, and promulgating important truths, when they are merely yielding to the pressure of the strongest, or at least the most noisy, class at the moment in society. The Reform Bill gave *three-fifths* of the

British representation to the members for boroughs. From that moment the eventual adoption of legislative measures favourable to the interests of capital, and agreeable to the wishes of the inhabitants of towns, how destructive soever to those of the country, was as certain as the daily distribution of Egyptian grain to the inhabitants of Rome, Antioch, and Constantinople was, when the mob of these cities became, from their formidable numbers, an object of dread to the Roman government.

The only answer which the partisans of free trade in grain have ever attempted to these considerations is, that the ruin of the agriculture in the central provinces of the Roman empire was owing, not to the importation of foreign corn as a mercantile commodity, but to its *distribution gratuitously* to the poorer citizens of Rome, Constantinople, and some of the larger cities in the empire. They *admit*, in its fullest extent, the decay of domestic agriculture, and consequent ruin of the state, but allege it was owing to this gratuitous distribution, which was in fact a poor-law, and not to the free trade in grain.* But a very little consideration must be sufficient to show that this is an elusory distinction; and that it was the unrestricted admission of foreign wheat by purchase, which in reality, coupled with the contraction of the currency, destroyed the dominion of the legions.

1. In the first place, the number who received these gratuitous distributions was, as already shown, *so small*, when compared to the whole body of the grain-consuming population, that they could not materially have affected the market for agricultural produce in Italy. Not more than 150,000 persons received rations in Rome daily, and perhaps as many in the other cities of Italy. What was this in a peninsula containing at that period sixteen or eighteen millions of souls, and with 2,300,000 in its capital alone?† It is evident that the gratuitous distributions of

* See *Edinburgh Review*. No. 168. April 1846.

† There are now 20,000,000 inhabitants in Italy, and it was certainly as populous in the time of Augustus, when Rome alone, which now has 180,000, contained 2,386,000 souls.

grain, taking those at their greatest extent, could not have embraced a fiftieth part of the Italian population. What ruined the agriculturists, who used to feed the remaining forty-nine fiftieths? The unlimited importation of cheap grain from Spain, Egypt, Sicily, and Lybia, and nothing else.

2. In the next place, even if the gratuitous distributions of grain had embraced twenty times the number which they did, nothing can be clearer than that the effect *on agriculture* is the same, whether cheap foreign grain is imported by the private importer, or bought and distributed by the government. If the home-grower *loses his market*, it is the same thing to him whether he does so from the effects of private importation or public distri-

bution; whether his formidable competitor is the merchant, who brings the Lybian grain to the Tiber; or the government, which exacts it as a tribute from Sicily or Egypt. The difference is very great to the *urban* population, whether they receive their foreign grain in return for their own labour, or get it doled out to them from the government store as the price of keeping quiet. But to the *rural* cultivator it is immaterial, whether destruction comes upon him in the one way or the other. It is the *importation of foreign grain* which ruins him; and the effect is the same, whether the price paid for is the gold of the capitalist, or the blood of the legions.

ELINOR TRAVIS.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

It is now forty years since I found myself, for the first time in my life, in the once fashionable city of Bath. I had accompanied thither from London a dear friend from whom I had parted two years before at Oxford; a man as noble as ingenuous, as gentle as he was brave. Few men could boast the advantages enjoyed by Rupert Sinclair. Born of noble blood, of a family whose peerage had been raised upon the foundation of a huge wealth, handsome in person, intellectual, well-informed, enthusiastic and aspiring, he bred a fascination around his existence which it was difficult to resist. I had already graduated when Rupert Sinclair entered Christ Church as a gentleman commoner; I was, moreover, his senior by five years, yet from the moment I saw him until the hour of his decease—with one painful interregnum—we were firm and unflinching friends. He was sent to the university, like others of his rank, to acquire such knowledge of men and books as a temporary residence—and that alone—in an atmosphere of mingled learning and frivolity, is generally supposed to impart. His father looked upon all book knowledge

as superfluous, except in a parson or a schoolmaster; his lady mother would have been shocked to find him, whether at Oxford or elsewhere, any thing but the gay and fashionable nonentity which her taste and experience had taught her to regard as the perfection of God's fair creation. Lord Railton was a courtier, and affected to be a politician; her ladyship was a woman of fashion. It is surprising to me that, with their views of a nobleman's duties at Oxford, they should have thought it necessary to procure for their son the services of one who had nothing better to offer for his amusement, than the poor learning he had picked up at Eton and elsewhere, to dole out again to the best advantage, for the support of himself and widowed mother. I ought rather to say it was surprising to me *then*. I have grown wiser since. A tutor was necessary to the position of Lord Railton's son, and it was my happiness to be chosen the instructor of Rupert Sinclair. Every possible pains had been taken to ruin the intellect and impair the moral faculties of the youth. His earliest teachers had been strictly enjoined to give him

no tasks which should subject him to the slightest inconvenience, and were forbidden, under pain of dismissal, to ruffle the serenity of his temper, or intercept the slightest movement of his mind, however cross or wayward. Rupert in his very cradle had been taught, both by precept and example, that his equals in rank were his fellow creatures, and that all below him were—creatures, it is true, but the fellows of one another, and not of him and such as he; that the men to whose virtue, discretion, and conduct he was confided—his TEACHERS—were—oh, mockery of mockeries!—his dependents and inferiors, and necessary to him as his nurse or footman, but not a whit more so! Lord Railton was a tyrant, self-willed and imperious by nature, and as cold-blooded and selfish as a superadded aristocratic education could render him. He saw little of his children, whom he terrified when he did see them, and busied himself in this world with little more than the intrigues and plots of the political junto to whom he was bound by a community of interests, rather than affectionately attached. It is my firm belief that miracles have not ceased upon the earth. Invisible angels interpose now, as did the living saints of old, to repair the faults and infirmities of nature, and by a suspension of our ordinary laws to proclaim the might and mercy of the Divinity. How but by a miracle could the character of Rupert Sinclair have belied the natural reasoning of all ordinary mortals, exhibiting the utter annihilation of the intimate connexion of cause and effect, and the independence of the infant soul, when God so wills it, of the machinations of the wicked, and the vicious trifling of the foolish? The good sense of the youth had strengthened and increased under the enervating system which would have destroyed a weaker brain and a less honest heart. I was the tutor of Sinclair, but I suffered him to sketch out his own plan of study. His mother had not failed to forward me the usual instructions respecting the treatment of her darling child; but had she been silent I should not have insisted upon a strict adherence to the college system with one who, neither in the university nor in the world, to which he was about to be

summoned, would be tasked to remember or repeat one syllable of his lessons. Great is the temptation to dwell upon these early days of our attachment; for, alas! a pang must wait upon the pen when it traces the last record of a period unclouded by grief. An account of the earliest springtime that promised so fair a summer and harvest, is, it is true, not necessary to the main plot of the drama I have undertaken to write; but one of its chief characters can hardly be thoroughly understood without some reference to his conduct and pursuits previously to the commencement of the action. To say that I was prepossessed in favour of my pupil after my first conversation with him, is to say but little. I was at once surprised, delighted, and charmed. I had expected to receive a spoiled child of fortune; a giddy, self-willed, arrogant, and overbearing boy. I met with one whose demeanour was gentle, modest, and sedate. A child-like simplicity governed his manners; reflection and sound judgment his discourse. Long before the close of my young friend's academical career I had gained his entire confidence—he my heart; and at the close of it, I had not occasion to change one opinion or one sentiment entertained for my charge at the commencement of our friendship; so transparent are the minds of the ingenuous, and of those whom nature shelters from the baleful influences of life. It must, however, be stated, that in the all but perfect specimen of humanity presented to the world in the person of Rupert Sinclair, there existed one flaw to convict it of mortality, and to establish its relation with universal error. The simplicity spoken of as characteristic of the man, degenerated into weakness; faith in the goodness of his fellow-creatures into glaring credulity. It is a singular fact, and one that must be accounted for by those who have made the *Mind* an especial study, that whilst no man was quicker in detecting the slightest indication of his own imperfection in another, no one could be less conscious of its existence in himself, or less alive to imposition, the moment it was practised under his own eye, and against his own good-nature. How many times, during his residence in

Oxford, Rupert Sinclair became the victim of the unprincipled and the sharper, I will not venture to say, prepared as I am to assert that no discovery of falsehood and imposture ever convinced him of the folly of his benevolence, or of the worthlessness of the objects upon whom his favours had been showered. The world is said to be divided into two classes; into those who suspect all men until they are proved honest, and those who believe all men honest until they are proved to be false. The name of Rupert Sinclair might be written in neither category. He not only believed the world to be good prior to experience, but he denied it to be bad, let experience succeed as it might in convicting it of evil.

It was exactly two years after Sinclair quitted Oxford, that I received a letter from him, requesting me to meet him in London as soon after the receipt of his letter as my engagements would permit. The long vacation had again commenced. Rupert was no longer a student, or, to speak more correctly, books had now become the solace and recreation of his leisure hours, rather than the business of his life. To please his fond and very foolish mother, he had accepted a commission in the Guards. The small ambition of Lady Railton was consummated the moment her noble boy appeared in her drawing-room "*en grande tenue*;" as for the peer, he was too absorbed in his own diplomacy to interfere with that of her ladyship, in whose knowledge of the world and sound discretion he placed unbounded faith. I attended to the summons of Sinclair without delay. Upon arriving in London I went to his hotel, and found him recovering from a fit of illness which at one period had threatened his life, but of which he had as yet kept his family in ignorance. He had been recommended by his physicians to try the waters and mild temperature of Bath; and he was willing to obey them, provided I would become his companion. My time was my own, and I loved Sinclair too well to throw an obstacle in his way, had not the offer itself been temptation enough to one who had passed so many months of physical inactivity, without one holiday, in the dusty gloominess of

college rooms. In the course of two days our preparations were made, and we quitted London.

A week glided by in happy idleness. The invalid, compelled to keep his room for many hours of the day, was thrown upon his resources, and upon such as I could command for his amusement. The past is always a pleasant subject of discourse where the speakers are young, and the past is a day of sunshine, still lingering and warm. The days we had seen were bright enough, and to speak of them was to bring them back in all their recent freshness. Rupert was twenty-one, and he wondered at the ingratitude of man that called this world a scene of strife and misery. I was twenty-six, and as yet without a calamity. I had never known my father; and I had maintained my mother in comfort for many years. I had yet to part with *her*.

Another week, and the invalid was convalescent. The walks were extended and the prescriptions torn up. Invitations came and were accepted. A distant relative of Lady Railton was in Bath. Sinclair visited her, and was the next day a guest at her table. There was another guest there. Her name was ELINOR TRAVIS.

Twenty times, on the day I speak of, had Sinclair resolved not to keep his engagement, but to send an apology to Mrs Twisleton, and to return to London on the following morning. He had become tired, he said, of idleness, and the frivolities that surrounded us. One word of encouragement from me, and Sinclair would *not* have dined with Mrs Twisleton, would *not* have met with *her* who gave the colouring to his future life, would *not* have blasted every—but I must not anticipate.

General Travis and his family were amongst the most fashionable of the gay multitude then resident at Bath. They lived in first-rate style, and gathered about them all who aspired to a position in that upper world peopled pre-eminently by the "*ton*." The general was reputed a man of enormous wealth, and his banker's book procured for him the respect that was denied him in Debrett. The general was the father of two children—daughters—Elinor and Adela. His wife was also living. They were

al, according to report, essentially dashing people. So much I knew of them at the period of Sinclair's first acquaintance with the ill-fated Elinor.

After dining with Mrs Twisleton, Sinclair altered his mind. His departure was delayed. Within a day or two he was again invited to Mrs Twisleton's, and again he met the general and his family. Well, there was nothing to excite suspicion in all this! Sinclair said nothing; no observation escaped me. I concluded that a few days would put an end to the new interest that had been raised, and that we should return to London as quietly as we had left it. I was grievously mistaken.

Since our arrival in Bath we had been early risers, and our habits generally somewhat primitive. Suddenly Sinclair took it into his head to walk without me for an hour or so before breakfast. He invariably looked flushed and confused on his return. At least I thought so. I was puzzled, but still said nothing.

I had been favoured by Mrs Twisleton with one or two invitations to dinner, but had never cared to accept them. I resolved, should opportunity again offer, to accompany Sinclair to this lady's house. Whilst waiting, somewhat impatiently and in vain, for another invitation from Mrs Twisleton, a grand ball was announced at General Travis's, and Sinclair was in the number of the favoured guests. He was requested to bring his friend. "His friend" did not refuse.

There were in truth grandeur, profusion, and style sufficient in the entertainments of that evening. No additional outlay could have added to the sumptuous provision that was made for the gratification and delight of every sense. Eye and ear were ravished by the luxuries set before them, and the grosser appetites were not forgotten. What Indian wealth! What princely hospitality! Well might the general be esteemed the most royal of entertainers. Nobility lost none of its prerogative in mixing in such a scene as this, upon which an emperor might have descended with no dishonour to his ermine. I experienced for a time the full power of the enchantment, and acknowledged, against my will, the sove-

reign dominion of Mammon. I was presented to my hostess and the general. The former was a woman of fifty or thereabouts, delicately formed, pale, and somewhat sickly-looking; there were traces of feminine beauty on her countenance, but, such as they were, retreating rapidly before disease or care, or some ailment hidden from the looker-on. She seemed more like a gentle handmaiden than the mistress of the happy feast. The general was of another race of beings. He stood six feet two, but his extreme height was modified by the admirable proportions of his frame. He was firmly built, and but for a certain unsatisfactory expression in his countenance, might have been considered one of the handsomest men of his day. This expression it is not easy to describe. It proceeded from his eye, and seemed to communicate with all his features, leaving the stamp of low cunning upon every one. The eye was large and grey, and very restless; always in motion; always attempting to convey more than the inner man would answer for, or the observer take for granted. It had a volubility of expression like his tongue, and both bespoke their owner no efficient actor.

"You look magnificent to-night," said Sinclair, addressing the general after my introduction.

"So, so, with slender opportunities!" said the general. "See us in London, my young friend. No place in the world like London for the exercise of a man's genius—a woman's it should be said, to-night, for Elinor is the presiding genius here. Have you ever seen these flowers? Pretty, eh? Her handiwork."

Sinclair trifled for a moment with an exquisite specimen of artificial flowers, adorning an alabaster vase; but he gave no answer.

"Have you seen her to-night?" continued the general.

"Not yet."

"She's with the Indian Yahoo, no doubt. He arrived this afternoon, and she will give him no rest. She has engaged him for the first four quadrilles, that she may hear the natural history of the Chimpanzee without interruption, which her cousin has promised to relate to her at the first convenient opportunity."

"Her cousin has arrived then?" asked Sinclair, turning slightly pale.

"This very day. Our information is quite correct. His mother, the Begum, is dead, and has left him enough in jewels to purchase an empire. The specie found in chests is immense. A lucky dog, with that brown face of his! If it were as black as soot, he might command a duchess. Elinor and he are first cousins, and are much attached, although they haven't seen each other for years."

As the general spoke, music struck up, and a movement in our immediate neighbourhood announced the approach of dancers. Amongst them was a young and lovely woman. Her arm was in that of a small man, with a copper-coloured face and disgusting features. His beautiful partner, more beautiful by the contrast, looked proud of her prize, which, if I correctly interpreted the admiring gaze of the assembly, was coveted for one reason or another by every dowager and unmarried woman in the room. I felt an instinctive longing to smother the Yahoo.

Inexpressibly lovely looked Elinor Travis, as she gracefully led off the merry dance. She had reached her twentieth year, and was in the full glory of her womanhood. Tall, yet exquisitely moulded, she left nothing for fancy to desire or imagination to create. Her dark and animated eye sparkled with living joy, and her perfect features were illuminated by its fire. I had never before beheld a creature so richly endowed with natural gifts; one who united in her person so much grace, sculpture, and expression; and yet, strange to say, the feeling all inspired was the very opposite to that which might have been expected. The consciousness of beauty was too definitely written upon that brow. That melting eye had inherited too much of the worldliness that played about the eager vision of her sire. Maidenly modesty and retirement were wanting to elevate and dignify mere voluptuousness. I was repulsed rather than attracted by a form, which, had it been more feminine, might have served for an angel; and as it was, was not sufficiently divine for a mortal woman. Such was my first impression, formed almost

upon the instant. It never was removed.

Sinclair and I looked on. The spirits of Elinor were exuberant. She laboured, as it seemed, under more than ordinary excitement. She laughed and chatted with her tawny partner with a delight which it was impossible for such a copper monster to create. The gaiety of the lady had but one effect upon her partner. At short intervals he opened his jaws and exhibited his teeth to the company. Having rivalled a hyena in the hideousness of his grin, he closed the jaws and hid his molars. Far different was the effect upon another. It took but a very little time to discover that Rupert Sinclair had not been proof against the charms of this darling of nature. His heart had felt her witchery, and his spirit was enchained—not utterly and irretrievably, I fondly trusted, for I knew his worth, and could not willingly entrust him to such doubtful keeping. Elinor Travis was not the wife for Rupert Sinclair. Thanks to the Yahoo, my fears at first were not alarming; still it was vexatious enough to behold the pain with which Sinclair evidently regarded the good fortune of the Indian, and the complacency with which the monster received the favour of one of the loveliest of her sex. Once during the dance, the change of the figure brought the lady within a few feet of Sinclair. Her back was towards him, but, as if aware of his vicinity, she turned round and cast the lustre of her full eye upon him. She smiled, and archly nodded. Rupert shook like a leaf; the colour mounted to his cheek, and his heart beat almost audibly. I grew alarmed. My faith in the Yahoo was shaken, and I trembled for my friend. The position of the dancers was again reversed. Elinor faced us. Her eye once more was fixed upon Rupert, but this time, as I believed, exulting in triumph. Could it be possible that she was aware of her influence, and that she inhumanly trifled with this man's affection? What meant that ardent gaze and that triumphant smile? As the general had informed us, so it happened. The Yahoo danced four quadrilles with Elinor, and then vouchsafed the loan of his blackness to other

ladies for the rest of the evening. Miss Travis being at liberty, I proposed to Rupert an adjournment to our hotel. The gentleman, in answer, started up and secured the hand of Elinor for the next dance. His chair at my side was filled on the instant by the general himself. I listened and replied to the questions of the latter as well as I could, watching every movement, step, and gesture of the young sorcerer and her victim.

"Your friend, Mr Wilson, is not so gay as usual. What has happened?"

"Nothing."

"You return to London, I believe, in"—

The general paused.

"Mr Sinclair's leave of absence," I answered, "will soon expire."

"A gentle-spirited man, Mr Wilson. He does you credit."

"He owes me little, general," I answered. "Providence has been bountiful to him."

"Strange! And his father, they say, is as great a brute."

"Lord Railton," I said, "is not so amiable as his son."

"Proud and overbearing! But a magnificent rent-roll though! His son does not appear a man of the world. Vastly good-natured, but he wants fire and character."

"Mr Sinclair does not do himself justice," I replied. "There is more in him than meets the eye."

"You are a scholar, Mr Wilson," suddenly exclaimed the general, "and can appreciate a literary curiosity. Do me the favour to accompany me to my study. I have a Greek manuscript which I picked up in Samaria, and which they tell me is invaluable."

Before I could reply, the general was on his legs, and conducting me to his room. The dance was still proceeding.

"I am a simple man, sir," said the general when we reached the apartment, "and very moderate in my desires. We are often called avaricious when we are simply prudent. I despise wealth but for the sake of my children. There," he exclaimed suddenly, showing me a jewel-case—"there's stuff that would buy up Bath."

"Indeed!"

"What do you imagine this to be, Mr Wilson?" next inquired the general, holding up a folded letter.

"I cannot guess!" said I.

"An offer of a peerage. Why should I accept it? I have no son, and am without personal ambition. The world do not give men credit for such self-denial. You are a constant visitor at Sackville Park, I presume?"

"No, in truth. I have been there but once."

"Lady Railton doats upon her son, I believe?"

"A very fond mother," I replied.

The general eyed me suspiciously, and went no further; but he produced forthwith his manuscript from Samaria. It was really a curiosity in its way, being a transcript of one of the gospels in a dialect which I had never before seen, and of which, I think, but few specimens can remain. But I had a fidgety desire to get back to the ball-room, which prevented any thing like a satisfactory inspection of the precious document.

"Shall we return, general?" I asked.

"By all means," said the general, evincing at the same time no disposition to budge. "I trust, Mr Wilson," he continued, "that you will be no stranger at our house. We are humble people, as you see us, but we have friends at court. A man of your talents should command preference; but these are sad times, and the best fare ill enough without a helping hand. I stand well with the premier."

"No doubt, deservedly," said I. "You have probably seen much service, general?"

"A little, a little;" replied the soldier with mock humility. "But as to yourself, Mr Wilson, they must make a bishop of you."

"Oh, general!" said I with unnecessary modesty.

"Ah, but I say they must! Leave that to me. We want sound and good men like yourself at the head of the church. Methodism must be put down. It is increasing frightfully. Vigorous and learned men are required to cope with it."

"Methodism," said I, with becoming warmth, "is undoubtedly a great curse to the church at the present moment, and every honest church-

man is bound, to the extent of his ability, to oppose its further progress."

"My own words, Mr Wilson; and I beg you not to suspect me of flattery when I tell you that half a dozen men like yourself would do more to bring back a salutary state of things than any legal enactments they could contrive. Sinclair has told me of your energy, high honour, and attainments, and it would be a sin to suffer them to be inactive."

I confess I shall never forgive myself for having patiently, nay somewhat greedily, swallowed such monstrous and glaring trash as that above related, and for having been cajoled by it into spending one long half hour with my wily general in his study. I left the room at length, in a state of heroic excitement, and in time to discover that Rupert Sinclair and his partner had quitted the apartment in which I had previously left them.

There remained upon my mind no longer a doubt of Rupert's attachment to this lovely woman, and I contemplated its issue with no feeling of gratification or delight. Notwithstanding the agreeable communications of the general, I could not thoroughly trust him; and as for the young lady herself, as I have already hinted, she was as adapted to the mild nature of Sinclair as a lioness to a lamb. What would Lord Railton say to the match? What would Lady Railton do, with her sublimated notions of marquises and dukes? I deplored the ill luck that had brought us to Bath, and resolved to carry the youth back whilst he still remained master of his actions. But where was he? I sought him in vain in every public room of the house. Neither he nor the syren could be found. Vexed and hurt, although I scarcely knew why, I determined to quit the place, and to return to the hotel. Attached to the general's house was a spacious pleasure garden, and upon the occasion of this fête it was studded with a number of small lamps, which cast a picturesque and oriental gleam in parts, leaving the remaining portion of the ground in deeper shade. The night was lovely. Passing the door that led into the garden, I turned into the latter, almost without a thought. Visitors were there before me, and to escape them I retired into the gloom. Within a few yards of

me passed the pair of whom I had been in search. The arm of Sinclair was twined around the waist of Elinor, and his head was bent on the ground. They advanced, and were soon beyond my ken. I still heard their steps; but suddenly these ceased. The lovers had stopped, and to my great discomfort they spoke.

"You do not know him," said a voice that did no dishonour to the coral lips through which it came. "His heart is fixed upon this hated match."

"You smiled upon him, Elinor," said Rupert, in a voice of emotion; "you gave him hope."

"For your sake, Sinclair, I smiled upon the man I hated; for your dear sake. The least suspicion of the truth, and we are ruined. I cannot have you banished from me."

"What is to be done?" exclaimed Rupert in despair.

I could hear no more. The voices dissolved into whispers, and these soon ceased. The fate of Rupert Sinclair was sealed.

Now, what was my course at this alarming crisis? What steps did it behove me—the friend, tutor, and counsellor of Rupert Sinclair—to take at such a moment as this, when the happiness of his whole life was about to be decided? Was there, in fact, any thing to do? Had not Sinclair already reached that point at which remonstrance is vain, and advice impertinent? And why should I remonstrate at all? What had I to say against a union with a lovely and accomplished woman, whose father had perhaps wealth enough to buy off the prejudices of Lord and Lady Railton, had they been ten times as bigoted as they really were? What could I produce against the young lady herself but a prejudice formed at first sight, and perhaps as unfounded as it had been hastily adopted? Was not Sinclair old enough to select his partner for himself; and when did interference in the delicate affairs of love ever lead to any thing but the confusion of the intruder, and the acceleration of the mischief he absurdly hoped to prevent? I was at the height of my perplexity when Sinclair returned to me. I heard his footsteps at the door, and immediately plunged into my bedroom.

Next morning I was awake betimes, but Rupert was up before me. Indeed, when I beheld him, I doubted whether he had been to rest at all. He looked haggard and distressed. I took my cue from his downcast appearance.

"Rupert," said I, "it is my intention to quit Bath."

"When?" he inquired.

"Possibly to-day. To-morrow at the furthest."

Rupert sighed.

"We return together, I presume?" said I in continuation.

"Wilson," answered Rupert, in a tone of kindness, "I have never deceived you yet; I will not deceive you now. Nor shall you suffer in any way from acts of mine. I cannot leave this place. It is not expedient that you should stay."

"Your leave of absence soon expires," I said.

"I shall not fail to be at my duty, Wilson," continued Sinclair. "But there is important business to do before I leave this city."

"You have entered, Rupert, into some rash engagement."

"Into an engagement—yes; not rashly, I believe; for I have held consultation with my heart—deep, earnest communings, that have sanctioned my fondest inclination."

"Beware, Sinclair!" I answered. "In some cases, the heart is no safe monitor; and inclination and conviction become convertible terms."

"You know my secret, Wilson."

"I can guess it."

"You saw her last night. I wished you to see her. I desired to hear from your lips a confirmation of the regard she has inspired in one"—

I shook my head.

"You are right—you are right," proceeded Sinclair, hastily. "You shall not speak. You shall not even tell me how divine a being Heaven has placed within my reach. You shall not be involved in the calamity which an irrevocable act may bring upon two whose crime it is to love too well."

"Rupert," I replied, "I am not disposed to desert you at so critical a period of your life. We are both young. You are enthusiastic; your good opinion of mankind has before now led you into error. Have you

well pondered on this step? Can you rely on Elinor Travis?"

"What do you mean?"

"Is she as brave as she is gentle—as faithful as she is fair?"

"I would answer for her with my life."

"Yes, or with twenty lives, if you had them, for the venture. Yet you have not known her long."

"Long enough to value and to love her. Does it require an age to discover truthfulness so palpable as hers?"

"I have done, Sinclair," said I. "God grant you may be happy!"

"You return to London, then?"

"Such is my intention."

"You do wisely. I would not have you stay with me. You must be clear from all participation in this business, let it end as it may. I know my father. His anger and his vengeance, however undeserved, would fall on you."

"Would these were my greatest fears!" I answered, with a sigh.

"Fear not for me, Wilson. The happiness of your friend is bound up with that of Elinor Travis. I tell you, in all sincerity, I cannot live without her. Fate decrees our movements. No woman but she has made me conscious of that great fountain of love which lies within the bosom of us all—none has had power to direct the stream, and to enchain me, heart and soul, to her will."

"And should that will," I quickly urged, "be found as evil as resistless?"

"Prove it so, and its power ceases on the instant. No; it is resistless, because virtuous and pure. I submit to an enchantment, but it is practised by a fairy as good as she is beautiful."

It was useless to argue so abstruse a point with so interested and impassioned a reasoner. I remained silent.

"One promise I must exact from you," continued Sinclair. "In passing through London, you will not see my father."

"I shall not wait upon his lordship," I replied.

"Nor mention, if you please, one syllable of this affair, should chance bring you together. For the present, I have sufficient reasons for wishing you to keep my secret sacred. In good time all will be known."

"You shall be obeyed, of course."

"Thanks," said Sinclair, grasping my hand, and holding it affectionately: "all will be well, I trust."

For the rest of the day, the subject was not revived. I begged Sinclair to follow his own pleasure, without reference to me, and to leave me to the few arrangements necessary before departure. He insisted, however, upon spending the last day with me; and during many hours of well-remembered intercourse, he evinced a friendliness and affectionate regard such as I had never before experienced—even from him. We sat together until the early hour of morning chid us to our beds.

"There is still one thing to say," said Sinclair, when we parted for the night, "and it had better be communicated now. Heaven knows, Wilson, when and where shall be our next meeting. It may be soon; it may be never. Death to one of us—a hundred circumstances may interfere between our hopes and their fruition. I have desired to tell you, many times, what I am sure you will not hear unkindly, although the fear of offending you has kept me silent. Yet, you ought to know it. I am sure your peace of mind will be secured when you know that the present enjoyments of your mother can, under no circumstances, ever be decreased. I have taken care, should any thing happen to yourself or me, that her latter days shall remain as peaceful as you, her faithful son, have rendered them."

I would have spoken to my friend and benefactor, but I could not. I shook his hand cordially, and an honest tear told him my gratitude. So we parted, as I half feared for ever; for his words and actions were full of evil omen.

Upon reaching my bedroom on this eventful evening, the first thing that caught my eye was a mysterious document lying on the table—a lady's note. "A mistake," thought I, approaching the unusual visitor. Not so; it was addressed to me. I opened it, and read. It ran as follows:—

"Dear sir.—Pardon my abruptness. As a friend of Mr Rupert Sinclair, I entreat five minutes' conversation. I shall be at home to-

morrow at noon. Pray, come. His happiness depends upon your punctuality. Keep this communication secret.—Yours, &c.,

"CHARLOTTE TWISLETON."

The plot was thickening with a vengeance. What could this mean? And what was I to do? Clearly to wait upon the lady, as directed, to postpone my departure, to forfeit my fare, and to mix myself deeper than ever in a mystery, which, trusting to appearances, was likely to end in the ruin of Mr Rupert Sinclair, and his more luckless tutor. Taking care to avoid Sinclair in the morning, I directed his servant to acquaint him with my change of views, and quitted the hotel some hour or two before the time fixed for the anxious interview. Punctually at noon, I presented myself at Mrs Twistleton's door. My alarm was intense when I reached that lady's apartment. She had evidently been waiting my arrival with extreme impatience. Before I could speak or bow, she rushed towards me, and exclaimed—

"Is it over, sir? Is he gone?"

"What over, madam?" I answered.

"Who gone?"

"Mr Sinclair. Is he married?"

"Married?"

"Yes. Married. They are to be, if they are not already. Take him to town, sir. Drag him away. We shall be ruined."

I had thought so for the last four-and-twenty hours; but I had certainly not included Mrs Twistleton in the calculation.

"Mr Thompson," continued the lady, forgetting my name in her anxiety, "Lord Railton will go raving mad if this should come about. We shall all be punished. I know him well. You, for having brought Mr Sinclair here; I, for having introduced him to the impostors; and himself for having been caught in their snares. And he is a powerful man, and has the means to punish us."

He had certainly the means of punishing Mrs Twistleton; for her son, at college, had been already promised the next presentation to a valuable living in Yorkshire. Her fears on my account were hardly so well founded.

"Look here, Mr Wilson," said Mrs

Twisleton, hurrying to her writing-desk, and taking from it a letter, which she placed in my hands. "Read that."

I ran my eye over the document. It was from a female correspondent in London, and it conjured Mrs Twisleton to avoid all connexion whatever with General Travis and his too fascinating family. The general was described as a bold bad man, utterly ruined, involved beyond the possibility of recovery, a mere lather-on of fashion, an adventurer. His wife was spoken of as a mere simple instrument in his hand; naturally disposed to goodness, but perverted by the cruel necessity of her position. But what said this timely—oh, if but timely!—informer respecting her whose name I greedily sought out in these disastrous pages? I grew sick as I proceeded in the narrative. Elinor Travis—so said the letter—was a clever, subtle, accomplished, and designing woman. Numerous had been her flirtations, not few her conquests; but the game she had brought down, it had never been worth the general's while to bag. The general had been a great traveller. He had passed some years in India. During his residence there, the fair fame of Elinor Travis had been—oh, horror!—sullied; falsely so, some said; but still sullied. She had loved an officer with whom, it was reported—I read no more.

"The writer of this letter, madam," I asked—"is she trustworthy?"

"Alas! alas! yes," exclaimed Mrs Twisleton, in despair.

"It must be prevented by all and every means," I continued.

"We are still safe then?"

"Yes, although I cannot answer for an hour. He must be spoken to, remonstrated with"—

"Threatened," added Mrs Twisleton, stamping with her foot. "Anything to save us."

"I will appeal to his reason."

"Then we are lost," said the lady, emphatically. "That family never listened to reason yet."

"Do you know," I enquired, "this great foreigner whom they call the Yahoo?"

"Oh, no! no!" exclaimed Mrs Twisleton, shaking her head impa-

tiently. "I don't know any of them. I disown them all; they are all impostors. I said so from the beginning. Oh, Mr Wilson, what *can* he have to do with it? How can you talk so idly?"

"Mrs Twisleton," said I, "have I your permission to communicate the contents of this letter to Mr Sinclair?"

"Yes, but never mention my name in the matter. Take the address of the writer, and communicate with her yourself. Save your friend, and make your fortune. Get us all well out of the scrape, and then depend upon me for speaking about you to his lordship. He shall know the part you have played; and no man can be more generous than Lord Railton when the fit is on him."

"Do not trouble yourself, madam, on my account," I replied. "This letter I will borrow, with your leave, for awhile. There is not a moment to lose. The next hour may prove fatal to the interests of our unfortunate friend."

I had not spoken before Mrs Twisleton pulled the bell violently, shook my hand eagerly, and urged me to the door. Within ten minutes, I was face to face with Sinclair.

"Sinclair," said I, "you must return to London with me."

"What has happened, then?" he inquired.

"You stand on a precipice," I continued. "Advance but another step, and you are lost."

"Translate your language, friend," said Rupert, "and suffer me at least to understand you."

"You are mistaken, Sinclair—cruelly deceived."

"What, again?" he asked, with a smile.

"Yes, again and again. No experience teaches you. No conviction reaches your judgment. Will you listen to me, and believe me?"

"I will listen to you."

"The family of General Travis are not what you suppose them. I can prove them unworthy your confidence and affection. Will you link your fate with that of one who"—

I hesitated.

"Go on," said Sinclair, calmly.

"Read, read for yourself!" I exclaimed, placing the letter I had

received from Mrs Twisleton, without further ceremony, in his hands.

He did read—every line, without the smallest surprise or perturbation—and then folded the document, and gave it back to me. I thought him mad.

"This is no news to me, Wilson," he said quietly. "I have been put on my guard respecting these slanderers. Their baseness does not take me by surprise. The trick is a poor one."

"The trick!"

"Yes; if it deserve no harsher name. What know you of the writer of that letter?"

I had but one answer to give to that question—"Nothing." And the name of Mrs Twisleton was sacred.

"I thought so," proceeded Rupert. "Every assertion contained in that precious document has already met with a sufficient refutation. I know *my* informant, and can rely upon *my* information; advantages of which, dear Wilson, you cannot boast."

"Sinclair," I replied, with warmth, "remember what passed between us yesterday. 'Prove,' said you, 'that Elinor Travis is less good than beautiful, and her influence ceases from that moment.' Give me time to prove it, or to ask your pardon and hers for as much as I have said already. I must exact this from you. It is all I ask. With this document before me, I can demand no less."

"Do as you will. What do you propose?"

"To go at once to town; to seek out the writer of this letter, and to obtain from her proofs of her allegations which even you must respect and listen to. If I fail to secure them, you shall be pained no more by interference of mine."

"Be it so," said Sinclair; "I await your return here."

Upon the evening of this day I was in London, and on the following morning at the residence of the lady whom I sought. Ill luck attended my steps. She was ill, and could not be seen. For a week I remained in London, unable to gain an interview, or to communicate with her. I obtained the name of her physician, waited upon him, and asked him to convey a letter from me to his patient.

It was impossible. It was of the highest consequence to keep the lady tranquil. By every post I wrote to Sinclair, informing him of my disappointment, and conjuring him to take no steps until my mind, as well as his, was satisfied. He returned no answer to my communications, but I relied upon his friendship. Upon the eighth day of my absence, sick to death with impatience and idleness, and no nearer to my object than on the first day of my arrival, I resolved to return to Bath, and to remain with my friend until I should receive intelligence of the lady's convalescence. Something might be done by remonstrance and entreaty. To leave him to himself, was to give up every chance of his salvation.

The coach in which I travelled halted at Marlborough for dinner. When I alighted, I perceived, but took no particular notice of a post-chaise standing at the door of the inn. I had scarcely set foot in the house, however, before I encountered General Travis. The moment he caught sight of me, he seemed to become agitated or alarmed. He approached me—took me by the arm, and led me into the open air.

"Have you seen them?" he eagerly asked.

"Seen whom?" I asked in return.

"Your friend. He is a villain!"

"General Travis," I said indignantly, "I have no friend to whom that term applies, nor must you couple it with any name that's dear to me."

"Forgive me, forgive me!" said the general with evident grief. "I have been deceived, cruelly deceived; my house is deserted—my child is stolen—they have eloped!"

"Eloped!"

"Yes; Mr Sinclair and my daughter. This very morning. Your friend, my Elinor!"

The general stamped; then walked furiously about, whilst I stood thunderstruck.

"He never spoke to me on the matter; as I am a living man, he never hinted to me his attachment. Could I have suspected it—dreamed it? Oh, my child, my child!"

I looked hard at the man, as intently as my agitation would permit,

and I believed his passion to be genuine and honest. Tears were in his eyes, and he wrung his hands, and raved like men in deep affliction. Could I be deceived?

"Whither have they gone?" I asked.

"God knows; I missed my child at breakfast. She had never been absent before. I was alarmed, but looked for her return. At noon, we heard that she had been seen at the distance of half a mile from the city, walking quickly with Mr Sinclair. At Mr Sinclair's hotel, I learned that he had quitted the city, and had ordered a chaise and four to meet him a mile off, at ten o'clock precisely. I followed them at once, and traced them for twenty miles, and then lost sight of them altogether."

"What is your intention now?"

"To take the north road, and, if possible, to overtake and recover her. I am heart-broken and distracted. He has robbed me of a treasure, dearer to me"——

Fresh horses had been put to the general's carriage, and the postilions were already in the saddle; not a moment was to be lost. Before the general could finish his speech, he was seated in the chaise, and driving away at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

My feelings may be imagined. What to do, I knew not; and there was little time to consider. The dinner had been transacted during our anxious conference, and the horses' heads were looking towards Bath. The coachman mounted the box. I ascended the other side, and took my seat next to him, quite mechanically.

"Knowing gentleman, that 'ere," said Jehu, "as you conversed with."

"Do you know him then?" I asked with curiosity.

Jehu closed one eye; rubbed his chin against his comforter, and said, "hexcessively!"

"What of him?"

"Werry deep and werry singular. I've druv him many a time."

"He's werry rich," said I.

"Oh, werry! So they say. So I s'pose he is. For my part, I'm no judge of mutton till it's cut up. Is he a werry pertickler friend of yours?"

"No friend at all. Scarcely an acquaintance. I have met him but once before to-day."

"Then it won't break your heart to hear, that it wouldn't be quite as safe as the bank of England to lend him twenty pounds. A box fare once told me he wasn't worth a sixpence, and that he'd come down one of these days like a crash in a china shop. My fare was an Injyman, as had known the gentleman out in them parts, where he was obliged to cut with all his family."

"Oh, did he say any thing about the family?"

"No; nothing about the family. Them, he said, was all right, especially one beautiful girl as he had, that run the rigs with a hoffer, and broke every body else's heart. My eye! wouldn't I have given my top-boots to have been that 'ere hoffer!"

I changed the subject of discourse, and not once again did I revert to it for the rest of that disastrous journey. Arriving at Bath, I proceeded at once to the hotel in which I had left Sinclair. He was gone—but no one could tell me whither. The account given by General Travis was corroborated by the master of the house. Mr Sinclair had ordered a chaise and four to wait for him at the distance of a mile from the city—his order had been complied with, and nothing since had been heard of him.

"It's werry strange," said I.

"Yes, sir, werry," replied mine host, "and strange things have happened since. You knew General Travis, sir, I believe?"

"I have seen him in Bath; what of him?"

"Dreadful affair that of his. The whole family have vanished."

"Vanished!"

"Yes, sir. Three or four days ago the general's lady vanished with the youngest daughter; this morning the eldest daughter vanished by herself; and an hour or two afterwards, the general vanished with his own man, having previously discharged every other servant in the establishment."

"Is any reason assigned?"

"Debt, they tell me. The family have gone abroad to recover themselves; and, whilst they are recovering themselves, scores here will be ruined. The house has been beset with creditors this afternoon, and one poor fellow in the next street, a working upholsterer, with a family of

ten children, has been raving at the doors like a madman."

"You are mistaken," I said; "the general has not vanished after the manner you describe. To-morrow every thing will be explained. I do not feel myself at liberty to say more now. Let me entreat you, however, to remove the absurd impression that has been made; and, above all, to dispel the unfounded apprehensions of the unfortunate man you speak of."

"Glad to hear you say so," rejoined mine host; "but I doubt it."

He left me, and I sallied forth; first to Mrs Twisleton's, who at first was not at home, but, receiving my card, sent her servant running half a mile, to assure me that she was. Poor Mrs Twisleton! sad and lugubrious was she on that melancholy evening. Faithful visions of the unappeasable wrath of the proud Lord Railton flickered before her eyes, and pierced her very soul.

The next advowson was no advowson at all, as far as she was concerned, and her hope and offspring were alike cut off by the terrible and irrevocable act of the morning. I found the lady in tears.

"This is a shocking business, madam!" I began.

It was the signal for a flood.

"When did you arrive?" she sobbed.

"An hour since."

"And you have heard of it?"

"Of the elope"—

"Oh, don't, don't, don't speak of it!" shrieked the lady. "It turns me sick. He has married a beggar—the daughter of an impostor and a swindler."

"Can it be true?"

"Oh, you have been very dilatory and foolish, Mr Wilson," suddenly exclaimed Mrs Twisleton in a clear sharp tone, which had nothing of the softness of tears about it. "Had I been a man, I would have saved my friend from certain infamy. Mr Wilson, I gave you full warning—ample time. You cannot deny it."

I sighed.

"And now you have come to Bath again, what do you mean to do?"

I thought for a second or two, and then sighed again.

"Take my advice, sir; it's a woman's, but not the worse for that. If you stay here till doomsday, you

can't alter what is unalterable. The fool's married by this time. The general has broken up his establishment and has decamped!"

"Impossible!"

"That may be, but what I tell you is the truth, nevertheless. The mail leaves Bath at eleven o'clock. Return by it to London. See Lord Railton as soon as you arrive. Make the best you can of this wretched business, and prepare him to meet his son without a curse. You need not tell him all you know about the general. He will find that out quickly enough; nor need you mention my insignificant name at all. The old man has feeling left in him; and the mother doats upon her namby-pamby boy. Obtain their pardon for your friend, and you will do that friend a service which he will never forget, and can never sufficiently repay."

I reflected for a moment; the advice seemed sound. I determined to adopt it. Bewildered and vexed, I quitted the lady's house, and walked mechanically about the town, from street to street. An hour or two were yet at my disposal—heavy, irritating hours, converted into ages by my impatience and anxiety. Chance or fate conducted me to the abode of General Travis. I stopped before the door, as purposeless as I had just approached it. To curse the hour that had connected poor Sinclair with the proprietor of that late magnificent and extravagant establishment, was a natural movement. I cursed, and proceeded on my walk. I had not, however, advanced a few steps, before, looking back, I became aware of a light gleaming from one of the windows of the house. I returned. Some information might be gained from the servant left in charge of the place; possibly a clue to the mystery in which, without any valid reason, I had myself become entangled. I found the door of the mansion ajar. I knocked, but no one answered; I repeated the summons with as little success, and then I walked boldly in—and up-stairs, in order to place myself at once in communication with the apartment in which I had perceived the faint illumination. Opening the drawing-room door, I perceived, as much to my disgust as astonishment—the Yahoo!

That dark gentleman was drunk; there was no doubt of it. He was sitting at a table that was literally covered with food, of which he had taken to repletion. His coat was off, so was his cravat, and the collar of his shirt unbuttoned. Perspiration lung about his cheeks, and his face looked very oily. Decanters of wine were before him; a pewter jug of ale; and bottles containing more or less of ardent spirits. There was a wild expression in his eye, but the general glow of his visage was one of fuddled stottishness. He saluted me with a grin.

"Who the debil are you?" he politely asked.

"I was looking," I answered, "for a servant."

"D—n him serbant," exclaimed the Yahoo, speaking in his drunkenness like a very nigger. "I gib him a holyday. What are you got to say to dat? What do you want?" he proceeded. "Sit down. Enjoy yerself. What do you take? Deblish good rum, and no mistake."

Hold a candle to the Devil is a worldly maxim, which I had never an opportunity of practising to the letter until now. Much might be learned by humoring the monster—nothing by opposing him. I sat down and drank his health.

"Thankee, old boy," said he. "I'm deblish glad to see you, upon my soul. Gib us your hand. How many are you got?"

"Two," said I.

"That's a lie," replied the nigger hastily. "I see four. But neber mind, I'm not partickler. Gib us two of 'em. I say, old boy," he continued, "don't you eat nothing? D—d sweet. Sure to make you sick. Him dink much as him like."

"You wait the general's return, I presume?" said I, in the vain hope of eliciting something from this black moving barrel.

The gentleman tried to look me full in the face; but his eyes rolled involuntarily, and prevented him. He contrived, however, to effect what he intended for a knowing wink, whilst he thrust out his cheek with the end of his tongue.

"Oh yes, in course," he answered. "I wait till him come back. Him wait d—d long while. He! he! he!"

"His departure was very sudden," I continued.

"Oh, bery! All them departure's bery sudden. Missy General go bery sudden—Missy Elinor go bery sudden—rum go bery sudden," he concluded, drinking off a glassful.

"I saw the general to-day. We met on the road. He told me every thing."

"Stupid old codger! Him can't keep his own counsel. Dat him business, not mine. Deblish cleber old codger!"

"He was much affected," said I. "The elopement of his child is a serious blow to him."

The nigger performed the same pantomime as before; winking his eye, and enlarging his cheek.

"Blow not so bad as a punch on the head, old boy. Deblish cleber old codger," repeated the Yahoo, laughing immoderately. "Deblish cleber 'Gustus too!'"

"Who is he?" I inquired.

The nigger attempted to rise in his chair, and to make a profound bow, but failed in both attempts.

"I'm 'Gustus!'" said he, "at your service—take a glass of wine with you!"

I pledged the gentleman, and he continued.

"You know Massa Sinclair?"

"A little."

"Big jackass, Massa Sinclair. Awful big. He no run away with Missy Elinor, Missy run away with him. Massa General run away with both. 'Gustus do it all.'"

I groaned.

"You ain't well?—Take glass rum? Bery good rum!"

"And so you did it all, Augustus? You must be a clever fellow!"

"I think so. If you could but have seen us this morning. I and Massa General looking over the banisters whilst Missy Elinor was running away; and Massa Sinclair in de hall, trembling all over like a ninny, for fear Massa General should see him—Massa General and me splitting sides all the time. D—d good! like a play. He! he! he!"

I groaned again.

"Sure you are not well, old boy? Try the bitters."

"I have had enough," said I.

"I must begone."

"Don't hurry, old fellow. Can't

ask you again. Go to town to-morrow. Meet General Travis to-morrow night. Him sewed up. 'Gustus neber desert him."

"The general will not return then?"

"Him too good judge!"

"And Mr Sinclair and the lady?"

"They married by this time. I say, old boy, let's drink their health."

"No, no, no. Tell me whither do they go!"

"No, no, no!—I say yes, yes, yes," roared the intoxicated monster. "Drink it, you rascal," he added, "or I'll kick you down stairs."

My blood was boiling in a moment. The nigger staggered to me, and touched the collar of my coat. His hand was scarcely there, before I took him by the neck, and flung him like a loathsome reptile from me. He fell at the foot of the table, but in his passage to the ground he grasped a decanter of wine, which he hurled at my head. It passed me, met the door, and flew in a thousand pieces about the room. Sick at heart, I took the opportunity to retire.

Never shall I forget the morning upon which I stood in Grosvenor Square, knocker in hand, about to present myself before the father of Rupert Sinclair, and to acquaint him with the disgrace that had come to his family, by the alliance of the previous day. The feelings of the hour return with all their painful vividness as I recall the time. A lazy porter, richly attired, opened the door, and rang a bell in the hall, which brought to me his lordship's valet. The latter received my card, and after a quarter of an hour's absence, returned with the information, that his lordship was particularly busy with the Director of the Opera, and could not be seen by any one that morning. Every little circumstance is indelibly imprinted on my memory, stamped there by the peculiar anxiety under which I laboured. I respectfully submitted that my business was even more important than that of the Director, and requested the valet to return with my urgent request to his lordship for one short interview.

"His lordship doesn't know you," said the valet.

"Not know me!" I exclaimed, forgetting at the moment how little it was to his lordship's interest to remember me. "There," I exclaimed "take this card to him." I had written upon it—*Late tutor to the Hon. Rupert Sinclair.*

Another quarter of an hour, and I was admitted. His lordship was evidently angry at the interruption. My heart was fluttering. He extended to me one finger, by way of compromise, which I reverently touched, offered me no seat, but asked me my business.

I began—continued—and ended without the least hinderance on his lordship's part. I spoke without reserve of my own share in the unfortunate business, taking particular care, however, not to say one word to the disparagement of Elinor, or that might unnecessarily excite Lord Railton against his erring son. I told him of Rupert's illness, of our having proceeded to Bath in company—of his recovery—his meeting with Elinor—her beauty—his devotion. I pleaded his youth, his ardent nature—referred to the past as irretrievable, to the future as full of happiness for Mr Sinclair, provided his lordship would look with forgiving kindness upon his act; and used all the eloquence I could command to move what I conceived to be at least a heart of flesh to pity and sympathy for its own blood and offspring.

Lord Railton heard me to the end, with a knitted brow and closed lips. When I had finished, he asked me sternly if I had any thing more to say.

"Nothing," I replied.

Whereupon his lordship rang the bell.

The valet again appeared.

Lord Railton again held out his finger, as at our meeting. I was about to take it, when his lordship moved it quickly—pointed to the door—and said—"Show that person out!"

For a second I stood astounded and confused. In another second I found myself breathing on the sunny side of Grosvenor Square. How I reached it, I no longer remember.

THE PEOPLE.

MR COBDEN, in the House of Commons, has given us a definition of the term which heads this article :—*THE PEOPLE are the inhabitants of towns.* “I beg to tell the honourable member for Limerick,” said the arch-leaguer, a few evenings since, “and the noble lord, the member for Lynn, and the two hundred and forty members who sit behind him, that there are other parties to be consulted with regard to their proposition—that there are *THE PEOPLE*; I don’t mean the country party, but the people living in the towns, and who will govern this country.”

“What is the city,” says Shakspeare, “but the People?”—“True, the people are the city.”

Against Mr Cobden we pit Mr D’Israeli, who defines the people to be the country gentlemen. Against Shakspeare, we bring M. Michelet, who, in an affectionate dedication of his latest work to his fellow-labourer and friend, M. Edgar Quinet, modestly acquaints the said M. Edgar, that *THE PEOPLE* are neither more nor less than the author of the book and the gentlemen to whom it is inscribed :—

“Recevez-le donc, ce livre du Peuple, parce qu’il est vous, parce qu’il est moi. Par vos origines militaires, par la mienne, industrielle, nous représentons nous-mêmes, autant que d’autres peut-être, les deux faces modernes du Peuple, et son récent avènement.”

There is, in truth, an extensive amount of cant afloat just now, both here and elsewhere, on this subject of *THE PEOPLE*. It is the staple commodity of your newspaper-mongers, and the catchpenny song of the scribes. Agitators feed upon it, politicians play upon it, our needy brethren of the quill pay outstanding debts with it. It is one of the few things that pay at all in an age of fearful competition, and one that always will pay whilst poor human nature holds the purse-strings. The wretched beggarman of Ireland famishes for a crust, yet he has his farthings to

spare for the greedy hypocrite who flatters his vanity, and heaps laudations on his social importance. JOHN HOWARD made four pilgrimages to Germany, five to Holland, three to France, two to Italy, with the simple object of mitigating the physical sufferings of his fellow creatures; he visited Spain, Portugal, the United States, and Turkey, with the same practical and praiseworthy purpose. He passed days in pest-houses and lazarettos, and finally laid down his life in the blessed work of charity at Cherson in the Crimea. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Philanthropy is a luxurious creature now-a-days. She is passive rather than active; she does not work—she *talks*. Her disciples take no journeys, unless it be to Italy for their own pleasure; they sit at home in satin dressing-gowns, supported on velvet, feeding on turtle. They tell the labouring classes—whom they style the bone and sinew of the land—that though they talk prose, and lead prosaic lives, they are nevertheless first-rate poets; that though rough at the surface, they are the gentlest of creation “at the core;” that though dull, they are quick; though ugly, handsome; though stupid, vastly clever; though commoners in the last degree, yet nobles of God, and nature’s grandees of the very first class. It is gratifying to believe all this, and the charge is only threepence a-week, or a shilling a-month. Open as we all are to flattery, who would not pay so trifling a sum for the pleasure of so sweet a dream? If you cannot relieve our sufferings, it is something to create an inordinate self-esteem. If you cannot afford us a shilling from your pockets, it is much that your goose-quill can convert us into birds of Paradise. The successful writers of the day are those who have nauseously fawned upon the million for the sake of their “sweet voices” and their halfpence.

There is not one of these popular authors who has had the manliness

to suggest, supposing that he has the head to discover, a remedy for the evils which every honest mind perceives in the social condition of the humbler classes. The most they have done is to drag further into the light miseries which every one saw without their aid—to point out exultingly distinctions of rank, which have always been, and can never cease to be—to remove bonds of sympathy, that united for mutual benefit one class with another—and to widen as far as possible the breach that has arisen between the governed and the governing of this great empire. We do them injustice—they have accomplished more. In seasons of difficulty and trial, in those periods of convulsion and danger, to which all great societies are liable, and a large mercantile community like our own is especially subject, they have assuaged alarm and appeased hunger by writing books with a *moral*; such a moral as that upon which *THE CHIMES* was founded, and which the snarling author of Mrs Caudle's Lectures loves to inculcate: we mean the moral that teaches the loveliness of all that lies in the hovel, the hatefulness of all that dwells in the palace; the sublimity of vulgarity, and the ridiculousness of high birth; the innate virtues of ignorance and poverty, and the equally essential wickedness of wealth and rank. Such are the exertions of modern philanthropy! Such are the self-denying, humble, and glorious achievements of the successors of John Howard!

There are two classes of philanthropists very busy just now on this side the English Channel: viz., that composed of men who are particularly anxious that no laws whatever should be passed for the effectual punishment of the midnight assassin in Ireland; and that which stands up for the murderer in England, denying the right of the legislator to punish any man with death, and the expediency of the punishment, provided the right be conceded. Should society be restored to tranquillity, and crime be expurgated by the success of these gentlemen's endeavours, it is very clear that France will take the wrong track, by following the counsel of the belligerent M. Michelet, according to whose views, peace and order are to be ob-

tained only by the proclamation of war, and the shedding of blood for the glory of his native country. "My only hope," says the valiant historian, "is in the flag." Every time, he tells us, that he sees the bayonets of the French army, his heart bounds within him. "Glorious army! pure swords! holy bayonets!" upon which the eyes of the world are fixed, and which will eventually save that world by—cutting the throats of all the enemies of France.

M. MICHELET has obtained some celebrity in Europe: amongst the learned and the reading public by his histories; amongst the masses by that remarkable work styled *Priests, Women, and Families*, which met with many readers and elaborate notices in this country, and was reviewed in the pages of this Magazine as recently as August last. We paid our tribute of respect to an effort which, whatever might be its faults—and serious faults it had—was distinguished by a commanding eloquence, a manly energy, and an uncompromising zeal worthy of the cause which the historian had undertaken; viz., the restoration of *woman* to her spiritual and social rights—rights invaded by the stranger, trampled upon by priestcraft. We did not stay to inquire into the motives by which the indignant professor of the College of France had been actuated. It may have been, that, to avenge a slight inflicted upon him by the Jesuits, the learned teacher aimed a blow at the entire Roman Catholic Church; that having repudiated the sentiments of his early life—sentiments which attached him affectionately to the religion, poetry, and traditions of the middle ages—he burned with the new fire of a convert or an apostate, and sought to establish the sincerity of his conversion by deadly home-thrusts at the party he had forsaken. It was sufficient for us that a scholar and a Frenchman had manfully advanced to the rescue of his fellow-countrywomen; that he had detected the errors that lay at the heart of their social condition; that he had noted the hindrances that affected domestic purity and peace; and bravely undertook, if possible, to remove, at all events to expose and brand them.

There is great peril attending the career of any man who acquires the reputation of a reformer of abuses. It is easier to acquire that reputation than to sustain it. It is well when the necessity gives birth to the reformer; but it is ill when the reformer, in order to live, is forced to create the necessity. There was ease and grace, simplicity and truthfulness, honesty and ardour, in that defence of woman, to which the champion was urged by the conviction that he entertained of her wrongs. Few of those qualities remain in the work now before us—a work suggested by any thing rather than the crying evils of the community to which the author belongs; a work that may have been written for money—with the mere object of book-making—to bamboozle the million, to inspire it with cock-like crowing; certainly, with no hope of regenerating France, of removing one feather's weight from the load of calamity to which her people, in common with the people of all the nations of the earth, are mysteriously doomed.

We do not pretend to understand the motives which have carried M. Michelet to his task; neither can we distinctly discern the object which it is his purpose to reach. His book is divided into three parts, which are again subdivided into chapters. There is a great appearance of connexion, and indeed an affectation of logical cohesion in the structure, but there is really and essentially no union whatever of the several divisions. Part I. is styled, "*Of Bondage and Hatred*;" Part II., "*Enfranchisement by Love—Nature*;" and Part III., "*Friendship*." Each part is an essay, complete, so to speak, in itself, more or less distinct; intelligible at times, but as often vague, dark, and paradoxical; most satisfactory where it treats of simple, well-known facts—least successful where it deals in the crudest theories, which are not tedious only because they are ridiculous and amusing.

The spirit that pervades the entire book is that of intolerable conceit—individual and national. We can pardon the author of *The History of France* much, but we will never forgive in him a vice that has ceased to be supportable in the most ignorant

of his countrymen. It is impossible to conceive a philosopher and scholar so irritated and perverted by thin-skinned vanity as M. Michelet appears throughout this volume; and indeed we cannot do his intellect the injustice of supposing him to believe the jargon that has fallen from his pen. The heart, we fear, rather than the intellect, is at fault, when he who has the ear of the people approaches it with accents that inflame its lowest passions, rather than correct and guide, and bring to usefulness and good, its best and noblest instincts.

Every thing is perfect in France; nothing is perfect elsewhere. This is the theme of the song which M. Michelet circulates throughout the empire. The people are nevertheless wretched, in poverty, and in bondage; they are doomed to evil government; their social state is one of tyranny and cruel persecution. An historian, sprung from the people, has deemed it his duty to proclaim these facts, and to write a book which shall go far to remove the evils he complains of; yet, at the outset of the work, he announces, to our astonishment, that France is beyond all other lands the favoured land of heaven, the mistress of the world, the paragon of countries. We turn back a page, and ask—Was it for this that the student stepped from his retirement, or was it to prove facts the very opposite to these? If France be indeed so pre-eminently good and great, why write so many pages to prove that she lies in bondage? If the literature of France be perfect, her army pure, her people great, her religion the only true revelation of God's purposes and will, wherefore complain and cry aloud, and seek to remedy a condition already so enviable, to elevate a character already so super-eminent? Is it that France is too self-loving to hear of her faults even from her own offspring, or that she will not take her wholesome medicine without the gilding that removes its flavour, and hides its ugliness? Is she a child, and must the teacher flatter her as a child; coax, pacify, and bribe her as a child, in order to work her reformation and secure her happiness?

Let us for awhile follow the author

of *The People*, as he traces bondage and hatred throughout the social scheme of France, and gather from him, as well as we may, the remedies he has for their destruction; so shall we do him greater justice, and obtain, if they be within grasp, the intention and the object of his undertaking.

"If we would know," says M. Michelet, "the inmost thought, the passion of the French *Peasant*, it is very easy. Walk any Sunday into the country, and follow him. Look! he is yonder before us! It is two o'clock; his wife is at vespers, and he is in his Sunday's clothes. I warrant you he is going to see his mistress!" His mistress! Yes; but tropically. The peasant's mistress is his *Land*; he loves it with intensest delight, with procreative love. Happy for France that it is so; for let it once cease, and the land is barren from that instant. She brings forth because she is loved. "*La terre le veut ainsi, pour produire; autrement, elle ne donnerait rien, cette pauvre terre de France, sans bestiaux presque et sans engrais.*" By *Love*, the reader will understand needful care and culture, but he will err in the interpretation. It is something far more poetical and French. The peasant having arrived face to face with his mistress, "folds his arms, stops, looks serious and thoughtful; he looks a long, long time, and seems to forget himself; at last, if he fancies himself overlooked, if he perceives any body passing, he moves slowly away; after a few steps, he stops, turns round, and casts upon his land one last profound and melancholy look: but to the keensighted, that look is full of passion, full of heart, full of devotion. If that be not love, (!) by what token shall we know it in this world? It is love—do not laugh." It were indeed very easy to laugh, but; thus intreated, we forbear, and proceed. To love is to covet possession. To have a bit of land, means "you shall not be a mercenary, to be hired to-day and turned off to-morrow. You shall not be a serf for your daily bread. You shall be free!" To acquire that land, the peasant will consent to any thing, even to lose sight of it. To obtain it he will sell his life, and go to meet death in Africa. The peasant

is very aspiring; he has been a soldier; he believes in impossibilities. The acquisition of land is for him a combat; "he goes to it as he would to the charge, and will not retreat. It is his battle of Austerlitz; he will win it; it will be a desperate struggle, he knows, but he has seen plenty of these under his old commander;" and accordingly this brave and warlike peasant borrows money of a usurer at seven, eight, or ten per cent, to purchase a piece of earth that shall bring him in two. "Heroic man—are you surprised, if, meeting him on that land which devours him, you find him so gloomy?" Certainly not. "If you meet him," says M. Michelet—heroic and sublime as he is—"do not ask him your road; if he answers, he may perhaps induce you to turn your back on the place you are going to." It is the way with atrabilious heroes. What is to be done? "We must take serious measures for defending the nobility;" that is to say—the peasantry who are in the hands of the usurers. Alter the laws. This "vast and profound," but very much involved "legion of peasant-soldier proprietors," are the People: the people are France. France is a principle, "a great political principle. It must be defended at any cost. As a principle, she must live. *Live for the salvation of the world (!)*" In the midst of his difficulties, the peasant learns to envy the town workman. He sees him on Sunday walking about like a gentleman, and thinks he is as free as a bird; he believes that a man who carries his trade with him, not caring a straw for the seasons, is a lord of the creation: he remembers his own liabilities to the usurer—and, lo! we have arrived at bondage and hatred, No. I.

But the *Workman*, after all, is not so well off as he looks in his Sunday's best. Work fluctuates, and at times there is a want of work altogether: moreover, there are wicked *cabarets* and *cafés*, that play havoc with his four or five francs *per diem*. And, above all, there is that tremendous rival, with lungs of iron that know no rest, and never cease, whom men call MACHINERY, and who laughs the skill and strength of man to scorn.

"It is humiliating," says the historian, "to behold, in presence of machinery, man fallen so low. The head is giddy, and the heart oppressed, when, for the first time, we visit those fairy halls, where iron and copper of a dazzling polish seem moving of themselves, and to have both thought and will, whilst pale and feeble man is the humble servant of those giants of steel." No reverie, no musing is allowed in the temples of MACHINERY. The *Lollards*, those mystic weavers of the middle ages, received their name, because, whilst working, they *lulled*, or hummed in an under tone some nursery rhyme that cheered them in their labour: for it is wisely said by our author, who can speak like a prophet and a sage when he will—shame to him when he speaks otherwise!—that "in the manual labours subject to our impulse, our inmost thought becomes identified with the work, puts it in its proper place; and the inert instrument, to which we impart the movement, far from being an obstacle to the spiritual movement, becomes its aid and companion. The rhythm of the shuttle, pushed forth and pulled back at equal periods, associated itself (in the case of the *Lollards*) with the rhythm of the heart; in the evening, it often happened, that, together with the cloth, a hymn, a lamentation, was woven to the self-same numbers." No human heart beats harmoniously with the thunder of machinery, whose abode is the real hell of *ennui*. "It seems, during those long hours, as if another heart, common to all, had taken its place—a metallic, indifferent, pitiless heart." Pitiless, indeed, if it degrade the human creature to the level of the brute. "The manufactory is a world of iron, a kingdom of necessity and fatality. The only living thing there is the severity of the foreman; there they often punish, but never reward. There man feels himself so little man, that as soon as ever he comes out, he must greedily seek the most intense excitement of the human faculties, that which concentrates the sentiment of boundless liberty in the short moment of a delicious dream. This excitement is intoxication, especially the intoxication of love." The workman becomes

vicious; but extreme physical dependency, the claims of instinctive life, which once more revert to dependency, moral impotency, and the void of mind, are the causes of his vices. Talk of the bondage of the peasant! What is his slavery to that of the workman! *He* was at least a happy *child*. He lived in the air and played. He was at liberty, whilst his body and his strength were forming: the chains did not gall him till his wrist was hard: he was not called upon to suffer, before his spirit was sufficient to cope with life. Yes, there is positive bondage here.

And the *Artisan*? Is he at liberty? As an apprentice-boy, he is already in bondage. "Whatever annoys or irritates his master or his master's wife, falls very often upon his shoulders. A bankruptcy happens, the apprentice is beaten: the master comes home drunk, the apprentice is beaten: the work is slack or pressing, he is beaten all the same." Apprenticeship over, the artisan marries—has a wife, family; expense, misery! His children grow up, and the mother (we are in France, and M. Michelet speaks) is ambitious. Drawing will be serviceable, says the mother, to her boy in his business. She pinches herself for a few sous for *crayons* and paper, and a miserable artist is made of one who would have proved a good workman. Or an inspired artist, the child of labour, is left an orphan and a beggar in the midst of his aspirations and struggles towards distinction: to subsist, he must desert art, and become a workman like his father. "All his life he will curse his fate; he will work here, but his soul will be elsewhere." If he weds, and has a family—that family will become less and less loved. "A man embittered in such a struggle, and wholly intent on personal progress, considers every thing else of little value. He weans himself even from his native land, imputing to it the injustice of fate." And so there is imprisonment and hatred also here.

Look at the *Manufacturer*. The manufacturers of France have, generally speaking, all been workmen. Six hundred thousand have become manufacturers or tradesmen since the

peace. "Those brave men, who, returning from war, wheeled suddenly to the right-about towards Industry, charged as for an onset, and without difficulty carried every position." But they brought to commerce more of the violence of military life than the sentiment of honour, and treated unmercifully two classes of individuals, viz. the workman and the consumer. Towards the latter they behaved as the female shopkeepers ransomed the Cos-sacks in 1815. They sold at false weight, false die, false measure. With respect to the former, they applied to industry the great imperial principle—sacrifice men to abridge warfare. Men were *pressed* in town and country, and the conscripts of labour were placed at the pace of the machine, and required to be, like it—*indefatigable*. The successors of these men, the present manufacturers, pay the penalty of their fathers' misdeeds. Their reputation is gone in the market—they cannot get on. "Most of them would be heartily glad to retire if they could; but they are engaged, they must go on—*march! march!*" Such men are not likely to be tender-hearted. They are unfeeling to their workmen, for the money-lender is unfeeling to them. To live, the manufacturer must borrow. To get back his interest he has recourse to the workmen, for the consumer is on his guard. The former present themselves in crowds, and are obtained at any price. But a glut in the market compels the manufacturer to sell at a loss; the lowness of wages, which is death to the workman, is no longer profitable to the master, and the consumer alone gains by it. May not bondage and hatred be discerned in the present condition of the French manufacturer?

We come to the *Tradesman*. "The tradesman is the tyrant of the manufacturer. He pays him back all the annoyance and vexations of the purchaser." The purchaser of to-day wishes to buy for nothing: he requires two things, a showy article and the lowest price. The tradesman must deceive or perish. His life is made up of two warfares—one of cheating and cunning against the purchaser; the other of vexations and unreasonableness against the manufacturer. We

have said that no one can talk more wisely than the author of *The People* when he is so disposed. The picture of the tradesman is drawn with a masterly hand. The original may be found here as well as in France, and is, in truth, the creation of the unwholesome time in which we live rather than of any particular city or state.

"The repugnance for industry exhibited by the noble republics of antiquity, and the haughty barons in the middle ages, is doubtless unreasonable, if by industry we understand those complicated fabrics which require science and art, or a grand wholesale trade, which requires such a variety of knowledge, information, and combination. But this repugnance is truly reasonable when it relates to the ordinary usages of commerce, the miserable necessity in which the tradesman finds himself of lying, cheating, and adulterating.

"I do not hesitate to affirm, that, for a man of honour, the position of the most dependent working man is free in comparison with this. A serf in body, he is free in soul. To enslave his soul on the contrary and his tongue, to be obliged, from morning till night, to disguise his thoughts, this is the lowest state of slavery.

"It is singular that it is precisely for honour that he lies every day, viz. to *honour* his affairs. Dishonour for him is not falsehood, but bankruptcy. Rather than *fail*, commercial honour will urge him on to the point at which fraud is equivalent to robbery, adulteration to poisoning; a gentle poisoning, I know, with small doses, which kill only in the long run.

"The manufacturer, and even the artisan, have two things which, in spite of work, render their lot better than that of the tradesman—

"First.—*The tradesman does not create*; he has not the important happiness—worthy of a man—to produce something—to see his work growing under his hand, assuming a form, becoming harmonious, responding to its framer by its progress, and thus consoling his *ennui* and his trouble.

"Secondly.—Another awful disadvantage, in my opinion, is, *the tradesman is obliged to please*. The workman gives his time, the manufacturer

his merchandise, for so much money : that is a simple contract which is not humiliating, neither has occasion to flatter. They are not obliged, often with a lacerated heart and tearful eyes, to be amiable and gay on a sudden, like the lady behind the counter. The tradesman, though uneasy, and tormented to death about a bill that falls due to-morrow, must smile, and give himself up by a cruel effort to the prating of some young fashionable lady, who makes him unfold a hundred pieces, chats for two hours, and, after all, departs without a purchase. He must please, and so must his wife. He has staked in trade, not only his wealth, his person, and his life, but often his family."

We need not ask, is bondage here? or stay to inquire whether the condition of the tradesman thus described is likelier to engender love or hatred towards mankind.

The *Official*, too, is enslaved. A vast proportion of men on the Continent are officials. Great efforts and great sacrifices are undergone to make the hope of the humble house a government servant. And in France what does this mean? It means to serve a hard master, and to receive ill wages for the service, to be subject to instant dismissal at the will of an arbitrary overseer, to pass a life of changes, journeys, and sudden transportations. A baker's boy at Paris earns more than two custom-house officers, more than a lieutenant of infantry, more than many a magistrate, more than the majority of professions; *he earns as much as six parish school-masters.*

'Shame! infamy! The nation that pays the least to those that instruct the people (let us blush to confess it) is France. I speak of the France of these days. On the contrary, the true France, that of the Revolution, declared that teaching was a holy office, that the schoolmaster was equal to the priest. I do not conceal it; of all the miseries of the present day, there is not one that grieves me more. The most deserving, the most miserable, the most neglected man in France is the schoolmaster. The state, which does not even know what are its true instruments and its strength, that does not suspect that its most power-

ful moral lever is this class of men—the state, I say, abandons him to the enemy of the state—bondage; heavy bondage! I find it among the high and the low in every degree, crushing the most worthy, the most humble, the most deserving!"

The *Rich Man* and the *Bourgeois* do not escape the curse that attaches to every other class: they too are in bondage. The ancient *bourgeoisie* was characterized by security, the present has no such characteristic. It lives in timidity and fear. It has risen from the Revolution, aspires to nobility, feels none, and is jealous of the advancing masses. The ancient *bourgeois* was consistent. "He admired himself in his privileges, wanted to extend them, and looked upwards. Our man looks downwards: he sees the crowd ascending behind him, even as he ascended; he does not like it to mount; he retreats, and holds fast to the side of power. Does he avow to himself his retrograde tendency? Seldom, for his part is adverse to it; he remains almost always in this contradictory position—a liberal in principle, an egotist in practice, wanting, yet not willing. If there remain any thing French within him, he quiets it by the reading of some innocently growling, or pacifically warlike newspaper."

The rich man of to-day was poor yesterday. He was the very artisan, the soldier, the peasant, whom he now avoids. He has the false notion, that people gain only by taking from others. He will not let his companions of yesterday ascend the ladder by which he has mounted, lest in the ascent he should lose something. He does not know that "every flood of rising people brings with it a flood of new wealth." He shuts himself up in his class, in his little circle of habits, closes the door, and carefully guards—a nonentity. To maintain his position, the rich man withdraws from the people—is insulated—and, therefore, in bondage.

Here let us stop. What is it that we have seen? The peasant in fetters, the workman oppressed, the artisan crippled, the manufacturers embarrassed, the tradesman corrupted, the official in misery, the rich man exiled—all in bondage, all hating one

another, and all constituting the life and marrow of the great and civilized country, to whose deplorable condition M. Michelet especially invites our attention. Deplorable, said we? Oh, far from it! The calamity that would crush any other nation, has a far different effect upon France. Bondage and hatred may exist, misery may eat like a canker-worm at the heart of the empire; but France, great, glorious, military, and beautiful, is consumed only to rise phoenix-like, fairer and younger, from her ashes. The French peasant may be in fetters, but he is also the nobleman of the world—the only nobleman remaining, “whilst Europe has continued plebeian.” (!) “It is said the Revolution has suppressed the nobility, but it is just the reverse; it has made thirty-four millions of nobles. When an emigrant was boasting of the glory of his ancestors, a peasant, who had been successful in the field, replied, ‘*I am an ancestor.*’” “The strongest foundation that any nation has had since the Roman empire, is found in the peasantry of France.” “It is by that that France is formidable to the world, and at the same time ready to aid it; it is this that the world looks upon with fear and hope. What, in fact, is it? The army of the future on the day the barbarians appear.” If such is the picture of a peasantry in bondage, what must we expect from a peasantry at liberty? The workmen, as we have seen, are vicious enough, yet they are the most sociable and gentlest creatures in the universe. Nothing moves them to violence; if you starve them, they will wait; if you kill them, they are resigned; they are the least fortunate, but the most charitable; they know not what hatred is; the more you persecute, the more they love you. If in our haste we called these men degraded, we recall our words, for M. Michelet says that they stand amongst the highest “in the estimation of God.” We told you just now, always upon the authority of our author, what rascals the French manufacturers were; and how the unfeeling masters of to-day are paying the penalty of their fathers’ frauds and evil practices. We hinted, too, at the symptoms of decay

already visible in their condition. But we did not tell you that France manufactures, in a spirit of self-denial that cannot be too strongly commended, for the whole world, who come to her, “buy her patterns, which they go and copy, ill or well, at home. Many an Englishman has declared, in an inquiry, that he has a house in Paris *to have patterns*. A few pieces purchased at Paris, Lyons, or in Alsatia, and afterwards copied abroad, are sufficient for the English and German counterfeiter to inundate the world. It is like the book-trade. France writes and Belgium sells.” It was stated that the official is cruelly paid for his labour, and M. Michelet further hints, that speculation is but too often the grievous consequence. In England this would be fatal to a man’s self-respect, and subject him to *bondage* in more ways than one. But, across the Channel, Providence miraculously interposes, and even rescues the official in the hour of difficulty, for the honour and glory of *la belle France*. “Yes, at the moment of fainting, the culprit stops short without knowing why—because he feels upon his face the invisible spirit of the heroes of our wars, *the breath of the old flag!*!”

It is really very difficult to go on satisfactorily with such a writer as this. If there be truth in the picture which he draws of his country’s misery, there must be falsehood in the language with which he paints her pre-eminence, and battles for her unapproachable perfection. If she be perfect, the vital sores that have been presented to us exist not in her, but only in the imagination of the enthusiastic and deluded writer. Upon one page it is written that the situation of France is so serious, that there is no longer room for hesitation. France is “hourly declining, engulfed like an Atalantis.” Five minutes afterwards, “the idea of our ruin is absurd, ridiculous. For who has a literature? Who still sways the mind of Europe? We, weak as we are. Who has an army? We alone.” What is the conclusion which any unprejudiced reader would draw from the painful details which M. Michelet has deemed it his paramount duty to bring before the notice of mankind,

and especially to the consciences of the French nation itself? Simply this—that France, disabled and diseased, is weak, and feebler than many other nations of the world. The conclusion of M. Michelet is the very opposite one. “Let France be united for an instant, she is strong as the world. England and Russia, two feeble bloated giants, impose an illusion on Europe. Great empires, weak people!” So it is throughout. M. Michelet leaves far behind him the butcher, who would not suffer any man to call his dog an ugly name but himself. You must not only utter no syllable of condemnation against his glorious country, but you must be prepared to regard the abuse of the author as so much panegyric.

The means of enfranchisement suggested by the poetic historian are as fanciful as the bondage itself appears to be. Freedom for every class is to be gained by LOVE. Love for the native country: in other words, Frenchmen of every class are to believe that there never existed, that there never will exist, a country so great as their own; and then, as if by a charm, all their troubles will cease, their sorrow will be turned into joy—their imprisonment to liberty, such as mankind have never yet witnessed, such as no children of the great human family are capable of enjoying, but the darlings and favourites of God—beloved France. In the nursery, we do not correct the young by flattery and cajolery. The surgeon does not hesitate to cut to the marrow, if the safety of the patient depend upon the bold employment of the knife; but neither monitor nor doctor in France may approach the faults and corruptions of her people without doing homage to the one, and viciously tampering with the other. What but insult is the following balderdash offered to a great people as a remedy for physical suffering—cruelty—oppression—want?

“Say not, I beseech you, that it is nothing at all to be born in the country surrounded by the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Rhine, and the ocean. Take the poorest man, starving in rags, him whom you suppose to be occupied solely with material wants. He will tell you it is an inheritance of itself

to participate in this immense glory, this unique legend, which constitutes the talk of the world. He well knows that if he were to go to the most remote desert of the globe, under the equator or the poles, he would find Napoleon, our armies, our grand history, to shelter and protect him; that the children would come to him, that the old men would hold their peace, and entreat him to speak, and that to hear him only mention those names, they would kiss the hem of his garment.”

Yes—the thing has come to pass in Africa, at Tahiti, on the coast of Madagascar, whence the savages repulsed, with vindictive hatred, their French invaders, and refused even to correspond with them save through the medium of another nation. The feelings with which the natives of the Marquesas regard at the present moment the embroidered gentry, who, “protected by their grand history,” and headed by that valiant fighting man, Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars, took unwarrantable possession of their shores, are of course faithfully described in the above nonsensical outburst; and are not, as every body knows, those of fear and utter detestation for a crew of wicked mountebanks and gold-laced ruffians. Of course the children come to Du Petit Thouars, and the old men hold their peace, and kiss the hem of his regimentals; and that’s the very reason why the said Du Petit points the fatal tubes of his heavy, double-banked frigates and corvettes at the fragile bamboo sheds that lie timidly and harmlessly in a grove of cocoa-nuts.

“For our part, whatever happens to us, poor or rich, happy or unhappy, while on this side of the grave, we will ever thank God for having given us this great France for our native land; and that not only on account of the many glorious deeds she has performed, but because in her we find especially at once the representative of the liberties of the world, and the country that links all others together by sympathetic ties—the initiation to universal love. This last feature is so strong in France, *that she has often forgotten herself (!)* We must at present remind her of herself, and beseech her to love all the nations less than herself.

"Doubtless, every great nation represents an idea important to the human race. But, gracious heaven! how much more true is this of France! Suppose for a moment that she were eclipsed, at an end, the sympathetic bond of the world would be loosened, dissolved, and probably destroyed. Love, that constitutes the life of the world, would be wounded in its most vital part. *The earth would enter into the frozen age, where other worlds close at hand have already landed.*"

We have never wittingly done injustice either to France or her people; but we confess we had no notion of the claims of both upon our regard and applause, until they were prominently put before us by her somewhat Quixotic historian.

In the first place, if you would heap up all the blood, the gold, the efforts of every kind, that each nation has expended for disinterested matters that were to be profitable only to the world, France would have a pyramid that would reach to heaven; "and yours, oh nations! all of you put together—oh yours! the pile of your sacrifices would reach up to the knee of an infant!"

And then God enlightens it more than any other nation, for she sees in the darkest night, when others can no longer distinguish. "During that dreadful darkness which often prevailed in the middle ages, and since, nobody perceived the sky. France alone saw it."

Rome is nowhere but in France. Rome held the pontificate of the dark ages—the royalty of the obscure; and France has been the pontiff of the ages of light.

Every other history is mutilated. France's is alone complete. Take the history of Italy, the last centuries are wanting; take the history of Germany or of England, the first are missing; take that of France, *with it you know the world*. Christianity has promised, France has performed. "The Christian had the faith that a God-made man would make a people of brothers, and would, sooner or later, unite the world in one and the same heart. This has not yet been verified, but it will be verified in us." The great and universal legend of France is the only complete one;

other nations have only special legends which the world has not accepted. The natural legend of France, on the contrary, "is an immense, uninterrupted stream of light, a true milky way, upon which the world has ever its eyes fixed." An American once said, that for every man the first country is his native land, and the second is France. This surely was praise sufficient. But M. Michelet is very greedy of praise. "How many," says he, "*like better to live here than in their own country!* As soon as ever they can break for a moment the thread that binds them, they come, poor birds of passage, to settle, take refuge, and enjoy here at least a moment's vital heat. They tacitly avow that this is the universal country." Beau Brummel certainly avowed it; but then he, "poor bird of passage," flew in a night from his own nest, to settle, take refuge, and enjoy a moment's vital peace in France, away from duns and creditors. Many, in similar circumstances, would unquestionably prefer Paris to London, provided they could break the thread which attaches them to their domestic responsibilities. France is the infant Solomon sitting in judgment. Who, but she, has preserved the tradition of the law? She has given her soul to the world, and the world is living on it now; but, strange condition! "what she has left is what she has given away. Come, listen to me well, and learn, oh nations! what without us you would never have learned:—*the more one gives, the more one keeps.* Her spirit may slumber within her, but it is always entire, and ever on the point of waking in its might."

Now all this must be taught to the infant as soon as it can lisp, and he will, no doubt, perfectly understand and appreciate it. The regeneration of France (which is already so perfect, and is, besides, the great exemplar of mankind) depends upon the child's proper appreciation of his birthplace. If he will believe all that has been said, he is far on the road, but by no means at the end of his journey. As soon as he is breeched, his mother must become his instructor, and increase the dose by some such foolish proceeding as the following:—

"Let her take him on St John's Day, when the earth performs her annual miracle, when every herb is in flower, when the plant seems to grow while you behold it; let her take him into the garden, embrace him, and say to him tenderly, 'You love me, you know only me. Well, listen! I am not all. You have another mother. All of us, men, women, children, animals, plants, and whatever has life, we have all a tender mother, who is ever feeding us, invisible, but present. Love her, my dear child; let us embrace her with all our hearts.'

"Let there be nothing more. No metaphysics that destroy the impression. Let him brood over that sublime and tender mystery, which his whole life will not suffice to clear up. That is a day he will never forget. Throughout all the trials of life and the intricacies of science, amid all his passions and stormy nights, the gentle sun of St John's Day will ever illumine the deepest recesses of his heart with the immortal blossom of the purest, best love."

The little gentleman, however, is not done with yet. The dose is not yet strong enough, although quite as strong as his mother, gentle creature, could mix it. The early jacket is discarded in favour of the swallow-tailed coat, and the youth passes into the hands of his father:—

"His father takes him—'tis a great public festival—immense crowds in Paris—he leads him from Notre Dame to the Louvre, the Tuileries, the triumphal arch. From some roof or terrace, he shows him the people, *the army passing, the bayonets clashing and glittering, and the tricolored flag.* In the moments of expectation especially, before the *fête*, by the fantastic reflections of the illumination, in that awful silence which suddenly takes place in that dark ocean of people, he stoops towards him and says, 'There, my son, look, there is France—there is your native country! All this is like one man, one soul, one heart. They would all die for one; and each man ought also to live and die for all. Those men passing yonder, who are armed, and now departing, are going away to fight for us. They leave here their father, their aged mother, who

will want them. You will do the same; you will never forget that your mother is France.'

The education is very nearly completed. The father suffers the swallow-tail to wear out, the incipient mustache to take root, and then he leads his second and better self to the mountain-side. This time he does not stoop over him, for the youth is erect, and is as big a man as his father. "Climb that mountain, my son," says the venerable gentleman, "provided it be high enough; look to the four winds, you will see nothing but *ennemies*."

And so, by a very roundabout process, we reach the heart of the mystery. M. Michelet loves fighting—remembers Waterloo—is game—is eager for another round, and in his heart believes one Frenchman to be equal to at least half a dozen Englishmen. He burns for one more trial of strength—a last decisive tussle; and he writes a philosophical work to prove the physical bout essential to the dignity, the grandeur, and the redemption of his country. Every time, we repeat the words, that he looks upon a bayonet, his heart bounds within him, and his only hope, teacher and professor of the College of France though he be, rests in trumpets, drums, swords, the epaulette, the sabredash, and the tricolor.

We have surely wasted ink enough upon this theme. In common with ourselves, the reader will regard with due commiseration, a manifestation of wicked folly, which will do no harm only because it comes in an age not ripe for bloodshed, or happily too humanized for unprovoked, gratuitous warfare; and because the French people themselves, under a politic king and a peace-seeking ministry, have learned a little to regard the blessings of undisturbed domestic quietness. We quit the main subject of M. Michelet's book, to draw attention to a few insulated passages worthy of the better days of the author, and certainly out of place in the present volume. It were not possible for M. Michelet to write four hundred pages that should not, here and there, give evidence of his great genius—his general common sense, and his touching sympathy for the suffering and the op-

pressed. There are passages in the work under consideration that have a universal interest, and claim universal attention; his appeals on behalf of children and women, the most neglected and oppressed of the community, let them be found where they may, in England or in France, in Europe or in Asia, are instinct with truthfulness and honest vigour; his vindication of the *mission* of the child, philosophical and just, is beaming with the light that burns so steadily and clearly in the poems of our own Wordsworth, which have especial reference to the holy character of the "Father of the Man."

It is in one of the insulated passages of which we speak, that M. Michelet bitterly and very sensibly complains of the exclusive regard which modern romance writers have shown for the prisons and kennels, the monsters and thieves of civilized societies; of the disposition every where exhibited to descend rather than ascend for the choice of a subject, or the selection of a hero. We have felt the inconvenience of the same sickly taste in this country, and can understand the complainings over productions similar to that of *The Mysteries of Paris*, whilst we remember our own inferior and not less baneful *Dick Turpins* and *Jack Sheppards*. Hurtful to the morals of a nation, these productions are equally unjust to the national character. We have drawn our estimate of the present literature of France from what we have seen and heard of her least healthy writers. As well might the novels of Mr Ainsworth, or the miserable burlesques of Mr Albert Smith, be accepted as the representatives of the Romance and Drama of the modern English school. It is not one of the least crimes of which these unwholesome writers are guilty, that they present to their own countrymen, and to the world at large, only foul exceptions, hideously exaggerated, which they would have us believe are faithful pictures of the mass; and in their eager endeavours to interest and excite the unthinking many, rouse the disgust and alarm of all well-constituted and thoughtful minds. The perilous consequences of popular literature in France are finely pointed out by M. Michelet. The timid take

fright, when the people are represented as monsters in the books which are greedily devoured, and intensely applauded by the majority of their readers. "What!" cry the citizens, "are the people so constituted? Then, let us increase our police, arm ourselves, shut our doors, and bolt them." And all the alarm has been occasioned by a conceited, and it may be clever, coxcomb, who, descending from his drawing-room, has asked the first passenger in the street whereabouts the People lived. He met with a fool, who directed him to the galleys, the prisons, and the stews.

"One day," writes M. Michelet, "there came a man to the famous Themistocles, and proposed to him an art of memory. He answered bitterly, 'Give me rather the art of forgetfulness.' May God give me this art, to forget from this moment all your monsters, your fantastic creations, those shocking exceptions with which you perplex my subject! You go about, spyglass in hand; you hunt in the gutters, and find there some dirty filthy object, and bring it to us, exclaiming—'Triumph! we have found the people!'"

"To interest us in them, they show them to us forcing doors and picking locks. To these picturesque descriptions they add those profound theories, by which the People, if we listen to them, justify themselves in their own eyes for this crusade against property. Truly, it is a great misery, in addition to so many others, for them to have these imprudent friends. These theories and these acts are by no means of the people. The mass is, doubtless, neither pure nor irreproachable; but still, if you want to characterise it by the idea which prevails in the immense majority, you will find it occupied in founding by toil, economy, and the most respectable means, the immense work which constitutes the strength of this country, the participation of all classes in property."

We believe it sincerely and heartily. The great writers of all ages have believed it. Your low-minded scribblers have never doubted it; but it is far easier to depict the limited class, with its violence and felony, its startling incidents and painful

murders—far less difficult to give picturesque effect to its nauseous jargon and offensive situations, than it is to work the simple portraiture of a whole community, who have nothing to offer to the artist but the delicate and unobtrusive material, such as Goldsmith could weave into a fabric whose colour and texture shall endure and enchant for all time.

"I feel," continues M. Michelet, with great tenderness—"I feel I am alone, and I should be sad indeed if I had not with me my faith and hope. I see myself weak, both by nature and my previous works, in presence of this mighty subject, as at the foot of a gigantic monument, that I must move all alone. Alas! how disfigured it is to-day; how loaded with foreign accumulations, moss, and mouldiness; spoilt by the rain and mud, and by the injuries it has received from passengers! The painter, the man of *art for art*, comes and looks at it; what pleases him is precisely that moss. But I would pluck it off. Painter, now passing by! This is not a plaything of art—this is our altar!"

"To know the life of the people, their toils and sufferings," he continues, "I have but to interrogate my own memory." He has himself sprung from the labouring population. Before he wrote books, he *composed* them in the literal sense of that term. He arranged letters before he grouped ideas; the sadness of the workshop, and the wearisomeness of long hours, are things known to his experience. The short narrative of his early struggles forms another beautiful passage in this singular and very unequal production. The great lesson which he brought with him from his season of difficulty and affliction, is one that authorizes him to approach the people as a teacher and a friend, and ought to have inspired him with nobler aims than he puts forth to-day. He has seen the disorders of destitution, the voices of misery; but he has seldom found them extinguishing original goodness of heart, or interfering with the noble sentiments that adorn the lowest as well as the highest of mankind. There is nothing new, he tells us, in this observation. At the time of the cholera in France, every body beheld one class eager to adopt the

orphan children. What class was that? *The Poor.*

Whilst in poverty himself, his soul was kept free from envy by noting the unremitting devotedness, the indefatigable sacrifices of hard-working families—a devotedness, he assures us, not even exhausted in the immolation of one life, but often continued from one to another for several generations.

The two families from which he descended were originally peasants. These families being very large, many of his father's and mother's brothers and sisters would not marry, in order that they might the better contribute to the education of some of the boys, whom they sent to college. This was a sacrifice of which he was early made aware, and which he never forgot. His grandfather, a music-master of Laon, came to Paris with his little savings after the Reign of Terror, where his son, the author's father, was employed at the *Imprimerie des Assignats*. His little wealth was made over to the same son, and all was invested in a printing-office. To facilitate the arrangement, a brother and a sister of the eldest son would not marry, but the latter espoused a sober damsel of Ardennes. M. Michelet, the child of this industrious pair, was born in the year 1798 in the choir of a church of nuns, then occupied by the printing-office. "Occupied, I say, but not profaned; for what is the Press in modern times but the holy ark?"

The printing-office, prosperous at first, fed by the debates of the assemblies and the news of the armies, was overthrown in 1800 by the general suppression of the newspapers. The printer was allowed to publish only an ecclesiastical journal; and even this sanction was withdrawn in favour of a priest whom Napoleon thought safe, but was mistaken. The family of M. Michelet was ruined. They had but one resource; it was to print for their creditors a few works belonging to the printer. They had no longer any journeymen; they did the work themselves. The father, who was occupied with his employment abroad, could render no assistance, but the mother, though sick, turned binder, cut and folded. The child—the future historian—was the compositor; the grand-

father, very old and feeble, betook himself to the hard work of the press, and printed with his palsied hands.

The young compositor, at twelve years of age, knew four words of Latin which he had picked up from an old bookseller, who had been a village teacher, and doted on grammar. The scene of the lad's labours—his workshop—was a cellar. For company he had occasionally his grandfather who came to see them, and always, without interruption, an industrious spider, that worked at the compositor's side, and even more assiduously than he. There were severe privations to undergo, but there was also much compensation.

"I had the kindness of my parents, and their faith in my future prospects, a faith which is truly inexplicable; when I reflect how backward I was. Save the binding duties of my work, I enjoyed extreme independence, which I never abused. I was apprenticed, but without being in contact with coarse-minded people, whose brutality, perhaps, would have crushed the precious blossom of liberty within me. In the morning, before work, I went to my old grammarian, who gave me a task of five or six lines. I have retained thus much; that the quantity of work has much less to do with it than is supposed; children can imbibe but a very little every day; like a vase with a narrow neck, pour little or pour much, you will never get a great deal in at a time."

We have said that in his struggles the aspiring boy knew nothing of envy. It is to-day his solemn belief that man would never know envy of himself, he must be taught it. The year 1813 arrived, and the home of the historian, as well as France herself—it was the time of Moscow—looked very cheerless. The penury of the family was extreme. It was proposed to get the compositor a situation in the Imperial printing-office. The parents, more fond than reasonable, refused the offer, and strong in the belief that the child would yet save the household, obtained an en-

trance for him in the college of Charlemagne. The tale is told. From that hour he rose. His studies ended soon and well. In the year 1821 he procured, by competition, a professorship in a college. In 1827, two works, which appeared at the same time—*Vico* and *Précis d'Histoire Moderne*—gained him a professorship in the *Ecole Normale*.

"I grew up like grass between two paving-stones; but this grass has retained its sap as much as that of the Alps. My very solitude in Paris, my free study, and my free teaching, (ever free and every where the same,) have raised without altering me. They who rise almost always lose by it; because they become changed, they become mongrels, bastards; they lose the originality of their own class without gaining that of another. The difficulty is not to rise, but in rising to remain one's self."

There is also another difficulty; one which, judging from the volume before us, M. Michelet has yet to overcome: we mean the difficulty—after education, and after achieving the heights to which honourable ambition aspires—of forgetting the terrible and bitter punishment of early penury and trouble; of cherishing no longer the anger and hatred that were borne against the world, whilst the struggler looked upon it as a world in arms against him. The author of *THE PEOPLE* tells us, that in his saddest hours he knew no *envy* towards mankind; but he acknowledges also, that in his sufferings, he deemed all rich men, all men, *bad*; that he pined into a misanthropic humour, and, in the most deserted quarters of Paris, sought the most deserted streets. "I conceived an excessive antipathy against the human species." The writer, to use his own expression, "is raised, but not altered." The antipathy, somewhat chastened by prosperity, is not removed. It takes a bodily form in the volume that teaches France to regard the earth as her enemy, and calls upon her to vindicate her pre-eminence and glory in the field of battle and of blood.

THE ROSE OF WARNING.

A LEGEND FROM THE GERMAN. BY A. LODGE.

WHERE towering o'er the vale on high,
Those ice-bound summits pierce the sky;
And on the mountain flood amain,
The giant oak, and dusky plane,
Uptorn, with ever-deepening sound,
Rush roughly 'mid the gorge profound:
Behold—where horrors mark the scene,
And loveliest Nature smiles between,
Yon ivied arch and turrets gray,
Mouldering in serene decay;
Half choked, the scanty columns rise,
Where the prone roof in fragments lies;—
Of yore, so legends tell, the fane
Was call'd, of sainted Bernard's train;
Pious Brethren, self denying,
Fill'd with thoughts of holy dying,
Here, 'mid penance, prayer, and praise,
Content they wore their tranquil days;
Now the heavenly truths expounding,
In the Lord's good work abounding;
For deeds of love the dome was bless'd;
The hungry fed, the faint had rest;—
Thus they gave their light to shine,
And the Bread of Life divine!

These walls confess'd, long ages flown,
Strange tidings of the world unknown;
And dark the boding wonder fell,
With signal of the midnight bell:
For ever, as in solemn row,
The Brotherhood, devout and slow,
Paced the dim-lighted aisles along,
Loud echoing to the choral song;
To each—when the dread hour was nigh,
Of man's appointed lot—to die,
A sure forewarner told of doom,
With silent summons to the tomb:
As in the choir he knelt to pray,
On the desk a white Rose lay!
Prompt at the sign of awful power,
The destined brother took the flower,
"Thy will be done!" he cried, and press'd
Death's pale memento to his breast;
And straight retired, the Office o'er,
He left his cloister'd cell no more;
There, with due shrift and penance made,
The last absolving rites were paid,
And dead to thoughts of earth and time,
The doom'd one soar'd on hope sublime!
But first, with reverend hand, he placed
The monitory emblem chaste
On that dear pledge of pardon free,
Christ on his redeeming tree!

Then gazed, as the long hours crept by,
 With solemn thought, and musing eye,
 From early dawn to eve's repose,
 Steadfast on the warning Rose!

And quick the shadow'd message came;
 To dust return'd the mortal frame;
 And with sad strains and funeral moan,
 They hymn'd the soul to Mercy's throne!
 Thus by mysterious high behest,
 Each holy brother sank to rest,
 Forewarn'd with supernatural power,
 By the Rose at midnight hour!

It chanced, as once, for nightly prayer,
 They reach'd the choir—the Rose was there!
 Oh grief! before a youth it lay,
 Warning that his life's young day
 Must wither in its blooming May!
 With sudden mortal pang, dismay'd
 At thought, like the brief Rose to fade;
 While death and awful judgment near
 Made life's half-tasted charms more dear;
 The youth, with anxious, trembling haste,
 Unseen, the boding flower displaced;
 Thus might the signal'd doom betide,
 He deem'd, the brother at his side,
 Who, calm in age, his last repose
 Long waiting, hailed the welcome Rose!
 For him, by faith assured, to die—
 His birth of immortality!

But on the morrow—hark! the sound
 Of sorrow's wailings echoes round:
 What means the tear—the plaint—the sigh?
 Why sits despair in every eye?
 Oh, dire presage! two souls had fled—
 The old man and the youth were dead!
 And with dumb wondering awe they view
 The White Rose tinged with purple hue!
 For this the ceaseless knell is rung,
 For this the choral Requiem sung:—
 And when, few summers past, once more
 They wept a brother gone before;
 No longer the White Rose was seen;
 It shunn'd the spot where crime had been!

A pilgrim in the Alpine vale,
 I heard the legendary tale;
 And as at eve, by Fancy woo'd,
 Amid the dark'ning aisles I stood;
 O'er crumbling stone and grassy mound,
 I saw the White Rose blooming round!
 Death's flower, methought, fit emblem made
 To dwell in Ruin's silent shade!
 And may the youth—I breathed a prayer—
 Have owned the Saviour's pardoning care,
 Who, deaf to warnings from the sky,
 Tinged the White Rose with murder's dye!

GREEK FIRE AND GUNPOWDER.

THE traditional account of inventions and discoveries whose origin is involved in the darkness of antiquity is generally short and summary. To some fortunate individual, whose name, either from his having actually taken the most prominent part in the progress of the discovery, or, as is more generally the case, having with the greatest and most persevering energy impressed it upon the public, the whole merit is ascribed and the whole glory attached.

The world, active though its individual members be, as to their own specialties, is inert as a mass, and glad to save itself the trouble of entering into details by adopting the hypothesis which has been most urgently forced upon its notice, or which has caught its attention at one of its most wakeful periods. We thus find nearly every discovery which has added to the permanent stock of human knowledge attributed to a single individual, and to a single guess of that individual.

The traditional account of so recent a discovery as that of Galvani, is the preparation of frog soup for his wife, and the accidental touching one of them with the knife; while, in fact, he had been for years employed in examining the convulsive action of frogs, and had presented several memoirs to the Institute of Bologna on the subject, before its general publicity; indeed, in the main fact he had been anticipated by Swammerdam, and he possibly by others.

Schwartz, the monk of Cologne, probably had a real existence, probably had something to do with the progress of pyrotechnic art; it is even more probable that he invented gunpowder than that the public invented him. The very accident which is reported to have happened, it is not altogether improbable did happen; but if a mixture of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal accidentally exploded, it was not accident which brought together

those particular three ingredients out of the whole laboratory of nature and art.

It is indeed possible that the frequency of accidental explosions when gunpowder was known, were reflected back as a plausible hypothesis to account for its invention; but as the explosive power and utility of gunpowder were not facts which could have been arrived at by *a priori* reasoning, there is every likelihood of such an accident having originally suggested the application of an explosive mixture as a means of propulsion. The history of the invention then resolves itself into the question, Were any admixtures of these three ingredients previously known, what led to them, and what were the objects proposed by them? This question is attempted to be answered by the book before us, containing a very erudite inquiry into the progress of the invention of Greek fire and gunpowder, which are, according to the author's view, modifications of the same thing, *i. e.* pyrotechnic compositions, differing only or mainly in the proportions or purity of their ingredients. A mass of very curious information is given to the reader, which, in addition to the general stock of knowledge or obscure tradition on this subject, shows a gradual and generally diffused use of sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal in different proportions, and occasionally mixed with other combustible substances. Among the Arabs of the thirteenth century a vast number of receipts for such mixtures existed; this is proved by some ancient Arabic MSS. preserved in the Bibliothèque Royale. How the Arabs got possession of these arts is left somewhat in obscurity, though our authors consider there are strong grounds for conjecturing that they obtained them originally from the Chinese about the ninth century; that they then proceeded slowly in improving this knowledge for the three centuries during

which they had no intercourse with the Chinese; and that they again acquired further information on these points after the Mongul irruption in the thirteenth century.

The defect of the book before us is its inconclusiveness: from the preface we are led to expect the solution of a theorem; after reading the book through, we find ourselves not indeed as far at sea as ever, but aided mainly by negations. The actual origin of gunpowder or Greek fire is not traced; many of the connecting links in the chain of pyrotechnic discovery are still deficient; and the conjectures, which stand in the place of conclusions, are frequently founded upon what appear to us insufficient data. On the other hand it must be admitted, that on a subject so involved in obscurity, inasmuch as proof is impossible, speculation is to a certain extent admissible as a link to render isolated facts intelligible.

It may be well here if, before passing to the more immediate object of this paper—viz. a sketch of the probable progress of pyrotechny—we explain to those of our readers who are unacquainted with chemistry, the philosophy of explosive combustibles.

Combustion is nothing else than rapid chemical union, taking place between two dissimilar substances, which have what is called an affinity for each other, *i. e.* a tendency to unite and form a new compound. When a candle or lamp is burned, it is carbon and hydrogen, the principal constituents of oil or fat, which combine with oxygen, one main ingredient of the atmosphere. As it requires a certain temperature for this union to take place, to prevent the cooling effect of mass, a wick is used which can be readily heated, and where, as soon as chemical action has once taken place, other portions of the oil or melted tallow are absorbed, which ascend just as water through the pores of a sponge, and supply the place of those burned. In this example, only a small ignited surface is exposed to the influence of the oxygen: if, however, this latter element could be obtained in a solid state, and mixed up with the combustible, each particle throughout the whole mass would have in contact with it a particle of oxygen; so that, if

the whole were raised to the necessary temperature for combustion, combustion would be instantaneous—or if the temperature of a part were sufficiently elevated, the combustion of this portion would communicate an intense heat to the contiguous portions, and the whole would rapidly kindle as a fuse does. In this case also, the access of the air being immaterial, combustion might take place in a closed vessel, or even under water.

Nitre, or saltpetre, is one of a class of substances which contains a large portion of oxygen in a combined and solid state; and, being mixed with combustible matter such as charcoal, it causes rapid deflagration when the temperature is raised. The whole class of pyrotechnic compositions are reducible to this simple principle—they all consist of combustible substances intimately mixed with substances containing oxygen; or, to reduce the proposition to more general and simple terms, they consist of two or more substances, having for each other a powerful chemical affinity, and capable of rapidly uniting when the temperature is elevated. When a projectile force is necessary, a further condition is essential, viz., that they liberate by their chemical action gaseous matter, whereby a sudden increase in volume is produced, the expansion of which, augmented by the high temperature, produces the required effect of propulsion.

This slight sketch will show that the purity and proportions of the saltpetre, and the inflammable substances mixed with it, are the main elements to be attended to in the improvement of self-burning compositions: it is indeed far from improbable, that the substances used in purifying saltpetre have first suggested such compounds. Wood ashes were used at a very early period for purifying nitre; and at the end of an Arabic receipt of the thirteenth century, for the preparation of saltpetre, in which charcoal is used, is the expression, "guard against sparks of fire."

The probabilities strongly favour the view, that incendiary compositions of the nature we have been describing originated with the Chinese. China snow, and China salt, are the names given by writers of the greatest anti-

quity to saltpetre. In the Arabic MSS. to which we shall presently allude, the words Chinese wheel, Chinese flower, Chinese dart, occur as appellatives of different fireworks. It is very possible that the influx of Chinese literature, which the result of the recent war with that people promises us, will lead to the discovery of Chinese treatises upon pyrotechny.

Other authors speak of fire-arms among the Chinese at a very early period of our era, and even before Christ; but the interpretation which they have put upon obscure passages—interpretations evidently derived from their existing knowledge—makes these expressions and translations of extremely doubtful import.

At a later period, however, we have the authority of Raschideddin, (minister of the Tartar Khan of Persia,) and of Marco Polo, that the machines of war employed at the siege of Siang Yang were constructed by Arabian or European workmen, and that the Tartars were not at this period themselves able to manufacture such machines. This would tend to negative the belief which has been entertained by some, that the Chinese then used gunpowder as a means of projection, but does not lessen the possibility that the fuses and compositions projected by these machines were of Chinese origin.

In the history of the dynasty of Sang, A. D. 1259, there is a distinct account of a projectile by means of fire as follows:—"In the first year of the period *Khailing*, a kind of arms was manufactured called *Tho-ho-tsiary*, that is to say, 'impetuous fire-lance.' A nest of grains was introduced into a long tube of bamboo, to which fire was set. A violent flame darted forth, and instantly the nest of grains was projected with a noise similar to that of a peacock, which was heard at a distance of about 150 paces."

Upon the whole, it would appear that the Chinese, although the character of their claims to the knowledge of gunpowder has been exaggerated, were in all probability the people among whom mixtures of combustibles with oxygenated substances originated; and this will form one of the many interesting fields of inquiry to

be pursued by those skilled in the literature of the Chinese, now that the field is so largely opened to them.

There are obscure passages in writers of a very early period, which speak of thunderbolts being shot from the walls of besieged towns upon the enemy. Philostratus speaks of such; but the indefinite character of these expressions makes their connexion with either Greek fire or gunpowder extremely doubtful.

In the year 883, Nicetas, admiral of the Eastern empire, was sent by the Saracens of Crete to assault Constantinople, and is stated to have burned twenty of their ships with Greek fire.

One of the earliest accounts of its composition is that given by Anna Comnena, who states it was composed of sulphur, bitumen, and naphtha; but the most distinct early receipt for a composition analogous to gunpowder, is that contained in the celebrated book of Marcus Græcus. In the book called *Liber Ignium*, we have the following receipts:—

"Note. That the fire capable of flying in the air is of twofold composition, of which the first is: One part of colophon and an equal part of sulphur, two parts of saltpetre, and well pulverized, to be dissolved in linseed or laurel oil. A case, or hollowed wood, is then to be charged with it, and ignited. It will fly suddenly to whatever place you wish, and burn up every thing by its fire."

The second sort of flying fire is prepared in this manner:—

"One pound of sulphur vivum, two pounds of charcoal of linden wood or of willow, six pounds of saltpetre, which three things are minutely pounded in a marble mortar. After that you will charge with it a sheath suitable for flying, or for making thunder.

"Note. The sheath for flying ought to be slender and long, and filled with the aforesaid powder well rammed.

"The sheath for making thunder ought to be short and large, and half filled with the aforesaid powder, and well bound in every direction with an iron band.

"Note. That in every sheath a small aperture is to be made, in order that it may be ignited by the match when

applied, which match is made slender at the extremities, but in the middle large and filled with the aforesaid powder."

Another receipt of Marcus for Greek fire is as follows:—

"Greek fire is made in the following manner. Take pure sulphur, tartar, sarcocole, (a kind of resin,) pitch, fused saltpetre, and oil of petroleum. Boil them well together. Dip tow in the mixture, and set fire to it. This fire cannot be extinguished but with vinegar or sand."

The close analogy, or rather the identity, of these compositions with gunpowder as at present made, requires no comment. The more important question is the date at which this work was written. This is a matter of great doubt. Messrs Reinaud and Favé, from the fact that the receipt for the preparation of saltpetre to be found in this same book of Marcus is much more imperfect than that in the Arabian MSS., place the date of his book earlier than the thirteenth century. Again, Geber, an oriental writer, the date of whose life is doubtful, but whom our authors fix at the eighth century, has described the preparation of a salt which has been translated *nitre*, but which our authors consider to have been a sesqui-carbonate of soda, *natron*, not *nitrum*. They thence conclude that nitre was unknown to Geber, and thus, because it was known to Marcus, that he lived subsequently; and for this reason they place Marcus between the ninth and twelfth century.

We have seldom seen an instance of more loose deduction than this. It is required to find the date of Marcus. Geber, whose date is unknown, is set down, upon rather weak data, as of the eighth century. Geber's translator is corrected to prove that Geber did not know saltpetre. Hassan Alrammah, an Arabian, is considered as more recent than Marcus, a Greek, because his process for saltpetre is somewhat more perfect; and from the cumulative effect of these data, each of which is very insufficiently established, and which, if established, only go to prove differences in the degrees of perfection of their respective receipts, the date of Marcus is fixed: this certainly is pushing *incertum per incertius* very

far. We fear that if no more accurate information be brought to bear on it, the epoch of Marcus Græcus will be a subject of as much controversy as ever.

The paragraph in the treatises *De Mirabilibus* of Albert the Great is so identical with that of Marcus Græcus, that there can be no doubt of its being copied from it, or derived from the same source, and is a strong additional instance of the general progress of inventions. A received publication calls attention to a fact already disclosed but forgotten, the knowledge acquired by the world since is brought to bear on the old fact, and a consequent improvement results.

Roger Bacon, to whom the invention or knowledge of gunpowder has been attributed by some, would stand a very poor chance among the men of science of the present day: it is not now the man who conjectures a possibility, but he who demonstrates a fact, that is hailed as the discoverer.

The following series of possibilities are curiously interesting, both from their partial subsequent realization, and from the simple credulity with which Bacon gives us that which he had known "a wise man explicitly excogitate."

"Instruments of navigation can be made, men being the propelling agents, that the largest river and sea barks can be borne along (one man only managing them) with greater speed than if they were full of navigators. Carriages can also be constructed which may be moved without animals, with an inestimable impetus; so that one would think that they were the armed chariots with which they fought in ancient times. Instruments for flying can also be made, so that a man sitting in the centre of the machine, and turning an engine, by which artificial wings may strike the air in the manner of a bird flying. An instrument also can be made, small in magnitude, for elevating and lowering almost infinite weights, than which nothing is more useful in mischances; for by an instrument of the length of three fingers, and of the same breadth or less, a man may extract himself and companions from all danger of prison, and elevate and lower them. An instrument can also

be made by which one man may draw to himself a thousand men, by force and against their will. Instruments for walking on the sea can also be made, and in rivers to the bottom without corporal peril. For Alexander the Great used them that he might see the secrets of the sea, according to the relation of Ethicus the astronomer.

"These things, indeed, are of antiquity and of our times, and are certain, except the instrument for flying, which I have not seen, nor have I known a man who has, but I know a wise man who has explicitly excogitated it; and an infinity of other things can be made, as bridges over rivers, can be made without columns or any support, and machines or unheard of engines."

The ultra admirer of the ancients will see in this, if not an accurate relation of facts, which with the exception of the flying it purports to be, at least a wonderful perception of practicabilities; and railroads, diving-bells, suspension-bridges, &c., will be so many circumstantial corroborations of the correctness of his view. We, however, are rather disposed to regard them as ingenious extravagances. Predictions of the success of science are always on the safe side. If in the present day one were to say, that we shall be able to see the inhabitants of Jupiter, or even converse with them, it would be a prophecy which could never be negatived, which might be the case if we said such things were impossible.

Bacon's obscure intimations of gunpowder are not so clearly derived from the same source as the receipts of Marcus Græcus and Albertus Magnus are; but they are apparently derivatives from what was then known to a few, of nitre compositions, and are very analogous, though not quite so extravagant as some of his other deductions.

Bacon also speaks of a child's toy (*ludicrum puerile*) which was made with saltpetre, the explosion of which produced a report, "*quod fortis tonitrua sentiatur excedere rugitum.*"

As with this, so with the greater number of Bacon's observations; they bear reference to facts, or relations received as facts, which were at that time either generally or partially known, and do not profess to give to the world his own inventions, though

the theories deduced from those asserted facts are frequently the produce of his own imaginative brain. Upon the whole, we are fully disposed to agree with Messrs Reinaud and Favé, that the invention of gunpowder is by no means due to Bacon.

We now pass to the Arabian manuscripts of the 13th century, to which we have before alluded, and which constitute the principal discovery of our authors. The same word (*baraud*) which is now used by the Arabs as signifying gunpowder, was originally used to signify saltpetre; and even in this application had a secondary meaning, its more primitive meaning being "hail." The whiteness and crystalline form of saltpetre presented a sufficient analogy to attach to it a similar name, neology being in those days not quite so common or so easy as at present.

Various salts were also included under the same name, their specific differences not being then known. This fact had probably much influence in retarding the pyrotechnic art, as accurate means of testing the purity and chemical character of the salt were not distinctly understood. A receipt successful in one case, because a proper salt was used, failed in another, because the salt was totally unfit for supporting combustion, though passing under the same name.

In these MSS. occur a vast number of receipts for pyrotechnic compositions, of which we may here give one or two as specimens, and as instances of the close approach made at that time to the composition of gunpowder as manufactured at the present day:—

Proportions of the Sun's Rays.

1st Composition.

Saltpetre, 10—Sulphur, $1\frac{1}{8}$ —Charcoal, $2\frac{1}{4}$.

2d Composition.

Saltpetre, 10—Sulphur, $1\frac{7}{8}$ —Charcoal, 2.

Proportions of the Garland of Golden Flowers.

Saltpetre, 10—Sulphur, 1—Steel filings, $\frac{1}{2}$ —Bronze filings, $\frac{1}{2}$.

Flashing Rocket.

Saltpetre, 10—Sulphur, $1\frac{3}{8}$ —Charcoal, $2\frac{1}{8}$.

Each substance to be separately pounded; the charcoal and saltpetre are then mixed, and gently pounded; moisten with spittle, and then add the sulphur.

—
White Rocket without sparks.

Saltpetre, 10—Sulphur, $1\frac{1}{4}$ —Charcoal, $2\frac{1}{4}$.

To be mixed as before directed.

—
Egyptian Moonshine.

Saltpetre, 10—Sulphur, $2\frac{1}{4}$ —Charcoal, $\frac{1}{4}$.

Add 4 parts of Lead or Black Ointment.

These instances will be sufficient to show the general character of the Arabic receipts. Saltpetre is used in all of them—in most of them sulphur or charcoal; while arsenic, incense, camphor, iron and bronze filings, are occasionally used to vary the colour and character of the light produced. The Arabs were also in possession at this period of a vast number of instruments of war in which similar combustible matters were employed, such as lances and clubs, with fires at the extremity, girdles for the waist with fires attached. We translate the description of one of them:—

War Club.

“Get the glass-maker to make a club, which shall be pierced at its extremity like an iron club. Get the turner to turn a stick, which you will fasten strongly to it. You may give it whatever form you please. Arrange on the sides three ‘tubulures,’ and at the bottom also three for the ‘roses,’ (one class of the compositions,) then make the usual compositions. When you wish to set fire to them, arrange them in the form of a segment, set fire to the club, and break it, for the love of God.”

The termination of this receipt is a very usual one, and applied to several other receipts—instruments of destruction being then, as now, considered a most appropriate method of serving God.

Another ingenious weapon was called “the egg which moves itself and burns;” and this consisted of two long fuses, which seemed to give force and direction to the firework, and a shorter one, which was directed for-

wards, the object of which was to burn the enemy. This projectile was cast by the hand, and then, to use the quaint language of the receipt, “it walks, it starts, and it burns extremely well.”

Many other compositions were known to the Arabs, as appears from the two curious MSS. above mentioned; such as compositions for covering the body to protect from fire, others to emit a suffocating smoke.

The performances of these instruments were, doubtless, what we should now consider very insignificant; but they must have produced upon the excited imagination of the warrior of those days an effect which it is very difficult to conceive in the present day.

Nothing, probably, has occasioned more frequent historical errors, than forming deductions as to real effects from the exaggerated descriptions of ancient writers.

When Musschenbroek (not a superstitious soldier, but an inductive philosopher) first discovered the Leyden Phial, he declared he would not take a second shock for the kingdom of France; and yet we well know that a schoolboy would not now be frightened at a much more powerful shock than he then experienced. Want of familiarity with a phenomenon, and ignorance of its proximate cause, will ever make it terrible. We cannot see any thing terrible in a sky-rocket, because we have been early influenced by those on whom we rely to regard it as an amusement; but had they brought us up in fear of it—had they magnified these accounts, having some foundation in fact, as to its destructive power, we may well understand what effects of terror it would produce.

Thus regarded, the *ignotum pro magnifico* appears quite sufficient to explain the narrated effects of the Greek fire. But there was also another reason—viz. that all results, not of continual occurrence, and within the range of ordinary experience, were attributed to magic, and consequently spread a terror far disproportioned to the real effects; for this reason, the means of producing them were prohibited by the hierarchy, and, as they gradually acquired a more extensive use, were then only permitted against

the enemies of the religion of the people who used them; hence the expression so frequent in the Arabian receipts, "You shall burn your adversary for the service of God;" and similar language is used by the Christian writers, when similar compositions became used by Christian warriors.

A narration, taken from the *Sieur Joinville's History of St Louis*, will place before our readers the contemporaneous description of the effects of the pyrotechny of the Arabs.

The following is the account of Joinville of one of the skirmishes of St Louis on the borders of the Nile. We should premise that Turk is the term generally applied by Joinville to all Mussulman soldiers; and though the army was generally recruited from Turkish slaves, yet the country was possessed by Arabs, and the language and arts were theirs.

"One evening it happened that the Turks brought an engine called '*la perriere*,' a terrible engine for doing mischief, and placed it opposite the '*chaz chateils*,' (wooden towers to shelter the advanced guard,) which Messire Gaultier de Carel and I were watching at night, by which engine they cast at us Greek fire, which was the most horrible thing that ever I saw. When the good Chevalier Messire Gaultier, my companion, saw this fire, he exclaimed and said to us, Sirs, we are lost for ever without any remedy; for if they burn our '*chaz chateils*' we are broiled and burned, and if we leave our watch we are disgraced. From which I conclude that there is no one can defend us from this peril, except God our blessed Creator. So I counsel you all, that whenever they cast at us the '*feu Grégeois*,' that each of us throw himself upon his elbows and knees, and cry mercy to our Lord, in whom is all power; and as soon as the Turks threw the first charge of fire, we threw ourselves upon elbows and knees, as we had been instructed. And the fire of this first discharge fell between our two '*chaz chateils*,' in a space in front which our people had made for damming the river; and immediately the fire was extinguished, by a man whom we had for this purpose. The manner of the Greek fire was such, that it came forth as large as a sun, and the tail extended as long as

'*une demye canne de quatre pans*.' It made such a noise in approaching, that it seemed like thunder which had fallen from heaven, and seemed to me a great dragon flying through the air; and threw out such a blaze that it appeared as clear as the day, so great a flame of fire was there. Three times during the night they threw this Greek fire at us from the above-mentioned '*perriere*,' and four times with the '*arbaleté*.' And every time that our good king Saint Loys heard that they thus threw the fire, he cast himself upon the ground, and stretched his hands to heaven, and cried with a loud voice to our Lord, and said, shedding copious tears—"Good Lord Jesus Christ, preserve me and all my people;" and, believe me, his good prayers and orisons did us good service (*nous eurent bon mestier*)."

It is impossible to render, in a literal translation, the quaint simplicity of the old French; but the fact that this terrible fire was extinguished by a single man, would tend very much to lessen our belief in the marvels attributed to it by the narrator.

Be this as it may, we have, in the extract quoted, the expression Greek fire, (*feu Grégeois*,) which will connect the effect then produced with that known as pertaining to the Greek fire. There is every probability that the compositions here used were the same or similar to those generally known under that title, while the MSS. above quoted detail the compositions used by the Arabs at that period: the evidence is, therefore, very strong that the Greek fire was a composition closely resembling, if not identical with, those indicated in the Arabian receipts.

If we trace back the effects of the combustible compositions to the period of the Crusades, anterior to the time when Joinville wrote, we shall find a strong analogy with those described by him; but the use of saltpetre appears to have been more rare, and that of bituminous substances more frequent.

From an Arabian author of the middle of the 13th century, Casiri translates a passage into Latin, which Reinaud somewhat alters. We render it as nearly as we can in English. "It creeps along with scorpions of nitre powder (*baraud*) placed in cases:

These scorpions take fire, and wherever they fall they burn; they spread abroad like a cloud; they yell like thunder; they burn like a brazier; they reduce all to cinders."

This passage is important, as showing the connexion of nitre or *baraud*—a word, as we have before stated, applied to nitre and nitre compositions—with a class of effects analogous to those attributed to the Greek fire.

The passage of incendiary compositions into gunpowder is still involved in much obscurity. Messrs Reinaud and Favé consider that a treatise, printed at Paris A.D. 1561, entitled *Livre de Canonerie*, throws much light on the subject—"vient de l'éclairer d'une lumière nouvelle;" but we cannot at all agree with them in this view, and for the simple reason, that neither the names of the authors of the receipts contained in it, nor the dates, nor the countries, are given. Without either of these data, our readers, we think, will find it difficult to conceive that much new light can be thrown on the subject. The treatise contains a number of receipts for mixtures of oils, bitumens, sulphur, and nitre; and, as appears to us, all the aid given by this work towards elucidating the subject is, that these receipts are analogous to those of Marcus and of the Arabs, and have some internal evidence of having been written or copied from writings of an early date, though probably subsequent to Marcus; and, secondly, the term Greek fire (*feu Grégeois*) being employed, and receipts for it given, would lead to the inference that the compositions here used under the same title were analogous to those which originally constituted the Greek fire. It is, however, certainly open to the remark, that Greek fire having become, in a great measure, a generic name for violent incendiary compositions, the term may have been applied to compositions analogous in their effects, though of more recent discovery. When, however, we find, in various distinct quarters, similar receipts; when we find these appearing at different epochs, and having different degrees of approximation to the explosive compounds which a more matured experience has rendered certain in their composition, the dis-

covery of such a book as this becomes certainly a corroborative circumstance in favour of that view which regards the Greek fire as never having become extinct, and as having, by progressive but unequal gradations, changed into gunpowder.

In discussing the treatise above mentioned, there is a naïve expression of our authors, who, in remarking the necessary slow combustion of these compounds from the imperfections of the processes of manufacturing saltpetre, also given in the same book, say:—"One sees how much there is that is providential in the progress of human invention. If man had, in the first instance, a powder as strong as at present, he would probably have been unable to master this force, or to use it with suitable instruments, and the discovery would have remained without application. We see that, thanks to the primitive impurity of the saltpetre, man employed mixtures of it with sulphur and charcoal, which produced a force suitable for throwing to short distances feeble parcels of incendiary matter. This force increased little by little, as men became better able to refine saltpetre, and ends by enabling them to employ it for throwing projectiles."

We have frequently heard the word providential applied in a strange manner; but this is one of the most novel views of providential intervention we happen to have met with. The quiet gravity with which Providence is assumed to have interfered in favour of the progress of destructive implements, is about as instructive an instance of the unconscious devotion of an author to his speciality as could easily be selected.

In the treatise of 1561 are some receipts, assumed to be taken from works of an earlier date, in which saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, are submitted to a considerable degree of heat. The following is one:—"Take of saltpetre 100 lbs., sulphur, 25 lbs., charcoal, 25 lbs., put them altogether, and make them boil well, until the whole be well united, and then you will thus have a strong powder." Mixed in these proportions, and submitted to such a temperature, the chance of explosion is very great; and, as our authors observe, "the essential fact of the tradition respect-

ing the invention of gunpowder is confirmed," or rather, strictly speaking, the probability of its truth is strengthened. We therefore do not see very clearly why they should be anxious to divest Schwartz of the merit of its discovery, while they produce arguments to show the probability of the discovery being so made. The results of these arguments would only tend to show that the tradition is not sufficiently explicit, in not stating why the three ingredients were mixed together; and Schwartz would, according to this view, be regarded as the first who remarked and applied, or suggested the application of gunpowder, as supplying an explosive projective force.

Though the probabilities of the use of gunpowder, as an explosive compound, being suggested by accidents occurring in the manufacture of combustible compounds, are thus shown to be very great, the actual step, if step it were, still remains in obscurity. Most probably, like many other inventions, the fact was observed again and again with different degrees of accuracy and different resulting suggestions; until, at length, growing intelligence seized on it, and increasing facility of publication rendered its development more rapid and general. The actual date of its general introduction or use in war is still uncertain. Schwartz's discovery is stated by Kircher at 1354; but gunpowder is stated to have been used at the siege of Stirling in 1339; in Denmark in 1340; in Spain in 1343; at Cressy in 1346; at the siege of Calais in 1347.

Without entering into the critical discussions which the vagueness of the historical records of these periods might tempt, we can scarcely be far wrong in setting down the general introduction of gunpowder during the first half of the fourteenth century, although any attempt to specify, from existing data, the exact date of its invention, would be vain. With regard to its connexion with Greek fire, we may sum up by stating, that during different periods, extending from the eighth to the fourteenth century, combustible matters, in which saltpetre was one ingredient, have been used; and that the term Greek

fire has been, at various times within this period, applied to them. Although it does not necessarily follow that the Greek fire alluded to in the more recent works was identical with the Greek fire of an earlier period, yet the probability is strong that there was at least a striking analogy in effect, or the name would not have been used. There is, moreover, some internal evidence of community of origin in these various receipts, when we find that in different parts of the world, in China, in Arabia, and Greece, one general characteristic ingredient is present, viz., nitre; when also the history and progress of chemistry have taught us that no substance, other than nitre or a salt of nitric acid, has ever been, or is now known, which would produce similar effects, (for the comparatively recent discovery of the chlorates would produce effects of detonation by friction or percussion, of which we find no records,) there can, we think, be little doubt that Greek fire was of the same chemical character as gunpowder; that it passed by a transition, which may have been in particular cases more or less sudden, but which upon the whole was gradual, into gunpowder; and that the history of the progress of one of these manufactures is, in fact, the history of the progress of the other. In this history there are still many gaps to be filled up, many errors to be rectified.

The book of Messrs Reinaud and Favé, though somewhat inartificially arranged, has given to the public much valuable information; but there is still room for an elaborate and well-digested treatise on the subject, in which the whole progress of pyrotechnic invention may be arranged in chronological order, and more lucidly expounded than are antiquarian matters in general. This is a task, however, which few, if any, are capable of undertaking, as it requires for its successful execution a combination of extensive antiquarian, chemical, and philological acquirements.

In the mean time, our authors may say, and we say with them,

"Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere
mecum."

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE AND LIVE IN IT.

WE'RE a true Boeotian people after all: that's a fact. We may talk about Attic art and Doric strength; but in our habits, no less than in our climate, we certainly belong to the wrong side of the hills. We're a stuffing and guzzling race, if ever there was one; we doat on great hunks of meat and flagons of strong drink; and as truly as every Paddy has got a hot potato somewhere in his head, making him the queer, mad chap he is, so have we got a national brain compounded of pudding, and beef, and sausages, turning us into that stubborn and stolid people which we know ourselves to be. Sidney Smith expressed the fundamental idea of the English nation to a T, when he said that the ultimate end of all good government was a hot chop and plenty of claret; but, in saying so, he did no more than re-echo the burden of the old song, translated into more modern and fashionable language—

“Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale
enough,
Whether it be new or old!”

Ah! he was a splendid fellow that indited this song, and so was that other clerical wight who broached the idea—

“When I go to bed, then of heaven I
dream;
But that is fat pullets and clotted
cream;”—

A real Devonian or Somersetian parson; but they spoke from the heart,—or rather from the stomach, jolly, good comfortable souls as they were, and their words go right home to the stomachs and hearts of all, wherever the British lion has the privilege of lashing his tail or shaking his mane.

As to eating, *quoad comedendum constipandumque*, we keep up the Boeotic charter to the very letter and spirit of all its provisions; and in the moistening of our national clay, we certainly show a praiseworthy diligence: we wet it like bricks—and

that's a fact, too; but as for doing these important matters in proper places and at proper times, there, *selon nous*, we are lamentably behind-hand with the rest of the unfledged, articulate-speaking, bipedal genus to which we have the honour to belong. And as it has been lately shown in our pages, as clear as the sun at noonday, (the truth of which beautiful and rare simile, gentle reader, varies considerably with the place where you may happen to use it—from Shoe Lane, London, to the Strada di Toledo at Naples,) or as clear as—clear can be, that John Bull does not know how to put a decent coat on his back when he goes out to dinner; so now it is to be essayed to show, that for all he may think otherwise, John has not got a comfortable, sensible house to go and eat his dinner in; that he does not know what a regular, good, snug, and snoozy chimney-corner is; and that, when he stumbles up-stairs to bed, he generally puts himself into a hole, but not what can be called a room—a real comfortable, respectable bed-room. We do not say that he might not have done so once—we know, on the contrary, that he did; all we contend for is, that he does not do so now, and we don't think he is in the right way to mend; and, as John is a special friend of ours, and so is Mrs Bull, and all the little Bulls, who will be big, full-grown Bulls some day or other, and as we like to make ourselves useful to the present generation, and hope to be agreeably remembered by posterity, therefore do we intend to take the Bull by the horns, and see if we cannot wheedle, coax, pull, push, or bully him into our way of thinking about rooms and houses.

It is set down as a national axiom at the present day, that we are at the very head of the world in arts, arms, manufactures, laws, constitution, Church and State, literature, science—(any thing else?—there must be something more; to be sure there is)—money and railroads! and he's

no true Englishman, Sir, he's not one of the British public, if he does not think so. We see it in print every day—it must be true; we've read as much in the *Times*, *Herald*, *Chronicle*, *Post*, &c.—for the last twenty years, and what all the world says must be so. Be it so, honest John, we honour your Boeotic patriotism; it's a glorious principle, old boy, and 'twill carry you bravely through all the thicks and thins of life—"sed audi alteram partem"—do put your nose outside your own door a bit, now that railroads are so plenty and cheap—do go abroad a little—just go and look at some of those foreigners in their own cutlandish countries, and then think quietly over these matters again. Besides, who's afraid of change now-a-days? Are we not making all these splendid inroads into the country, ay, and into the constitution?—are we not going to have corn and cattle, and silk and cotton, and butter and cheese, and brandy to boot, all brought to our own doors for nothing? We'll leave these other things alone—we will not argue about them now; let us talk about bricks and mortar, and suchlike, and see if we cannot open your eyes to the light of reason and common sense.

Now, what is the end, object, and use of all habitations, houses, tenements, and premises whatsoever in this same united kingdom of our's, and in this glorious nineteenth century, except to shelter a man from the cold, or the heat, or the damp, or the frost, or the wind, whichever may come upon him, or any part or parcel of the same; and further, to give him room to hoard up, stow away, display, use, and enjoy all his goods, chattels, and other appurtenances; and further, wherein to sit down with a friend or friends, as the case may be, to any description of meal that his purse can or cannot pay for, and then to give him room and opportunity either to spatiate for the good of digestion, or to put his India-silk handkerchief over his bald pate, and snore away till tea-time? This being the very acme of comfort, the very object of all labour, the only thing that makes life worth living for, in the opinion of three-fourths of Queen Victoria's loving subjects, it follows, that

if they would spend that money they love so much in a rational and truly economical way, they should bear such objects as these constantly in sight. This brings us, therefore, to the enunciating, for the second time, that great fundamental law of human operations—usefulness first, ornament afterwards, or both together if you please; but not, as we see the law interpreted now-a-days—ornament and show in the first place, and usefulness and comfort put in the background. It is this backward reading of the great rule of common sense, that makes men so uncommonly senseless as we often find them to be; and when it comes in the way of building, it turns us into the least architectural and worst built nation of any in this part of Christendom. Taking into account the cost of erecting buildings, and the relative value of money in different countries, there are no towns in Europe where so little good building and so small a degree of architectural effect are produced as in those of "old England." Poets and home tourists have affected to fall into rhapsodies of admiration at the beautiful neatness of our small country towns, at the unparalleled magnificence of London, at the ostentatious splendour of our commercial cities, Liverpool, Bristol, &c. This is all very well for home readers, and for home reputation; for there is nothing like a lot of people congregating themselves into a nation, and then be-lauding themselves and their doings up to the skies—there is nobody to say nay, and they can easily write themselves down the first people on earth. The fault is not peculiar to England; that vapouring coxcomb Crapaud is full of such nonsense; and that long-haired, fallow-cheeked, quid-chewing Jonathan, is still more ridiculously fond of indulging in it: but because it is one of the most offensive weaknesses of human nature, it is not therefore the less worthy of reprehension, and the sooner we try to throw off such false and morbid patriotism the better. The three towns in Great Britain, which, taking them in the general average of their common buildings, their citizens' houses, can be called the best-looking ones, are these:—first and fairest is dear Auld Reekie,

next is Cheltenham, and last is Bath. The great metropolis we put out of the comparison, for metropolitical cities should be compared together; but Edinburgh is *facile princeps* in the list of all habitable places in this island; Cheltenham is at the head of all watering-places, and pleasure-places—(Brighton, Leamington, Clifton, &c., are certainly not equal to it in point of good architecture and general effect;) and Bath, now that its fashionable name has somewhat declined, may be looked on as the leader of our second-rate quiet kind of towns. Were we to make a fourth class of comparisons we would take our cathedral cities, and place Oxford at the head, before Worcester, Exeter, and so forth. But we revert to our first proposition; and were we about to show a foreigner those places where-with we could desire him to compare his own distant cities, we should take him to the three above mentioned. It is in these three places that the great essentials of use and ornament seem to us to be the most happily combined; attempts are made at them in other quarters with various degrees of success, but here their union has been the most decided. Bear our opinion in mind, gentle reader; and, when next you go upon your travels, see if what we assert be not correct.

The style of house we most object to is Johnson's—you don't know Johnson? Why, don't you recollect the little bustling man that used to live at the yellow house in the City-Road, and that you were sure to meet every day, about eleven o'clock, in Threadneedle Street, or by the Bank Buildings? Well, he has been so successful in the drug line that he has left the City-Road, and has moved into the far west, Paragon Place, Bryanstone Square; and, not content with this, has taken a house at Brighton, on the Marine-Parade, for his "Sunday out," as he terms it. He is a worthy fellow at bottom, but he has no more taste than the pump; and while he thinks he inhabits the *ne plus ultra* of all good houses, lives in reality in ramshackle, rickety, ugly, and inconvenient dens. The house in Paragon Place is built of brick, like all others; but the parlour story is stuccoed to look like stone, the original brick tint

being resumed at the levels of the kitchen below and the drawing-room above. There are two windows to the said drawing-room—one to the dining-room; and so on in proportion for the four stories of which the edifice consists: but the back is a curious medley of ins and outs, and ups and downs; single windows to dark rooms, and a dirty little bit of a back-yard, with a square plot of mud at the end of it, called "the garden;" the cook says the "airey" is in front; and Johnson knows that his wine-cellar is between the dust-bin and the coal-hole under the street. If you knock at the door you are let in to a passage too wide for one, but not wide enough for two, and you find at once the whole penitentialia of the habitation lying open to your vision; dining-room door on right hand, parlour door behind it; kitchen door under the stairs, and garden door at the end of the passage. You know the man's whole household arrangements in a minute; and if he is not in the drawing-room, (but Johnson never does sit there, his wife keeps it for company,) it is of no use his pretending not to be at home, when you have your hand within a few feet of the locks of each door on the ground-story. And then, though the passage is dark, for there is only the fan-light over the entrance, and the long round-headed window at the first landing, all full of blue and orange glass, you know that dinner is preparing; for you see the little mahogany slab turned up to serve as a table near the parlour door, and such a smell comes up the kitchen stairs, that were you at the cook's elbow you could not be more in the thick of it. Well, they tell you he's in, and you walk up-stairs to the drawing-room; one room in front and the best bed-room behind; and Mr and Mrs Johnson's up-stairs again over the drawing-room; and the children's room behind that—you can hear them plain enough; and above all, no doubt, is the maid's room, and the servant-boy's who let you in; not so, the boy sleeps in the kitchen, and the front attic is kept for one of Johnson's clerks, for you might have seen him going up the second pair; and if he wasn't going to his bed-room what business had he up-stairs at all? So that, though you have been in the house only five

minutes, you know all about it as well as if Mortice the builder had lain the plans on the table before you. Well, Johnson won a picture in the *Art-Union* some time since, and determined to stick it up in the drawing-room, against the wall fronting the windows; so up came the carpenter; and, as the picture was large, away went a ten-penny nail into the wall; and so it did go in, and not only in, but through the wall, for it was only half a brick thick; and, what with repeated hammerings, the bricks became so loose that the picture could not be safely hang there. So it was ordered to be placed against the wall opposite the fireplace—the wall of the next house in fact—and the same operation was going on, when old Mrs Wheedle, the next door neighbour, sent in her compliments to beg that Mr Johnson would have some regard for her hanging bookshelves, the nails of which had been all loosened by his battering-ram, and the books were threatening to fall on her tableful of china—she called it “cheyney”—below. Again, on the other side lives, or rather lodges, Signor Bramante, the celebrated violoncello, and he practises in what he has made the back drawing-room, equivalent to Johnson’s best bed; but, the other day, when Smith came up from Birmingham to see Johnson, he could get no sleep for the first half of the night, Bramante having occasion to practise till nearly one o’clock, for the *Stabat Mater* of next morning’s concert. So much for the substantiality of Johnson’s town-house. His rooms, too, to our mind, are of bad proportions, and most inconveniently situated; they are so low that it is impossible to ventilate them properly; he has always a flight or two of stairs to go up when he retires to bed, and his servants might as well live in a treadmill, for the quantity of step-treading that they have to perform. There is no possibility of sitting in any one room out of a draft from either door or window, and there is not a single good cupboard in the whole house. As for ornament, there is none outside save the brass-knocker on the street door, for the windows are plain oblong holes in the walls; and, as

for the inside, the only attempts at it are the cheap and meagre stucco patterns of the cornices, and the somewhat tawdry designs of the paper-hangings. He pays seventy pounds a-year rent for it, however, and sets himself down as a lucky man, because with his rates, &c., he comes within the hundred.

After all, when he goes to Brighton he is not much better off; though, as he likes fresh air, he gets plenty of it there, through every window, door, and chimney of the house—for there the bow-windowed projection in front is made of wood, coated over with tiles, to look like bricks. There he never attempted any picture-hanging fancies, the partition-walls would stand no such liberties being taken with them; there he cannot complain of not knowing what is going on in the town, for he can hear all that is said in the next house, by merely putting his ear to the wall. The most serious drawback, however, to his comfort in his marine residence, is, that while there he can never have a good-sized dinner-party, inasmuch as his landlord made it a stipulation of the lease, that not more than twelve people should be allowed to meet in the drawing-room at the same time, and that no dancing whatever should be attempted within the dwelling. The Brighton man only built the house for fifteen years; whereas the London one was more provident, he guaranteed his for thirty.

Johnson’s bed-rooms are, even the best of them, of moderate size, while the small ones are very small indeed; and into these small rooms he has stuck large four-post beds, that make them darker and more inconvenient than they naturally are, and leave room for hardly any of the usual evolutions of the toilette. What, indeed, with the big chests of drawers, like the big sideboard in the dining-room, it is as much as you can do to get about conveniently between the bed and the side walls; though one good thing the builder and furnisher have certainly effected—you can open the bed-room door, and you can stir the fire, and you can almost pull up the window-blind, without quitting the protection of the counterpane;

and this on a cold morning is something.

Mrs Johnson says that the arrangement of the area gate in Paragon Place is perfection itself; for she can see the butcher's boy as he comes for his orders of a morning, while sitting at the breakfast-table, through the green blinds, and that the policeman dares not stop there, during daylight at least—she should be much too sharp upon him; so that the cook is twice as punctual as when they lived in the city. True; these are points of household management that have their weight; but then Mrs J. forgets that the dustman rings his bell there at most inconvenient hours, that the dirty coalheaver spoils the pavement once a month, and that it is a perpetual running up and down those stone steps, to shut the gate and keep dogs and beggars out, all day. However, the railings and the gate are not part of the house; and, if people like to have their back-doors under their eyes, why, there is no accounting for their taste.

We could not help thinking, the last time we went over to Paris, that our friend Dubois, the wine-merchant—him from whom we get our Chambertin, and who has about the same relative income as Johnson—was much better housed. His cellars are down at the Halle aux Vins, like every body else's; and he is shut up there in his little box of a counting-house nine hours every day of his life; but he lives, now that he has moved from the Marais, in the Rue Neuve des Mathurins, which leads out of the Chaussée d'Antin. Here he has a *premier*, as they call it in Paris—or a first-floor, as we should term it in London; and he pays 2000 francs, or £80 a-year for it, with about 100 francs of rates and taxes. For this he has two drawing-rooms, a dining-room, a study, six bed-rooms, kitchens, and cellars; some of the rooms look into the street, the rest run round the ample court-yard of the house. To get at him, you go up a flight of stone stairs that four people can easily mount abreast; when you enter his door, from the little hall paved with stone and marble, you pass from the sitting-rooms one into the other—for they all

form a suite; while the bed-rooms lie mostly along a corridor, into which they open. Once up the two flights of stairs that lead to the doorway, and the mounting, whether for masters or servants, is done with. The kitchen is at the furthest end, away from the other rooms, and is approached by a back staircase from the court-yard. There are no beggars nor dogs, nor butcher's boys, nor other bores, except what the concierge at the gateway allows to come in; and though the street is rather noisy, being in a fashionable quarter, yet the court-yard is perfectly quiet, and free from all plagues of organs, singers, &c. The rooms are, one and all, *twelve* feet high; their windows down to the ground; the floors of solid oak, polished till you can slide on them; the doors are in carved oak, painted white and richly gilt; the chimney-pieces are all marble—none of the flimsy thin slabs of Paragon Place, but good solid blocks, cut out from the red quarries of the Pyrenees; with polished brass dogs in the fire-places, and largelogs of flaming wood across them. The drawing-rooms are hung in silk on the walls; the other rooms are tastefully papered. There is abundance of good furniture, which, from the ample size of the apartments—the principal room being thirty feet by twenty—sets off the proportions of the dwelling without blocking it up. Dubois has not a four-post bed in his house; no more has any man in France. They are all those elegant and comfortable things which we know a French bed to be; and the long sweeping folds of the red and white curtains that come down to the floor from the ceiling, form a graceful contrast to the curves of the other furniture. The walls are all of good solid stone, two feet thick on the outside; the house has been built these fifty years, and is of a better colour than when first put up; the windows are richly ornamented in their frames without, and form commodious recesses for settees within. You may dine twenty, and dance forty people here! or you may throw your rooms open, give a *soirée*, (no boiled mutton affair, remember; but music, dancing, and cards; coffee, ice, and cham-

pagne,) and cram each room full of people, and the landlord will never fear for the safety of his building.

Now, there are three other sets of apartments in the same house, and above Dubois, not so lofty as his, but nearly as commodious, and all with their proportionate degree of elegance and solid comfort. Dubois has not got a house at Dieppe, it is true; but then, like all Frenchmen, he is so absorbed in his dear Paris, that he hardly cares to stir out from it. If ever he does, he runs off to Vichy or Mont Dor for a fortnight in the *saison des eaux*, and he is contented.

But then, you will say, Dubois lives, after all, in another man's house—he is only a lodger; whereas Johnson dwells in what the law calls his “castle.” Be it so; for the same money we would rather have the positive advantages of the one, *en société*, than the tasteless and inconvenient isolation of the other.

And, after all, is Johnson more decidedly at home in his own house, than Dubois is in his “*appartement*?” What does it matter whether you have people living on each side of you, with their street doors so close to yours that their wives or their daughters pop up their noses above the green blinds every time a cab or a jarvey drives up; or whether you have people who come in at the same gateway with yourself, and go up the same stairs, it is true, and who live either above or below you, and who can, if they like, run out on their landings to see who is thumping at your door panels? Upon our conscience as honest folks, who have lived in half the capitals of Europe, to say nothing of those of our own islands, we never found the slightest intrusion on privacy arising from the collecting of several families in the same house, in Paris, Rome, Florence, or Vienna. All we know is, and we often think of it agreeably, that these continental houses seemed to us like so many social colleges, and that the having a set of rooms with a common staircase, used to put us in mind of our old Christ Church, and of Garden Court in the Temple. 'Tis true, that in the one set of rooms we had no fellow-inmates except our dog, and every now and then a joyous set of

fellows that would have made any place tolerable; that in the other there was our old laundress and bed-maker, and our “boy,” and for a short time our “man,” and actually, upon our honour it is true, we did once see a client in them! whereas, in our continental suites of chambers, we are *en famille* with wife, bairns, and “bounes” to boot, and that we did *parfois* try the elasticity or the stretching powers of our *camere* pretty considerably, and did cram therein no end of guests. But on the whole, we have fairly made the experiment *in propria personâ*; we have weighed well friend Johnson's castellated independence, and *l'ami* Dubois's social contiguity;—and, rent for rent, we prefer the latter. If we must live with two neighbours within a few feet of us, we would rather have one under us on the ground floor, and one above us on the second, and ourselves in the midst on the first, and all three clubbing together to live in a little palazzo;—we would rather have this, than be crammed in between Mr A and Mr B, each of us in a third or fourth rate kind of house, with poor thin walls, small low rooms, dirty areas, melancholy gardens, shabby-genteel fronts, ugly backs, and little comfort.

It may be said, and justly, that the idea of a man living in his own castle is applicable only to that state of society when large towns do not exist, inasmuch as the idea can be nothing more than an idea, and can hardly ever approach to a reality, the moment men begin to congregate themselves together in cities. Doubtless, it is indispensable to all our notions of comfort, and of the due independence of social life—it is, indeed, one of the main elements of the constitution of a family, that a certain degree of isolation should be maintained and respected; but we submit to the candid observer, that the only difference between English cities and continental ones in this respect is, that Englishmen aim at “horizontal” independence, foreigners at “vertical.” Englishmen form their line of location every man shoulder to shoulder, or rather, elbows in ribs; foreigners mostly get upon one another's backs and heads, and form a living pyramid

like the clown and boys at Astley's. By this arrangement, however, it comes to pass, that for the same number of inhabitants much more ground is occupied by an English than by a continental town; and also, that each single dwelling is of mean, or, at the most, moderate architectural appearance, the great condition of elevation being wanting, and the power of ornamentation being generally kept closely under by the limitation of each individual's pecuniary resources. Practically, we contend, there is quite as much comfort (we think, indeed, in many cases more) in the continental manner of arranging houses as in the English one: while the former allows of and encourages architectural display, and indeed requires a much more solid system of construction; but the latter leads to the running up of cheap, slight, shabby-genteel houses, and represses all attempts at external ornament as superfluous from its expense. Upon this subject, we appeal to the experience of all who have dwelt for any length of time on the Continent, not to those who merely run across the water for six weeks or so, and come back as blind as they went; but rather to those who have given themselves time and opportunity enough for the film of national prejudice to wear away from before their eyes, and have been at length able to use that natural good sense with which most Englishmen are blessed by Providence. To them we would say, that the plan of several families tenantry one large dwelling, clubbing together, as it were, for the erection of a handsome and commodious edifice, and just so far sacrificing their independence as to consent occasionally to run up against their neighbour in the common courtyard, or perchance to see his coat-tails whisking by their door up or down stairs, is the more sensible of the two. There is practically a great saving of walls, of spaces of support, as the architects term it, in this plan: great saving in roofing; and, from the mere dimensions of the building, a certain degree of grandeur is necessarily given to it. This plan requires the edifice to be built court-fashion, and sometimes will admit of a good garden being appended: it also requires that a most useful servant, a

porter, in a suitable lodge, should be kept by the little social community; and every body knows what an useful body the porter, or *concierge*, as the French call him, may be made. Just as bachelors join together in clubs to the great promotion of their individual comfort, and certainly to the outward advantage of a city, so should families join together for their civic residences; they would all derive benefit from their mutual support, and the appearance of a town would be immediately improved.

We do not say that any joining together of houses should take place in country, nor even in suburban residences. No; there let every man have a house to himself; the foundation of the whole system is quite different: and there is also a certain class of persons who should always have separate dwellings in a town; but to these subjects we will revert on another occasion. We will only allude to one objection which the fastidious Englishman will be sure to raise: if you live under the same roof with one or more families, he will say, you must necessarily be acquainted with all the members of the same: you must, in fact, know what they are going to have for dinner, and thus must be acquainted with all the secrets of their household economy. Well, so one would undoubtedly expect to be the case: unfortunately, however, for the theory, the practical working of the thing is just the contrary: we do not know of any town where so much isolation is kept up as in Paris, though there men crowd together under the same roof like bees into the common hive. We have lived ourselves, between the epochs of our bachelor or embryo state, and that of our full-blown paternal maturity, on every floor of a Parisian house, from the *entresol* just over the stable, where we could lean out of our window of a morning, smoke our hookah, and talk to the "Jockey Anglais" who used to rub down our bit of blood, up to the *Sep-tième*, where in those celestial regions we could walk about upon our little terrace, look over the gardens of the Tuileries, ('twas in the Rue de Rivoli, gentle reader!) all the way to St Cloud and Meudon, one of the sweetest and gayest prospects in the world,

by the by, and hold soft communings either with the stars or our next neighbours—(but thereon hangs a tale!) and yet never did we know the name even of any other soul in the house, nor they ours. Oh! we have had many an adventure up and down that interminable staircase, when we used to skip up two hundred and twenty steps to get to our eyry; many a blow-up with our old porter: she was a good soul, too, was old Madame Nicaise; many a time have we seen flounces and redingotes coming in and out of doors as we went up or down; but actually we cannot call to mind the reality, the living vision of a single individual in that vasty mansion. On the contrary, we used to think

them all a set of unsociable toads, and, in our days of raw Anglicism, we used to think that we might be just as well called in to "assist" at some of the charming soirées which we used to hear of from the porter: we did not then know that a Parisian likes to be "chez lui" as he calls it, quite as much as an Englishman. We should have lived on in that house, gentle reader, *ad infinitum*; but one day on going up-stairs, we saw in ominous letters, on a new brass plate, "au troisième, de la cour," LEGRAND, TAILLEUR. Horror of horrors! 'twas our own man! we had not paid him for two years: we gave *congé* that evening, and were off to the Antipodes.

"ROGUES IN OUTLINE."

BIRBONE I.

SIGNOR RUSCA.

"Rusca the lawyer, an exceeding knave."—POPE.

"Currunt verba licet, manus est velocior illis
Nondum lingua sua, dextra peregit opus."—MARTIAL.

A MORE knowing man in his way than Signor Avvocato Rusca R—— it would not be easy to find; so first-rate is he in his style, though his style may not be quite first-rate! His father intended him for a lawyer, whilst nature qualified him for a cheat; and, as there seemed to be nothing absolutely incompatible in the prosecution of these two professions,

"He sought, without offence to either,
How he might deal in both together;"

in doing which for a season, he accumulated much useful knowledge, besides laying the foundation of his future fortune. Whether in his earlier career he followed the practice of his learned predecessor, Paulus, and sought, like him, to augment his fees by pleading in a hired Sardonyx,* we have not heard; but his passion for jewels, none who have seen him without his gloves

(and we never saw him otherwise) can for a moment doubt.

"Tight girt with gems, in massive mountings set,
Beneath their weight his tumid fingers sweat."

When he had come to find that his dealings as *dealer* better repaid the cost of his earlier education than the teasing uncertainties of the law, a sense of filial duty perhaps, and of inclination certainly, led him ultimately to give up all his time and talents, together with whatever little money he had accumulated, *legally* or *otherwise*, to the acquisition of practical archæology. He had seen enough of antiquarian transactions already, to convince him of the unlimited credulity of a certain class of connoisseurs—this knowledge was important, and he began to apply it presently. Having made himself a

* ————— "Conductâ Paulus agebat
Sardonyche."—Juv. Sat. vii.

competent scholar, (he could quote Horace, and had Seneca's* moral precepts at his *finger-ends*;) being plausible in speech, and knowing the market-price of every ancient relic by rote, he could not but succeed; he succeeded accordingly—and is now considered throughout Italy as a *mezzo galant'uomo* of first-rate abilities and tact!

By putting himself early under efficient tutelage at Rome, and doing as they did *there*, he soon outstripped most of his masters in his art; the art, that is, of buying "uncertain merchandise," as low as duplicity can buy of ignorance and want; and of re-selling at as high a price as credulity will pay to cunning.† His unusual astuteness made it really diverting, when you knew your man, to have dealings with him, otherwise it was likely to turn out an expensive amusement. Our acquaintance with him began in the full maturity of his powers, when his mode of cross-questioning false witnesses who brought him *soi-disant* antiques to sell, and his lawyer-like mode of eliciting the truth, were capital. How he would lie! and what lungs he had to lie with! *immensa cavi spirant mendacia*

folles! What action! what volubility of tongue! what anecdotes! and then only to see how he would look a *false* Augustus in the face, and discern that wily sovereign from a thousand counterfeits; or when a sly forger brought him a modern gold coin, carefully coated in mould—how he knew by *instinct* that it was an imposture, and would not condescend to exhume and expose the fraud. Like all knaves, he would take incredible pains to prove that there was not a more honest man than himself breathing—and when he considered himself to have quite established *this* on his own showing, he would sometimes speak with "honest indignation" of men who were palpable rogues; assuring you all the while, that it gave him pain thus to bear testimony against his neighbour, but then every honest man owed it to his Pope and to the people to expose Birbonism. On one occasion, when he had a large batch of *silver Emperors* for sale, we said we must see about their *prices* in Mionnet.‡ Upon which, with a look of frightened honesty, he asked us if "we really knew what we were talking of?" "Perfectly," we replied. "Well, sir," continued he, "Mionnet was a Frenchman; did you ever know an

* Poor Seneca, for a moral philosopher, seems to have been somewhat harshly handled: here patronised by cheats and gamblers, and here censured by philosophy and dissent! Now invoked by Rusca to assist him in his iniquities; now lugged on the stage to be commented on by the valet of a gambler,§ as he *debts* him, for his master's consolation, under his losses; here glanced at by Coleridge for his splendid "inconsistencies;" and here by the sour *Dissenter*, who accuses our Church's ministers of borrowing their sermons from his precepts.

"Preaching the trash they purchase at the stalls,
And more like *Seneca's*, than *HIS!* or *Paul's!*"

And, as he could make no higher appeal for human virtue than the authority of human wisdom for the plea of expediency, it was not to be wondered at if he should have met with no better fate than to be praised of fools, and neglected of the wise, who wisely deemed him an insufficient, and therefore a dangerous guide.

† The name of "*half honest*" exactly suits this class of men, who, adopting one *half* of what our admirable Taylor lays down in his golden "rules and measures of justice in bargaining," neglect the other half. "In prices of bargaining concerning *uncertain* merchandises, you may buy as cheap, ordinarily, as you can, and sell as dear as you can;" so far they and Taylor are of a mind. "Provided," continues he, "that you contract on *equal terms* with persons in *all senses* (as to the matter and skill of bargaining) *equal to yourself*; that is, merchants with merchants, *wise men with wise men*, rich with rich"—and here the *mezzo galant'uomo* gives up Taylor, to keep true to his name and calling.

‡ Mionnet, *De la Rareté et du Prix des Medailles Romaines*, a very useful work, which no amateur collector should fail to possess, and to carry constantly about with him, *non obstant* all the abuse heaped upon it by all the dealers.

§ Le Joueur.

honest Frenchman?" "Not as many as we could have wished to know; but we had known *some*." "We had in that case," he confessed, "the advantage over him—he *never had*! As to Mionnet's book, it was written, at least so thought Rusca, with a frightfully corrupt view, being published during the French occupancy of Italy, for the joint benefit of Mr M. and the *Bibliothèque du Roi*. I admit," quoth our lawyer, "that the French only entertained a natural wish (nay, sir, as far as the mood was *optative* merely I commend it as a highly laudable one) in desiring to have the best monetary collection in Europe; but was it honourable, or just, to pledge this Mionnet to affix such prices for rare and better specimens, (such as I have the honour to show you here!) when both they and he knew them to be preposterous, and then to launch forth this misguiding book as a guide? This precious book, sir, was in the hands of all M——'s myrmidons, and the only book of appeal then extant; *this*—(thumping his fist, by way of emphasis, upon our copy of it)—this, which has been the ruin of Italy, and is the degradation of France! I only wish you could hear my friend *Sestini* (quel *numen degli numismatici*) inveigh against this man and his prices, with less reluctance, I assure you, than I feel in doing it, and much more powerfully too, because he knows so much more; but come now, if you *won't* think me vain, I will show you the difference between honesty and dishonesty. I wish it was of some one else I was about to speak, but truth compels me here to introduce my own name. Last week that pleasant countryman of yours, Lord X——,—do you know him? (we did for a goose!)—came to buy some gold coins of me; one of the lot he fixed upon was a Becker, and so of course only worth what it weighed. He had purchased it for fifty Napoleons of me, and we went to his bankers together for the payment. There, having duly received the money, I requested him to let me see once more the coins he had just purchased of me—there might have been a cozen—and instantly picking out the Becker, I pushed him over his fifty Napoleons again, and said, "Milord, I

cannot let you have *that* coin." "Why?" says he, alarmed and in anger. "Because *it is false, Milord!*—and I was quite grieved," added our ingenuous informant, "to see how much Lord X—— was disconcerted at this disclosure. "You did not let so pretty a coin go a-begging, I dare say?" said we with laudable curiosity and interest. "No, two days ago in comes Coco—— you know Coco?" we smiled. Know Coco! did we know St Peter's? did we know the Pope? for whom did Rusca take us, we wonder? "He came," prosecuted Signor R——, "to see if I had by me any first-rate imitations from the antique, for he knew a gentleman who might fancy something of the sort; and, as soon as he had set eyes upon this Becker, he must have *it*; it was just the thing to tempt Lord X——; and so I let him have it for *five times* its supposititious value, but not for a *tenth* of what Lord X—— would, I knew, buy it for a second time as an undoubted antique; and lest that rogue should at any time take liberties with my name, (for he is capable of any thing,) and say he had been duped by Avvocato Rusca into the purchase of a false thing for a true, here is a document with his name to it, which I then and there caused him to sign, which *proves* the contrary. I met him to-day, and he seems much pleased with Lord X——'s liberality, who has bought the coin!" The above is a sample of Avvocato Rusca's *confessions*, and of his somewhat original notions of honesty! Once, however, our honest friend forgot himself in a purchase we made of him. And no wonder, for we had also forgotten ourselves; for the time when we transacted business was the gloaming, and the room being dark had lent its aid to the deception. We had also an engagement to dine out, and it was getting late, and we were in a hurry. But that same night, on returning from our party, we had looked again at what we had bought, and then, first perceiving our mistake, determined, if possible, to repair it by repairing early next morning to the Minerva Hotel, there to surprise him in his dressing-gown, by which bold *coup-de-main* (having pre-arranged in our own minds what we should take away

with us in lieu of what we brought back) we carried our point at last!—and hardly carried it; for while the *new* batch and the *old* confronted each other on his table, the one being fair, the other like himself, ill-favoured in appearance, we saw his restless glance move wistfully from the one to the other. Three times in one minute his countenance fell; he coughed, he hesitated, he *cospetto'd* once, he wished we had made known our mind over night; he *cospetto'd* again, and finally was about to reconsider the affair, when, not to be foiled by a rogue, we threw it upon *his honour*, (of which he had not a particle,) and, by the extravagance of such a compliment, prevailed. "He had never

cheated us before," (which was strictly true; but the reason, which the reader will have no difficulty to guess, we did not think it necessary or prudent to assign;) would he, after so long an acquaintance with us, change his tactics now?—we need not ask him—we were "*persuasissimi*" that he would not, neither did he! We removed the temptation out of his way as soon as we could, and felt, as we went home, that we had achieved that morning as *great* a piece of diplomacy, and as difficult, as ever did Lord Palmerston when he was minister for our foreign affairs; and grateful were we to Apollo, the god of medicine, who had for once assisted us to overreach Mercury, the god of rogues.

BIRBONE II.

COCO.

— "Adspice quantā
Vocæ negat quæ sit ficti constantia vultus!"—Juv. Sat. vii.

We cut our pen afresh to say a few words concerning that arch-impostor, that "Fourbum imperator," Coco the coiner. Had it not been for the *prosperity* of the St Angelo ministry at Naples, that three-headed Cerberus of iniquity, of whom the people,

"Tre Angeli a noi più recan danno
Che trenta orrendi Demoni non fanno,"

had it not been that *their* success seemed to militate against such an inference, we might have supposed that Coco, poor, starving, and in utter disesteem, had been thus let to live, to prove by a sad contrast the truth of the old adage—that "*honesty is the best policy.*" Coco is the very impersonation of wiliness and subtlety—a fox amongst foxes—the Metternich of his craft;—he has cheated every dealer in turn, and by turns has learnt to know the internal arrangements of every prison throughout the kingdom. By sheer force of talent he has been able, like Napoleon, to maintain his cause single-handed against a host of rivals who would crush him, and cannot; and, whenever he is not *closeted elsewhere*, he is either holding a privy council with St Angelo, or transacting business with his Serene Highness of

Salerno, against whom (*par parenthese*) we have not a word to say. Cicero's oration for Milo is not better than Coco's oration for Coco; and to hear him plead it personally for the first time, is certainly entertaining. He seems to have taken *that* oration for his model, setting out, as Tully for that client did, with a staunch negation of the charges alleged against him; but embarrassed, as he proceeds in his harangue, to maintain himself strictly honest, he gradually throws off reserve, converts your room into a court of justice, and, confronting imaginary accusers, endeavours to shake their testimony by making out that they are just as great rogues as himself! "Coco! say over again just half a dozen of *those sentences*—you know where to begin—that you have so often been the habit of indulging me with; not the *whole* speech, Coco, if you please." "Eccellenza, no! I was saying, then, that I was in advance of my age, and that, if I had been born in France or England in place of Naples, I should not now have been called Coco the cheat, the thief, the *birbone*, but *Sir* Coco—or Monsieur le Marquis de Cocon. Look at the things I have done, sir, and see what they have

done for me. No sooner have I devised some new *galanteria*—elegant, classical, and sure to take—when it is enough to whisper 'Coco's,' to bring it into discredit: a great outcry is raised against me as its author, and, like a second Galileo, I am cast into prison! Knowledge is not power at Naples; for my countrymen know that I have knowledge enough when I mulct their ignorance, as I sometimes do. It is *too much* knowledge that has brought me into all my scrapes and difficulties! Do you doubt it, signor? Why, then, was I *first* sent to prison?—why, but because my mint was frequently preferred to that of his majesty here, and he feared lest *my* Ferdinands should drive *his* Ferdinands out of the market! Had I done the same in England, I suppose they would, on discovering my talent, have made me master of their mint, in place of sending me to expiate my offence in a dungeon—*basta* about that affair!—but when I had given up making Ferdinands, and took to minting *Domitians*, what business was that to the King of Naples, I wonder, unless indeed I had put *his* name to that tyrant's head? Yet he sent me a second time to prison for it, notwithstanding for which in return I have taken the liberty of sending him to a warmer place. See, here's a pretty baioccho—Ferdinand's head on one side, and a '*concordia-Augustorum*' on the other, where the devil and he are holding hands over a lighted altar, he wanting to withdraw his hand,—but the devil's clutch is too tight for that!—whilst a little imp is putting a bit of live coal into his palm, and another is doing the same under his right foot! For four elegant horses in bronze, of which I forgot the age, and sold them to St Angelo as *antiques*, I was sent to prison again, and a third time. Though, when it suited *him* last year to sell off certain old horse-flesh that had been many years on his hands as *young*, his purchaser of course got no redress. Out upon that old Birbone! with his galleries, his harems, and his horses;—but he eats too much, and is never well,—a great consolation to me, who might else have repined at his successes; but when I compare my *health* with

his, I bless the good St Januario who keeps me poor! Again, I ought to be grateful to our good Saint that, though men may pretend that I lie and cheat, (which perhaps I do a little,) you never heard any body say of *me*, what all the world says of *HIM*, that I am *cruel*,—*mai*, you never heard that; and if I make money occasionally in some way that it don't *sound* well to speak of, what then? I never hoard it up; the lottery office is my banker, and it circulates again presently. And as to cheating, if we look it boldly in the face, and see in what company we cheat, why should I be ashamed of what all the world does here, from King Ferdinand, to Beppo Tuzzi of the Mergellina? Didn't Ferdinand try hard to cheat you last year in the sulphur question? and would he not have succeeded, too, unless you had thought of mixing up the sulphur with some nitre and charcoal, and of converting it into a *question of gunpowder*!" "That's true, Coco! and now tell us of your last device for raising the wind." "Here it is," and Coco has presented us with a small opaque lachrymatory, glistening all over in the exquisite iridescence of old glass. "Was it not beautiful?" he enquired. "Yes; and ancient as well," replied we; "the decomposition of the glass showed that, and the elegant and classical form of the vessel showed it too." "Well! he would manufacture just such another before us, if we would like to see it done!" "Comè? we should be delighted!" "Dunque e fatto subito, now that I have *shown* how it is to be effected—just as when that great sea-captain, *quel famoso Cristoforo Colombo*"—"Yes, yes! Coco, never mind about *him* just now." "Ah, your excellency, I perceive, knows the story! Well, here you see is a small clay vessel moulded from the antique; here a small packet which I untie; and here a little gum-water in a phial." We require no other materials—a child might do the rest. In the packet now open, we remark a quantity of a beautiful, many-coloured glass-dust, in the midst of which appear thousands of filmy flakes that have been scraped off from the sides of old lachrymatories, and present every hue of colour. In a twinkling

Coco has *gummed* the vessel all over, and in less than a minute he has rolled round its sides a rainbow robe of the most rich and glowing colours, while not a speck of clay remains visible by which to make out the fraud! "*Eccolo!*" says he, placing the beautiful fabrication in our hand; "*Eccolo!* do you think that for such a work as *that* I ought to have been sent for the twentieth time to prison?" Fearful of having our moral sense dazzled by the glass into making some indiscreet admission, we now change the theme. We had heard that morning a good story; it was "the case of Coco *versus* Casanuova," in which the cleverness of the former rogue had prevailed against his equally astute rival, who had himself been so obliging as to favour us with the full particulars thereof, in words like the following:—"Coco—(you know Coco?)"—(Coco and I smiled, for we knew each other perfectly.)—"Well, he presents himself one day before me in a shop in the Piazza degli Orefici, bringing in a coin in his hand, which he throws down carelessly on the counter, asking me what price he should put upon it? On taking it up, I see 'Τελων', which, with the common type of the Velian Lion, as we all know, *vale poco*; but, in place of a lion, this had the Athenian *diota* (or two-eared *amphora*) upon the field of the reverse. Knowing that the rogue was eyeing me to see how I liked it, in order that he might charge for it accordingly, I asked him doubtfully whether *he* was quite sure it was genuine, (*entertaining no doubt on that subject myself*.) 'Rather an ingenious question for a profound connoisseur like Casanuova, to put to a poor devil who has the good fortune for once in his life to buy something good. *You* have no doubt about it; but if you say you have, I will take it to Tuzzi, and get his opinion first.' Fearing to lose it if he did, I confessed that I believed it genuine, and then asked him his price. 'He had *refused* fifty; we might have it at seventy dollars.' Of course I 'was astonished,' and offered 'forty—Would that do?' 'No! *honest* men had but one price; seventy he had said—seventy, he repeated, was the price.' I bought it, and paid for it and took it home, and

consulted my books, and *there* there was no such type to be seen—learned friends who called upon me had never seen its fellow—it was pronounced an *inedited* coin, as indeed it turned out afterwards to be! The annual meeting of our archæological society was at hand. I determined to *memorialize* my coin, and to read my memoir at the meeting. In three weeks I had finished my labours. There were some striking conjectures in the paper, which I went early to deliver. We had waited half an hour for the Prince St Georgio. At last he came. 'Look!' said I, putting the coin into his hands, (and I said not a word beyond this.) Mightily pleased he seemed with it *at once*, looking from me to it and from it to me. I thought he was going to propose for it. At last he spoke—it was but a word; but his emphasis and accent made my ears tingle. '*Excellent!*' said he; but I was reassured on hearing him add, 'Casanuova has the luck of St Angelo, and nobody ever took him in.' Relieved by this announcement, I could now afford to be modest, and said it was but by accident that I had *first* seen the coin. '*Not first, Casanuova,*' said the prince—'but second, I *believe*. I saw it *first*.' '*You!*' said I, aghast; 'you saw this coin, and did not buy it?' '*Costava!* it cost too much; besides, to tell you the truth, *Coco, who had just made it*, told me it was expressly intended for the cabinet of *quel dottissimo suo amico J. Battista Casanuova*.'" "'Tis all true," said Coco, rubbing his hands; "and I believe I can do almost any thing I *like* with any of them." "Except not to tell lies, and not to impose upon antiquaries?" "*Caro lei!* these are the very things I like to *do most*, and do accordingly."

"What has become of Coco?" asked we of an *orefice*, *three years later*, on finding ourselves a second time in Naples, and nothing doubting, as he had not been to visit us, that he was doing Baron Trenck, and exercising his ingenuity in prison. We were surprised, therefore, to learn that he now kept a smart shop, and was a sort of joint householder with a respectable man, and that nothing particular had occurred to tarnish his

reputation for now nearly a year ! The shop we had already noticed as one of promise on the outside ; for, as yet, we had not found time to visit its interior. It stood half-way up the Toledo, on the left hand side as you go to the Studi. Etruscan jars were painted on all the shutters, and bits of statues and bas-reliefs *bossaged* and projected from the house front. In face of each window was an enormous shelving tray, full of all sorts of odds and ends, from the Flood downwards, the whole under protection of a strong iron *grillage*. In one corner of the shop (we had now gone forth to visit it) sat a pretty young woman, in spectacles, reading Manzoni, or sleeping over him (the aforesaid spectacles prevented our noticing which) as he lay open in her lap ; while on another chair, in the opposite corner, an old man, almost in his dotage, looked wistfully round his shop, not suppressing an anxious sigh when the scrutiny was done. In an inner room of his palace—for such, in derision of its owner, was the house called—busy in preparing and cleaning the specimens that were about to be transferred into the shop, lurked, like some keen-eyed tarantula, the industrious *Coco* himself, with such an eye to business, and such an ear, that we were no sooner turned in from the street than he, too, had turned in, and was beside us.—“ Well, *Coco*, *bon giorno*, &c. &c. &c., ’tis said you have become an *honest* man at last ; how does this *new* trade answer ? ” “ Not at all,” sighed the old man behind us. “ Nonsense ! ” rejoined *Coco* ; “ whoever heard of a man’s making money all at once ? Nothing stake, nothing make—there’s no mending where there’s no spending. ‘ *Necesse est facere sumptum qui querit lucrum*, dice bene il Plauto.’ ” “ Allegro though you be, *Coco*, I am not. With you nothing can go ill, for you have nothing to lose, either in money or in character ; but to me, who am old, bankruptcy and a prison are not matters of jest. ” “ Nonsense, again, you are not going to prison *yet* ! ” “ Not at all, I hope, *Coco*,” said the poor little lazy woman in the corner. “ If I had my 5000 ducats, and my vineyard, again, at Sorrento, that you persuaded me to sell for your *Scavi* at Calvi,

which never brought me any thing but a few lamps, and *lots of lachrymatories* ! ” “ Basta, ’tis too late to talk about what you *would* do if you had it to do over again. Let bygones be bygones. Who knows what this gentleman may come to buy of us ? and he never would have come to you but from his previous acquaintance with *me*. Isn’t it so, sir ? Ah, there are some pretty things *there*,” continued he, following our eyes into a placarded recess. “ *Antichi Sono* ? ” and we look into his face ; “ I’d as lief sell my own flesh and blood, as any thing *here* that was not. Think, sir, of my position. I am the *responsible* head of this firm. That good old gentleman, having begun antiquities late in life, does not know much about them. The signora there has taste, plenty ; but it is not a lady’s business to know the prices of things she may value or take an interest in ; for suppose, now, she should wish to make money by the sale of *Coco*, she would hardly know what to ask for him. ” The old man fidgeted ; *Coco* shot a glance at the blue spectacles, which were raised at this sally. But the signora, who sat behind them, said nothing. “ Whence came these same things ? ” we inquire, for on going close up to them, they seemed not unfamiliar to us. Before *Coco* could coin the forthcoming lie, the old man had told us whence they came. “ From Baroni’s shop ! ” adding that they had cost 700 ducats. This confirmed the story we had heard from the beginning to its end. Our clever scoundrel had contrived, it seems, to engage the old man in a speculative excavation at Calvi ; from which a few lachrymatories turning up, the old man’s cupidity was excited ; and, on the false representations made to him by *Coco*, he sold his estate ; left the country ; and hiring the expensive shop in which we see him, *leaves Coco to stock it* ! which he does by the purchase of such merchandise as *his friends* have to dispose of—“ When,” says he, “ they don’t sell them too dear ! ” The old man admits that his employer is very clever ; but says quietly, that he has not much *fiducia* in his honesty. *Coco* says, on his side, that his employer is mean in his conduct towards him, and pays his

activity and zeal in a very niggardly manner. Thus neither is satisfied with the other. Meantime the public are saying, that in less than a year the shop will be again for sale; that Coco will have bolted; and that the old man, if he be alive, will be fretting his soul out in St Elmo! Nobody speculates upon what is to become of the lady with the blue spectacles. We predict, that should she be alive, and the old man dead, in the course of another year, she will have entirely given up her taste for things old and curious, and have become curious to try something new and comely; if, indeed, Coco shall have left her any money to indulge in such a fancy.

On returning from this visit to our hotel, about an hour later, we found Coco under the gateway, and on the look-out for us. *More solito*, he had something to show us. The porter looked after us inquiringly, as we bid him follow up-stairs; but was surprised by a counter look, and by our calling him by his *name*. Even on the stairs, he could not forbear sundry short ejaculations, by way of preparing us for what we were to see presently. "*Ah! ché bella roba! Ah, what flowers of the mint I have brought you to see to-day!—bought for a song—at three Carlini a-piece! You shall have them at three and a half—I content myself with small gains. But you, sir, who are discreet, and know the value of these things, shall judge whether I have told you a falsehood or no.*" By this time we were in our room. The dirty bag was

untied; and there leaped out of it, not indeed a cat, but a large heap of consular coins, with which we seemed forthwith to be vastly familiar; and no wonder; since, on inspecting them, we found that the whole had been ours not twelve hours before, we having disposed of them to a refiner for their weight in silver, to melt. "Take them all, sir, *tutti quanti*, at three Carlines and a half a-piece." "No; nor yet for two Carlines, Coco," said we, putting the paper from us. Upon which the cunning fellow hoped he had not been taken in; having certainly purchased them in the persuasion of reselling them, as a catch, to us. "The *Italian marquis*, of whom he had bought them, assured him, on his honour, that he had made a rare bargain with him." "Are the coins your own, Coco?" "To my cost are they, signor, unless you re-purchase them." "I sold them only this morning, Coco, for the weight of the silver; you must try somebody else." Upon which Coco, with admirable presence of mind, replaced them in his bag, and said "he had made a *mis-take!*" "We regretted that he had not purchased them from us at the rate of one Carline and a-half per piece; in place of having been duped into paying three and a-half." Though he saw plainly, from our manner, that we were aware of his roguery, he was not put out; but shrugging his shoulders, and twitching the angles of a mouth remarkable for its mobility, he merely said—"Pazienza! a bargain's a bargain; we grow wiser as we grow older," and speedily withdrew.

BIRBONE III.

BASSEGGIO.

"Unde habeas querit nemo, sed oportet habere."

"Fidarsi e bene, ma non fidarsi e meglio."—*Italian Proverb.*

Near a fountain in one of the main streets of the west end of Rome, in which a recumbent figure bends over his ever-gushing urn; his body half hid from sight, and slowly dissolving in the water, under protection of a dimly lit shrine of a gaily painted Madonna; a tarnished brass plate with

the word B— engraved thereon, is inserted into the panels of a dingy-looking door, out of which a long piece of dirty string dangles through a hole. If you touch the electric cord, the shock is instantly transmitted to the other end, and the importunate tinkling of a well-hung bell is responded to

by a clicking of the latch, when an invisible arm pulls back the door, and your entrance is secured into a passage encumbered with broken busts and bas-reliefs, tier above tier, and a series of marble tablets, with *Dis manibus* inscriptions, let into the wall on either side. If, now, you pick your way amid the many stumbling-blocks that beset it, till you have reached the stair, (a narrow stair and dark, and encumbered, like the passage, with numerous relics of antiquity,) a female voice, loudly shrilling from above, demands your business—"Chi c'è?"—you answer of course "*Amico*," and are bid to mount accordingly. Arrived at the summit of the stair, that same voice, the high-pitched key of which startled you from below, sounds less disagreeable, now that you are close beside the fair proprietress of it, who at once greets you affably, begs you to be seated, has seated herself beside you, and, premising that her "*marito*" will appear anon, has begun to ask you a hundred questions, some of which you are relieved from answering by the actual advent of Signor B——, who makes his politest bow, while Madame introduces you as an old acquaintance. You see at a glance *this* part of Signor B——'s history, that he has bought a young and pretty wife out of many years' traffic in antiquities. Whatever else he may at any other time have purchased, was with intention to dispose of afterwards, a suitable opportunity offering. But this pretty wife he keeps like an inedited coin, or fancies that he keeps to himself entirely. Few antiquaries have shown more enterprise than B——. Possessed of little, very little money in his youth, he did not, like many other Roman youths of this day, squander it away in cigars, and was under twenty when he undertook his first commercial expedition. He went into Egypt, could not buy the Pyramids, they were too large for his portmanteau; then into Greece; then to Sicily. He sailed to Syracuse, landed at Naxos, sacked Taormina and Catania; came back and sold his curiosities well; went abroad again, and again returned like an industrious bee laden with spoils. Enriched at length by these numerous journeys, he was able to

purchase a vineyard, and to plant it. His next step was to build a villa upon it, and to marry an ancient dame, who, dying shortly, left him at liberty to marry again. The lady whom he now calls his own being at the time poor, his treasures soon won her heart, while his house flattered her ambition, and so they made a match of it; and she now accompanies him in most of his antiquarian prowling excursions during the summer; and the *ménage*, on the whole, for an Italian *ménage*, goes on well enough.

One day—(this was when, by much frequentation of the premises, we had become intimate with its inmates)—one day we had just been *ringing* an Etruscan vase, and liked the sound thereof; and examining the painting, we liked that too; and therefore, agreeing as to price, completed the purchase, and were sitting between old husband and young wife, round a brazier mounted on an ancient tripod, with a handful of gems, *loculis quæ custoditur eburnis*, talking carelessly, and taking our *impressions* of them, and of the stones, as we talked. It was a fête day, and, now we came to notice it, Madame B—— was *en grande toilette*, and had been hearing Padre S—— preach, as she informed us, at St Carlo's in the Corso. When she heard we had not been there, she sighed for our sakes—"Our friend *should* have heard Padre S—— to-day, is it not so?" to her husband, who assented to this good opinion of the Padre: "It was such a good sermon! all about doing as you would be done by—no loophole for a self-deceiver to escape by. I only wish A—— had been there to hear it." "Bagatello!" said Signor B——, stirring the brazier, "Do you think he would not have cheated Lord V—— just the same in this head of Medusa, which he palmed off upon him for an antique, knowing it was a Calandrelli? Good sermons are thrown away upon some people." "Well," sighed the lady, looking up to the ceiling, and then taking a second dose of it—"well, at least we may apply it to *ourselves*." "Not a bit of it. *We* never apply any thing to ourselves. Do you think, for instance, when I married you, I sought to mate me with a lark, or a nightingale—*risponde*." She had no

difficulty in doing so. "And was I not a lark till my poor sister died—*poverella*—eighteen months ago?" "Si, Signora! but *since* that time you treat me with coldness; are always looking up to the sky; and always telling me your soul is with her soul in Paradise. No Paradise for me! What think you, sir?" "We always sided with those who were suffering from the loss of friends." "*Bene, bene*, for three months or so—'twas all very well, natural. But beyond this? Besides, though it were ever so sincere—what was the use of it?" "Oh! of *no use*, of course," said we. "I shall never give over mourning for her, I promise you that," said the lady, much moved. The husband shrugged his shoulders; said, "That all women were more or less foolish;" and asked us if we were married? Before we had time to answer, in came Padre S——, whose sermon had made such impression on B—— and his wife. We now sit all around the brazier; both wife and husband being, for some time, loud in their praises, which were somewhat extravagant! "It was a divine sermon—St Paul could not have preached a better"—when the good man hopes it may, by God's blessing, do good, politely acknowledges the compliment implied in our regrets that we had not been of the auditory, and then rises to look round, Signor B—— doing the honours, at the curiosities of the shop; at the sight of several objects of virtù, he expresses, somewhat naïvely, great pleasure—would like to have seen more, but has another sermon to deliver in St Giacomo—the bell is ringing!—he must say *idio* at once. As he makes his exit, (Madame kisses his hand first,) two other visitors present themselves; the one a young Roman, who comes to console her; the other a young English nobleman, who comes to buy in haste, and will have to repent at leisure afterwards. In five minutes, Madame seems to have entirely forgotten her sister; B—— his wife! The one is receiving comfort in compliment; the other, in cash! Hush! Surely we heard Lord A—— ask if that vamped old vase, which will fall some day to pieces, was *antique*; and B—— assert that it was! Why, the paint is scarcely dry on its sides!

Lord A——'s unlucky eye lights upon a bust, which, when he gets it over to England, he may match at the stone-mason's in the New Road, and at half-price—*two* words, *three* syllables, and the purchase is made "*Chi?*" Whose bust is it? "*Cicero's*," of course! "*Quanto*," what's the price of it? "*Twenty Napoleons!*" You old rogue B——! you are safe in sending it to Terny's, *packed*; for, if it should be *seen*, you might have to refund the purchase-money. *Necdum finitus?* Another bust tempts him; he inquires, and finds it is a *Jove*—a Jove! and is

"Jupiter, hæc nec labra moves, quum mittere vocem

Debueras, vel *marmoreus*, vel *aheneus*?

. . . Quod nullum discrimen habendum est

Effigies inter vestras, statuamque Bathylli?"

And this, too, he buys for twenty Napoleons more; and having paid the purchase-money, away goes the possessor of Jupiter, and at the same juncture away goes the Cavaliere—each perfectly satisfied with his visit.

"*Molto intelligente*, that countryman of yours," said B——, spelling his card. "He seems to take things very much upon trust," said we. "'Tis a pity he don't understand Italian or French better. Otherwise, I *might* have perhaps suggested better things than those he has actually chosen. But after all," added he, "people don't like being put out of conceit with their own opinions; and think you personally interested, if you offer yours unasked." "I should have been sorry to have taken that vase as antique, as he has done; or to have paid the tenth of the price he has paid you for it." "Oh! don't be afraid; he can afford it—an English gentleman!—and to *him* it is worth what he paid for it; else, if he did not think so, who forced him to take it?" "I *wonder* now what Father S—— would have said to it;" asked Madame of her husband, looking up to the ceiling, and sighing. "Nothing, 'twas not in his province to pronounce judgment in such a matter." We too *wondered*, perhaps, what he might have said to Madame, touching her Cavaliere, whose discourse seemed to have told almost as powerfully on

her as *his* sermon at St Carlo's. We wondered, but *to ourselves*, and making the common-place remark, that it seemed easier to *preach* than to *practise*, exchanged smiles with B—

and his wife, and withdrew, to think over what we had seen; and to arrive at our own conclusions, touching the general utility of fashionable and popular preaching!

BIRBONE IV.

HERR ASCHERSON.

"Rogare malo, quam emere."—SUIDAS.

Sly old fox, what pen shall do justice to thy cunning! Grave, venerable, ancient cheat, who showest a *Bible*, left thee by some pious enthusiast (the old family pew-book, morocco, in silver clasps—well thou lookest to them at least) in return for many dealings with thee, and in requital, so thou sayest, for thine incomparable disinterestedness and honesty!

It would be no harder task to unwind a mummy, than to unroll and unriddle *thee*, old rogue, in thy endless windings and detours! "Have no dealings with A—," said that *timid* rogue, the Florentine attorney R—; "the man is so gigantic a cheat, that he frightens me!" "and cunning to a degree," was D—'s account of him. "He is up to a thing or two," said S—, looking knowing, and putting his finger, like Harpocrates, to his mouth, that it went no further. A brother dealer called him a Hebrew; another (himself as sly as any fox) admitted that he had been overreached by him. His name, whenever mentioned, seldom failed to call forth a smile, or a shrug, in those who had not dealt with him; and a thundering oath against his German blood in those that had. Mr A— was therefore too remarkable a man for us, ourself an incipient collector, not to visit; and so, as soon as we got to Naples, we dispatched a note, and the next day followed it in person; rang at the bell, and were ushered into his sanctum; where we beheld the old *necromancer* standing at his table, looking out for us. He put down his eyeglass and his old coin; and said in answer to our question, which was in English, "Ya! ya! mein name is A—." Forgetting at this moment what R— had said

of him, and only recollecting that they were acquainted, we began, by way of introducing ourselves to his best things, to say, that we had lately seen his friend R— at Rome—"Dat is not mein friend, dat is mein enemy," said he, displeased at our mentioning the name; and looking at us half suspiciously, half spitefully. "I hav notin to say wit him more," and he took a huge pinch of snuff, and wasted a deal on his snuffy waistcoat and shirt frill. We at once saw our mistake, which indeed, but for our anxiety to get to business, we should not, assuredly, have been guilty of. We had now to make the best of it. "A mistake, Mr. A—, we assure you. Mr. R— might say that, on *one* occasion, you *had* been *brusque* with him; but advised us, notwithstanding, to pay you a visit, regretting that, from some little difference between you, *he* could not give us the introduction, which, under more favourable circumstances; he would have pressed upon us;" an announcement which completely mollified the old rogue, who, in his heart of hearts, was thinking that a new victim had turned up to him, and one of Rusca's recommending. "It is pleasant to make peace between two honest men," said we; "Rusca and you should not have quarrelled. Ill-natured people take advantage of these disputes, and begin to profess open distrust as to the age and genuineness of whatever you sell." "For dis reason I hate not Mr Rusca; but he has too much *strepitusness* of voice—*il s'emporte trop facilement*." "Ah," interpose we in the mediatorial capacity we had assumed, "'tis the character of the Italian to do so." "Ya, dat is true," assented he; and then we went to look at his coins. "We

are not blind friends of Rusca's," said we, sitting down to the first tray which he gave us to look at, and seeing, from the character of the coins therein exhibited, that A—— had presumed we *might* be. "We only buy from R—— when he is discreet, and does not overcharge; which, *entre nous*, he is very apt to do." The old man glanced at us approvingly, and trying hard to look honest, said, "Ya, ya; when he can get *ein piastre* he will not take *ein halb*—but when I ask a piastre for any tings, (and he was grave again,) it is tantamount as to say, 'dis is de *leastest* preis to give.'" "All here has a fixed price, has it?" "Ya, ya." "And what may this pretty little figure be worth?" "I shall confess dat is dear; two hundred piastres is de preis—Rusca would have said four hundred to begin mit." We admitted its beauty; but said two hundred spread out upon the table were also beautiful. "De good ting is de dear ting," said he, and we admitted the truth of the proposition, both in the abstract and in its application; took up a specious-looking coin, which he took as abruptly out of our hand—"Nein gewiss nicht," we must not buy that. "Why?" Because some people had not scrupled to tell him (though they knew better) that it was a Rusca. "Rusca!" said we, "and what does that mean?" "In Neapolitan *patois*," said he, "we call all our specious but doubtful wares Ruscas! But dis," continued he, taking up a companion to it—"dis I baptize in my own name, and offer for a true John A——." "Ah!" sighed we, but without *emphasis*, as

if it had only *just* occurred to us, "how difficult, now-a-days, *not* to be deceived;" and we replaced the J—— A—— in his box accordingly. "Ven all amateurs," said he, (following out his own thought, rather than replying to ours,) "ven all amateurs were connoisseurs likewise, we might say goot-night to dis *bissnesse*."

In the days of our novitiate, when we used to say, and think we knew (as the phrase is) what would please us, and would buy according to our means, we found (as indeed all purchasers in these matters find) that time, while it brought with it a nicer appreciation in judging works of art, diminished also our opinion of what we had formerly purchased; and, to avoid fresh disappointments, we used to apply to an *antiquario* to give us his advice *pro re nata*;—as the reader will see by the following note of Herr A——, which, as it prevented our making one or two foolish purchases, was not without its value, and we preserved it accordingly. It ran *verbatim* thus—

"Sir,—You may copy my catalogue, but on Montag ber sur I must hav back. The *botel* is not good in such a manner. The *figure* is of no great value; it is not antic, and not fair; so is the *bust* in stone not antic, and not nice; and every thing that is neither antic nor fair I cannot give any worth. Your obedient servant,

"A——.

"Pray you must not tell to any one my estimation of any thing."

Neither did we, excepting to *Maga*, to whom we tell every thing.

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